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Waiting.

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Mr. Abbey Altson, R.B.A.—The Artist's Eye—Stolen Pictures—A Floating Studio.

Mr. Abbey Altson, R.B.A.

Mr. Abbey Altson, whose charming pictures will be familiar to the readers of this magazine, is already so well-known as an artist of much power and imagination that, as he is yet on the sunny side of thirty, there is not much risk in predicting for him a brilliant future.

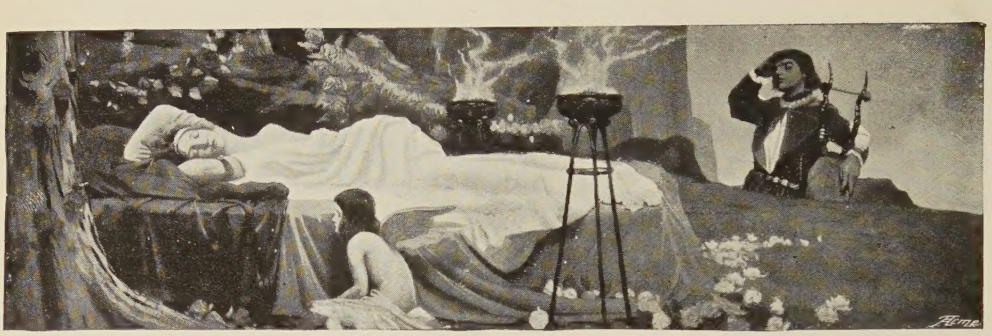
There are none of the distinguishing characteristics of the artist in Mr. Altson's appearance. He affects no extravagance of appearance or dress, and in his manner is also equally unobtrusive, preferring, apparently, to be known to the outside world solely through the medium of his pen and brush. He is a native of Middlesboro'-on-Tees, where he received his early education at a private school. Here he found his first encouragement to study art, for he managed to secure the South Kensington certificate for freehand drawing.

When thirteen years of age he went with an elder brother to Melbourne to enter the harness and saddlery establishment of an uncle. While undergoing this commercial experience, he worked in his untutored fashion at a study of fruit and flowers, which was, when finished, exhibited in the window of a music shop, and won a passing encomium from the *Melbourne Argus*.

Finding commercial life entirely unsuited to his tastes, he succeeded in enlisting the sympathy and assistance of Mr. G. F. Folingsby, art instructor of the National Gallery, Melbourne, and entered under him as a regular student. During the three years of his stay there, he bore off succeeding first prizes, including the greatest of all—a scholarship offered triennially, which entitles the owner to £150 per annum for three years. This he won for a picture entitled "The Flood," which aroused great local interest.

With his earnings and winnings—if we may so speak—he went straight to Paris, and studied under Blanc, Courtois, and Laurens. There he set himself to repay his debt to the National Gallery of Melbourne. During the first two years he sent a copy of a Van Dyck and one of a Rembrandt. For the third contribution he determined to send a picture worthy, not merely of the hopes of his admirers, but even of his own ambition.

He conceived a powerful allegorical study, the title of which, "The Golden Age," con-



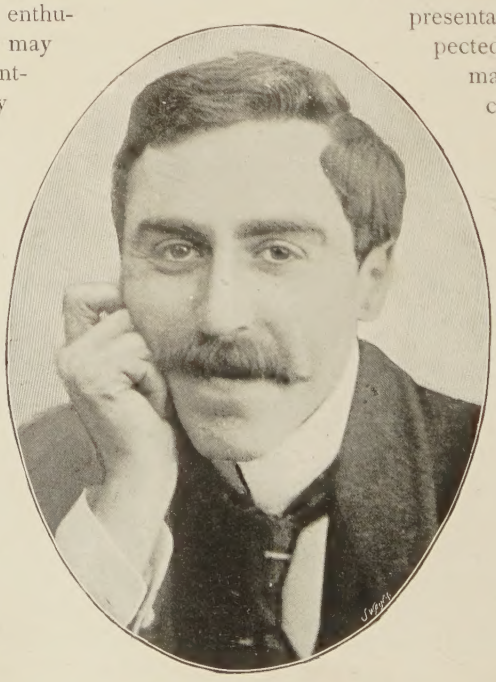
Design for Frieze.
From the Painting by Abbey Altson.

veys its scope. For this, with the object of securing perfect realism, he desired to paint in the open, but he found this a very difficult object to accomplish, as Arcady has long since disappeared from the map of France.

Not to be beaten, he sailed with his models to the lonely Ile de Noirmoutier, and here he was able to complete his picture, securing combinations of sunlight and flesh tints over which art critics went into rhapsodies when the picture was afterwards exhibited at the '93 Salon.

This picture is now hung in the National Gallery, Melbourne, and, as illustrating the grateful enthusiasm of the painter, it may be said the task of painting it was such a costly one, that, when he went to London almost immediately on its completion, he had to set to work at once with brush and pencil through sheer necessity.

In his studio at Holland Lane he is now giving the finishing touches to a frieze for a drawing-room, rich in colour and beautiful in design, illustrating the principal Wagnerian operas.



Mr. Abbey Altson, R.B.A.

Mr. Alston is also just completing four charming designs for a ceiling, symbolical of the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. By the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Peter Keary, we are enabled to reproduce a portion of the frieze and the Spring design.

The Artist's Eye.

THE "artist's eye" is a factor in art criticism and painting to which too much attention cannot be paid. An artist sees colour and colour effects which are invisible to the untrained observer, and it is the presentation of these unsuspected riches of Nature which makes for greatness in a canvas.

Training sharpens every sense, and the acute vision of an artist, inborn as his genius, requires an equally acute vision on the part of his critic to secure just appreciation. It is because the "artist's eye" is a rare gift, that Turner, the famous landscape painter, is even in the present day a puzzle and a mystery to thousands who pretend to a knowledge of art. This very painter retorted

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Saved

From the Painting by H. Sperling. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London and New York.

on one occasion to a person who observed that he never saw such sunsets as Turner painted: "No! but don't you wish you did?"

Of course, the "artist's eye" sees only what exists, but it is a well-known fact that things which are strikingly obvious once they are pointed out, elude observation with signal persistence previously; just as one fails to see the principal object in a puzzle picture at first sight, and, once it has been discovered, can see nothing else!

The wonders which can only be seen with the "artist's eye" are, of course, in every instance, a commonplace of scientific fact. Thus, every artist knows that the pink bare feet of a child present different tints at various periods of the day, from sunrise to sunset.

And again it is a curious fact that the direct light from the dying sun is scarcely more powerful than the illumining effect of the sky on the opposite horizon. This is common knowledge to scientists, and its effect is obvious to the "artist's eye"; but when a picture correctly represents this, the ignorant critic pronounces it incorrect, assuming that the side of the object which is next the setting sun should be bathed in light and the opposite side cast in dark shadow. This is but one of the many things seen differently by the artist and the ignoramus.

Stolen Pictures.

The most notable instance of the stealing of a picture in recent years was the loss suffered by Messrs. Agnew in 1876. The picture stolen was a nearly whole-length portrait of the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, said to be by Gainsborough. She was painted twice by Reynolds as well as by his famous rival, and her beauty, wit, and electioneering exploits made her the most-talked-of woman of her day.

The picture was sold in the Wynn-Ellis collection, dispersed at Christie's on May 6th, 1876, for the unprecedented sum of *ten thousand guineas!* Doubts were expressed at the time as to its genuineness, and the absence of a fully authentic pedigree gave such rumours some weight. A picture restorer had bought it originally for £50, and shortly after sold it to Mrs. Ellis for the small sum of sixty guineas. The picture was admitted to be of high merit, but a portrait by Gainsborough of the Duchess exhibited at the Academy in 1778 is at Althorp, and was this merely a copy?

Spring.

By Abbey Altson.

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The Judgment of Paris.

From the Painting by S. Koch. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London and New York.

As a matter of fact, Gainsborough exhibited another portrait of the beautiful Duchess in 1783, and unless this was the picture sold in the Wynn-Ellis collection, all traces of this second picture have disappeared. Mr. Agnew, in spite of these doubts as to its authenticity, gave 10,000 guineas for it; but a fortnight after, the porter, in opening the gallery one morning, found that it had been cut out of its frame. A reward of £1000 was at once offered for its recovery, but from that day to this no trace of the lost Duchess has been found, and so the mystery remains unsolved.

The stealing of celebrated pictures is not likely to be attended with any gain, owing to the difficulty of disposing of the plunder. Plate can be melted down and gems can be recut, but a picture would lose all its value if it were tampered with. Some years ago, several pictures were cut out of their frames and stolen from the Earl of Suffolk's collection, but so useless were they as possessions that the thieves had to hide their canvases under one of the arches of Blackfriars Bridge, where they were eventually discovered and returned to their owner.

In 1874, the celebrated picture by Murillo, in the Cathedral of Seville, "The Appearance of the Infant Jesus to St. Anthony," was shamefully mutilated. The monks, one morning, in drawing aside the curtain which was always kept in front of the picture, found that a fourth part, containing the figure of St. Anthony, had been cut out and stolen.

This fragment, which formed an oval about seven feet high, was eventually offered by a Spaniard to a dealer in New York for 250 dollars, and the dealer, who at once recognised the subject, handed his purchase over to the Spanish Consul. The thief was arrested and sent on his way to Spain; but, on his arrival at Havana, the authorities, for some reason which did not transpire, set him at liberty.

A Crayon Study.
By Abbey Altson.

A Floating Studio.

If an artist cannot bring to his studio the models and the other accessories that may be necessary to give the requisite "local colour" to his picture, he must perforce take his studio to the models. Thus the marine painter will undoubtedly obtain the most striking and the most life-like results by working up his pictures in the neighbourhood of the sea—or better still by painting in a floating studio.

This is what one artist, Mr. Wyllie, has done, and in consequence his pictures of the sea have a peculiar charm about them and a reality which is all too frequently lacking in the marine studies of many artists.

For weeks at a time Mr. Wyllie will live on board his floating studio, moving about from place to place, and making studies of all the aspects of the sea that please him best.

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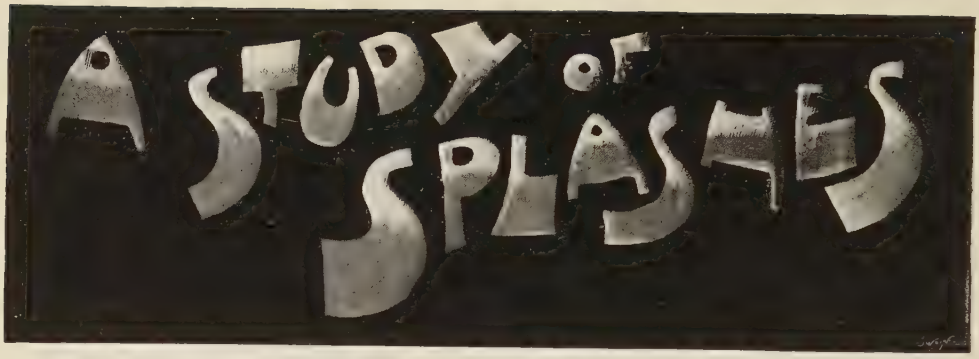
Chicks.

From the Painting by Arthur Elsley. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London and New York.



No. I.—LIQUID FALLING INTO LIQUID.

By A. M. Worthington, F.R.S.

(*Illustrated with Photographs by the Author and Mr. R. S. Cole.*)

There will be but few of my readers who have not, in some heavy shower of rain, beguiled the tedium of enforced waiting by watching, perhaps half-unconsciously, the thousand little crystal fountains that start up from the surface of pool or river; marking now and then a surrounding coronet of lesser jets, or here and there a bubble that floats for a moment and then vanishes.

The very repetition of the forms that are glimpsed suggests a reign of law and order and some inevitable sequence of events, and, trivial though the subject may at first sight appear, yet we shall find that, like all else in nature, it yields to patient study an ample reward, in the revelation of forms of singular beauty, in the exemplification of the consequences of many known properties of liquids, and in information of a new and unexpected character.

The problem, too, must be very ancient and one that has ever challenged and baffled curiosity. For how many thousands of generations has mankind watched these same jets, and coronets, and bubbles, and wondered what was going on; what powers had been awakened by the in-falling drops, only to sleep again in tranquility when the rain was past?

In these modern days of kinematographs and snap-shot cameras it may seem an easy task to follow, by the aid of photography, even a splashing drop. But in reality the task is not so simple, for the changes of form that take place in a splash are far quicker than any which are within reach of the kinematograph, and no such instrument that has yet been devised could have taken the photographs which illustrate this article.

For following such very rapid motions, even the quickest photographic shutter is much too slow, and it is necessary to have recourse to the far shorter exposure of the electric spark, and as a matter of fact the originals of the present photographs were taken by means of a spark, whose duration was certainly less than three-millionths of a second, an interval of time which bears to a whole second about the same proportion as a day to a thousand years!

In order to obtain the photographs, advantage was taken of the fact that whatever be the sequence of events in any particular splash, this sequence will be exactly repeated every time that a falling drop strikes the surface under exactly the same conditions, and the problem to be solved was, therefore, as follows:—To cause a drop of definite size to fall from a definite height in absolute darkness so as to strike the surface of the liquid into which it falls at a spot towards which is directed a photographic camera with uncovered lens, and armed with an exceptionally sensitive plate, and to illuminate the drop at the instant that it just touches the surface by a flash of such excessively short duration that no appreciable change

of form can take place while the drop remains illuminated.

This gives us a photograph of the earliest stage. The plate must then be removed and a fresh one substituted; a second drop, of exactly the same size, must be let fall from exactly the same place, and photographed in just the same way, but the flash must now be so timed as to take place at a slightly later stage of the splash, say, one-thousandth of a second later. The photographic plate must be then again removed and a third substituted, on which a still later stage is to be depicted, and in this way the phenomenon is to be followed step by step.

By adopting this process, and not attempting to follow the same individual splash throughout, we avoid two great difficulties: (1) the necessity of shifting our photographic plate or film through a distance equal to the breadth of the whole picture every five hundredth or thousandth of a second (if we wish to obtain pictures of stages so near together as this); and (2) the difficulty of obtaining brilliant flashes of light at these very short intervals.

For these we substitute two other difficulties: (1) that of delivering the drops exactly as required; and (2) that of timing the flash on each occasion within one or two thousandths of a second, so as to pick out the exact stage we wish to photograph.

Without entering minutely into all the mechanical details, I will now describe how these two problems have been solved.

It is easy enough to arrange that small drops of almost exactly equal size shall fall at a steady rate from the end of a glass tube. Any required number of these small drops can be caught, and allowed to run together into a larger drop to be experimented with. If the liquid used is mercury this can be done in any little glass cup, such as a deeply concave watch-glass; but other liquids, such as water or milk, would wet the glass, and stick to it.

If, however, the inside surface of the watch-glass be first carefully smoked in the flame of a candle, then even water or milk will roll over it without sticking, and the drop thus made up will retain a nearly spherical form, and can be conveyed to the place of observation in the dark room, where it is transferred to the "dropping cup."

This consists of a similar, deep, smoked watch-glass, supported on the end of a small horizontal lever—a light rod of about the dimensions of an uncut lead pencil. This rod is held in position by means of an electro-magnet, against the action of a spring. On cutting off the current from the electro-magnet the spring knocks away the watch-glass, and leaves the drop unsupported in mid-air, so that it falls for a definite fixed distance into a large bowl of water placed below it, on to the surface of which the camera is directed. This solves problem No. 1.

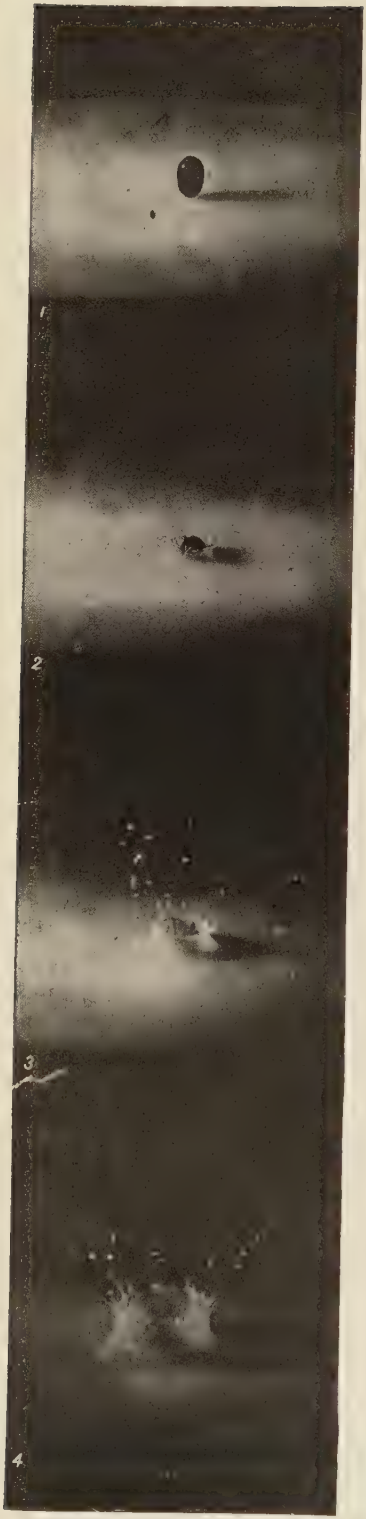
Now for the production and timing of the flash. Two large Leyden jars are provided, and charged by an electrical machine on their inner coats, one positively and one negatively. Stout wires lead from the outer coats to the dark room, and terminate in a spark-gap close over the surface of the water in the bowl just mentioned. If the inner coats are now connected together, the positive and negative charges unite with a dazzling flash and a simultaneous discharge and flash takes place between the two outer coats across the spark-gap in the dark room.

This is the illuminating spark; we have now to time it correctly.

For this purpose it is arranged that the discharge shall be effected by means of a falling metal sphere which passes between two terminals connected one to the inside of one jar and one to the inside of the other. These terminals are just too far apart for a spark to leap across, till the timing sphere passes between them and thus shortens the gap; then the discharge takes place, with its accompanying flash in the dark room.

The release of the timing sphere is effected by an arrangement of lever and spring controlled by an electro-magnet exactly similar to that which releases the drop in the dark room, and the two electro-magnets *are on the same electric circuit*, so that the drop and timing sphere *are released simultaneously*. But while the drop always falls the same distance, the height through which the timing sphere has to fall before producing

Series I.

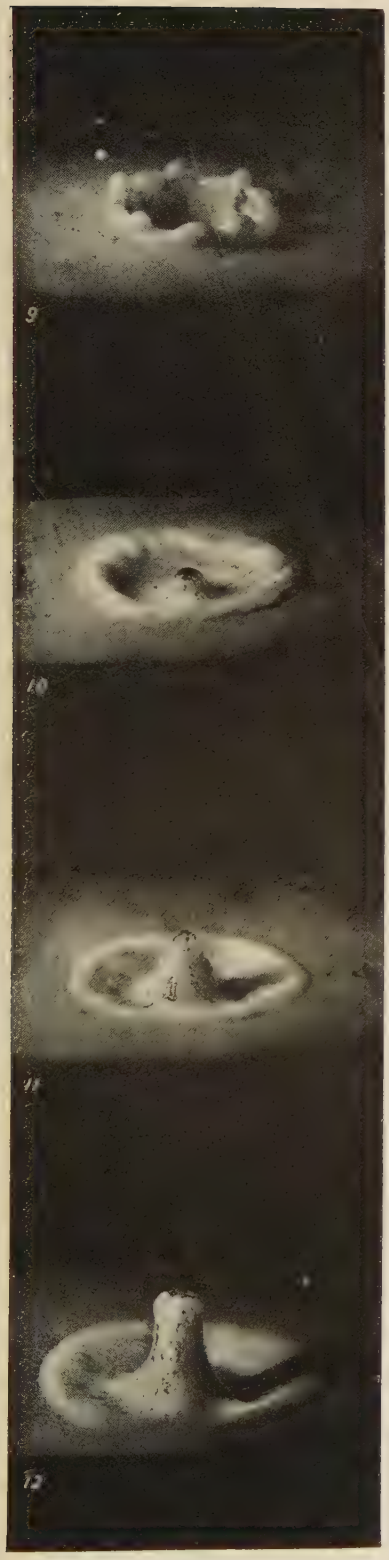


discharge can be adjusted at will, and to great nicety by moving its releasing-lever up or down a vertical support with a scale attached.

If, for example, a particular stage of the splash is photographed when the timing sphere falls just 4ft. to the gap, then by raising its releasing lever about two-fifths of an inch, the laws of falling bodies tell us that we shall postpone the flash by just one-thousandth of a second, and the next photograph will reveal a stage just so much later.

It ought still to be mentioned that to make the utmost use of the illuminating power of the spark, it is necessary to place behind it a little parabolic mirror by means of which a compact beam of rays is directed to the required spot; by this addition we imitate, in miniature, the search-light of a man-of-war.

And now, having learnt how to take the photographs, let us examine the results. The first series gives a selection of twenty-one reproductions of photographs of the splash of a drop of water rather over a quarter of an inch in diameter, falling about 16in. into milk mixed with water. The object of adding milk to the water was to make the liquid light up better, and experiment



showed that the character of the splash was not materially altered by the addition.

The first photograph shows the drop on the point of entering the surface. It will be observed that its form is not spherical but elongated. This elongation is due to the oscillations in form that are started when the drop is released. Till the moment of release, it has been lying somewhat flattened by its own weight, on the dropping-cup, the surface layers of the drop behaving like an elastic membrane enveloping the interior liquid. When the dropping-cup is knocked down, the elasticity of this stretched surface layer causes the drop to spring back to its spherical form, but in doing this it overshoots the mark, and becomes elongated vertically, and so it descends, oscillating perpetually between the shape of an apple and that of an egg or pear.

Now following

the figures in order, we see how, on entering, the drop throws up a little surrounding crater of liquid, from whose edge at pretty regular intervals little jets shoot out. This crater increases gradually in breadth and height, reaching its greatest height in eight or nine-thousandths of a second. The original liquid of the drop is entirely swept up the sides of this crater, as is shown by the little streaks of black, which are particles of lamp-black brought down with the drop from the smoked watch-glass in which it had rested.

In Fig. 5 we notice the first clear signs that the upward flow is arrested. From the ends of the little jets small drops have separated, and the rim of the drop is thicker, and the arms are reduced to lobes.

The cause of this arrest is the same surface tension that made the drop oscillate. The surface objects to being stretched, and is always trying to contract, to force back any advancing rim or emerging jet, to round off projecting angles, and to reduce to smoothness all irregularities of outline.

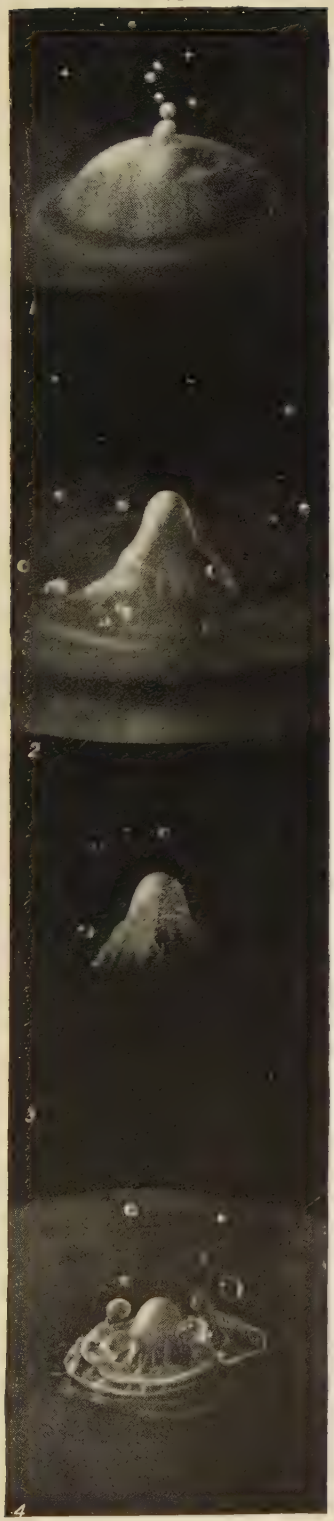
For nearly a hundredth of a second the crater remains with little change of form

beyond an increasing thickening and smoothing of the lobes on the rim, and a tendency to close in, as seen in Fig. 6; then it sinks and widens, till in about 5-100ths of a second there is nothing but a rim above the surface. (Fig. 9.)

After this begins the rebound. The next (Fig. 10) shows how the bottom of the crater now begins to rise in a column, which gradually increases in height. This is our "little crystal fountain" glimpsed in the shower of rain (the phrase is Louis Stevenson's), and it is a curious fact that almost the whole of the original drop is collected at the top of this column.

The sweeping together of the lamp black to the head of the column in Fig. 10 is one sign of this; so also is the greater transparency of the upper part of the column in Fig. 11; but a more convincing proof will be given by a later photograph. Let it be noticed that the top of the column in many of the figures nearly splits off as a separate drop. This tendency to form separate drops is due to the fact that any liquid cylinder is an unstable configuration. Any long cylinder will divide of itself, and the

Series II.



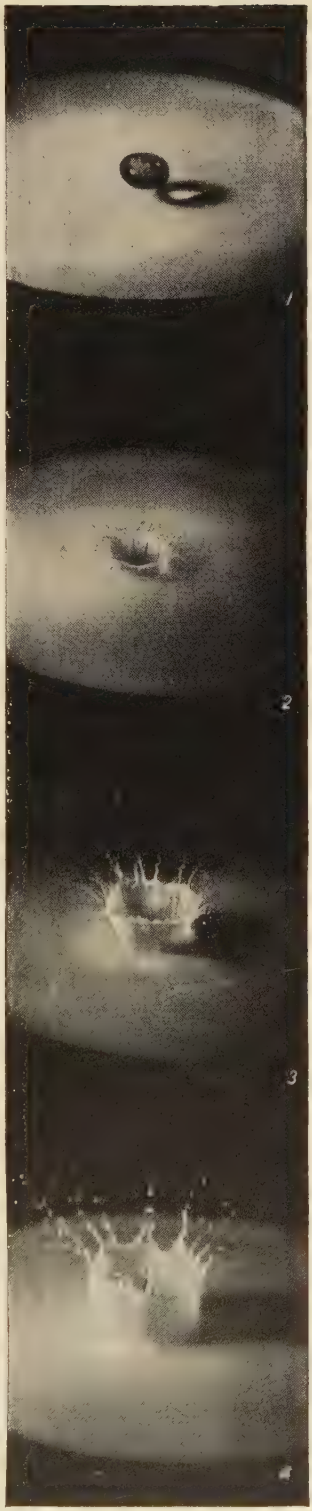
number of drops that it will form depends in a known manner on its length and thickness.

This tendency to topple into drops will meet us everywhere. The finer the jet of liquid the more rapidly will it divide itself; thus division has already taken place in the jets thrown out in Fig. 2, though they have not been in existence for as much as two thousandths of a second! The present tall column just fails to divide itself before it sinks, but if the drop had fallen from a lower height, the column, curiously enough, would have been thinner, but taller, and it would have divided into many drops.

If we now follow the descent of the column, we shall see that its base thickens, and forms a flat "cake" of liquid whose edge marks the position of the first well-defined, outward flowing ripple; afterwards by the alternate rise and fall of the central part, a second and then a third "cake" are superposed on the top of the first. It is in this way that the little circular ripples, with which everyone is familiar, first originate. The last figure of the series shows the third upheaval of the central part, which takes place about three-tenths of a second after the first contact of the drop.

If we now increase the height of fall to a little over 3ft., and employ a drop of about one-third of an inch in diameter, we shall find

Series III.



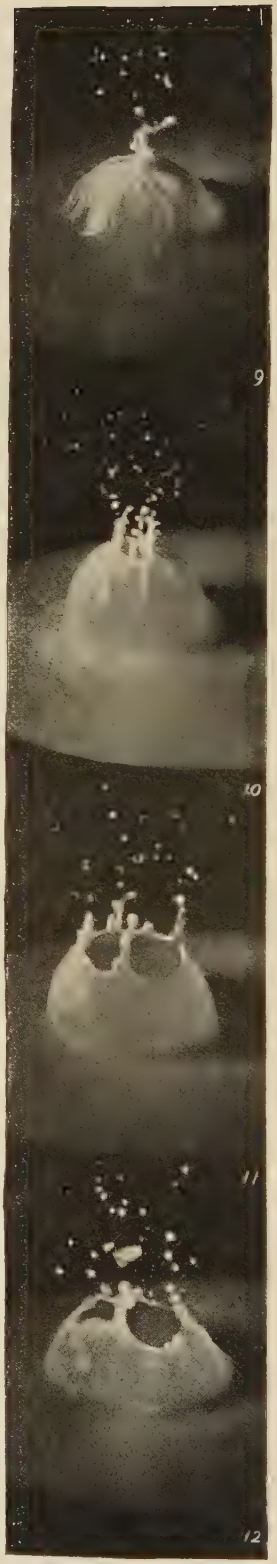
that although in the end we have an emergent column as before, whose subsidence gives rise to similar "cakes," which die away as ripples, yet in the meantime something new has happened. For now the crater that is thrown up rises much higher, and has time to close completely over the central hollow, forming an enveloping bubble. This bubble, however, always opens again and rolls back, generally (but not always) in time for the central column to rise up without interference. This is shown in Series II. (p. 15), Figs. 1 and 2, while Fig. 3 is a photograph of the column that rises when, instead of dropping water into milk, we let a drop of milk fall into water.

The reader will notice that the lower part of the column is almost invisible, showing that this consists of pure water, while the original milk drop rides out upon the summit. In Fig. 4 the milk drop is seen emerging just as the edge of the bubble rolls back.

Series III. shows the effect of still further increasing, to about 5ft., the height of fall of the drop, and doubling its volume. The crater now closes up in about eighteen-thousandths of a second, and forms a comparatively permanent bubble. This bubble, in its earlier stages, is thick-walled, rough, and furrowed, but becomes smoother and thinner the longer it lasts, as the liquid drains down the sides and is more uniformly distributed under the equalising influence of the surface-tension.

Such a bubble may remain long closed, as in Fig. 9, or at any moment may burst open, as in Figs. 10, 11, and 12, but the longer it endures the more delicate and exquisite does it become.

Such is the origin of the bubbles raised by the big drops of a thunder shower on the surface of a pool. The building of each fairy dome is accomplished in less than two-hundredths of a second, and before one-tenth of a second is over the whole construction may have vanished. One can almost regret that so beautiful a process should have been so long unwatched.



Signors of the Night.

By Max Pemberton.

Author of "Queen of the Jesters," "A Woman of Kronstadt," etc.

These are stories of Venice and her people in the early and romantic years of the eighteenth century. They relate a set of episodes of which record is made in the history of the police of Venice, the famous "Signors of the Night," who played so large a part in many of the tragedies which heralded the fall of the Republic. And they speak also, in certain chapters, of the life of the great Capuchin friar, known in the story of the city as Fra Giovanni. This priest was master, during many years, of a strange and mysterious influence over the Doge and Council. His courage and resource appear to have saved Venice more than once from her daring enemies and from many strange conspiracies. He was beloved by the people, and trusted by the Senate. Little was known of his youth, but it was commonly said that his ancestors were princes in their own provinces, and that he had once been called the first swordsman in Italy.

No. I.—THE RISEN DEAD.

I.

It was near to sunset on the second day of June, in the year 1701, when Pietro Falier, the Captain of the Police of Venice, quitted the Piazzetta of St. Mark and set out, alone, in his gondola for the Palace of Fra Giovanni, the great Capuchin friar, who lived over on the Island of the Guidecca.

"I shall return in an hour," the Captain said to his subordinate as he stepped into the black gondola which no Venetian could look upon without a sigh. "If any have need of me, I am at the house of Fra Giovanni."

The subordinate saluted, and returned slowly toward the Ducal palace. He was thinking that his Captain went overmuch just then to the house of that strange friar who had come to Venice so mysteriously, and so mysteriously had won the favour of the republic.

"Saint John!" he muttered to himself, "that we should dance attendance on a friar —we, who were the masters of the city a year ago! What is the Captain thinking of? Are we all women then, or have women plucked our brains that it should be Fra Giovanni this and Fra Giovanni that, and your tongue snapped off if you so much as put a question. To the devil with all friars, say I."

The good fellow stopped a moment in his walk to lay the flat of his sword across the shoulders of a mountebank, who had dared to

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remain seated at the door of his booth while so great a person passed. Then he returned to his office, and whispered in the ear of his colleague the assurance that the Captain was gone again to the island of the Jews, and that to-morrow would see more heads between the columns of the Piazzetta.

"And look you, Michele," said he, "it is not to you nor to me that he comes nowadays. Not a whisper of it, as I live, except to this friar, whom I could crush between my fingers as a glass ball out of Murano."

His colleague shook his head.

"There have been many," said he, "who have tried to crush Fra Giovanni. They grin between the bars of dungeons, now, *amico*—at least, those who have heads left to grin with. Be warned of me, and make a friend of the man who has made a friend of Venice. The Captain knows well what he is doing. If he has gone to the priest's house now, it is that the priest may win rewards for us again, as he has won them already a hundred times."

He spoke earnestly, though, in truth, his guess was not a good one. The Captain of the Police had not gone to the island of the Guidecca to ask a service of the friar; he had gone, as he thought, to save the friar's life. At the moment when his subordinates were wagging their heads together, he himself stood in the priest's house, before the very table at which Fra Giovanni sat busy with his papers and his books.

"I implore you to listen to me, Prince!" he had just exclaimed very earnestly, as he repeated the news for the second time, and stood clamourous for the answer to his question.

The friar, who was dressed in the simple robe of the Capuchins, and who wore his cowl over his head so that only his piercing black eyes could be seen, put down his pen when he heard himself addressed as "Prince."

Fra Giovanni sat busy with his papers and his books.

"Captain," he said sharply, "who is this person you come here to warn? You speak of him as 'Prince.' It is some other then, and not myself?"

The Captain bit his lip. He was one of the four in Venice who knew something of Fra Giovanni's past.

"Your Excellency's pardon," he exclaimed very humbly; "were we not alone, you would find me more discreet. I know well that the Prince of Iseo is dead—in Venice at least. But to Fra Giovanni, his near kinsman, I say beware, for there are those here who have sworn he shall not live to say Mass again."

For an instant a strange light came into the priest's eyes. But he gave no other sign either of surprise or of alarm.

"They have sworn it—you know their names then, Captain?"

"The Signors of the Night do not concern themselves with names, Excellency."

"Which means that you do not know their names, Captain?"

Pietro Falier sighed. This friar never failed to humble him, he thought. If it were not for the honours Fra Giovanni had obtained for the police since he began his work in Venice, the Captain said that he would not lift a hand to save him from the meanest bravo in Italy.

"You do not know their names, Captain—confess, confess," continued the priest, raising his hand in a bantering gesture; "you come to me with some gossip of the bed-chamber, your ears have been open in the market-place, and this tittle-tattle is your purchase—confess, confess."

The Captain flushed as he would have done before no other in all Venice.

"I do not know their names, Excellency," he stammered; "it is gossip from the bravo's kitchen. They say that you are to die before Mass to-morrow. I implore you not to leave this house to-night. We shall know how to do the rest if you will but remain indoors."

It was an earnest intreaty, but it fell upon deaf ears. The priest answered by taking a sheet of paper and beginning to write upon it.

"I am indebted to you, Signor Falier," said he quietly, "and you know that I am not the man to forget my obligations. None the less, I fear that I must disregard your warning, for I have an appointment in the market to-night, and my word is not so easily broken. Let me reassure you a little. The news that you bring to me, and for which I am your debtor, was known to me three days ago. Here upon this paper I have written down the name of the woman and of her confederates who have hired the *bravo** Rocca to kill me to-night in the shadow of the church of San Salvatore. You will read that paper and the woman's name—when I shall give you leave."

Falier stepped back dumb with amazement.

"The woman's name, Excellency," he repeated, so soon as his surprise permitted him to speak, "you know her, then?"

"Certainly, or how could I write it upon the paper?"

"But you will give that paper to me, here and now. Think, Excellency, if she is your enemy, she is the enemy also of Venice. What forbids that we arrest her at once! You may not be alive at dawn!"

"In which case," exclaimed the priest satirically, "the Signors of the Night would be well able to answer for the safety of the city. Is it not so, Captain?"

Falier stammered an excuse.

"We have not your eyes, Excellency; we cannot work miracles—but at least we can try to protect you from the hand of the assassin. Name this woman to me, and she shall not live when midnight strikes."

Fra Giovanni rose from his chair and put his hand gently upon the other's shoulder.

"Signor Falier," said he, "if I told you this woman's name here and now as you ask, the feast of Corpus Christi might find a new Doge in Venice."

"You say, Excellency——?"

"That the city is in danger as never she was before in her history."

"And your own life?"

"Shall be given for Venice if necessary. Listen to this—you seek to be of service to me. Have you any plan?"

"No plan but that which posts guards at your door and keeps you within these walls——"

"That the enemies of Venice may do their work. Is that your reason, Signor Falier?"

"I have no other reason, Excellency, but your own safety and that of the city."

"I am sure of it, Signore, and being sure I am putting my life in your hands to-night——"

"To-night; we are to follow you to the Merceria then?"

"Not at all—say rather that you are to return to the palace and to keep these things so secret that even the Council has no word of them. But, at ten o'clock, take twenty of

* The *bravo* was generally a soldier of fortune who traded in assassinations. For a small sum he was ready to commit any murder or to remove any enemy. Posting himself in the dark passages of Venice, he struck his victim down from behind, and called such an encounter "an affair of honour." Many of the Embassies in Venice shielded the *bravo* from the police and the Council.

your best men and let your boat lie in the shadow of the church of San Luca until I have need of you. You understand, Captain Falier?"

Falier nodded his head and replied vaguely. Truth to tell he understood very little beyond this—that the friar had been before him once more, and that he could but follow as a child trustingly. And the city was in danger! His heart beat quick when he heard the words.

"Excellency," he stammered, "the boat shall be there—at ten o'clock—in the shadow of the church of San Luca. But first——"

"No," said the priest quickly, "we have done with our firstly—and your gondola waits I think, Signore!"

II.

The bells of the Chapel of San Marco* were striking the hour of eight o'clock, when Fra Giovanni stepped from his gondola, and began to cross the great square towards that labyrinth of narrow streets and winding alleys they call the Merceria.

The piazza itself was then ablaze with the light of countless lamps; dainty lanterns, coloured as the rainbow, swayed to the soft breeze between the arches of the colonnade. Nobles were seated at the doors of the splendid cafés; the music of stringed instruments mingled with the louder, sweeter music of the bells; women, whose jewels were as sprays of flame, many hued and dazzling, hung timidly upon the arms of lovers; gallants swaggered in costly velvets and silks which were the spoil of the generous East; even cassocked priests and monks in their sombre habits passed to and fro amidst that glittering throng, come out to herald the glory of a summer's night.

And clear and round, lifting themselves up through the blue haze to the silent world of stars above, were the domes and cupolas of the great chapel itself—the chapel which, through seven centuries, had been the city's witness to the God who had made her great, and who would uphold her still before the nations.

Fra Giovanni passed through the crowd swiftly, seeming to look neither to the right nor to the left. The brown habit of the Capuchins was his dress, and his cowl was drawn so well over his head that only his eyes were visible—those eyes before which men, and women, too, had trembled often—before which many a one was to tremble again ere he quitted Venice for ever. Though he knew well that an assassin waited for him in the purlieus of the church of San Salvatore, his step was quick and brisk, he walked as a man who goes willingly to a rendezvous, and anticipates its climax with pleasure. When he had left the great square with its blaze of lanterns, and its babel of tongues, and had begun to thread the narrow streets by which he would reach the bridge of Rialto, a smile played for a moment about his determined mouth, and he drew his cowl still closer over his ears.

"So it is Rocca whom they send—Rocca, the poltroon! Surely there is the hand of God in this."

He raised his eyes for a moment to the starlit heaven, and then continued his brisk walk. His way lay through winding alleys, over bridges so narrow that two men could not pass abreast, through passages where murderers lurked, and horrid faces were thrust grinning into his own. But he knew the city as one who had lived there all his life; and for the others, the rogues and scum of Venice, he had no thought. Not until he came out before the church of Santa Maria Formosa did he once halt or look behind him. The mystery of the night was a joy to him. Even in the shadow of the church, his rest was but for a moment; and, as he rested, the meaning smile hovered again upon his wan face.

"The play begins," he muttered, while he loosened slightly the girdle of his habit, and thrust his right hand inside it, "the God of Venice give me courage."

A man was following him now—he was sure of it. He had seen him as he turned to cross the bridge which would set him on the way to the church of San Salvatore—a short, squat man, masked, and dressed from head to foot in black. Quick as the movements of the fellow were, dexterous his dives into porches and the patches of shadow which

* St. Mark's Church at Venice was originally the chapel of the Doge's palace. It did not become a cathedral until the beginning of this century.

the eaves cast, the priest's trained eye followed his every turn, numbered, as it were, the very steps he took. And the smile upon Fra Giovanni's face was fitful no more. He walked as a man who has a great jest for his company.

"Rocca the fool, and alone! They pay me a poor compliment, those new friends of mine; but we shall repay, and the debt will be heavy."

He withdrew his hand from his habit, where it had rested upon the hilt of a dagger, for he knew that he had no need of any weapon. His gait was quick and careless; he stopped often to peer into some windowless shop where a sickly lamp burned before the picture of a saint; and wares, which had not tempted a dead generation, appealed unavailingly to a living one. The idea that his very carelessness might cost him his life never entered his head. He played with the assassin as a cat with a mouse, now tempting him to approach, now turning suddenly, and sending him helter-skelter into the door of a shop or the shadow of a bridge. He was sure of his man, and that certainty was a delight to him.

"If it had been any other but Rocca the clown!" he said to himself, his thoughts ever upon the jest; "surely we shall know what to say to him."

He had come almost to the Church of San Salvatore by this time. His walk had carried him out to the bank of a narrow, winding canal, at whose quays once splendid gondolas were rotting in neglect. It seemed to him that here was the place where his tactics might well be changed, and the *rôle* of the hunted put aside for that of the hunter. Quick to act, he stepped suddenly behind one of the great wooden piles driven into the quay for the warping of barges. The *bravo*, who did not perceive that he had been detected, and who could not account for the sudden disappearance of his prey, came straight on, his cloak wrapped about his face, his naked sword in his hand. The wage would be earned easily that night, he was telling himself. No one would miss a beggarly monk—and he, Rocca, must live.

He began to peer into the shadows.

A single blow, struck to the right side of the back, and then—and then—

This pleasant meditation was cut short abruptly by the total disappearance of the man whose death was a preliminary to the wage he anticipated so hungrily. Mystified beyond measure, he let his cloak fall back again and began to peer into the shadows as though some miracle had been wrought and the priest carried suddenly from the earth to that heaven whither he had meant to send him so quickly.

"Blood of Paul," he exclaimed angrily, turning about and about again, "am I losing my eyes? A plague upon the place and the shadows."

He stamped his foot impotently; and was

about to run back by the way he had come when a voice spoke in the shadows; and at the sound of that voice, the sword fell from the man's hand and he reeled back as from a blow.

"Rocca Zicani, the Prince is waiting for you."

The assassin staggered against the door of a house, and stood there as one paralysed. He had heard those words once before in the dungeons of Naples. They had been spoken by the Inquisitors who came to Italy with one of the Spanish princes. Instantly he recalled the scene where first he had listened to them —the dungeon draped in black, the white hot irons which had seared his flesh, the rack which had maimed his limbs, the masked men who had tortured him.

"Great God," he moaned, "not that—not that——."

The priest stepped from the shadows and stood in a place where the feeble light of an oil lamp could fall upon his face. The laugh hovered still about his lips. He regarded the trembling man with a contempt he would not conceal.

"Upon my word, Signor Rocca," he exclaimed, "this is a poor welcome to an old friend."

The *bravo*, who had fallen on his knees, for he believed that a trick had again delivered him into the hands of his old enemies, looked up at the words, and stared at the monk as at an apparition.

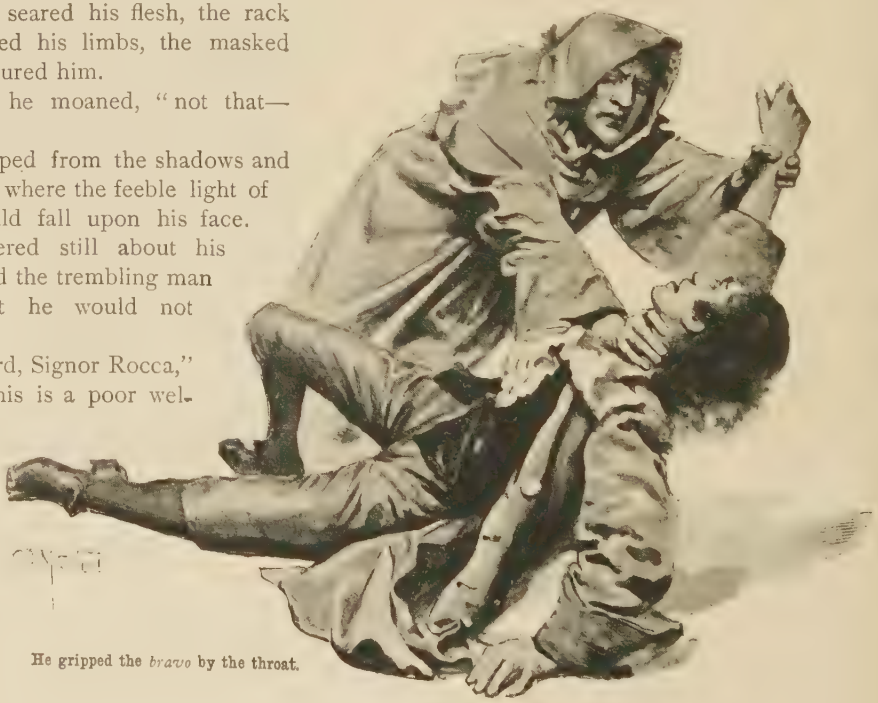
"*Santissima!*" he cried, "it is the Prince of Iseo."

The priest continued in the jester's tone:

"As you say, old comrade, the Prince of Iseo. Glory to God for the good fortune which puts you in my path to-night. Oh, you are very glad to see me, Signor Rocca, I'll swear to that. What, the fellow whom my hands snatched from the rack in the house of the Duke of Naples—has he no word for me? And he carries his naked sword in his hand; he has the face of a woman and his knees tremble. What means this?"

He had seemed to speak in jest, but while the cowed man was still kneeling before him, he, of a sudden, kicked the sword aside, and, stooping, he gripped the *bravo* by the throat and dragged him from the shelter of the porch to the water's edge. As iron were the relentless hands; the man's eyes started from his head, the very breath seemed to be crushed out of him in the grip of the terrible priest.

"Signor Rocca, what means this?" the friar repeated. "A naked sword in your hand and sweat upon your brow. Oh! oh! a tale, indeed! Shall I read it to you, or shall I raise my voice and fetch those who will read it for me—those who have the irons heated, and the boot so made for your leg that no last in Italy shall better it. Speak, rascal, shall I read you the tale?"



He gripped the *bravo* by the throat.

"Mercy, Prince, for the love of God."

The priest released the pressure of his hands and let the other sink at his feet.

"Who sent you, rogue?" he asked. "Who pays your wage?"

"I dare not tell you, Excellency."

"Dare not! *you* dare not—you, whom a word will put to torture greater than any you have dreamed of in your worst agonies; *you* dare not."

"Excellency, the Countess of Treviso—I am her servant."

"And the man who sent her to the work—his name?"

"Andrea, Count of Pisa, Excellency."

The priest stepped back as one whose curiosity was entirely satisfied.

"Ah! I thought so. And the price they paid you, knave?"

"Forty silver ducats, Excellency."

"Ho, ho!—so that is the price of a friar in Venice."

The *bravo* sought to join in the jest.

"Had they known it was the Prince of Iseo, it had been a hundred thousand, Excellency."

Fra Giovanni did not listen to him. His quick brain was solving a strange problem—the problem of the price that these people in their turn should pay to Venice. When he had solved it, he turned to the cringing figure at his feet.

"Signor Rocca," he said, "do you know of what I am thinking?"

"Of mercy, Excellency; of mercy for one who has not deserved it."

"But who can deserve it?"

"Excellency, hearken to me. I swear by all the saints——"

"In whose name you blaspheme, rascal. Have I not heard your oath in Naples when the irons seared your flesh? Shall I listen again when the fire is being made ready, and there is burning coal beneath the bed you will lie upon to-night, Signor Rocca?"

"Oh! for God's sake, Excellency!"

"Not so; for the sake of Venice, rather."

"I will be your slave—I swear it on the cross—I will give my life——"

"Your precious life, Signor Rocca!—nay, what a profligate you are!"

Fra Giovanni's tone, perhaps, betrayed him. The trembling man began to take heart a little.

"Prove me, Excellency," he whined; "prove me here and now."

The friar made a pretence of debating it. After a little spell of silence he bade the other rise.

"Come," he said, "your legs catch cold, my friend, and will burn slowly. Stretch them here upon the Campo while I ask you some questions. And remember, for every lie you tell me there shall be another wedge in the boot you are about to wear. You understand that, Signor?"

"Excellency, the man that could lie to the Prince of Iseo has yet to be born."

It was a compliment spoken from the very heart; but the priest ignored it.

"Let us not speak of others, but of you and your friends. And, firstly, of the woman who sent you. She is now——"

"In the Palazzo Pisani waiting news of you."

"You were to carry that news to her?"

"And to receive my wage, Excellency. But I did not know what work it was—holy God, I would not have come for—"

Fra Giovanni cut him short with a gesture of impatience.

"Tell me," he exclaimed, "the Count of Pisa, is he not the woman's lover?"

"They say so, Signore."

"And he is at her house to-night?"

The man shook his head.

"Before Heaven, I do not know, Excellency. An hour ago, he sat at a café in the great square."

"And the woman—was she alone, when you left her?"

"There were three with her to sup."

The priest nodded his head.

"*Benissimo!*" he said, "we shall even presume to sup with her."

"To sup with her—but they will kill you, Excellency!"

"Ho, ho—see how this assassin is concerned for my life."

"Certainly I am. Have you not given me mine twice? I implore you not to go to the house—"

He would have said more but the splash of an oar in the narrow canal by which they walked, cut short his intreaties. A gondola was approaching them; the cry of the gondolier, awakening echoes beneath the eaves of the old houses, gave to Fra Giovanni that inspiration he had been seeking now for some minutes.

"Rocca Zicani," he exclaimed, standing suddenly as the warning cry, "*Stalè*," became more distinct. "I am going to put your professions to the proof."

"Excellency, I will do anything——"

"Then, if you would wake to-morrow with a head upon your shoulders, enter that gondola, and go back to those who sent you. Demand your wage of them——"

"But, Signore——"

"Demand your wage of them," persisted the priest sternly, "and say that the man who was their enemy lies dead before the church of San Salvatore. You understand me?"

A curious look came into the *bravo's* eyes.

"Saint John," he cried, "that I should have followed such a one as you, Excellency!"

But the priest continued warningly:

"As you obey, so hope for the mercy of Venice. You deal with those who know how to reward their friends and to punish their enemies. Betray us, and I swear that no death in all Italy shall be such a death as you will die at dawn to-morrow."

A gondola was approaching them.

He raised his voice, and summoned the gondolier to the steps of the quay. The *bravo* threw himself down upon the velvet cushions with the threat still ringing in his ears.

"Excellency," he said, "I understand. They shall hear that you are dead."

III.

Fra Giovanni stepped from his gondola, and stood at the door of the Palazzo Pisani exactly at a quarter to ten o'clock. Thirty minutes had passed since he had talked with the *bravo*, Rocca, and had put him to the proof. The time was enough, he said; the tale would have been told, the glad news of his own death already gloated over by those who would have killed him.

Other men, perhaps, standing there upon the threshold of so daring an enterprise, would have known some temptation of fear or hesitation in such a fateful moment; but the great Capuchin friar neither paused nor hesitated. That strange confidence in his own mission, his belief that God had called him to the protection of Venice, perchance even a personal conceit in his own skill as a swordsman, sent him hurrying to the work. It was a draught of life to him to see men tremble at his word; the knowledge which treachery poured into his ear was a study finer than that of all the manuscripts in all the libraries of Italy. And he knew that he was going to the Palazzo Pisani to humble one of the greatest in the city—to bring the sons of Princes on their knees before him.

There were many lights in the upper storeys of the great house, but the ground floor, with its barred windows and cell-like chambers, was unlighted. The priest saw horrid faces grinning through the bars; the faces of fugitives, fleeing the justice of Venice, outcasts of the city, murderers. But these outcasts, in their turn, were silent when they saw

who came to the house, and they spoke of the strange guest in muted exclamations of surprise and wonder.

"Blood of Paul—do you see that? It is the Capuchin himself and alone. Surely there will be work to do anon."

"Ay, but does he come alone! Saint John, I would sooner slit a hundred throats than have his shadow fall on me. Was it not he that hanged Orso and the twelve! A curse upon the day he came to Venice."

So they talked in whispers, but the priest had passed already into the great hall of the palace and was speaking to a lacquey there.

"My friend," he said, "I come in the name of the Signory. If you would not have your tongue cut out to-morrow, announce me to none."

The lacquey drew back, quailing before the threat.

"Excellency," he exclaimed, "I am but a servant——"

"And shall find a better place as you serve Venice faithfully."

He passed on with noiseless steps, mounting the splendid marble staircase upon which the masterpieces of Titian and of Paolo Veronese looked down. At the head of the stairs, there was a superbly painted door, which he had but to open to find himself face to face with those who were still telling each other that he was dead.

For an instant, perhaps, a sense of the danger of his mission possessed him. He knew well that one card played falsely, one word undeliberated, would be paid for with his own blood. But even in the face of this reckoning he did not hesitate. He was there to save Venice from her enemies; the God of Venice would protect him. And so without word or warning, he opened the door and stood, bold and unflinching, before those he had come to accuse.

There were four at table, and one was a woman. The priest knew her well. She had been called the most beautiful woman in Venice—Caterina, Countess of Treviso. Still young, with a face which spoke of ambition and of love, her white neck glittered with the jewels it carried, her dress of blue velvet was such a dress as only a noblewoman of Venice could wear. A queenly figure, the friar said, yet one he would so humble presently that never should she hold up her head again.

As for the others, the men who had cloaked conspiracy with a woman's smile, he would know how to deal with them. Indeed, when he scanned their faces and began to remember the circumstances under which he had met them before, his courage was strengthened, and he forgot that he had ever reasoned with it.

He stood in the shadows; but the four, close in talk, and thinking that a lacquey had entered the room, did not observe him. They were laughing merrily at some jest, and filling the long goblets with the golden wine of Cyprus, when at last he strode out into the light and spoke to them. His heart beat quickly; he knew that this might be the moment of his death, yet never had his voice been more sonorous or more sure.

"Countess," he exclaimed, as he stepped boldly to the table and confronted them, "I bring you a message from Andrea, the lord of Pisa!"

He had expected that the woman would cry out, or that the men would leap to their feet and draw their swords; but the supreme moment passed and no one spoke. A curious silence reigned in the place. From without there floated up the gay notes of a gondolier's carol. The splash of oars was heard, and the low murmur of voices. But within the room you could have counted the tick of a watch—almost the beating of a man's heart. And the woman was the first to find her tongue. She had looked at the friar as she would have looked at the risen dead; but, suddenly, with an effort which clenched her hands and brought back the blood to her cheeks, she rose from her seat and began to speak.

"Who are you?" she asked, "and why do you come to this house?"

Fra Giovanni advanced to the table so that they could see his face.

"Signora," he said, "the reason of my coming to this house I have already told you. As to your other question, I am the Capuchin friar, Giovanni, whom you desired your servant Rocca to kill at the Church of San Salvatore an hour ago."

The woman sank back into the chair; the

blood left her face; she would have swooned had not curiosity proved stronger than her terror.

"The judgment of God!" she cried hoarsely.

Again, for a spell, there was silence in the room. The priest stood at the end of the table telling himself that he must hold these four in talk until the bells of San Luca struck ten o'clock, or pay for failure with his life. The men, in their turn, were asking themselves if he were alone.

"You are the Capuchin friar, Giovanni," exclaimed one of them presently, taking courage of the silence, "what then is your message from the Count of Pisa?"

"My message, Signore, is this—that at ten o'clock to-night, the Count of Pisa will have ceased to live."

A strange cry, terrible in its pathos, escaped the woman's lips. All had risen to their feet again. The swords of the three leaped from their scabbards. The instant of the priest's death seemed at hand. But he stood, resolute, before them.

"At ten o'clock," he repeated sternly, "the Count of Pisa will have ceased to live. That is his message, Signores, to one in this house. And to you, the Marquis of Cittadella, there is another message."

He turned to one of the three who had begun to rail at him, and raised his hand as in warning. So great was the curiosity to hear his words that the swords were lowered again, and again there could be heard the ticking of a clock in the great room.

"For me—a message! Surely I am favoured, Signore."

"Of that you shall be the judge, since, at dawn to-morrow, your head will lie on the marble slab between the columns of the Piazzetta."

They greeted him with shouts of ridicule.

"A prophet—a prophet!"

"A prophet indeed," he answered quietly, "who has yet a word to speak to you, Andrea Foscari."

"To me!" exclaimed the man addressed, who was older than the others, and who wore the stola of the nobility.

"Ay, to you, who are about to become a fugitive from the justice of Venice. Midnight shall see you hunted in the hills, my lord; no house shall dare to shelter you; no hand shall give you bread. When you return to the city you would have betrayed, your very children shall mock you for a beggar."

Foscari answered with an oath, and drew back. The third of the men, a youth who wore a suit of white velvet, and whose vest was ablaze with gold and jewels, now advanced jestingly.

"And for me, most excellent friar?"

"For you, Gian Mocenigo, a pardon in the name of that Prince of Venice whose house you have dishonoured."

Again they replied to him with angry gibes.

"A proof—a proof—we will put you to the proof, friar—here and now, or, by Heaven, a prophet shall pay with his life."

He saw that they were driven to the last point. While the woman stood as a figure of stone at the table, the three advanced towards him and drove him back before their threatening swords. The new silence was the silence of his death anticipated. He thought that his last card was set down in vain. Ten o'clock would never strike, he said. Yet even as hope seemed to fail him, and he told himself that the end had come, the bells of the city began to strike the hour, and the glorious music of their echoes floated over the sleeping waters.

"A proof, you ask me for a proof, Signores," he exclaimed triumphantly. "Surely, the proof lies in yonder room, where all the world may see it."

He pointed to a door opening in the wall of mirrors, and giving access to a small chamber behind the larger apartment. Curiosity drove the men thither. They threw open the door; they entered the room; they reeled back drunk with their own terror.

For the body of Andrea, lord of Pisa, lay, still warm, upon the marble pavement of the chamber, and the dagger with which he had been stabbed was yet in his heart.

"A proof—have I not given you a proof?" the priest cried again, while the woman's terrible cry rang through the house, and the three stood close together, as men upon whom a judgment has fallen.

"Man or devil—who are you?" they asked in hushed whispers.

He answered them by letting his monk's robe slip from his shoulders. As the robe fell, they beheld a figure clad in crimson velvet, and corselet of burnished gold; the figure of a man whose superb limbs had been the envy of the swordsmen of Italy; whose face, lighted now with a sense of power and of victory, was a face for which women had given their lives.

"It is the Prince of Iseo," they cried, and fled as madmen from the house of doom.

A minute later, those whose gondolas were passing the Palazzo Pisani observed a strange spectacle. A priest stood upon the balcony of the house holding a silver lamp in his hand; and as he waited, a boat emerged from the shadows about the church of San Luca, and came swiftly towards him.

"The Signors of the Night," the loiterers exclaimed in hushed whispers, and went on their way quickly.

* * * * *

Very early next morning, a rumour of strange events, which had happened in Venice during the hours of darkness, drew a great throng of the people to the square before the ducal palace.

"Have you not heard it," man cried to man; "the Palazzo Pisani lacks a mistress to-day? Ho, ho! the police make their toilet in the boudoir of my lady. And they say that the Lord of Pisa is dead."

"Worse than that, my friends," a gondolier protested, "Andrea Foscari crossed to Maestre last night, and the dogs are even now on his heels."

"Your news grows stale," croaked a hag who was passing; "go to the Piazzetta and you shall see the head of one who prayed before the altar ten minutes ago."

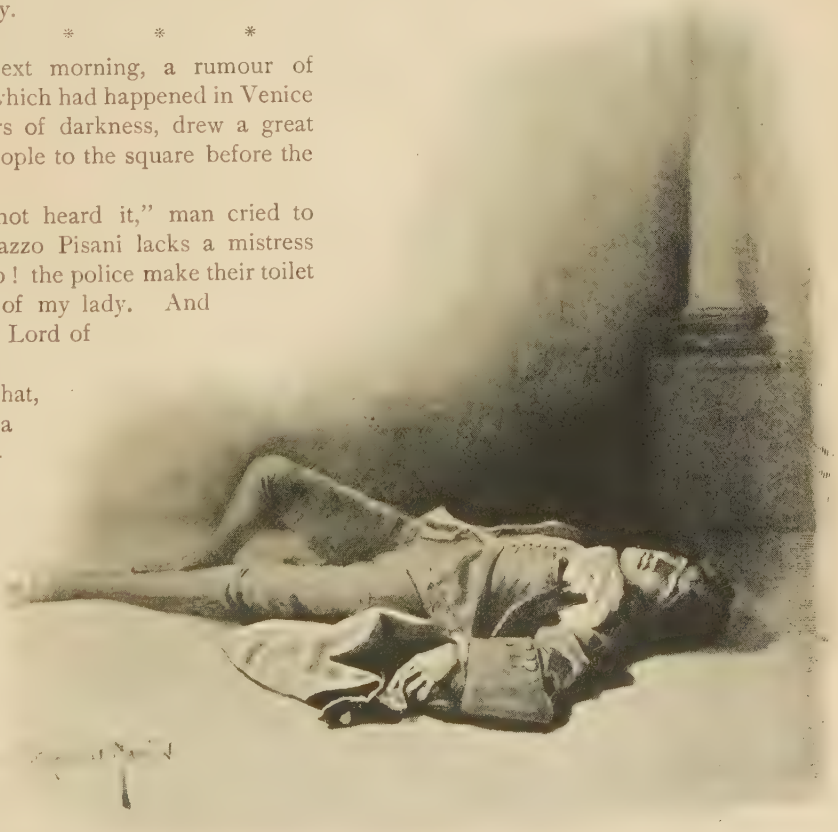
They trooped off eager for the spectacle. When they reached the Piazzetta, the hag was justified. The head of a man lay bleeding upon the marble slab between the columns. It was the head of the Marquis of Cittadella.

In the palace of the Signors of the Night, meanwhile, Pietro Falier, the Captain of the Police, was busy with his complaints.

"The lord of Pisa is dead," he said, "the woman has gone to the Convent of Murano; there is a head between the columns; Andrea Foscari will die of hunger in the hills—yet Gian Mocenigo goes free. Who is this friar that he shall have the gift of life or death in Venice?"

His subordinate answered.

"This friar, Captain, is one whom Venice, surely, will make the greatest of her nobles to-day."



The body of Andrea, lord of Pisa, lay upon the marble pavement.

Blesbuck about to run.

A BREATH FROM THE VELDT.

By Herbert C. Fyfe.

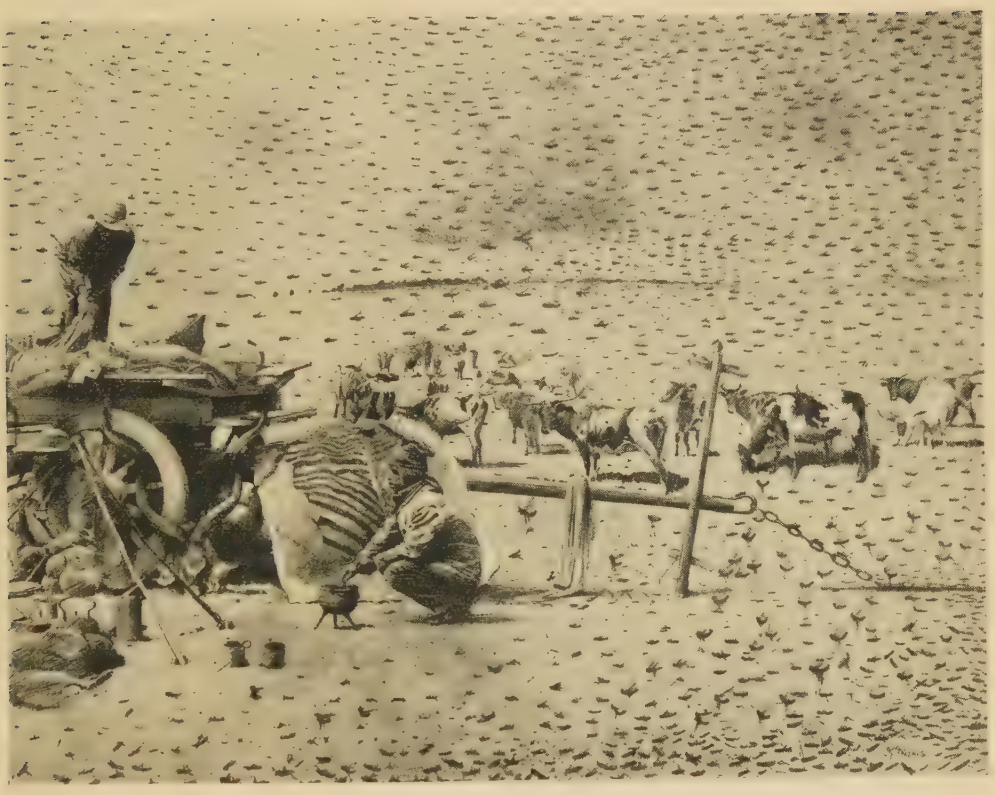
South Africa has of late years proved a fruitful ground for exploring naturalists, and of all who have written of their experiences and observations, none have given us a more interesting account than Mr. John Guille Millais, who transports us by the witchery of pen and pencil to the scenes he has described, and enables us to realise the incidents he has so graphically depicted.

Mr. Millais is the fourth son of the late President of the Royal Academy, and although himself an artist of conspicuous ability, he has not, according to his own account, had "any art education whatsoever."

Mr. J. G. Millais.

This, however, may be Mr. Millais' way of begging the question as to what "art education" is, for he admits with pleasure at least one memorable lesson. It was when the aged Landseer took him on his knee as a child, and taught him how to draw a deer! It was also his father's intention that he should follow an artistic career, and at their beautiful home in Perthshire, he developed a natural bent for the study of birds and animals, the results of his observations being invariably committed to paper.

For a time, Mr. Millais served in the Army, but as the life did not suit him he soon left it.



A locust storm.

Although but thirty-three years of age, he has spent no fewer than fifteen years in all parts of the world following his natural bent as a sportsman, a naturalist, and an artist, undergoing hardship and fatigue in his desire to study animals in their natural environment.

Mr. Millais tells me that he looks back with, perhaps, the greatest pleasure to his experience on the South African Veldt, that vast plain which stretches away from Cape Colony through the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and especially to that portion of it in the heart of Cape Colony which goes by the name of the Great Karoo.

The Great Karoo has become the chief hunting-field of South Africa, because it offers no attractions to the settlers, oscillating as it does between a dull, uninteresting plain of baked mud in fine weather, and a quagmire in the rainy season.

All Mr. Millais' sketches of bird and beast life in Africa were made by him on the spot. In order to be as accurate as possible he would camp out on the Karoo for weeks at a time, watching the animals by means of a powerful telescope, or standing, kneeling, and lying for hours on end, in a cramped position perhaps, to note the attitudes of his prey. This patient study must be held to account for the marked difference which will be at once noticed between his drawings and those of the average "picture-book," with which we are all but too familiar.

It may be that popular taste will still favour the better-known presentments—the lion with trailing mane, extended claws, and foaming mouth! Mr. Millais prefers, however, to show us animals as they really are, which in their native haunts decline, in his words, to "display themselves in the approved conventional form."

It was as "a sportsman and a naturalist" that Mr. Millais traversed the Veldt; but, while he disclaims artistic merit for the sketches which he there made, and modestly hopes that his readers "will not be alto-

Klipbucks descending a kopje.

gether disappointed" with them, he will doubtless be agreeably surprised by the amount of favour with which they are sure to be received, not alone because of their great value from the naturalist's point of view, but also because of their unique pictorial interest.

Among the many objects of the chase which the Veldt affords, the springbuck is by no means the easiest to secure. In the first place, it is extremely difficult to get within shooting distance of the animal; and, even when this advantage is secured, the springbuck is such a tough customer that he has been known to bound gaily towards the horizon with as many as four Martini rifle bullets within his hide. Indeed, it is an axiom of his hunters that he must be hit in a vital part to be secured, as otherwise a bullet appears to occasion him no particular discomfort.

The hunting of the springbuck is conducted on a unique principle. The hunters are spread across the Veldt on horses or in carts some 1000 or 1700 yards apart, so that in the sport which ensues the chances are evenly distributed.

Galloping across the open Veldt in a hunting cart is an exercise which is not enjoyable until one becomes inured to it. Bushes and stones are by no means the greatest obstacles to be feared, as the innumerable earths and burrows with which the plain is studded have a habit of constantly giving way beneath the wheels. The novice at the game finds himself for the most part of the time in the air, regaining his seat on each occasion by a severe bump, the memory of which is even more vivid the following day.

Mr. Millais describes the Great Karoo as a vast, uncultivated plain, stretching away in all directions as far as the eye can reach, except in the west, where the horizon is bounded by the Nieuveldt Mountains. It presents nothing to the view but a great expanse of cracked mud and stunted bushes about a foot high. Not even a weed, much less a flower, is to be met with.

Thousands of springbuck are still to be found here, and in former times vast herds of blesbuck, boutebuck, and black wildebeests were also to be met with, all finding sufficient sustenance in the stunted bushes. The graceful koodoo used to abound in the scattered bushlands on the verge of this district, together with the lion and the

Wildebeests cantering out to feed.

Springbucks crossing a road.

Sketches of black wildebeests from Nature.

leopard, its natural enemies; but the sporting naturalist and the ordinary hunter have nearly effected their complete disappearance.

Ostriches there are in plenty on the Karoo, because, fortunately, these birds are protected throughout the year, except during three days in August, when they may be shot, if the hunter obtains permission from the farmer across whose grounds they are running.

Hunting the ostrich is a difficult matter, as their sight is extraordinarily good, and they can see the hunter long before he sees them. The method adopted for their destruction savours little of the popular notion of sport.

When a nest is discovered, the hunter digs a hole in the ground close to it, in which he remains concealed until the ostrich returns, when, from his ambush, he deliberately shoots it.

The ostrich, when running, has a most pleasing appearance, and Mr. Millais mentions, as one of the memorable sights he witnessed on the Karoo, a troop of frightened ostriches starting to run.

As a rule, ostriches are to be found consorting with springbuck, to whom they render friendly assistance by apprising them of the approach of hunters, long before the springbuck would otherwise have been aware of their danger. The hint of danger is quickly circulated, and Mr. Millais says it is no uncommon sight to see five or six hundred animals reflected in one of those marvellous mirages so common in South Africa, their movements indicating that they have taken fright, and are fast disappearing out of the reach of danger.

The springbuck, when followed up by a scattered chain of hunting carts or riders in the approved method, frequently pause irresolute while meditating a dash through the scattered points, and it is at this moment that they offer the surest target should they be within range.

When once they determine to dash through the line of their enemy, they offer such difficult running shots that not one shot in a hundred scores.

The springbuck is full of fun, and quite justifies its name by its inveterate habit of jumping. It is no uncommon thing on winter mornings to see several springbuck engaged in what appears to be an organised jumping contest, and on such occasions their antics are most amusing.

Mr. Millais spent nearly two months in a special study of their attitudes in times of fear, fun, and repose. For a fortnight he camped out on the Karoo, so that, by the aid of a powerful telescope, he might complete the study.

A peculiarity which struck him was the stiff manner in which the legs are held in all cases of extreme movement.

One of the least interesting experiences of South African hunting is the possibility of finding the sky obscured by a locust storm. The air becomes hot and oppressive, as though overhung with a pall, while the vegetation disappears as if withered by the breath of a furnace.

On such occasions fish alone enjoy themselves thoroughly. To them the locusts are blessings showered from the sky, and the surfaces of the rivers boil as the fish jump up to meet—and eat—their visitors. What the after effects of this unlimited banquet may be on the fish is not known, but the hunter, who has been overtaken, would be very glad if they consumed the entire cloud.

Mr. Millais considers the finest sight on the Veldt to be a troop of sable antelopes, the noble carriage of these beasts setting off their splendid shiny coats and magnificent horns to perfection. The pallah is the most beautiful and the most unsuspicious of the African antelopes, and the blesbuck is the fleetest.

The pallah allows the hunter to approach quite closely, and even after a first shot, if it be not struck, it runs but a short distance; then, recovering from its momentary alarm, it pauses, as if unwilling to insult its hunter by imputing to him a murderous design. The blesbuck, on the contrary, is extremely

Rhinoceros birds feeding on a koodoo cow.

suspicious, and can only be stalked by using a horse trained to cover the movements of the hunter.

The white-tailed gnu, or black wildebeest,

Lion roaring, sitting down.

is a splendid animal, and, exceeding even the springbuck in the variety and acrobatic character of its gymnastics, is well entitled to be known as the "clown of the desert." But, alas! the black wildebeest has attracted the attention of the hunter, to the pressing danger of its speedy extinction.

It is rather an irony of the position that Mr. Millais describes, with all the gusto of a hunter, the pains he took to shoot some very fine specimens; while, as a naturalist, he pleads earnestly for the establishment of a game park for the preservation of the species, on the lines of Yellowstone Park in Western America.

The lack of such a park is made obvious by the difficulty experienced by zoological authorities in securing specimens of the rarer African fauna. Mr. Millais quotes the fact that Dr. Sclater, the Secretary of our own Zoological Gardens, was offering, at the time he wrote, £1500 for a pair of giraffes; but it is hard to execute such an order, as they generally succumb to the privations attendant on their transport. If a game park were in existence in South Africa, they could be allowed to rest there until they had recovered from their fright and fatigue, when they would probably be strong enough to stand a long journey and a change of climate.

Mr. Millais claims for the klipbuck, or South African chamois, a fearlessness and agility equal to the feats of its prototype in the Tyrol, and the sketches of their performances which he has made speak for themselves.

One of the social amenities of the desert is the co-operative arrangement between the rhinoceros bird ("rhinaster vogel" it is called by the Dutch) and his four-footed comrades. All the animals without exception are infested with tics, and in the friendly desire to relieve them of these pests—working on strictly co-operative principles—the rhinoceros bird performs acrobatic feats so wonderful that Mr. Millais half fears to be accused of a "traveller's yarn," by merely relating what he took special pains to observe accurately.

The birds run about in the most lively manner all over the body of the animal they

Lion roaring, standing.

are tending, possessing apparently the power of hanging on to a hair as confidently as a fly glues itself to a ceiling. They can hop backwards as easily as forwards, and without

Lions attacking and hamstringing a buffalo.

a moment's hesitation they can drop on the hind quarters or the fetlock to pursue their busy explorations.

That there is a perfect understanding between the bird and its subject is often amusingly illustrated, for it is quite a common sight to see a koodoo or springbuck, lying on its back, or assuming other convenient positions in order to assist the rhinoceros bird in its ministration.

But the reasoning powers of the rhinoceros bird and his adoption of the co-operative principle are quite thrown into the shade by the honey guide, for this wonderful bargainer boldly invites the co-operation of man, and insists on a business-like adherence to the terms of the contract entered into.

Being fond of honey, and knowing the habits of the South African bees intimately, it has no difficulty in finding out their nests. These as a rule are in the holes of trees, and as they are well plastered up, the honey-guide is unable to reach the store within. This is the predicament in which the assistance of man is invoked.

Perching itself on the withered branch of a tree so that it shall be more prominent, it makes a chuckling noise, well understood in South Africa to indicate that a nest is to be found underneath. The hunter secures the honey, and gives the honey-guide a certain share of the spoil, and thus the transaction is completed to their mutual satisfaction.

The wart hog is always represented in books with his tail absolutely erect. This is one of the many inaccuracies Mr. Millais has corrected. He has watched the animal for hours, at all times of the day, in all possible circumstances, and he has observed that when the wart hog is frightened the upper portion of the tail drops forward like an ear of barley. This is a small matter, perhaps, but is only one of hundreds of instances in which Mr. Millais has shown that the conventionally depicted attitudes of animals under given conditions are not necessarily their natural attitudes.

Mr. Millais holds that to the making of a hunter must go a knowledge of natural history, ability as a rider, and a strong nerve;

Retribution.

but, in his opinion, anyone possessing these three qualities, even if only an average rifle shot, may obtain specimens of all the big game in a year's hunting. But good eyesight is not the least of the requisite gifts of a successful hunter, for, as everything in Africa is, as a rule, flooded in a blaze of sunlight, an exceptionally keen eye is necessary.

Mr. Millais' observation of lions is one of the most disillusionising characteristics of his investigations, for little that we have been told of the habits of the King of the Forest is borne out by actual fact. The conventional attitude of a lion when roaring depicts him with his head well up in the air, while the whole figure is imbued with the gracefulness of a stag; but I am afraid the lion of the royal coat of arms is a mythical animal.

In the forest, when in the attitude of roaring, he presents anything but a dignified or graceful appearance. In fact, he seems more as though he was in pain or in a bad temper, and was about to sneeze violently. Even when lying down, although he erects his head to roar, he suggests only the attitude of a dog barking.

On one occasion Mr. Millais was fortunate enough to see some lions attacking a splendid specimen of a buffalo. He found that they set about the work in a most systematic manner, their first business being to hamstring the poor beast! Then, when it was completely at their mercy, they commenced to effect its destruction in the most unromantic and readiest fashion that presented itself to them.

On another occasion Mr. Millais and his party lost no fewer than three of their donkeys through an attack by a lion.

But his majesty in this instance had been too venturesome, for he was afterwards successfully "trekked" and shot. Mr. Millais also tells how next morning his herd of donkeys came to look exultantly at the fallen destroyer of their comrades, and the incident is certainly a most charming example of poetic justice.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. Millais himself for kindly supplying me with much of the interesting information contained in this article, and also to his publishers (Messrs. Henry Sotheran and Co., 37, Piccadilly, and 140, Strand), for their courtesy in placing at my disposal the illustrations to Mr. Millais' most charming book, "A Breath from the Veldt," in which the subject is dealt with exhaustively.

The first representation of an umbrella, more than 2500 years old.

THE STORY OF THE UMBRELLA

By Charles Ray.

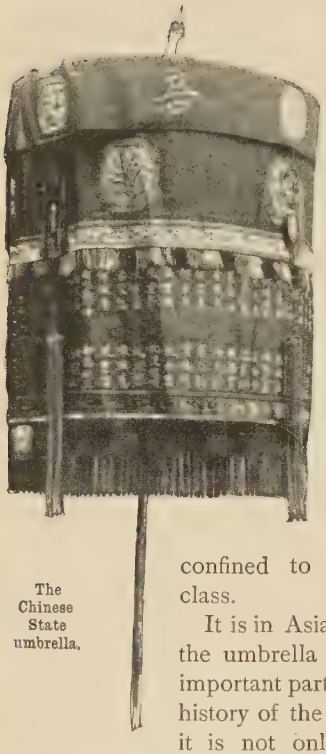
That the umbrella has any story worth recording will probably be a surprise to many people. But, nevertheless, it may truly be said that the romance of this useful and commonplace article is as fascinating as the most wonderful fairy tale.

So far as most people are concerned, the history of the umbrella commences with its introduction into London by Jonas Hanway in or about 1750. But away back in the ages before the story of the Nations came to be recorded, the umbrella was used as a symbol of authority and power. On the earliest sculptures we find representations of the umbrella almost identical in form with the latest production of a Bond Street shop. That it was no new object even then is evident from its constant recurrence upon the wall-pictures of ancient temples and palaces.

Many bas-reliefs are to be seen in the British Museum, in which the umbrella figures as a symbol of royalty. For instance, on the walls of the palace of Assur-Nasir-Pal at Calah, supposed to be the ancient Nimrod, was discovered a bas-relief, portraying the famous King of Assyria preparing to pour out a libation over a bull. Behind the King stands an attendant holding an umbrella, which appears to be supplied with ribs, enabling it to be opened and closed. The date of this sculpture is somewhere about 860 years before Christ.

But the Assyrians were not the only ancient people who used the umbrella. Many Egpytian pictures dating hundreds of years before those of the Assyrians, portray the umbrella as an appendage of a priest or prince. The Greeks used the umbrella as a mark of elevated rank, the custom being borrowed from the earlier empires. After the rise of the Roman power the umbrella

Procession of State umbrellas at the coronation of the Chinese Emperor.



The Chinese State umbrella.

seems to have lost its royal significance in Europe, and, although we know that the Romans carried it in the streets of their cities and to the arena to shade themselves from the hot Italian sun, its use was confined to no particular class.

It is in Asia, however, that the umbrella plays the most important part in the life and history of the people. Here it is not only a symbol of royalty, but partakes of a religious character, and is often an object of veneration. This is particularly the case in Buddhist countries like China and Siam. The pagoda, in fact, is only a development of the umbrella.

The State umbrellas of the East have a number of shades and canopies upon one pole, and the higher the position of the official owning the umbrella, or the more sacred the shrine which it surmounts, the greater will be the number of canopies.

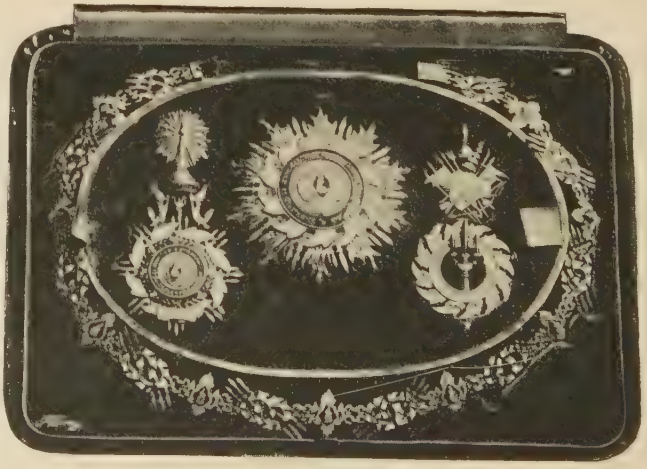
According to the Chinese themselves, their earliest temples consisted of dome-shaped buildings, upon which were fixed umbrellas of cloth or silk to shade the sacred shrines. After a time, stone or metal took the place of the more perishable article for the umbrellas, and the tower of sunshades finally developed into the pagoda.

The connection between deity and royalty is so close in China, the Emperor himself being described as the Son of Heaven, that it is almost needless to mention that the umbrella plays an important part in every State function. One of the leading features of a coronation or royal wedding in Pekin is a great procession of State umbrellas. The number of these emblems, all carried by mandarins of highest rank, sometimes reaches the high figure of two hundred.

The Siamese State umbrella.

These State umbrellas are really most gorgeous in appearance. They are triple-shaded, are made of silks of varied colours and choicest qualities, and are superbly decorated. Each one has embroidered upon it the national emblem of the Dragon, and when not in use the treasures are jealously guarded in the palace of the Emperor.

No matter to what part of China one travels, umbrellas may be seen everywhere. They are borne aloft by servants, over the viceroys and mandarins; students and tradesmen carry them, and every temple has a dozen umbrellas made of bright yellow silk surrounding the altar of the Joss. Even the dead have their umbrellas. In and around the tombs of deceased ancestors they are



The Prince of Wales' Siamese Order, showing the Siamese State umbrella.
Reproduced from a Photograph taken at Marlborough House by special permission of the Prince of Wales.

to be found in large numbers. But here they are not of silk. Like all the other objects to be found at a Chinese grave, the umbrellas are made of paper.

An important place is always occupied in funeral processions by umbrellas, denoting the rank of the deceased. Mandarins are accompanied to the grave by umbrellas of blue and white silk, embroidered with yellow dragons. The common people, however, may only use those made of stout paper. Cloth is reserved for minor officials.

Funeral boats in Siam.

That the natives of the Yellow Kingdom regard the umbrella with the utmost reverence is shown by a story which I heard from a missionary recently. The people, in fact, look upon the umbrella very much in the light that Europeans look upon the Cross. A Chinese convert, the missionary told me, in reading his New Testament, came to the passage: "Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." But he was not clear as to the meaning of the phrase: "take up his Cross."

After pondering for a long time, the Chinaman arrived at the conclusion that the passage must refer to that which he regarded as most valuable and most highly esteemed. He, therefore, read the text thus: "Leave everything but your umbrella; take that and follow Me." The man accordingly set out from his own village to visit the nearest mission station for further instruction in Bible knowledge, and in token of his subjection to the God of the Christians, took with him simply—an umbrella!

In Burma the umbrella is regarded with even greater reverence than in China. The King of Burma has for centuries been known as "The Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas," and a treaty concluded in December, 1769, between Burma and China, describes the kings of the respective countries as "The Sun-descended King, the lord who rules over the multitude of umbrella-bearing chiefs in the Western Kingdom," and "the Master of the Golden Palace of China, who rules over a multitude of umbrella-bearing chiefs in the Great Eastern Kingdom." Every Burmese official has his umbrella denoting his rank, but these all consist of single canopies, Royalty alone, and the blood-connections of Royalty, being allowed to use the many-shaded umbrella.

The Siamese have from time immemorial regarded the umbrella as the symbol of kingship and authority. The State regalia contains a large number of priceless umbrellas, and

Japanese umbrella maker.
From a Photo by Messrs. Underwood and Underwood.

even on the insignia of the Royal orders, the umbrella has its place. Both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have been decorated by the King of Siam with the Order of the Maha Chakri, reserved exclusively for monarchs and the heirs of monarchs, and on the insignia of the Order which Their Royal Highnesses possess, the many-shaded umbrella is to be seen.

A unique feature in connection with the use of the umbrella in Siam is the practice of launching funeral boats upon the rivers. When a wealthy man or an official departs this life, his body is embalmed and placed in a boat which is covered in at the top. Then, in the centre of this boat, is erected a pole upon which are placed umbrella coverings, the number varying according to the rank of the deceased. The boat is launched upon a stream and allowed to drift whither it likes. burial or cremation usually taking place near the spot upon which the boat strands. Sometimes a small pagoda is erected upon the boat, and the umbrellas are placed upon the top of this. A similar rite is found in the island of Borneo, the umbrellas being placed around a dead chief's grave.

Worship of the umbrella by Indian Santhals.

The Japanese, of all Eastern nations, seem to pay least reverence to the umbrella. But, although attaching little importance to it from a religious point of view, their women-folk are rarely, if ever, seen without the picturesque paper sunshade, now recognised as characteristic of the country. One of the most interesting sights in Japan is that of an umbrella-maker plying his trade in the open air. Our illustration on page 39 shows such a scene. The man sits, or rather squats, upon the ground whilst he prepares the quaint umbrellas for his customers, and all around stand the shades, waiting to be put upon sticks. The appearance of an umbrella-maker's "shop" in Japan is for all the world like that of a camp formed of miniature and brilliantly coloured bell-tents.

In India the umbrella is still used as a sacred symbol, and along the banks of the Ganges, particularly at Benares, scores of fakirs or holy men are to be seen sitting beneath the shadows of huge umbrellas placed along the water's edge.

In all the cases above recorded, the umbrella has not itself been worshipped. But the Santhals, a hill tribe in Bengal, have actually raised the umbrella to the position of a god, and made it an object of adoration. At the spring festival they place a rude umbrella upon a tall pole, adorn it with garlands of flowers and leaves, and pay divine honours to it, the men and women of the tribe performing a religious dance round the pole.

Until the conquest of India by the British, the use of the umbrella was jealously reserved as a royal prerogative by the great Mogul. When English traders or travellers entered

The Queen of Abyssinia and her State umbrella.

the city of Delhi, they invariably had to dispense with their sunshades, so as not to infringe the rights of the king. Even now in many of the native states, the right to use an umbrella belongs only to the sovereign, who, however, may transmit the prerogative to others. It is interesting to note that when the Prince of Wales was touring in India, a State umbrella was held over his head, as a symbol of royalty, at all official functions.

In many parts of Africa we find the umbrella used as a symbol of royalty. King Menelik, of Abyssinia, who has certainly earned his title, Emperor of Ethiopia, by his masterly opposition to European aggression, is invariably accompanied by an attendant, who bears aloft a large State umbrella. A similar office is also performed by an attendant attached to the Empress's suite. These symbols of royalty always accompany the remains of a king of Abyssinia to the grave. At the funeral of King Theodore in 1868, a large red umbrella, superbly decorated, was carried before the bier.

The umbrella has also a religious significance in Ethiopia, although the Abyssinians profess Christianity. One of the most treasured possessions of the country is a huge sunshade surmounted by a cross, which is carried in religious processions, together with a number of smaller umbrellas.

The monarchs of Ashanti have invariably possessed a State umbrella; indeed, the ownership of this seems to have determined the ownership of the crown, for, on more than one occasion, when a monarch has lost his umbrella, he has lost with it the reverence and respect of his subjects.

Amongst the treasures of Windsor Castle is preserved the State Umbrella of King Prempeh, which was brought to this country a year or two ago by the British Officers who took part in the campaign to Coomassie. It now belongs to the Queen, and our picture of the umbrella is from a photograph taken at the Castle specially for PEARSON'S MAGAZINE by kind permission of Her Majesty.

In Morocco the Sultan alone may be shielded from the sun's rays by an umbrella, whilst in the Niger district the kings and petty chiefs reserve the same right for themselves. The African umbrellas vary wonderfully from those of the Buddhist countries; they are ruder in form, and, except in the cases of Morocco and Abyssinia, show evidences of the barbarity of their owners. Round the edges are hung beads, shells, teeth, and bones, the latter frequently being the relics of human sacrifices.

King Prempeh's umbrella, now at Windsor Castle.

From a Photograph taken by gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen.

In the early part of this article we mentioned that, so far as most people were concerned, the history of the umbrella in Europe commenced with its introduction into London by Jonas Hanway in 1750. Everyone knows the story—how Hanway, from his experience gained in Eastern travels, came to the conclusion that the umbrella would form a splendid acquisition to English life, and how, when he showed that he had the courage of his convictions, he was pelted and jeered at in the streets of London. Hanway was a man of strong convictions and iron will, however, and to see how he triumphed, it is now only necessary to walk through the streets of London on a rainy day.

It was not till the sixteenth century that the umbrella became known in France. But it was not long in coming into popular favour, for it is surprising to learn that about this time a company was started in Paris to let out umbrellas at two farthings each to persons crossing the Pont-Neuf Bridge. The company had an office at either end of the bridge, and umbrellas borrowed at one depôt were returned at the other.

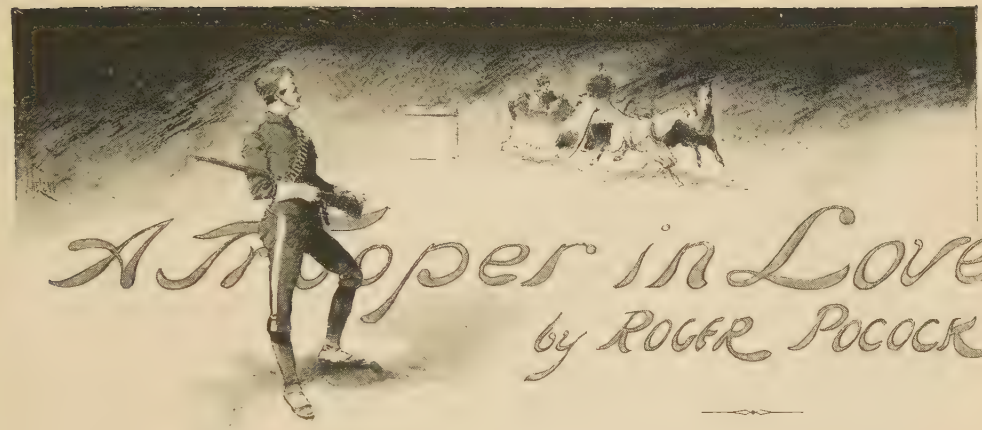
The first umbrella in England.

After the famous walk of Jonas Hanway with an open umbrella down Pall Mall, it was many years before people had the courage to regularly adopt so useful an article. Those who ventured out with an umbrella were invariably jeered at and greeted with the cry of "Frenchman." Hackney coachmen seem to have been specially opposed to the umbrella as a likely rival of their vehicles. It was they who persecuted Hanway and his succeeding pioneers.

It is worthy of mention, in conclusion, that there is only one statue in Great Britain with an umbrella. This is to be seen at Reading, and represents Mr. George Palmer, of the well-known firm of biscuit manufacturers. The gentleman stands bare-headed, with silk hat and umbrella in hand.

But the umbrella is to have a monument of its own at Omaha, in Nebraska. This town is now preparing a great international exhibition, and one of the features of the city will be a huge umbrella made of metal, and standing 350ft. high. At the end of each rib will be suspended a car similar to those of the Great Wheel in London, and the whole of the carriages will accommodate 350 persons.

By a mechanical arrangement worked by electric power, visitors who enter the cars will find themselves gradually ascending, for the gigantic umbrella will open in the same way as the ordinary portable article, and when the cars are at their greatest height, the whole superstructure of ribs will revolve round the central shaft. This extraordinary attraction is now being constructed, and it will certainly form one of the greatest engineering feats of the century. Further, it will form a fitting monument of that great though inanimate friend of mankind, the umbrella.



A Trooper in Love

by Roger Pocock.

I.

"Lights Out!" had just sounded, and the bugler was crunching away across the snow towards the lamp at No. 2 barrack room, his instrument a flash of swinging silver under the moon. The cold was worthy of the Canadian north-west, biting at a man's nose and ears with teeth like needles; all the square glittered with little stars; the air had the terrific silence of inter-stellar space; the dim plains went away on every side stark to infinity; while above in the sky hung the Rocky Mountains, sharp cut as though there were no atmosphere at all shrouding this planet. One might walk on the dead craters of the moon, and feel less lonely than on the Plains at night.

The flying sentry, or picket, tramped around barracks, a well-built youngster dressed in a pea-jacket with brass buttons, breeches, long stockings, mocassins, and fur cap with yellow badge, armed with carbine, and a belt a-glitter with brass cartridges, on which was slung the holster of a foot-long revolver. His face was fair, with an angelic innocence of expression, and there was not a harder little villain in the troop.

He had nothing to do but keep warm, for all lights were out now save those in the commanding officer's house, and the horses were not yet kicking each other to pieces, as they will when bored. There were hours before him. It was no use fooling with the stoves or the stables yet, but the silence had got on his nerves already, so that he wanted to scream.

What a mess he had made of his life, and he had been idiot enough to write to his mother. Why should he make them miserable at home, just for the sake of a selfish whim that he wanted sympathy? The girls would tell Stella out of spite, Stella would cry her heart out, and console herself by getting engaged to some dancing man. The thought of Stella lost on some dancing man made him sick.

At last a sound! The train in, three hours late—shunting about foolishly in the yards after the manner of trains. He could hear everything, even the hotel tout howling, for it was but a mile away.

The Colonel's sacred team had been waiting there three hours in the cold—how the teamster Tabby would curse! And who was this mysterious female anyway? She was expected from England, some relative they said of the Colonel's wife under escort of a Lieutenant-General who had come to Canada to write a book about the country. Anyway she had left him to visit the Colonel's wife.

There rang Tabby's whip, and soon the team would come rattling in through the gates. The picket, thinking he might as well see what the new female was like, strolled over past the guard-room. Here they came, the black horses barely held in as the sleigh came swishing round the corner.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Tabby would have flung an oath and passed, but for the woman's sake slowed to a walk.

"Friend!" he answered vindictively.

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"Young woman, you're much too pretty for that scallawag."

And the response mechanical: "Pass friend, all's well!" died on the sentry's lips as he looked at the woman in her nest of furs, and saw Stella's deep eyes, her lips parted with a gasp of astonishment, in dawning recognition. She was noting, confusedly, the glitter of this trooper's arms, the manliness of his bearing, the shadows on his tanned, lean, but still angelic-innocent face.

"Confound her!" he muttered to the gates as he closed them. "Come to make me behave! I'll break out! I'll raise Cain! I'll——" and yet every vein of him tingled with the warmth of a new delight. It was just like Stella to give up the world for him.

II.

A month had passed since Stella came to the Fort, introducing herself to the Colonel's wife as a cousin, very much welcome in the lonely post, confessing her engagement to Jack, pleading on behalf of Lady Scotson, his mother, to be allowed the task of his reformation.

"Reformation!" sneered the Colonel. "Rats! Young woman, you're much too pretty for that scallawag, and, besides, you're much too good. He shan't have you."

So Jack, cursing voluminously, was instantly banished to a remote detachment, where the Sergeant-in-Charge knocked the nonsense out of him in accordance with a sealed dispatch from the Orderly Room.

The machinery of the Mounted Police rolled clumsily over the heart of Stella Belton, who, being a female and a hypocrite, remained a guest at the Colonel's house, using entirely unofficial wiles, which have never been reported yet at the regimental headquarters, to upset his discipline. And now, after a month of utter failure, she saw Jack ride in triumphant, all furs, woolly shap's, rattling Mexican spurs, on his own account, quite independent.

He made his horse comfortable, had supper, changed into undress uniform, crammed his brown hands into white kid gloves, and grinned with furtive triumph. For this was the night of the Troop Dance, when the Post had awakened in the sleepy depths of winter with sleigh-loads of chattering girls, a gleam of many lamps, a display of flags, a squeaking of fiddles, a blaze of scarlet uniforms, a flutter of pretty frocks, a whirl of fun.

"Constable Scotson, what are you doing here?" said the Colonel to Jack in the ball-room.

"In to report from Whoop-up, sir, and get my horse shod."

This with a smart salute and the smile of a cherub. Of course, though the heavens fall, the patrols must report, the detachment horses be shod. The Colonel saw that Jack was within his rights, properly dressed, not liable for duty, so, with a snort, passed on.

"Cousin," he said to Stella, whose frock was a triumph, "any dances left for a poor old man?"

"Not till the tenth, Colonel." Stella was studying her card.

"Humph—that young villain, eh?"

So the Colonel danced with all the staleness of local society, and the trooper had the belle of the West.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "how dare you?"

"Dare what?" he answered roughly. "This is our dance."

"The Colonel said you were not to come in."

"Well, he's jolly well sold. Come on, dear." He led her out.

"Jack, you look awfully nice."

Jack looked down at his scarlet serge, his gleaming boots, and spurs borrowed without observation from an officer.

"I am," he said.

"You're a vain little fellow," said Stella, as with flushed cheeks, and dark eyes radiant, she set new fashions in dancing straight from Mayfair.

"Stella," he whispered in hot excitement.

"Well?"

"After the fifth dance meet me outside, with your warm things on."

"For a walk?" she said with an eager doubtfulness, as one who contemplates an attractive crime.

"Walk nothin'—we'll drive."

"That will be nice, but—"

"If you're not there in time," he said grimly, "I'll be in trouble."

"But why?"

"Oh, nothing, only if old Split Tail (the local banker) discovers me out with his pet thoroughbred invalids there'll be ructions. Besides, they'll be waiting for us at the church."

"Waiting. Who?"

"Why, the parson, of course, and the best man, and the best woman—the whole outfit. I've fixed up everything."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Why the wedding, of course—our wedding."

"Take me out to a seat, and don't tread on my skirt. I *never* said I'd marry you, Jack."

"Oh, you story. You told me on the Underground at Sloane Square Station."

"That's quite different. That was if you'd be good—*very* good."

"My symptoms exactly; I haven't done anything for a whole month—ever since you came. And here I am with a stolen sleigh outside, the parson waiting at the church—not a mere hotel or registry office, but a real slap-up church with a verger, and a best man, and a bridesmaid, both crazy to get back here before supper-time—only civilians, but still they have their feelings; and I've got a new serge on repayment, and spurs borrowed expressly from the Orderly Officer's boots—yet you won't marry me!"

"I didn't say I wouldn't marry you." Her eyes reddened.

The dance was swinging past them, and on a seat behind was the last recruit, a wall-flower. With a few kicks backward Jack spurred him out. "Here's a chair," said Jack, discovering it, so Stella sat down, while he bent over her.

"Feel better now?" he asked most tenderly.

"Yes—a little."

"Stella, I know I've been a bad lot, and you're ever so much too good for me. But as soon as ever we got engaged I was turned out neck and crop to America, and the moment you got here I was turned out to grass by the Colonel. Do you think it's quite fair?"

"N—no."

"I love you, dear, and you know I only want looking after; I'm only bad when I've nothing else to do. Won't you help me, Stella?"

"But the Colonel?"

"We'll make him sick with astonishment—do him good."

"But they'll find us out."

She was flushed now, bewildered, her heart jumping with excitement, and Jack had to brace himself flat against the wall lest he should kiss her.

"They won't find us out," he said. "If they get suspicious at my being too good, I'll raise the dust once or twice just for your sake."

"I daren't do it, Jack." Her tone was one of lingering doubt.

"Oh, it's all right! You write to my aunt. When she knows, she'll kick up and die. Then I'll have lots of wealth, buy my discharge, take you home, and turn respectable. There!"

She laughed. "I won't."

"Then," he said with gloomy resolution, "I'll break out, and you'll see me carrying slops, hunted round the square with leg irons on, and a beastly recruit prodding me behind with a gun."

She looked up terrified into his face. There were little dimples at the corners of his mouth, in his eyes ineffable mildness and purity.

Saying some things to a dog which made the dog blush.

"If you don't," he said sweetly, "I'll bust the ranche, and get twelve months."

"Do you love me so much?" she whispered.

"I love you, Stella—I love you. Come on.'

* * * * *

When supper time came Jack stole back demurely, his moustache white with frost rime. And Mrs. Scotson entered demurely too, with sparkles of frost on her hair. As an act of special grace and forgiveness, the trooper allowed the Officer Commanding to take his wife in to supper.

III.

One afternoon in March, Regimental No. 4543, Constable Jack Scotson, lay on his bed in the log house at Whoop-up saying some things to a dog which made the dog blush. He had heard a sleigh coming out of the great distances, had heard the Sergeant-in-Charge letting down the bars of the corral, heard also somebody reviling and berating that same Sergeant, who would have been answering hotly had the visitor been anybody else in the world save the Officer Commanding. But Jack, knowing that the place was clean for a wonder, and everything fit for inspection, including the venison for supper, was much too lazy to move. He was cook for the week, so he went on corrupting the morals of the Sergeant's dog.

Suddenly the door slammed open, and a fat little parson burst in upon him. "Scotson," the parson puffed and blew, too much excited to speak.

"Padre," said the youngster, yawning irreverently, to his fellow conspirator in the wedding, "is that Old Bluenose?"

"Get up, quick!" was the answer.

"Poor old Sergeant," said Jack getting up, and dusting some flour from his white ducks. "He's getting beans, Padre."

"Scotson," the parson gasped, "you're found out. She's confessed! The Colonel's in an awful rage."

"More fool she," said Jack, as taking up the Colonel's photograph from the Sergeant's table he pinned it deftly on the log wall over his bed. On one side was a picture of Wellington, on the other Napoleon, both in attitudes oddly expressive of admiration for the Commanding Officer's portrait now between them. Then the Colonel stalked in raging, and Jack jumped at once to "Attention!"

A fat little parson burst in upon him.

"Constable Scotson, what's this I hear?"

Constable Scotson cast one eye up the stove pipe towards the ceiling as though inquiring of the angels.

"Is it true that you're secretly married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you know that constables are not allowed to marry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you know that you're liable to be dismissed the force?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what do you mean by it?"

Jack asked the angels.

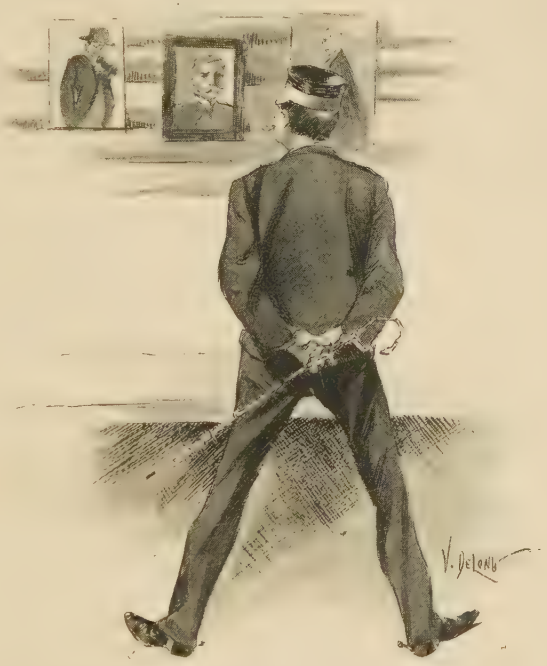
"I've a good mind to have you put under arrest. Dammit, have you nothing to say?"

"It would be awkward, sir, for Mrs. Scotson's hostess."

"What's awkward?"

"To see me around the Post as a prisoner."

"How dare you answer me?" The Colonel glaring about to find something untidy, some handle for offence, lit on his own photograph set up with two other great military leaders for worship.



The Colonel lit on his own photograph set up with two other great military leaders for worship.

"What's this?" he thundered.

"Your portrait, sir."

"Hum—it's like your confounded impudence—to think you can fool me." He sniffed. "What's that smell?"

"Roast antelope, sir—in the oven."

"That stove pipe has rust on it."

"Tin plate requisitioned, sir, to mend a leak in the roof."

"Why hasn't it come?"

"Quartermaster won't send it, sir."

"He shall, or I'll break him. I won't have my detachments dirty."

"This is beautifully clean," ventured the parson.

"Clean?" the Colonel snorted, "of course it's clean. Do you think my men are pigs? When will supper be ready?"

"Half-an-hour, sir," Jack winked at the parson.

"Get to work, Scotson, I'll inspect the detachment after supper."

* * * *

The Colonel and the parson had finished eating, Sergeant Brasewise being by special sanction with them at table.

"Humph—what's this?"

Jack, after serving with the skill of a professional waiter, now ventured into the presence with a box of cigars.

"Cigars, eh?" The Colonel took one to sniff. "Not bad either. My constables, Padre, seem to prefer Havanas. I suppose, Scotson, you think you can clear yourself with antelope and cigars, eh?"

Jack grinned.

"Well, I suppose I must let you off this time—but if you ever dare——"

"I'll never do it again, sir."

"Confound your cheek! Hum—ha." The Colonel having passed on the box and lit his cigar, pulled at his moustache, trying desperately hard not to relent. "Constable Scotson, I'm taking Sergeant Brasewise into the Post. You remain in charge, and since constables cannot marry, you'll find yourself in general orders for corporal. Napoleon, indeed!"

Fig. 1 (9 by 9).

MULTIPLICATION MADE EASY.

By H. Vane Stow, F.S.S., and H. T. Emery.

That "multiplication is vexation" is an old and trite proverb, and most of us still retain painful reminiscences of our early days, and our struggles, whether voluntary or otherwise, to learn those weary lists of figures known as the multiplication tables. This by no means easy task once attacked with more or less success, the young student was confronted by numerous other pages containing tables of weights and measures, in which the element of interest was conspicuously wanting, save for the one scrap of information that two pints were required to fill a quart jug.

In Continental schools much mental labour and valuable time have been saved by the general introduction and use of the metric system, and we owe to M. Procopovitch, a Polish gentleman for many years engaged in tuition and independent mathematical investigation, the first intimation that Nature has provided each of us with an arithmometer in the shape of our ten fingers, and that even young children can by their use give with ease and certainty the products obtained by multiplying the lower numbers.

This new system has been experimentally tried in many schools on the Continent, especially in France, and teachers have everywhere reported most favourably, both as to the results obtained, and the general interest taken in it by their pupils.

The authors of this article were given an early account of the discovery, and, being impressed with its importance and usefulness for educational and practical purposes, they acquired the copyright of the original scheme. Since then they have carried the investigation further, and have ascertained that not only can the higher numerals (up to 20) be multiplied by a manual adjustment, but that the system, when well taught, forms a most valuable foundation for the acquirement and simplification of mental arithmetic.

The number 10 forms the basis of numeration practically all over the world, since, when we exceed the total 9, we necessarily pass to double figures, and this same number 10 naturally appears prominently in the scheme of mental arithmetic, but, since we have only 5 fingers on each hand, we must necessarily divide the operations of our manual arithmetic into series of 5 each.

The first series of 1 to 5 presents no great difficulty, even to young pupils, and, though the system applies even to the lowest numbers,

Fig. 2 (9 by 8).

it cannot be considered as labour saving, for even the most backward pupil will find little difficulty in multiplying 4 by 3, or 5 by 4. We will therefore pass from it for the present, and consider the method of operating with the second series, or figures ranging from 6 to 10.

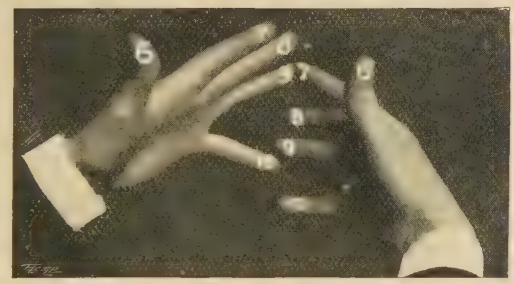


Fig. 3 (9 by 7).

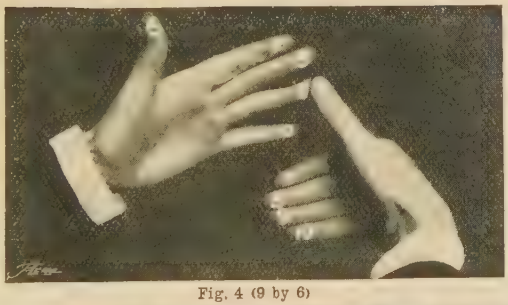


Fig. 4 (9 by 6)

The thumb of each hand represents 6, the forefinger 7, the second finger 8, the third finger 9, and the little finger 10. To multiply any one of these figures by any other, join the fingers which represent these figures. The total number of fingers, towards the operator—*i.e.*, the same side as the thumbs, and including the thumbs as well as the fingers which were joined—represents the number of tens in the result.

There will remain on each hand a certain number of fingers which have not been counted. The number of fingers thus remaining over on one hand must be multiplied by the number over on the other, and the product gives the unit figure to be added to the tens already obtained.

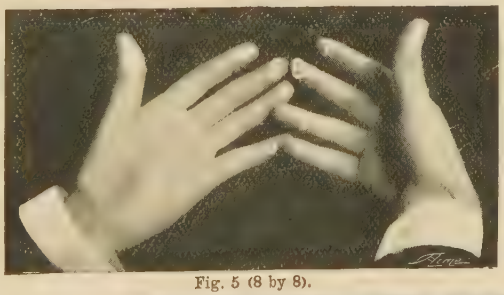


Fig. 5 (8 by 8).

Fig. 6 (8 by 7).

It is evident that the multiplication necessary will always refer to numbers below 5. Thus to multiply 8 by 9 (Fig. 2), the second finger of the right hand is joined to the third finger of the left. There are the two joined fingers, two thumbs, two first fingers, and the second finger of the right hand—seven in all. The unit figure is 2 (2 multiplied by 1), for there are two fingers not previously counted on the left hand, and one finger on the right. The result is thus 7 tens and 2 units, or 72.

It will be noticed that in multiplying two numbers it is immaterial whether the first be taken on the right hand or the left. The other combinations in this series present no difficulty, and may be readily followed in the accompanying illustrations.

In the third series, 11 to 15, the thumb of each hand represents 11, the forefinger 12, and so on. To multiply any one of these figures by any other, join the fingers which represent those numbers. As before, the total number of fingers towards the ope-

rator gives the number of tens, but strangely enough the spare fingers (those beyond the joined fingers) must be disregarded in this series, and those nearer to the operator on the right hand are multiplied into those on the left hand, the joined fingers being included. The unit figure is thus obtained.

In this series it will be necessary to add 100 to each result obtained from the manual adjustment, because since all the numbers exceed ten, the result obtained by multiplying two of them must exceed 100. For instance, take 13 times 14 (see Fig. 11).

The joined fingers, the second on one hand and the third on the other, with the fingers and thumbs towards the operator, make seven tens, which, with the 100 mentioned, produces 170, while the units are 4 on one hand multiplied by 3 on the other, 12, giving a total of 182.

It may be of interest here to note that the same results are obtained by using all the fingers as arranged in the manual adjustment. This operation does not require the arbitrary addition of 100, but seems to be rather more lengthy, and therefore less suited for practical purposes. Taking as before 13 by 14, the total number of the fingers towards the operator represents twenties; those on the far side of the joined fingers are tens, and the fingers on the near side are multiplied, those on the right hand by those on the left, to give units. Thus 3 multiplied by 4 equals 12, 3 tens making 30 more, or 42, and then 7 twenties completing the result—182.

Fig. 7 (8 by 6).

Fig. 8 (7 by 7).

Fig. 9 (7 by 6).

Fig. 10 (6 by 6).

Fig. 11 (14 by 13).

We now come to the fourth series, 16 to 20. The thumbs representing 16, the first fingers 17, and so on. The operation is again varied, but so little as to be easily remembered. The joined fingers and those towards the operator are added and represent 20 each; while, as in the second series, the spare fingers on one hand are multiplied by the spare fingers on the other to obtain the unit figure. The result thus obtained must always be increased by 200, for similar reasons to those given in Series three.

Let us take 16 times 17, by no means an easy combination even for an adult, if his table memory is bad. Now, the thumb of the left hand, representing the multiplier, being placed against the index finger of the right hand (the multiplicand), (see Fig. 12) gives us 3 valued at 20, which equals 60; then 4 fingers on the left hand multiplied by 3 on the right gives us 12, making with the previous 60 a total of 72. The product required is thus (including the 200 previously mentioned) 272, a result obtained with certainty in much less time than by any ordinary method.

A precisely similar operation will give the product of any other two selected numbers in the series, but it is to be noticed that only numbers in the same series of five can be dealt with by manual arithmetic.

The algebraic proofs which have been drawn up by the authors in order to insure the application of the system to every possible combination, would be out of place in a magazine article; but they led to the discovery of a system of mental arithmetic by which any two numbers in the same group of ten, can be multiplied with ease and rapidity.

This novel system of mental arithmetic would be easily acquired by a course of instruction in the system of manual arithmetic, and it would be difficult to exaggerate its importance.

The authors of this system are not suggesting that it shall be taught as a sub tute for any of the present educational m ds adopted and authorised by the Educat Department, but rather that enthusiasts in education shall adopt it as a royal road for many of their pupils who find a difficulty in the practical working of arithmetical problems because they cannot retain the multiplication tables in their heads.

Fig. 12 (16 by 17).

(Being the Strange History of Victor Colonna, Professor of Science, and his Experiments in the Lost Art of Poisoning.)

No. I.—THE SCRIP OF DEATH.

(A Complete Story.)

I.

The lecturer held the vast audience in the hollow of his hand. They seemed to sway to his every movement, those men of science, learned and polyglot, gathered from all parts of the world to hear Dr. Victor Colonna.

For two hours had the doctor held his hearers spellbound. A slight, clean-shaven man, with eager, boyish face, and sanguine, mobile lips, he looked like a mere youth in the presence of those grey-beards. Yet the hair was grey upon the temples, there were innumerable fine lines under the flashing eyes. Not once in a generation is it given to a young man to keep the *savants* of the world at his feet, but Colonna was doing this, and more.

A great volume with two silver clasps lay on the lecturing table before him. The world boasted no more wonderful or unique volume. For the precious tome at one time had belonged to Lucrezia Borgia, and in it were recorded the recipes and effects of those poisons which had rendered infamous the memory of the Jezebel of her time.

One experiment had followed another in rapid succession. Men who had made toxicology a study from their youth up, smiled at their own ignorance. This volume had come down to the last of the Borgias, the only one of the family for generations who had the wit and ability to grasp its tremendous power and importance.

Then Dr. Colonna closed the volume with a bang. He seemed to heighten and expand with the force of his peroration.

"For the present," he said, "I have finished. For generations that volume has been handed down in my family as an heir-loom, a curiosity, and, I am the first of my race who has dared to study it. Impelled by my devotion to science, I have sought the key. It is for you to judge as to whether or not I have found it."

A prolonged burst of cheering followed this statement.

"You are kind enough to say I have," Colonna proceeded. "I might have kept these remarkable discoveries to myself—indeed, it may have been better for the world in general had I done so—but the mistress who sways us so imperatively to her will bade me speak. And what have I shown you to-night? A score or more of poisons, which were undreamt of yesterday—poisons strange and mysterious in their action; mandragora which strike down and leave no trace behind. Need I destroy a nation? I can do so. Have I an enemy I desire to remove? I can sweep him away without the fear of detection. I can administer a bane that lies harmless in the system until the flesh comes in contact with another irritant months after, and the victim dies.

"So much for our boasted knowledge;

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so much for the 'darkness' of the Middle Ages. And I am going further still. I say some of the crimes of Brinvilliers were justifiable—I say, that under certain circumstances, some crimes are justifiable still. Would I use my knowledge to sweep a villain from my path? No, for I have too much confidence in myself. Would I use the precious knowledge I possess to save the poor and suffering, to free Europe from the blister and ban of Turkish rule, for example? I am not prepared to say."

As Colonna concluded, a great shout went up from the assembled crowd. They surged out of the building to the back of the hall, prepared to give the lecturer a hearty cheer, but already Colonna had departed.

It was barely eleven when he reached his chambers. Those rooms in Bennett Street were plainly furnished, and betrayed nothing of a scientific nature, for Colonna had his workshops elsewhere. An elderly servant came up bearing a tray, on which was a bowl of bread and milk.

"We are going to bed, sir," she said. "Do you require anything more?" "No," Colonna replied, "only do not fasten the front door. I may take a fancy to go out, or a friend may come in yet. I will see to it."

The simple supper dispatched, Colonna flung himself into a chair and proceeded to light a cigarette. Ere this was finished, the ringing of the front-door bell aroused him from his reverie.

Colonna slipped down quietly, and opened the door. The tall figure of a woman cloaked and veiled stood there.

"You are Dr. Colonna," the lady said. "Can I see you at once and alone?"

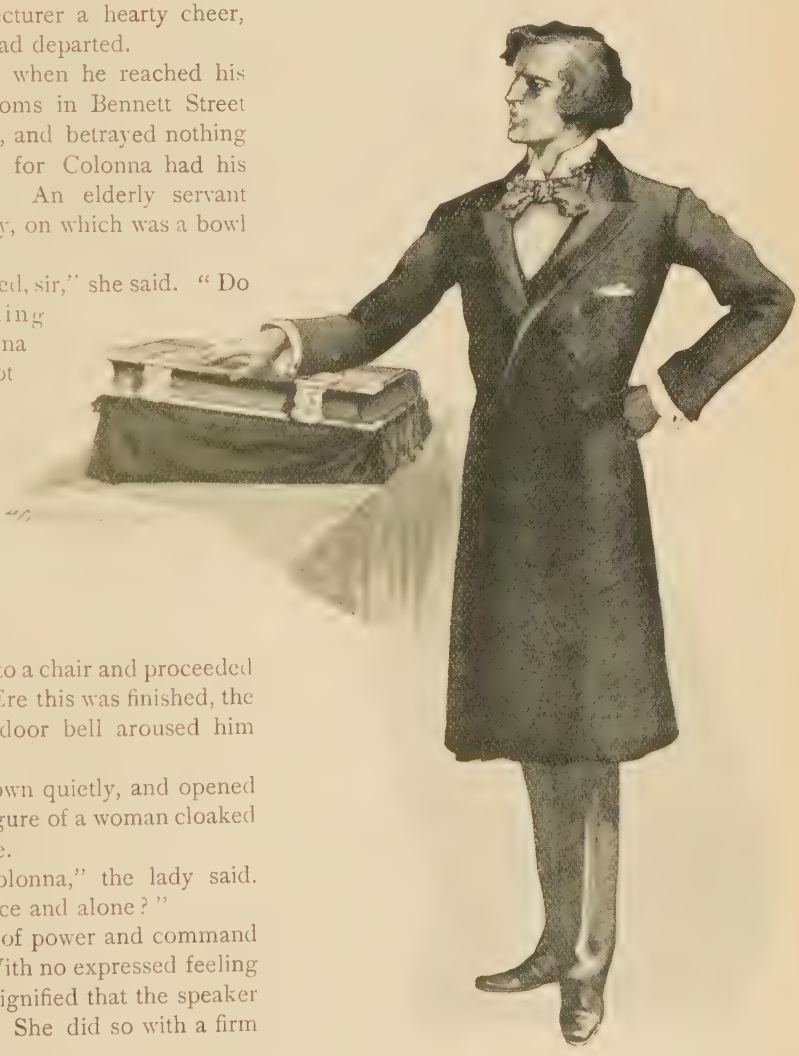
There was a ring of power and command in the fluent voice. With no expressed feeling of surprise, Colonna signified that the speaker could precede him. She did so with a firm and determined step.

Colonna closed his sitting-room door, and turned up the gas fully. Standing in the full glare, the visitor swept away her cloak and hood with a superb gesture. She was past the first bloom of youth, dark, and wonderfully beautiful.

Her air was queenly and commanding. With very little effort of imagination, Colonna could picture her with an imperial diadem on those ivory brows. Nathless, there was a wild, despairing look in the fine eyes, the full red lips drooped.

"I am Ellen Longwater, wife of the Master of Longwater," she said abruptly.

Colonna bowed. The statement sounded



Then Dr. Colonna closed the volume with a bang.

wild and bizarre enough for comic opera, but the Doctor evinced no surprise.

"I have heard of you," he said. "What can I do for you?" "Much," came the passionate reply. "Two hours ago, I was plunged in despair. To distract my thoughts, I went to hear you lecture. Need I tell you how completely you carried me away? And in your concluding remarks I saw a gleam of hope. You said you would not be prepared to hesitate where a people rightly struggling to be free were concerned. *We* are the people struggling to be free. A hair will turn the balance either way. Remove one man, and the happiness of a great family is assured. Will you do this for me?"

"You want me to use my knowledge to murder someone?"

"I will be perfectly frank with you. I do."

As if this were the most natural request in the world, Ellen Longwater dropped into a chair, and folded her hands. Nobody could have guessed how painfully every nerve of her body was thrilling.

"Truly a remarkable request," Colonna replied, with a remarkable allurement. "But why should I place myself so unreservedly in your power? I have only to hold up my little finger and the man is obliterated. And then what is to prevent you using your hold to ask for more?"

"Oh, I have thought of all that," the listener responded rapidly. "I am prepared to sign a document which you will draw up, fully implicating myself. You may regard me as a madwoman—to all practical purposes I am. It makes me mad to see our ancient family, our prestige and money and influence in the throttling grasp of a scoundrel! Unless something is done, Count Henri Felspar will destroy us."

"Oh, then Felspar is to be my victim?"

"Yes, yes. You speak as if you knew him."

"By repute I know him very well indeed," Colonna replied. "Felspar is a man of science like myself. He enjoys a high reputation."

"But only as a savant. Felspar is one of the greatest scoundrels who ever lived. He is well born, I grant you, especially on his mother's side. More Italian than anything else, there is a Berserk vein in his nature that makes him utterly reckless where his aims and passions are concerned. He seems to be connected with any number of noble families; at any rate he is with ours."

Colonna bowed. The blood of the Longwaters was of the purest. The Master of that Ilk would not have exchanged his title and his Scottish roods for an Imperial diadem, and a province to boot. The Bohuns and the Burleighs were *parvenus* compared to them. More than once had the Longwater *sang azul* mingled with the purple stream of Stuart and Tudor.

"Your son is Master, I believe," Colonna suggested.

"My step-son," the lady corrected. "Hector Longwater is four-and-twenty, a noble, handsome fellow whom I love as deeply as if he were my own flesh and blood. As you may be aware, he is engaged to Princess Esmè of Valdemir."

Colonna smiled slightly.

"We are evidently coming to the point," he said. "I have had the pleasure of seeing the Princess. She is wonderfully beautiful, and if report speaks truly, as intellectual as she is lovely. Your step-son is fortunate."

"So it would seem," Ellen Longwater replied. "The Longwaters were rich before the late master married myself and my fortune. I was a Rosenthal, you know. Ultimately all my money will go to Hector, for I have no children, and I shall never marry again."

"The Valdemir family are poor?"

"Poor as they are distinguished, which is saying a great deal. Some day Princess Esmè will be ruler of Valdemir, her son and Hector's will govern the little kingdom, and with our fortune who knows what may happen! Leading statesmen in two countries at least, have heard of the projected union with the liveliest satisfaction. For diplomatic reasons it is necessary to maintain Valdemir properly. This marriage would assure such a state of things. When I add that the young people love one another devotedly, you have the idyll perfect."

"The course of true love runs smoothly, then."

"It runs on oiled wheels of gold. But there is a fearful barrier."

"Taking the form of Felspar, I presume."

Ellen Longwater's dark eyes flashed. Her whole manner changed.

"You have guessed it," she said fervently. "The wedding day is fixed; the Princess and her friends are in England now. On Friday week the wedding is to take place in the private chapel at Longwater Royal—our Perthshire place, you understand. Then suddenly there comes a bolt from the blue in the shape of Felspar. Romantic as it may seem, Felspar is deeply enamoured of Esmè. He met her a year ago somewhere abroad, and she seems to have fascinated

"He is attempting to blackmail me now."

him. There is little doubt, I am sorry to say, that Esmè encouraged the man's advances. He is very handsome for his years, wonderfully clever and fascinating, and the girl was flattered by his attentions. Even then the proposed marriage was practically arranged. When Felspar heard what had happened he was almost beside himself. From time to time he has hinted that he could wreck us all if he chose, and, unfortunately, he is in a position to do so. Oh, the diabolical scoundrel!"

"Felspar is all you say," Colonna replied quietly. "By a strange coincidence I happen to know one or two things about him which I should not care to confide to you. A clever man, a great chemist, he has most extravagant tastes, and does not hesitate as to the means of gratifying them. One clear case at least of blackmail——"

"He is attempting to blackmail me now."

"Ah," cried Colonna, "I thought we should come to that. A large amount?"

"Half a million of money, and he will take no less."

"Not if he has demanded that sum," Colonna murmured. "The question is—is he in a position to force your hand? If I am to take this matter up, there must be no half confidences."

"I came prepared to tell you everything," Ellen Longwater cried. "I told you that Felspar was connected with my late husband; indeed, they were great friends at one time. In those days the Master was deeply impressed with certain philosophical, social ideas. Unfortunately, he had nobody to control him then, and he plunged into the act of folly which now threatens us all with ruin. He married a beautiful daughter of

the soil; she left him in three months and fled to America. She could not stand the new life; it frightened her, and crushed her down. When news came of her death, the Master married again—Hector's mother this time. And now it turns out that the first wife actually died on the very day Hector was born. This being so, Hector is no more Master of Longwater than yourself. And Felspar can prove this by documentary evidence. Need I say more?"

"You need not," Colonna said gravely, "knowing the man. The sum demanded is the price of Felspar's silence. He has waited till the psychological moment."

"Has he not! But Felspar is not to be trusted. He would take the money, and then betray the secret after—indeed, I know he intends to do so. He has invited himself to the wedding, and at the breakfast he fully intends to explode the mine. A young *protégé* of mine, Felspar's secretary, has gleaned something of this, and he has communicated with me. Of course, he has no idea of the real truth. Dr. Colonna, you see the desperate condition of affairs. Are we to go down ruined and disgraced, or is this human tiger to be slain? Do not answer lightly."

Colonna pondered for some time in silence. Then he looked up with a slight smile.

"I will fire the bullet," he said. "I will rid the world of this reptile. If ever the end justified the means it does so here. But you must sign that paper."

"I will sign anything you like to ask for."

The preparation of the document in question took some time, but finally it was accomplished. Then Ellen Longwater dashed her signature at the foot. Her eyes gleamed with the fire of a great resolution.

"What more?" she demanded.

"In the first place you will do exactly as I tell you. Have no fear of the consequences, for assuredly I shall not fail. To-night you will write to Felspar telling him that you utterly repudiate his offer, and bidding him do his worst. I presume you would have no objection to my being one of the wedding guests?"

"Your presence would be the greatest comfort and support to me."

"Then I will come. I can see my way to a dramatic curtain. I see your nerves are of the stoutest, and you will need them."

Ellen Longwater smiled somewhat scornfully.

"You may make your mind easy on that score," she said.

"Good," said Colonna. "Now tell me something of Felspar's habits. Where, for instance, is he staying at the present time?"

"That can easily be answered," said the fair conspirator eagerly. "So distinguished a savant as Count Felspar seldom has meals in the temporary quarters he occupies. There is a deal of the pride that apes humility about the Count—when he is short of money. He affects quite humble lodgings for himself, with a room at the top of the house for his secretary."

"Study and dining-room all in one, I presume?"

"Quite so. Can I do anything further?"

"For the present, nothing," Colonna replied. "The rest must be all left in my hands. Let this secretary, Antonio Ferra, know when I am coming. I can easily allay any of his suspicions by my zeal for yourself."

Ellen Longwater rose from her seat, and extended her hand. "How can I thank you sufficiently?" she said in trembling tones. "It was an act of madness to come here, but I was beside myself, and if failure should crown the attempt you are about to make —"

"Have no fear," Colonna said curtly, "I never fail. Let me hear when to call upon Ferra, and the hour, and as for the rest, go about your usual vocations as if nothing had happened. Good-night, and sleep in peace."

For two days nothing came to Colonna. Then the afternoon's post brought him a card, on which were inscribed simply the words:

To-night at eight. 17, Water Street, W.

Colonna dropped the card carefully into the heart of the fire. A little time later he opened an iron safe in the wall, and took from it a tiny blue wafer, which he placed in a pill box, together with a minute phial containing some grains of grey powder. Apparently this completed the simple preparation

for what might tend to avert a social catastrophe.

Then quietly and reflectively he idled to Water Street. Here he discarded the cigarette he was smoking, and knocked. Presently the door was opened by a young man with a dark face and a Van Dyck beard.

"I am seeking Signor Antonio Ferra," Colonna said tentatively. The man in the doorway smiled.

"I am he whom you seek," he said, "and as a *friend*, you are welcome. Will you please to come in, Doctor Colonna?"

II.

The Count's sitting-room in Water Street was exceedingly simple, the furniture being of the usual lodging-house type. Between the windows stood a writing desk; opposite the door was a flimsy-looking chiffonier.

"I am quite alone till to-morrow," Ferra volunteered. "My distinguished master has gone to Birmingham to fulfil an appointment at a public meeting there."

So the pair chatted on for some time. It was getting late when a messenger arrived with a letter for Ferra. He frowned slightly as he read it. Colonna appeared to take no heed, though he knew perfectly well what the contents of the letter were. The thing had been carefully planned between Ellen Longwater and himself to get Ferra out of the way for a time.

"I am afraid I shall have to leave you for half-an-hour," said the latter. "But I am loth to part with you, Doctor. If you care to remain till I return——"

"With pleasure," Colonna responded. "I should like to finish our argument. And in your absence, I can think out new points."

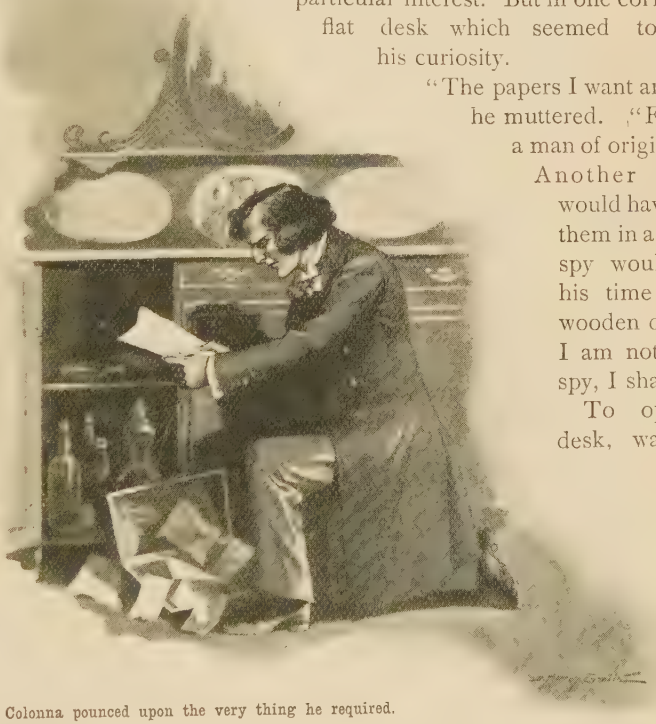
Ferra departed hastily, leaving Colonna apparently buried in thought, deep in a comfortable arm-chair. No sooner was the latter left alone than he sprang to his feet, alert and vigorous.

Taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, he tried several on the flimsy sideboard, until one at length turned in the lock. There was little inside to attract Colonna's attention beyond some bottles and a few papers of no particular interest. But in one corner was a flat desk which seemed to arouse his curiosity.

"The papers I want are there," he muttered. "Felspar is a man of original ideas. Another person would have hidden them in a safe: no spy would waste his time on that wooden desk. As I am not a mere spy, I shall."

To open the desk, was a no more difficult matter than the chiffonier. A few papers were there. With a flashing gleam in his eyes Colonna pounced upon the very thing he required. Felspar had made no idle boast. Here was the letter which meant Hector Longwater's social destruction. And here, also, was the statement Felspar evidently intended to hurl at the wedding guests on that fateful Friday.

Colonna perused the closely written pages



Colonna pounced upon the very thing he required.

rapidly. It was exactly as Ellen Longwater feared. The discourse was artfully arranged to create a profound sensation. Without warning the blow would fall. First came some well-chosen, happy phrases appropriate to the occasion, and then——

But Colonna had neither time nor inclination to go into this. "The stars in their courses fight upon our side," he murmured. "Felspar will read no page after his graceful compliments to the happy pair. When he has finished that, he will have to turn over. I will take the liberty of blotting out the few damning words that remain ere a turn of leaf is required. As this document has evidently been revised, I shall be perfectly safe."

Taking up a pen, Colonna scored out a dozen lines. Then, turning to the blue wafer, he crumbled it, and resuming his gloves, rubbed it over the opened MS. vigorously. Apparently satisfied, the speech was replaced in the desk, and the remains of the wafer were carefully dropped into the heart of the fire, followed by the gloves Colonna was wearing.

"Longwater is saved," Colonna went on. "It was a happy thought of mine to look for the documentary evidence in that desk. But luck is ever for the audacious. How Shakespeare would have revelled in the dramatic scene which is to come!"

When Ferra returned at length, he found Colonna still half buried in the cavernous arm-chair, and apparently lost in reflection. Then they plunged once more into an animated debate, which lasted far into the night. Finally, Colonna rose to go.

"You ought to meet the Count," said Ferra.

"No doubt we shall soon," Colonna replied, somewhat drily. "In any case, I propose to do myself the pleasure of meeting him in Scotland on Friday."

It was not till the Thursday night that Colonna saw Ellen Longwater again. A brilliant company had gathered at Longwater Royal. Dinner was well advanced before Colonna entered the great banqueting hall. Felspar had not yet arrived. Once the function was over, Ellen Longwater approached Colonna.

"I have heard nothing," she said. "Don't tell me you have failed!"

"Madame, I do not fail," was the cold reply. "I found your information correct in every detail."

"But the time, the time is so short. A few hours more, and Count Felspar's denunciation goes out to the whole world to hear."

"I know it. I could have set the clock back had I liked."

"Then why in the name of all one holds dear did you not do so?"

"Because I have a better plan," said Colonna. "And I have purposely refrained from doing so. You defied Felspar as I asked?"

"Your instructions were carried out to the letter. He replied, that I should regret my decision all my lifetime. He told me plainly when and how he means to bring about the catastrophe. He will propose the health of the bride, and—but I dare not allow my mind to dwell upon it."

"He shall propose the health of the bride," Colonna said grimly. "He shall pay a glowing tribute to groom and maiden. And there he shall cease. I am ready for him, fatally ready. Do you know I have had that letter in my hand?"

"In your hand! And you did not destroy it?"

"For what purpose? The loss would only have aroused Felspar's suspicions. And he could have easily procured fresh evidence. It is the man we want to destroy, and so destroy, that, at the moment of dissolution, those proofs fall into our hands. Now listen to me, and see that you follow me implicitly. Felspar is to be allowed to start his speech. You are to be on one side of him, and myself, if it can be so arranged, on the other. Then you are to procure for me, and leave in my room, one of the bottles of champagne which is intended for consumption to-morrow. The bottle will be returned to you, and you are to see that it is placed so *that you and I and Felspar partake of it.* You must have no fear—it won't hurt us. That is all you have to do. And, when to-morrow you hear the word 'eleven' from my lips, watch me carefully."

"You have no more to say!"

"Positively nothing. And, now I am going to felicitate the bride."

All the same, Colonna had not quite finished. When he retired to his room that night he found the bottle of champagne ready for him. From a dispatch box he took a tiny drill with a diamond point, and another of the blue wafers similar to the one used upon the MS. pages of Felspar's wedding speech, and subsequent remarkable revelation. In the bottom of the bottle Colonna drilled a minute hole and pressed a portion of the wafer into the receptacle. A dot of sealing-wax laid on this completed these apparently simple preparations.

"The rest lies with Ellen Longwater," Colonna murmured. "If she carries out her instructions faithfully, Felspar is not likely to trouble her again."

With which remark Colonna turned into bed, and in a few minutes had fallen into a peaceful and untroubled sleep.

III.

A brilliant and distinguished crowd had gathered in Longwater Royal banqueting hall, to pay a tribute to the popularity of the happy pair. There were practically no ordinary folk there beyond a pressman or two, who had had a hint to be present, but, none the less, the assembly was a social and representative one.

Count Felspar, a noble and handsome figure in immaculate dress, was quite a centre of attraction. Some there were who declared that his mouth was shifty, and his

A dot of sealing-wax completed these apparently simple preparations.

With one bound he was by the stricken man.

eyes a little too close together, but what great man is there who has no enemies?

The magnificent pageant proceeded. With his own hands Felspar filled his glass from the bottle placed somewhat prominently before him, and gulped the flowing nectar down.

Colonna sat next to Felspar, taking in everything with his glittering eyes. He saw the Count place the crystal chalice of rare wine to his lips, and a smile like summer lightning played about his face.

For some time the somewhat prosy orations went on, but at length a subdued thrill of expectancy passed through the assembly. A hush fell upon the guests as they looked eagerly to the side of the table where Felspar sat. He was to propose the toast of the day, and the Count had a pretty gift of public speaking.

Up to now Colonna had not spoken one word to Ellen. Now he laid his hand, as if by accident, on hers behind Felspar's chair, and then he flashed one glance into her eyes, after which he studiously refrained from further scrutiny. He could see the deadly pallor of her features, the twitching of the hands; but Colonna noticed that the daintily moulded chin was firm and hard as marble.

The speech of the day commenced. It contained no brilliant flight of oratory, a thing hardly to be expected in a bridal discourse, but there were plenty of pithy points, delicate fancy, and playful humour. Some of the listeners wondered what those papers were in Felspar's hand. If they had only known!

"The time is at hand," Colonna whispered, "be prepared." Ellen Longwater bent her head ever so lightly. She was listening with all her soul to the praise — praise conveyed as if flowing spontaneously from the speaker—of the virtues of the happy, happy pair. If Felspar stopped there, if he spoke no more, the cloud that threatened the happiness of a great family was gone for ever.

Then Felspar paused as if breathless, a fine dramatic pause. "That is the picture," he said suavely, "and who shall say it is not a glorious——"

"Eleven," came from Colonna's lips. "Eleven."

Amused and interested, the audience waited. But no further words came. The sound of a long, fluttering sigh echoed through the hall; close to Colonna and his ally was the crash of a falling body.

Colonna was the first to recover himself. With one bound he was by the stricken man, putting all opposition aside.

"Fetch a doctor," he cried, "the Count is dying." Colonna's voice rang loud and clear. In such an ultra-fashionable gathering there was no difficulty in procuring medical aid. Two doctors were quickly on the spot, but one glance was sufficient. The physicians were quite unanimous in their verdict. Sudden failure of the heart's action was the cause of death—there was even no occasion for an inquest.

"Are you satisfied?" Colonna whispered.

Ellen Longwater shuddered from head to foot.

"For my family," she murmured, "for Hector. We are saved, and I shall be the most miserable woman on earth to the day of my death. Before you leave you must come and tell me how the vile thing was done."

The speaker turned away, and plunged into the frightened crowd. Colonna followed her with a curious speculation in his eye.

"How like a woman!" he murmured. "Strange creature! Bad as she feels now, she would do the same thing to-morrow. And she will be another woman when I see her this evening."

Colonna was correct as usual. Curiosity had overcome terror for the time at least.

"I am dying to know how it was done," said the pallid speaker. Colonna explained fully.

"The point is this," he said. "The poison was taken internally from the drugged bottle of wine. You yourself actually drank that poison, and yet, until the chain is completed, it is quite harmless. The blue wafer charged the wine, the blue wafer was also rubbed on Felspar's discourse. The contact with the hand on the fatal leaf did the deed; the drug within called for the drug without and as the two were brought into contact Felspar died of the shock. Horrible, if you like, and yet beautifully simple. But you need not look so pale—you are not likely to touch the wafer. And, in any case, the internal effects would be dead by morning."

"Wonderful!" Ellen cried. "I marvel you care to tell me this." Colonna shrugged his shoulders.

"It is nothing," he said, "the simplest of all the tricks of my volume. Ah, how I could astonish you if I liked! And even with this childish toy, detection is absolutely impossible. All the same the Count's death would not have cleared you if I had not been present."

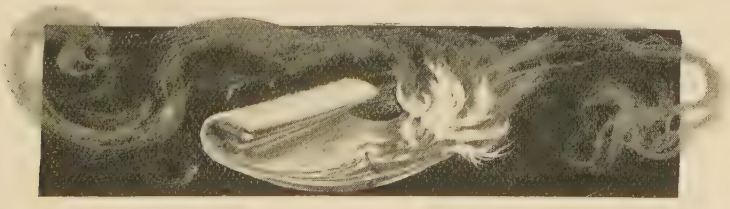
"And why, Dr. Colonna?" Ellen asked.

"Because the written speech would have betrayed you," Colonna replied. "That was why I was first at the Count's side. I crammed those papers in my pocket. There they are. What shall I do with them?"

"Burn them at once," Ellen Longwater said promptly.

The red heart of the fire ate into the winged words. Then as they faded away to dust and ashes, Ellen rose and pointed to the door.

"You have saved our honour," she said, "and from my heart I thank you. And now go, Dr Colonna. It is my one prayer that you and I may never meet each other face to face again."



SNAKE-CHARMING.

By Mark Lane.

There is something repulsively fascinating about a snake which will always make "snake-charming," as a public amusement, an acceptable entertainment. Of course, a great deal of the attraction lies in the association of danger, but I am convinced that in no small degree it may also be ascribed to the instinctive revulsion of feeling which most people cannot repress at the sight of a reptile.

The common prejudice in favour of using feet as a means of progression is not to be dated from the "Trilby" craze. The mere fact that the Enemy of Mankind is referred to as a serpent in the very earliest historical records sufficiently indicates that in man there has always been a certain inherent loathing of snakes and other goby-grounds.

When therefore we see, in public exhibitions, men, women, and even children winding snakes of many varieties around them with a fearless familiarity, the first thought that occurs to the spectator is one of astonishment that the performer can bring himself to "touch" them.

The repugnance which one not unnaturally feels towards snakes is, however, insignificant as compared with the danger which the performer runs in placing himself at the mercy of a number of reptiles, the least of which would be able to destroy him.

In the photographs which accompany this article the dangerous experiments which constitute a snake-charmer's performance are very accurately represented. Captain De Voy and his little daughter, Lottie, who is but eleven years of age, kindly consented to reproduce the items of an entire performance, so that we might secure this series of

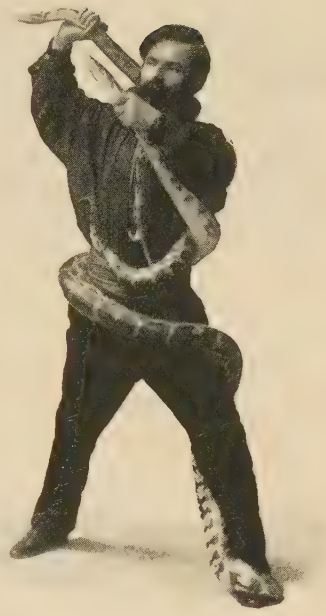
A snake-bracelet.

interesting photographs for the benefit of the readers of this magazine; and they may be accepted as accurately depicting the exact performance which the father and daughter are at present giving at various places of public amusement throughout the country.

The pictures acquire an added interest from the association of a child with such an entertainment; and it is interesting to note that not only has Captain De Voy's daughter no fear of her weird playmates, but she actually enjoys the performance which enables her to fondle them.

Captain De Voy has been associated with these entertainments for nearly sixteen years. His wife was a well-known snake-charmer under the stage name Mlle. Onzalu, and for her he used to tame and train the snakes before she performed with them. The particulars given in this article have been furnished by Captain De Voy, who very frankly and courteously consented to afford me every information in his power.

Many people have the impression that snakes, before being used by a snake-charmer in performance, are drugged, or by some other means rendered harmless. This, however, is quite a mistake. The snake-charmer who wants to make a purchase for the purposes of his performance goes to Jamrach's, or some other well-known emporium, and handles the snake he fancies, there and then, exactly as it has arrived in its wild untamed condition.



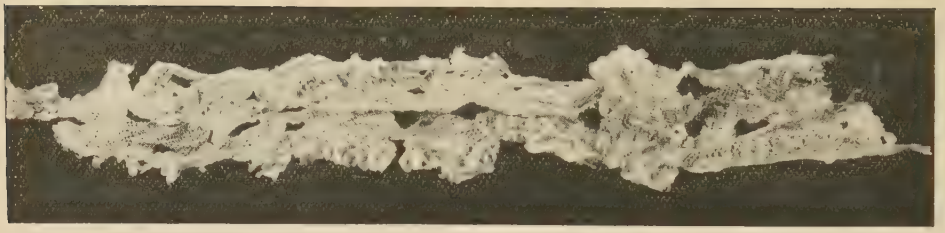
Captain de Voy in the coils of his snakes.

Going to sleep.

The "knack" of snake manipulation is to catch the reptile by the head and the tail. By holding the head the snake is unable to bite, and unless the tail is free, it is unable to exert its powers of crushing. The snake-charmer in these earlier stages of acquaintanceship, also adopts the precaution of wearing stout leather gloves.

Snakes in captivity evince much intelligence, and their tameness is in no small degree a lively sense of favours to come. They soon appear to realise that from their trainer alone is to be expected not only food, but what is in more constant request, the warmth which is essential to their existence. They must be kept in a temperature of from 70° to 80°, and this is effected by wrapping them in blankets surrounded by hot-water pipes.

Their feeding is a leisurely process, as there is an interval of four weeks between each meal! In a natural state the interval is a much lengthier one, but then the meal is vulgarised into a veritable gorge.



The cast-off skin of a snake.

The etiquette—or the exigencies—of a professional career causes the snake to approximate to more civilised habits. But the snake even in its tamed state is never civilised to the point of appreciation of prepared food, and insists on a menu of live rabbits, rats, mice, or fowl.

These it eyes with a critical glitter, and then having bestowed on them a crushing embrace, he swallows them whole; but he would lie beside the best efforts of a Parisian chef and starve.

Captain De Voy's collection may be regarded as a fairly representative one, and it consists of an Indian boa, 12ft. 9in. in length—an unusually large one to perform with, and possessed of an immense power of crushing—an Indian python of 9ft.; an African python, 10ft. 4in.; an Indian carpet snake, 7ft.; and an Australian diamond snake 6ft. 4in. in length. The danger of performing with such snakes lies in the fact that their bite is highly conducive to blood-poisoning, and while almost any one of them has strength enough to smash a human limb, the larger ones could easily crush the entire frame.

The taming process is commenced by the gloved grasp of the head and tail. The snake seems to realise at this stage that it is in the hands of a master, and when later it understands that no harm is intended and that certain kindness may be looked for, it speedily becomes tractable. Captain De Voy's snakes are all distinguished by names, and most of them answer to them with readiness.

But it is not every snake which responds to the requirements of the trainer. Some remain intractable, and can never be depended on. It was only about three weeks before these photographs were taken that Captain De Voy was obliged to kill a valuable African harlequin snake, 11ft. in length.

He had spent a considerable time in the endeavour to tame and train it, but without much success. The harlequin was evidently not stage-struck, and resolutely refused to fall in with its trainer's views. In the main, too, it had the best of the argument, for a snake 11ft. in length has to be treated with diplomatic respect.

After a time it appeared to be sufficiently tractable to be trained for use in his public performances, but while Captain De Voy was endeavouring to wind it round his body one

Strange companions.

day in the course of a private practice the harlequin suddenly became ferocious, and the trainer very narrowly escaped losing his life. Fortunately he had managed to retain his hold on its head, and before it could coil itself round his body to crush him he succeeded in killing it by throwing himself down and letting the whole weight of his body come on its head.

Losses such as these have to be reckoned with in the business of snake-charming, and as the price of snakes varies from 30*s.* to £20, or even £30, the risk is not an inconsiderable one.

There is also the danger of losing snakes through climatic disadvantages and diseases —such as canker in the mouth—to which they are peculiarly liable. To expose them to the cold, either by forgetting to renew the hot water, or by not providing them with sufficient blankets, might very easily prove fatal to the entire collection.

But snakes, no matter how tame they may become, are always treacherous, and have to be very carefully watched at every performance. The performer, however, soon learns the temperament of each one, and can tell its mood by its hiss, which varies as its humour is good or bad.

The snake which happens to be in a bad humour is not excused its share in the night's performance—to do this would be to invite a recurrence of its mutinous spirit—but the performer generally exercises extreme prudence in dealing with a surly subject.

Not the least important item in the list of a snake-charmer's attainments is the ability to treat his reptiles medicinally. Captain De Voy's medicines are composed of olive oil, alum, blue-stone, copperas, borax, and honey. These ingredients he declares to be adequate for the treatment of all the ills a snake is heir to.

His medicine-chest for the relief of a human being bitten by a snake contains but one antidote — Irish whisky. This he always endeavours to keep in a state which would be viewed with disfavour by the Excise, viz.: 25 to 30 degrees over-proof. To saturate the wound externally, and the body internally with strong Irish whisky is, according to Captain De Voy, the only reliable cure for snake-bite.

I give his statement for whatever it may be worth.

A set piece.

AT THE SIGN OF THE "GOLDEN STAR."

By George Griffith.

I.

The profession of illicit diamond buying * is so intricate, and involves so many varied human relationships that, as may be expected, it often gave, and, indeed, still gives rise to some rather curious situations, of which the experiences of Mr. Ulrich Engstroem, sometime landlord of the "Golden Star" hotel in Kimberley, will, I think, be found to contain one or two of the most singular.

It all came about through Mr. Immanuel Herman, licensed diamond broker, not sticking to the legitimate branch of his fairly lucrative business. As had often befallen others of his kind, he was one day tempted by the sight of a large parcel of very fine illicit diamonds, and, as the price asked was ridiculously small in comparison with their intrinsic value, he fell. He had kept the stones for several months in close hiding, not even divulging the fact of their existence to his own wife, until at length he felt safe in coming to the conclusion that, with proper precautions, he could get them out of the country without risk.

All this time he had failed to detect the slightest sign of any suspicion on the part of the authorities with regard to himself, although that fact of itself was no real proof that the vigilant eye of Inspector Lipinski, chief of the Detective Department, was one whit the less wide awake than usual, and about six months after Mrs. Michael Mosenstein, a well-known leader of Semitic Society in Kimberley, had gone down to Cape Town *en route* for England with a pair of hollow heels worth about £30,000 on her French boots, he thought he couldn't do better than try the same game himself.

Consequently, he broached the ever-welcome topic of a trip to Europe to his good lady, and she very naturally fell in with it at once, and was all the more pleased when her husband in the goodness of his heart suggested that her sister, Miss Myra Schamyl, who was living with them, should go with her for company's sake. It was this piece of extra and quite unnecessary generosity that brought all the trouble about.

A few days before the time fixed for Mrs. Herman's departure, her husband was called away on quite legitimate business to the then recently opened Jägersfontein mine, in the Free State, and as this business would keep him until after she had gone he confided the precious packet to her care, the last thing before leaving, with many earnest injunctions to keep its possession an absolute secret until she placed it in the hands of its consignee in Hatton Garden.

Unhappily, however, Mrs. Herman saw no harm in sharing with her sister the feminine luxury of a good gloat over the delightful contents of the package. They had let their house in Currey Street, and were staying for a few days at the "Golden Star."

It was after dinner on the day of Mr. Herman's departure, and after most of the things had been cleared off the dining-table in their private room, that Mrs. Herman took the

* Commonly called in South Africa "I.D.B." It is really the buying of and traffic in diamonds that have been stolen from the mines.

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packet out of the breast of her dress, and opened it before the wondering and admiring eyes of Miss Myra Schamyl. Then, almost as though the evilly-disposed Fates had been lying in wait for this perfectly natural little act of feminine weakness, at that very instant Inspector Lipinski with his lieutenant, Tom Ferguson, and a lady assistant, Miss Sarah Billing, entered the hotel armed with a warrant authorising them to search the apartments occupied by Mrs. Herman and her sister, Mr. Herman himself being already in custody at Beaconsfield.

Both Mr. Engstroem, the hotel keeper, and Mistress Martha, his wife, knew perfectly well what this meant, but Mistress Martha grasped the situation a few moments earlier than her deep-thinking but somewhat slow-witted husband did, and, while the expostulations and explanations were going on, she skipped upstairs to warn her guests, not because she had any particular personal regard for them, but for the simple and sufficient reason that she didn't want any I.D.B.'s caught red-handed on her husband's premises.

Although she knocked at the door, she didn't wait for the usual "Come in." She considered the circumstances sufficiently pressing to warrant her in going in at once. So she went in, and there, leaning over the little table, still covered with the white cloth, and still littered with the crumbs and the odds and ends of the finished dinner, she saw Mrs. Herman and her sister toying with what looked like a lot of little pieces of frosted glass of all colours, from crystal white to dull brown, pushing them about with the ends of their fingers, and turning them over and exchanging whispered admirations of them.

"*Ach Gott!*" she cried in a loud, intense whisper, as she closed the door softly behind her. "Vas dere ever anydings more unfortunate! Ladies, dere is dat little teufel Lipinski, mit two of his traps, and one of dem is a woman, coming to search your rooms, on information receift, as dey say. Hark, dere dey are on de stairs! Himmel, there is no time to lose or it is de brison for five—seven years for bot of you. Stop, let me clear de crumbs away. Dat is de only chance."

The two women stared at her in a dumb paralysis of sudden terror, as she rapidly removed the one or two articles remaining on the table and then whisked the cloth off with a swift, deft movement, tucked it in a baggy bundle under her arm, and walked towards the door, saying as she went:

"Go to your rooms quickly before dey come."

As they disappeared through the door leading to their bedrooms Mrs. Engstroem opened the other door and walked calmly downstairs. She met the Inspector and his companions half way up, and stopped in front of them.

"Good afternoon, Inspector! Who might you vant?" she said good-humouredly, planting herself in front of the little man so as to gain a few more moments for her guests. "I hope dis is not vat you vould call a professional visit?"

"I'm afraid it is, Mrs. Engstroem," replied the Inspector, as he made an attempt to edge past the portly form which almost filled the rather narrow staircase. "The fact is, we want to see Mrs. Herman and that charming sister of hers, and we've got to do it. Are they upstairs?"

"I beliefe so," she said. "I've just been clearing the table; but I dink dey vere in der rooms getting ready to go out. If you like I vill go ant see."

"Thank you!" said the Inspector. "If you will, we'll follow you. I'm afraid I shall have to ask them to put their walk off for a little, but I won't have them put to any more inconvenience than is absolutely necessary."

"Oh, I'm sure you von't do dat, Mr. Inspector," said the lady, as she turned back to lead the way upstairs. "You are alvays a jentleman, though you sometimes do put ladies into awkward positions like dis. Dis way, please."

Then she turned somewhat deliberately and went upstairs again. The bulging tablecloth stuck out in white billowy folds between her left arm and her side, and Mr. Lipinski's keen, professional nose was within six inches of between ten and twelve thousand pounds worth of illicit diamonds, mixed up with crumbs and bits of bread and cheese, for the space of about three minutes. But not even

his eyes could see through the thick, starched linen any more than those of his companions could, and so Mrs. Engstroem's little ruse succeeded as completely as its boldness and simplicity deserved to do.

Mrs. Engstroem knocked at the door, and

"I beliefe so," she said. "I've just been clearing the table."

receiving no answer, went in, followed by the Inspector and his assistants. Then she asked them to sit down, and went and knocked at Mrs. Herman's bed-room door. She immediately came back and went downstairs. Shortly after Mrs. Herman and her sister came into the dining-room, naturally looking not a little disturbed, but for all that fairly well recovered from their first attack of terror.

"Well, Mr. Lipinski, may I ask what this means?" said Mrs. Herman with a quite respectable assumption of outraged virtue. "I think I know this—er—person," she went on with a cold glare at Miss Billing; "so I suppose this is what you call a search visit."

This was a somewhat injudicious speech, seeing that under the circumstances Miss Billing's turn was bound to come later on. She was a pleasant-faced, young lady, with a broad brow and a strong chin, and she returned Mrs. Herman's stare with a smile and a little bow, which plainly indicated that she knew it.

"I regret to say that it is so, Mrs. Herman," replied the Inspector with deprecatory politeness. "I may as well tell you at once that your husband was arrested this morning on the Border, and as nothing was found on him we have been driven to the conclusion that a large parcel of diamonds, which we have absolutely traced to his possession must be either in your keeping or else in your rooms. Our duty, therefore, leaves us no alternative but search. If you wish to see the warrant——"

"No, thank you, Inspector," replied Mrs. Herman stiffly. "You needn't trouble about that. If you'll kindly get what has to be done over as quickly as you can, we shall be obliged, as we want to go out."

"With pleasure," said the Inspector, rising. "Allow me to introduce Miss Billing to you—one of our lady officers. I am sure you will find that she will perform her not very agreeable task with as much consideration and dispatch as is consistent with her duties."

Miss Billing got up and bowed too, and began to take her gloves off. Mrs. Herman and Miss Schamyl looked uncomfortable but defiant, and the Inspector and his lieutenant bowed themselves discreetly out of the room.

Miss Billing seemed to do her work fairly thoroughly, for she took the better part of an hour and a half about it, and when at last she left the two ladies flushed and indignant, but triumphant withal, she said to the Inspector:

"It's no use, sir. I'm afraid they've been too smart for us. I haven't left a possible hole or corner unsearched, and there isn't the trace of a stone about the place."

Mr. Lipinski's face darkened perceptibly as he heard this. It was rather a serious matter to go to such an extreme as the arrest and search of a man and his wife and sister-in-law, to say nothing of searching his rooms,

and draw blank, but blank it was, and that was all there was to be said about it for the present. It was one of the risks that the Department had to take. It had enormous powers, and when it used them without tangible justification it simply had to pay. In this particular case the Inspector's afternoon call cost very close on a couple of thousand pounds—which paid the expenses of the two offended ladies to Europe and left a good balance over.

As soon as the unwelcome visitors were safely off the premises, Mrs. Herman called to Mrs. Engstroem to come up in order to thank her for the timely aid which had saved them from an enforced substitution of some years penal servitude for the few months in Europe to which they were looking forward.

As she came into the room Mrs. Herman went to meet her, holding out her hands, and said to her with real emotion:

"Oh, Mrs. Engstroem, how can we ever thank you enough for being so quick and clever! They found nothing, and now my husband will have a good action for damages against the Department. You may depend upon it he won't forget you when he makes them pay up."

Mrs. Engstroem didn't take her hands. She only stopped and stared at her with her eyes wide open and her mouth almost so.

"I don't quite know vat you mean, Mrs. Herman," she said in her slow, stolid voice. "How have I saved you? Vat have I done for you?"

"Done? Why the diamonds, of course!" gasped Miss Schamyl, stricken by the same sudden fear which had already deprived her sister of speech. "The diamonds that you took away in the table-cloth!"

"Young lady," replied Mrs. Engstroem more stolidly than ever, "I knows nodings about diamonds vich de police come to look for. I am not an I.D.B., and I have no friends dat are I.D.B.'s. I took no stones avay in de table-cloth. Dere vas only crumbs."

"Oh, you wicked woman!" the two burst out together. "You know there were! You've stolen them! Bring them back at once, or——"

"Or you vill go and tell Mr. Lipinski dat I took dem, eh?" interrupted Mrs. Engstroem without a quaver in her low, thick voice, but with just a little higher colour on her fat cheeks. "So! First you call me an I.D.B. accomplice, and now you say I am a tief. It is goot. Goot! Go and tell de police. Haf me arrested if you like, but get out of my house dis day. I vant no I.D.B.'s here. You had better go and see if your husband is still in gaol. Goot-bye. I will send you your bill in ten minutes."

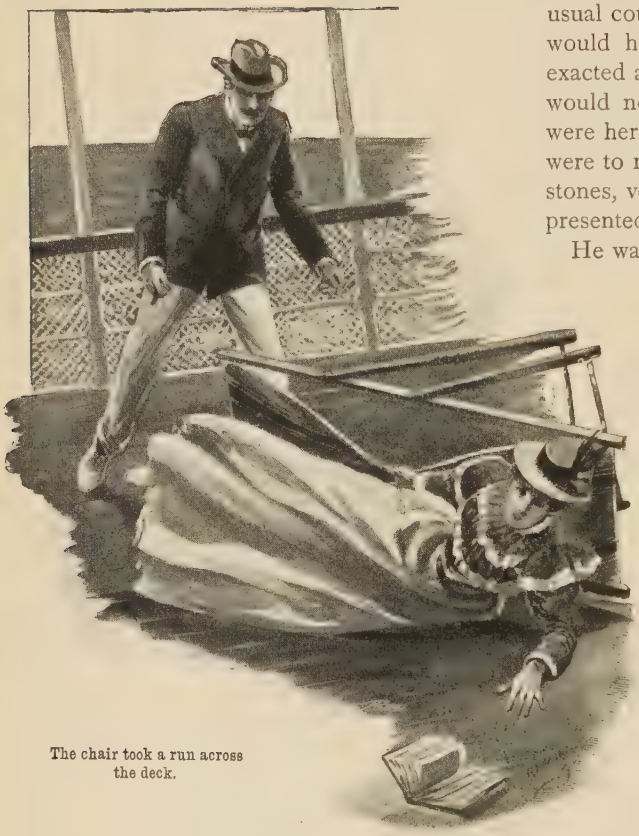
With that Mrs. Engstroem, looking the picture of stolid respectability and mildly outraged virtue, turned round and walked heavily out of the room.

II.

Mrs. Herman and her sister had already paid their passages and booked their berths when this exceedingly unpleasant *contre-temps* happened, and it would have looked distinctly suspicious to try and get their money back, even if there had been any chance of doing so. They, therefore, went at the appointed time, followed by the remorseful reproaches, to put it very mildly, of Mr. Herman, who turned with what consolation he might to the prospects of the action for damages which he at once instituted against the Department.

This gentleman's state of mind with regard to Mr. Ulrich Engstroem and his wife would be somewhat difficult to describe. He knew, of course, that they had his diamonds, and he was equally certain that sooner or later they would make an attempt to get them out of the country. He watched them somewhat as a dog watches another dog who has stolen a bone from him, but beyond watching he dare not go. To give the slightest hint to the police would be to confess to the guilty knowledge of which he was already more than suspected. It would also utterly ruin the prospects of his action.

It was almost agony to him to see them calmly revolving in their circle of ponderous respectability, but he could only suffer in silence. Their stolid cunning gave not the slightest opening through which he could even indirectly point the finger of suspicion at them, and when at length Mr. Ulrich Engstroem was about to start for Cape Town, *en route* for his native land, "where the death



The chair took a run across the deck.

of his father had lately made him heir to a flourishing business," he could only look on in silence, gritting his teeth and almost bursting with the information that it would have ruined him to give.

True, his wounded feelings were somewhat salved a week or two later by the verdict of the Civil Court—on the jury of which there were certainly five well-known I.D.B.'s—which awarded five hundred pounds each for himself, his wife, and his sister-in-law, and let the Department in for something like another five hundred pounds worth of costs; but, after all, what was that in comparison with the ten or twelve thousand pounds which the perfidious Engstroem would get for the stolen stones in the London or Amsterdam market?

From Kimberley to London, and from thence to Amsterdam, Mr. Engstroem himself had the best of good luck. He got the stones away without exciting the slightest suspicion, and if he had only followed the usual course, and sold them in the rough all would have been well. But his wife had exacted a solemn promise from him that he would not do anything of the kind. They were her diamonds, she said, and hers they were to remain, with the exception of certain stones, very fine ones, which she graciously presented to him.

He was to have them cut in Amsterdam, and her share was to be made up in a necklace, three stars, and certain rings. With his own he could do as he liked. It was not a very wise stipulation perhaps, and her insisting on him bringing them back to her still less so, but she knew how enormously cutting and setting would enhance their value, and she trusted to the practical impossibility of identifying them after they were cut to avoid suspicion.

Mr. Engstroem had a very good time in Paris and Berlin, while the cutters and polishers of Amsterdam were making his diamonds ready to adorn the ample charms of his expectant spouse. Then, when they were ready, he went and fetched them and took them to Paris to be set. And so at length it came to pass that he found himself on the outward-bound steamer at Southampton, with between twenty and thirty thousand pounds worth of really magnificent jewellery stowed away in the depths of his portmanteau.

Now it should be mentioned here that Herr Ulrich was a well set up and extremely personable man, who, like a good many other South Africans, conducted himself much more *en grand seigneur* when he was on a trip to Europe than he did as an hotel-keeper in Kimberley. He also considered himself, rightly or wrongly, not a little of a Lothario, and hence he didn't go about telling everyone he met on his travels that he was a married man. Indeed he was rather inclined to keep the fact pretty closely to himself than otherwise. In the present case, as it happened, it would have saved him a good deal of avoidable annoyance if he had

not adhered so strictly to his usual rule, but that was only one of the contingencies that the most virtuous of married men may sometimes overlook.

As soon as the ship's company settled down he did what every old traveller does — took stock of his fellow voyagers, and looked about to see whether there were any acquaintances on board. He found none, as it happened, and this fact, although it was by no means displeasing to him at first, turned out in the end to be something of a misfortune in disguise.

When the troubles of the Bay were passed, and each day the sun rose higher over smoother seas, and the ladies began to come up on deck in their tropical toilets, Herr Ulrich, according to his wont under such circumstances, began to look about him for the indispensable wherewithal to the carrying on of an innocent flirtation which would serve to while away the tedium of the lazy life on ship-board.

He found it, after a day or two's prospecting, sitting in a deck-chair which, just as he passed, took a run across the deck propelled by a sudden roll of the vessel. Of course he took full advantage of the fact of being on the spot, helped the lady to her feet, put the chair back in a safer position, fetched the book which had fallen out of her hand, and then dropped into an unoccupied chair alongside which he had purposely placed that of the fair unknown.

Conversation naturally followed, and, as there is no other place where men and women meet together which offers so fair a field for the development of acquaintance into something else as the deck of a passenger steamer, it was not very long before Mr. Ulrich Engstroem and Miss Frances Colegate found themselves upon terms of promising intimacy, which duly developed as the pleasant, idle days went on.

Miss Colegate was a young lady of excellent preservation but somewhat uncertain age. She might have been a girl of twenty-four with an indifferent complexion, or a woman of thirty-five with a good one for that age; but she was stylish, smart, well-informed, and of irreproachable manners. More than this, the most exacting man could hardly expect for the purposes of a steamboat flirtation, and Herr Ulrich was amply satisfied. So, too, was the young lady, more so, in fact, than she would have been had she known of the existence of the hostess of the "Golden Star."

To tell the truth, she was one of a class of women not infrequently found on board Colonial bound mail-ships. She had made two or three attempts to get settled in life at home, but, for one reason or another, they had not come off, and so she had wisely decided to try her luck in a land where women were fewer and men less fastidious than they were in the Old Country, while the bloom was still more or less attached to the peach. She confided some of her plans to Herr Ulrich under the guise of asking his advice about South Africa, and in the course of doing so she let fall the fact that she had some private means, and also a few friends scattered about the colony, one, if not more, of whom she expected to meet her at Cape Town.

In exchange for these little confidences and, it must be admitted, encouraged by certain indefinite, feminine devices of which Miss Colegate was quite a mistress, Herr Ulrich, if he did not actually commit himself, certainly carried the flirtation to such lengths that the young lady had quite reasonable grounds for supposing that their acquaintance would not end, as nineteen out of every

She confided some of her plans to Herr Ulrich.

twenty such intimacies do, with the arrival of the ship at her port of destination. Obviously, however, Herr Ulrich had no other intention than that of taking the mail train to Kimberley the night he got in and cutting the connection short with the usual: "Well, good-bye for the present. I hope we shall meet again before you leave the Colony."

But as the ship got nearer and nearer to Table Bay a rather awkward problem began to press itself upon his attention. So far his expedition had been entirely successful and very pleasant to boot, but, just as Table Mountain would soon be looming up before his physical gaze, so there began to loom bigger and bigger before his mental vision the awkward fact that, unless he could get his diamonds into the colony unsuspected, the Cape customs officials would inconsiderately insist on the payment of an *ad valorem* duty of 30 per cent. on them, and that would come to a sum which it would almost break his German Jewish heart to part with.

"And so you are back at last, Mr. Engstroem!"

Many and varied were the schemes that he revolved in his mind towards the end of the voyage, and at last, after a particularly confidential chat one lovely evening after dinner with Miss Colegate, he decided to unbosom himself to her, and ask her aid.

So this he did, and she, when he had found means to show her the treasure and delicately hinted at the possibility of her acceptance of one of the rings under circumstances which she entirely mistook, finally consented to run the risk for the sake of the reward—which she never for a moment doubted might very possibly include a joint ownership of the diamonds.

So it came to pass that when the ship steamed in to Table Bay, Miss Colegate was standing by her friend on the fore part of the promenade deck, with a small fortune deftly concealed about her person, and gazing with eagerly admiring eyes on the varied splendours of one of the most beautiful seaports in the world. As the vessel neared the clock tower quay at the entrance to the Albert Dock, and the handkerchiefs began to wave, Miss Colegate pulled out hers and said to Herr Ulrich:

"Ah, I thought there would be someone to meet me. There is my cousin, the lady with the green umbrella."

Just then the green umbrella went up, and, with a spasm similar to that which is sometimes produced by a douche of cold water down the back, the landlord of the "Golden Star" recognised Miss Sarah Billing.

His first idea was to go and hide, but that, of course, was absurd. He was bound to see his companion off the vessel. Besides, he could hardly let her walk away with those diamonds just when he had most reason to keep in touch with her, and so in due course the inevitable introduction came off.

Miss Billing looked at him very steadily,

and with a not very pleasant smile on her firm lips as she shook hands after embracing her cousin, but she said quite agreeably:

"And so you are back at last, Mr. Engstroem! You've had quite a long trip. How delighted your good wife will be to have you back after such an absence."

Miss Colegate paled visibly for a moment, and favoured Mr. Engstroem with one quick stare which made him feel exceedingly uncomfortable, but with these exceptions she controlled her feelings admirably, like the astute and experienced young lady that she was, while he covered his confusion by bustling about looking for a cab, cursing the while under his breath the deplorable trick of Fate which had brought this particular person out of all the thousands of women in South Africa to meet and welcome his fellow voyager. He saw the two ladies into their conveyance, and took another himself, after having obtained permission to call the following day. There was the usual halt at the Customs' shed inside the gates, a search of a sort was made, and Miss Colegate passed through scatheless.

That evening, in the privacy of their sitting-room in the boarding-house where Miss Billing was staying, Miss Colegate not only told her cousin exactly what she thought of Mr. Engstroem, but made a clean breast of it about the diamonds. Now, Miss Billing had always had her own opinion as to the disappearance of the parcel of stones from Mrs. Herman's possession, and she had watched the Engstroems unobtrusively, but with perpetual vigilance, up to the time of Herr Ulrich's departure for Europe. She was absolutely certain, as, indeed, Mr. Lipinski had been, that the stones were within the four walls of the Golden Star Hotel when the visit was made, and therefore, when she saw the gems and had made a mental comparison between them and the rough stones which had been actually traced to Mr. Herman's possession, she had no shadow of doubt as to their true origin, although, of course, there was no legal proof that they were the same.

"What would you advise me to do, Sally?" asked Miss Colegate, when the examination was complete. "You know the wretch certainly led me to believe that he was a single man, and—well—more than that, and I should dearly like to punish him in some way."

"Well, my dear," replied Miss Billing, "I don't think there will be very much difficulty about that. You see, the position is this: He has smuggled those diamonds into Cape Colony, and you have aided and abetted him. The penalty is confiscation of the jewellery and a fine of £300, or six months' hard labour."

"Good heavens! I had no idea the law was as strict as that," replied Miss Colegate with a little gasp. "What *should* I do if I was found out?"

"Well," said Miss Billing rather grimly, "you would lose the diamonds and so would he, but if you confessed I daresay you would get some part of your share of the penalty taken off. On the other hand——"

"Well?"

"There is no penalty for taking them *out* of the colony again, and as I am not connected with the detective force any longer, it might be possible for me to manage——"

"Sally, if you will you shall have half of whatever they fetch!" exclaimed Miss Colegate, with a little clutch at her companion's arm.

"Very well," said Miss Billing, "that will do. There's one of the Castle boats sailing to-morrow. We'll go."

While Mr. Engstroem was seated at breakfast in his hotel the following morning, a waiter brought a small packet and laid it down beside his plate. He opened it with a carelessness which suddenly developed into intense interest when he found inside it the half-hoop diamond ring which he had promised to his fair accomplice. Inclosed with it was a note which ran:

"Miss Colegate presents her compliments to Mr. Engstroem, and begs to return the ring which, after the discovery she made on landing, she is unable to honourably accept. She requests that Mr. Engstroem will not give himself the trouble of calling this morning as pressing business requires her immediate return to England, and she sails by the *Northumberland Castle* at ten o'clock."

What Mr. Engstroem said could not be reproduced here, nor am I able to give any reliable version of the explanatory scene which took place when he once more reached the shelter of the hospitable roof of the "Golden Star."

Wooden flowers from the Retamo tree.

NATURE'S PRACTICAL JOKES.

By R. Bertram.

Dame Nature, with all her vaunted staidness, has her playful moods, and she will occasionally break out into eccentricities which cannot fail to excite our interest and wonder.

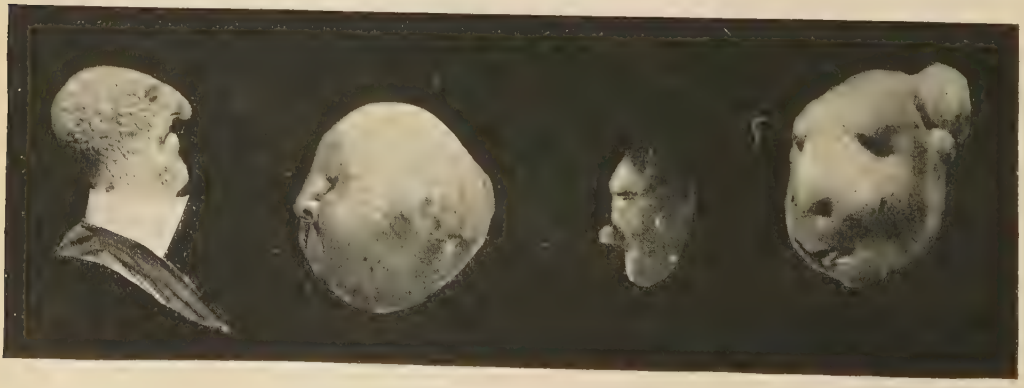
As an instance of this we have only to glance at the Retamo trees, which grow in the province of Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic. These trees surpass all others in quaintness, for, during the early spring, a species of bud forms under the bark, which, in the summer months, bursts through and opens its petals in the form of beautiful wooden flowers, of a group of which we have been lucky enough to obtain a photograph.

This is only a case in which Nature is at play with herself; but such a form of amusement soon palls when a new conceit, quainter and more grotesque than the last, is thought out.

It is during this stage of the proceedings that we come across the *human* caricatures.

At first the results are a little crude, but later on, when experience had been gained and enthusiasm waxed warm, we find some really passable representations, both of men and of women—the gentler sex being in the minority.

Of the crude results we must take the four potatoes which have been produced on this page. To one—a lean scaly portrait at best—has been added a collar, which undoubtedly heightens the effect of a somewhat sneering, pompous old man. To the next nothing has been added, yet, neverthe-



The potato as a human caricaturist.

— as Sloper, a hand.

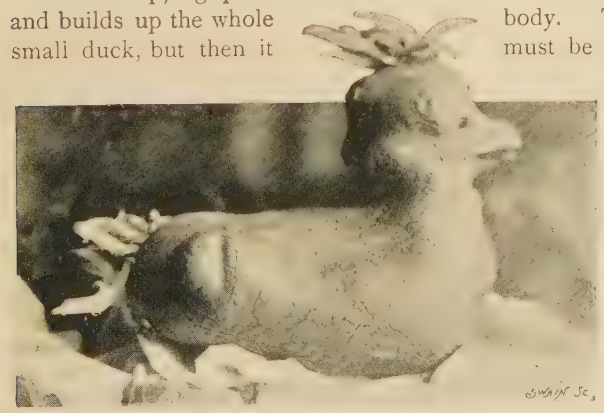
less, it does not take a very discerning eye to discover the jovial hail-fellow-well-met. Amongst the better results may be classed, not only a bucolic individual who resembles a city magnate, but also the prim old lady—both of which are potatoes freshly dug from the ground and photographed direct.

We mortals are apparently not the only ones that enjoy the characteristic myth of Ally Sloper, and I now take the opportunity of reproducing two really excellent likenesses of that good man in his vegetable form. In one case, it will be noticed that a drawing of the original Sloper has been placed behind the vegetable, in order that the wonderful resemblance may be proved by comparison.

How it is that potatoes take such a lot to themselves one hardly knows, but by way of showing that that vegetable is not "the only pebble on the beach," as the Americans would say, we have brought forward the efforts of a very small apple to look like a pouting baby. It may be very presumptuous on the part of the apple, but still we give its presentment for what it is worth, and hasten to return to our old friend the potato.

This time it has struck out on a new line, and gone in for specialising. What could be more life-like than the human hand, of which a back view is given?

From copying parts of an animal the potato gains confidence and builds up the whole body. True, its first attempt is only a small duck, but then it must be remembered that the potato is only a small vegetable, and so it leaves more serious attempts to larger vegetables.



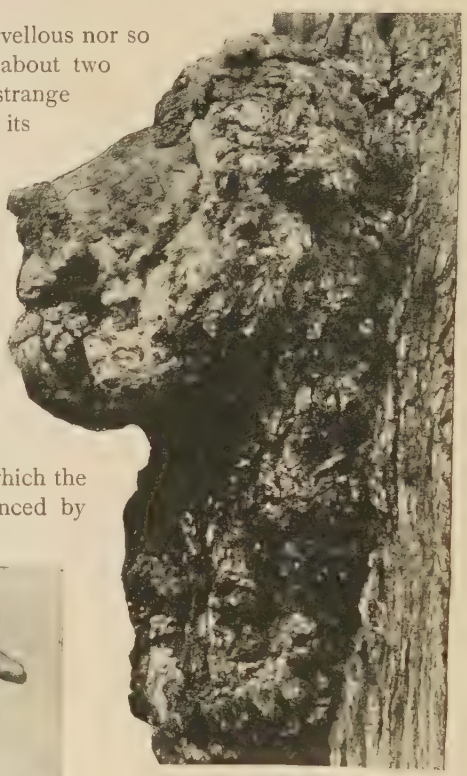
— and as a duck.

It is only reasonable, therefore, that the largest of all vegetables, the tree, should take upon itself this one onerous duty; and I think we may say that the portrait of the lion on the next page is about as good as it can ever be. This representation was formed by an excrescence of the wood in the side of an elm tree which grows at

Beeleigh, near Malvern, and the tree on which it grows is known for miles around as the "Lion Tree."

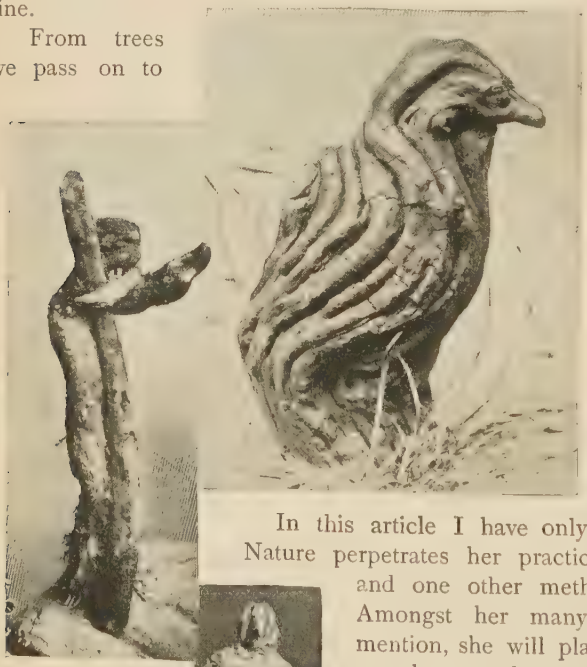
But even this wonderful freak is neither so marvellous nor so lifelike as a stump of gorse, which was found about two miles north of Scarborough. This bears a strange resemblance to an eagle keeping guard over its nest, and, although from the production it would seem as though it stood several feet high, its exact height is only ten and a half inches.

Next we have something which, though the photographic reproduction is not particularly striking, was really even more life-like and wonderful than the eagle. It is a small, gnarled branch of blackthorn entwined with ivy, which in form presents the exact outline of a miniature gorilla clinging to a pole. The features of the face are absolutely ludicrous in their life-like appearance, while the intensity of the grip with which the animal is clinging to the pole is greatly enhanced by its rough outline.

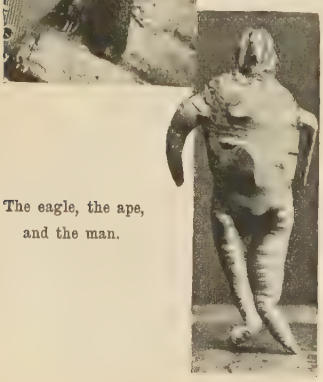


The lion tree.

From trees we pass on to the more simple carrot, which, curiously enough, always caricatures human form; the carrot and the mandrake, in short, form to perfection the legs, trunk, and arms of the human body, whereas the potato only moulds itself into the form of faces, hands, and feet.



In this article I have only referred to a few ways in which Nature perpetrates her practical jokes, yet there are a hundred and one other methods by which she seeks relaxation. Amongst her many accomplishments which I might mention, she will place an apple round a ring or a ring round an apple; and will bury knives and keys in the trunks of trees, or thimbles in the hearts of flowers. But I have not the space to describe these curiosities at greater length.



The eagle, the ape, and the man.

Branches growing round a key.

By Marcus Tindal.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger is woman!
Byron.

Certain names stand out conspicuously above all others on the roll call of women who have fought as warriors. Deborah, for instance, who led the forces of Israel to victory; Zenobia, the Arab Princess; Boadicea, the brave Queen of Britain; and the immortal name of Jeanne d'Arc will remain until the end of history. The mists of romance and antiquity enshroud their life-stories, but still they are foremost among the bravest and the strangest women whom the world has known.

There are, however, other strange women, none the less brave, who have performed deeds of valour, humbly and unostentatiously, which have put to shame their men foes. Their life-stories, as will be shown, are among the most romantic that history has to tell.

Although it is a lowly tale, enshrouded with no brilliant halo, nothing could be more fascinating than the history of Christiana Davis, otherwise known as "Old Mother Ross," who was born in Dublin in 1667. Her story is one of extreme interest; of almost incredible adventure. It may be told in a nutshell as follows:—Her first real experiences began on her husband being carried off by a press-gang to Holland. She determined, as many of her brave sisters-in-arms have done, to find him. Accordingly, she left her children in safe hands, cut off her hair, put on a suit of her husband's clothes, and enrolled herself under an Ensign who was beating up recruits at the "Golden Last."

Soon afterwards she was present at the Battle of Landen, where not only did she hear, to use her own words, "the cannon play and the small shot rattle about me, which at first threw me into a sort of panick," but where she received a wound in her ankle which laid her up for two months. This was a bad beginning, and was followed by other disasters.

She fell into the hands of the French, but shortly afterwards was exchanged, only to meet misfortune again by winning the affections of a burgher's fair daughter, and having to fight, in consequence, a duel with a sergeant of her regiment. She wounded the man so severely that his life was despaired of, and Christiana was imprisoned.

When her term as a foot soldier had expired, the intrepid woman, having failed to find her husband, entered the cavalry in Lord John Hay's dragoons, serving with honour at the siege of Namur in 1695. After the peace of Ryswick, Christiana returned to her native Ireland, and, unrecognised by any of her former friends, secretly paid a visit to her children.

She rejoined her old regiment, and was afterwards present at more engagements than can conveniently be recorded here. Her valour and her intense devotion to her cause were at length rewarded by an unexpected meeting with her long lost husband.

Christiana's sex, however, was not discovered until she had been through Marlborough's

She was wounded by a splinter from a spent shell.

great war. After the battle of Ramilies, through the thick of which she passed unscathed, she was wounded by a splinter from a spent shell, and suffered for three months from a fractured skull.

The news that she was a woman spread everywhere throughout the country. Honours of all kinds were showered upon her. Her husband was brought to her, and freed from the service with a handsome gift. The captain of the regiment invited all the officers to a new wedding, after which everyone, beginning with the colonel, kissed the lips of the blushing bride.

Christiana's adventures, however, were not yet over. She continued to perform feats of daring on the battle-field, often doing considerable execution with her own hands. Her first husband was killed at the battle of Malplaquet, but a few months later she married again, and was presented with fifty pounds by Queen Anne and a life pension from the Treasury. She was present at the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, marching with the other soldiers, "with a heavy heart and streaming eyes." She died in 1739, and was buried in Chelsea Hospital. Over her grave three volleys were fired in honour by her comrades.

Hardly less fascinating is the story of Mary Anne Talbot, otherwise known as John Taylor. Hers is a sad but romantic history. According to her own account she was the daughter of Earl Talbot, and was born in the year 1778. She was brought up in entire ignorance of the world, and as a young girl became violently attached to a certain scoundrel named Captain Bowen, who compelled her, when his regiment was ordered to the West Indies, to accompany him as a footboy.

From this point in her strange, eventful history troubles and adventures followed one another in quick succession. Soon after sailing, her Captain's destination was changed to Flanders, and John Taylor, as she called herself, was confronted with the choice of two evils—she must either become a drummer boy or be sold as a slave. "This new position," she said, when she had chosen the drummer boy part, "was only mitigated by the fact that I was less immediately compelled by it to endure the sight of a man now rendered to me detestable."

Her Captain was slain, and John Taylor became a cabin boy on board a French lugger, afterwards falling into the hands of Lord Howe, and only escaping hanging by her woman's wit. Miraculous adventures and hair-breadth escapes came in quick succession, not the least of which was that which befel our heroine when in the employment of a certain Captain Field, whose niece became passionately enamoured of the supposed soldier, John Taylor, insisted on being

married, and "went into convulsions" when her unwilling lover set out to sea once more.

John Taylor, when her ship was lying in the Thames, went to Wapping "on a spree," and here was captured by a press-gang after an unsuccessful struggle, in which her head was cut open. On board her new ship she made enemies with an American, who looked upon her as his rival in Miss Field's affections. The poor girl was ultimately compelled to avow her sex, and to demand release from her most uncomfortable position.

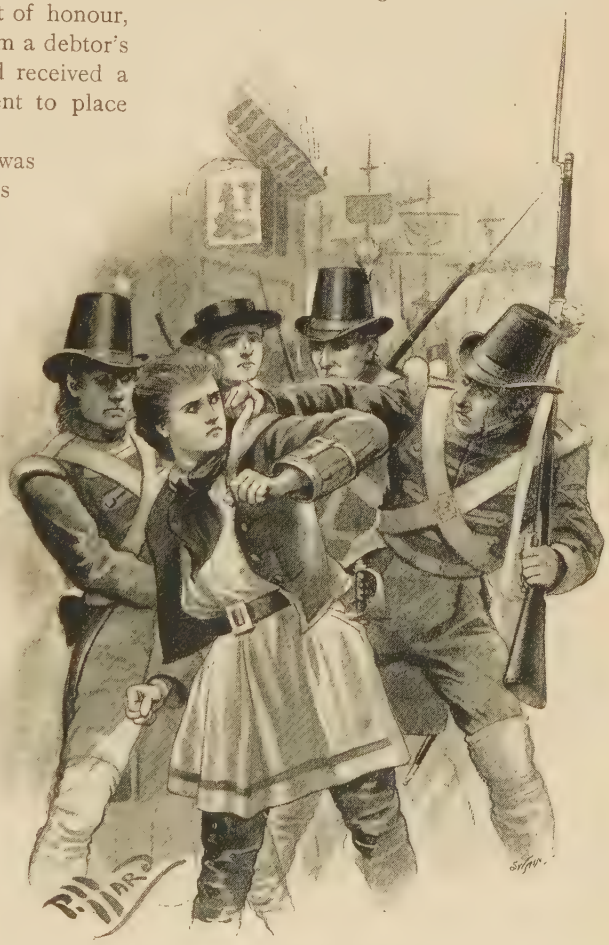
A more descriptive account of the adventures of Mary Anne Talbot is, alas! here impossible, or, indeed, of those which befel her when she again adopted her woman's petticoats. Suffice it to say that she suffered all the vagaries of disease and the best of health, poverty and comparative wealth, degradation and a certain amount of honour, before she was finally released from a debtor's prison by a friendly society, and received a royal bounty, which was sufficient to place her out of destitution.

Another lowly woman warrior was Hannah Snell, born on St. George's day, 1723. Her adventures as a man, like those of so many of her sisters, began with the desertion of her husband, a seaman, for whom she set out in search.

Her first act was to enlist in one of Guise's regiments at Coventry, and her first campaign a twenty-two days' march to Carlisle. Here, unfortunately, she fell into trouble, and was sentenced to receive a punishment of six hundred lashes. Although no fewer than four hundred lashes were brutally given to her, her sex still remained her own secret.

She deserted, and soon afterwards found herself at Portsmouth without money and without friends. She became a marine, under the name of James Grey, on Boscawen's fleet, bound for the West Indies. She saw and took part in many skirmishes, and became famous for her deeds of valour. At the siege of Pondicherry for instance, she was the first of the troopers to ford a river running breast high in face of the French batteries. She took her share in every kind of hard work. On one occasion, after being employed in trench-making, she fought in the shelter thus afforded her for seven successive nights, waist-deep in water.

She was wounded by no fewer than twelve shots, but, having secured the services of a black woman, attended to her wounds herself, to avoid the discovery of her sex. Her smooth face earned her the name of Miss Molly Grey, and her good spirits, Hearty Jemimy. It was not until some years of a life as adventurous as any man could desire that this strange woman learnt that the



John Taylor was captured by a press-gang.

husband for whom she was seeking had been executed for murder.

With the adoption of petticoats she became famous. She took part in several naval and military dramas at the Royalty Theatre, until the Duke of Cumberland obtained for her a pension of £20. She then became the proprietress of a public-house at Wapping, attracting customers by a sign-board representing a sailor and a marine, with the inscription, "The Widow in Masquerade, or the Female Warrior."

She married happily, a fashionable lady becoming godmother to the son who was born and paying for his education. Hannah Snell's mind, however, gave way under the stress that had formerly been put upon it, and she soon afterwards died, aged sixty-nine years, in 1792.

One of the bravest and most remarkable of female warriors is Ann Mills, a picture of whom portrays her holding in her hand the head of a Frenchman whom she had decapitated, and proves that, although a woman, the strength of her arm was not lightly to be despised. She made herself famous in the year 1740 by the great personal prowess she displayed when serving as a common sailor on board a Maidstone frigate.

The romantic history of a remarkable female warrior named Phœbe Hessel is concisely told by an inscription erected over her grave, which is to be seen in a Brighton churchyard. It runs as follows:—"In memory of Phœbe Hessel, who was born at Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier, in the 5th Regiment, in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland in the Battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the time of Queen Anne, extended to the reign of George IV. by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her latter years. She died at Brighton, December 12th, 1821, aged one hundred and eight years."

The name of Doña Rafaela Mora deserves to be famous in connection with the life of Lord Nelson. She it was—if the account of Signor D. Liberato Abarca, a general in the service of the Nicaraguan Republic, be true — who caused our hero of the seas to lose the sight of his left eye.

She was the first to ford a river in face of the French batteries.

Nelson in the year 1780, was cruising about the coast of Central America, inflicting all possible injuries on the Spanish Colonies. He resolved to take the Castle of San Carlos de Nicaragua, and sailed up the river of San Juan with such good effect that the garrison hastily evacuated the fort.

Doña Mora

alone remained in the castle. With wonderful courage she seized a burning match and deliberately fired all the loaded cannons which pointed towards the river. One of the balls struck Nelson's boat, and a splinter, flying into his eye, knocked him insensible. The siege was broken up, and the fort was saved. The brave heroine received, by Royal decree, a full suit of regimentals, a pension for life, and the brevet of a captain on active service.

According to Clayton, an eminent authority on everything to do with Amazons, the most remarkable woman whose name has appeared on the roll call of women warriors is Mary Schelienck, famous for having received the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the hands of the great Napoleon. She had served with conspicuous bravery from the year 1792, when she had entered the second Belgian Battalion as a male volunteer. At the Battle of Austerlitz especially she showed the utmost valour.

Mary Schelienck received the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the hands of the great Napoleon.

In the year 1807, Napoleon granted her a pension of nearly seven hundred francs, and when, on her return from Italy in military uniform, she obtained an audience with the Empress Josephine, she was presented with a magnificent velvet robe. She died in 1841, her funeral being attended by every member of the Legion of Honour belonging to the garrison.

Probably no woman warrior was ever of so fierce and warlike a disposition as Renée Bordereau, more commonly known as the "Military heroine of La Vendée," who was born in the year 1780 near the town of Angers. And she had good reason for the fierce hatred of her enemies that filled her soul, for no fewer than forty-two members of her family had been killed during the revolution, her father being slain before her eyes. It is said that she fought in no fewer than two hundred battles, that she slew four "blues," as the Republicans were termed, at one battle; and that on another occasion, at Pont de Cé, acting as a dragoon, she vanquished with her own hand twenty-one of her enemies, subsequently assisting in liberating several hundreds of priests who were under the sentence of death.

It is related that Napoleon, when he had subdued La Vendée, was so afraid of this brave woman that he excepted her from the general amnesty, and set a very heavy price upon her head. When she fell into his hands he loaded her with iron chains and threw her into the most loathsome dungeon, so that she should have no chance of escape. She remained a prisoner for five years, enduring almost incredible hardships, but was set free at the end of that time, and in 1816 was presented to Louis XVIII.

While studying the history of the Amazons

She led the storming of the Bastille in 1789.

one finds that at various times women have been encouraged to offer their services as warriors, and that at other times they have taken it upon themselves to fight as soldiers for their own rights. Thus, one reads in the history of the Saracens that at the battle of Mount Oudh between the Meccans and the Moslems, the women warriors took no small part in the contest. The frenzied women of Mecca especially urged their brethren forward with song and timbrel.

"Daughters of the brave are we:
On carpets step we softly:
Boldly advance, we smile on you;
Turn your backs, we shun you,
Shun you with contempt."

In the history of the Moors in Spain, again, one finds that the women frequently took their parts in the battles. It is related, for instance, that on one occasion when a Spanish town was being fiercely besieged by the Moors, and when all the male warriors had been incapacitated, the women were persuaded to tie their long hair under their chins to resemble beards, to arm themselves with the weapons of their brothers and husbands, and, made fearful by these arts, to take up their positions on the battlements of the town. The Moors, seeing this new army facing them, were filled with fear, and the town was saved for that time at the least.

It is recorded, too, that in the Battle of Naworth Castle, 1570, between Lords Hunsdon and Dacres, "there were amongst the rebels many desperate women that gave the adventure of their lives, and fought right stoutly." One such brave woman, Mary Ambrée, especially became famous for her deeds, and her name has been perpetuated in many an English ballad. The poet Butler, who calls his heroine "English Moll," thus describes the way she distinguished herself in the attempt that was made to recover Ghent from the Prince of Parma in 1584:

"When captains courageous, whom Death did not daunt,
Did march to the siege to the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambrée."

Armed with a sword and target, she placed herself at the head of a thousand and three men, and fought for seven hours against three thousand Spaniards. When finally obliged to draw off her troops, she retired into a castle, whence she issued a proclamation to the effect that she would fight any three Spaniards that came against her. When summoned to surrender she scorned the offer with contempt, informing the Spanish commander:

"No knight, sir, of England, or captain you see,
But a poor, simple lass called Mary Ambrée."

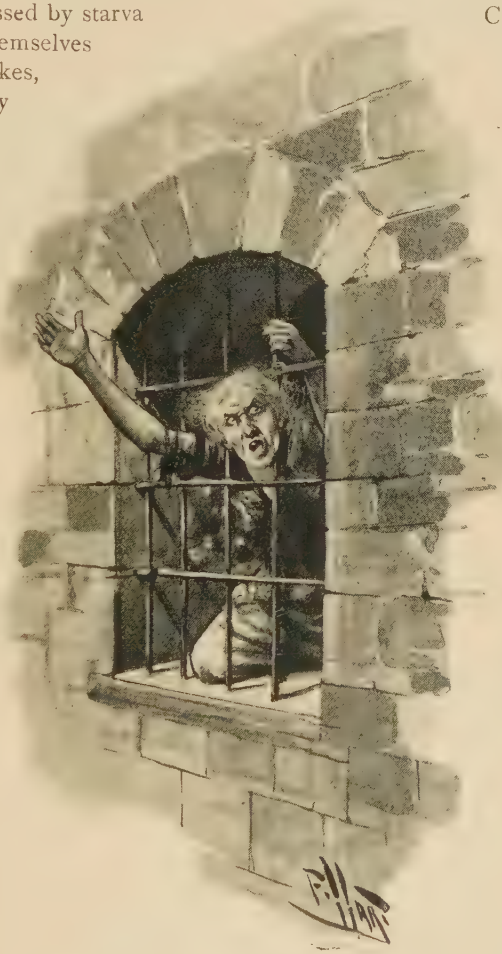
The ultimate fate of this brave woman warrior unfortunately is not recorded.

In the Reign of Terror bodies of women warriors banded themselves together under the title of "The Furies," making themselves feared through most of the large towns, but nowhere more so than in Paris itself. They fought for their own rights: that they might live when all the world seemed to deny them life. When pressed by starvation, they armed themselves with scythes and pikes, and, running frenziedly through the narrow, ill-paved streets, demanded food from the Republic.

Two women especially made themselves famous in these hideous days: Rose Lacombe, the actress; and Théroigne de Méricourt, "The Amazon of Liége," "The Jeanne d'Arc of the Revolution," and—a title earned by her surpassing beauty—"La Belle Liégoise." These fiery women plunged headlong into the vortex of the revolution.

La Belle Liégoise, clad in a red silk riding habit, and wearing a hat plumed with magnificent feathers, was always to the front. She was first among the frantic mob who burst open the gates of the Invalides. She led the storming of the Bastille in 1789; and later, accompanied by Rose Lacombe, led the thousands of starving Parisian women against Versailles.

A fearful doom was reserved for the beautiful and unfortunate Théroigne de Méricourt. The very furies whom she had commanded turned against their Amazon leader with all the rage they had formerly displayed against Marie Antoinette. They surrounded her on the terrace of the Tuilleries in 1793, and, after subjecting her to public disgraces, left her abandoned and despised, a raving lunatic. "The years crept on. The Directory superseded the Convention, the Consulate the Directory, the Empire the Consulate, and the Restoration the Empire; and still, in a cold, grated cell of the Bicêtre in Paris, a gibbering, white haired, wrinkled hag crawled on all fours to and from the bars of the window, whence she shrieked forth warlike orations to phantom meetings of the Republicans."



"A gibbering, white-haired, wrinkled hag shrieked forth warlike orations."

Rose Lacombe ended her days more happily, in the position of a small shopkeeper, although her power had long since departed.

The *vivandières* of the French army deserve to be included with the class of Amazons. Their type has been made familiar by Ouida's little heroine, Cigarette; their costumes by the uniform of Trilby. It is true that these *vivandières* were not actual soldiers—merely daughters of the regiment; but they have frequently taken their parts in their regiment's battles, and have frequently performed feats of valour.

Another famous example of an army of Amazons is to be seen in the war that occurred in China in 1850, generally known as

the Tae-Ping Rebellion. On this occasion half a million female warriors were formed into brigades of thirteen thousand each, commanded by female officers. Ten thousand of this number were picked soldiers, while the remainder of the brigade were employed in such duties as digging trenches and keeping the camps.

The leader of this extraordinary rebellion styled himself the Heavenly Prince. He occupied the city of Nankin until 1864, when the government succeeded in suppressing him and his female army.

So much for the bravé women, the humble Boadiceas, Joans of Arc, and Maids of Saragosa, who have taken up arms to fight as men in the revenge of wrongs, or for the love of honour in the days that are past. Old history: women's tales, perhaps: yet that they are not impossible is proved by the events of to-day. For the moderns, as the ancients, have their women warriors; and our up-to-date Amazons are none the less fierce and warlike than their forgotten sisters-in-arms.

It will be remembered that during the recent Graeco-Turkish war no little sensation was created by the reports that came to this country about a remarkable woman who was not only inciting the natives to revolt, but who actually took part in many of their skirmishes.

The rebellion which took place in Brazil also had its modern Joan of Arc—"A beautiful woman, mad with religious enthusiasm, who, crucifix and dagger in hand, urges her followers to battle. It is a most amazing story of a woman's fanaticism and ferocious courage that the world has heard for many long years."

The Brazilian heroine, Maria Boarbosa, awoke, it is said, in a church one day with a dream in her mind, and offered to lead her townspeople on a warlike pilgrimage to the village of Bom Jardin, occupied by the Government troops. She gathered a band of fanatic rebels round her, which, after Bom Jardin had been captured, swelled in numbers as Maria led them forward to a town some hundred miles distant, called San Joao de Principe.

The rabble, now amounting to fully two thousand in number, easily captured the town, killing some hundreds of the Republicans in battle, and showing no mercy to those who were captured. The reports that have been received in this country leave Maria Boarbosa encamped in a village on the large tract of land she has taken for her own, while the Government, fearing lest her fanaticism shall spread, are doing everything possible to break the power of this warlike Amazon.

The real leader of the recent rebellion against Spain in the Philippine Isles, was a young widow, twenty years of age, named Josephine Rizal. When the bride of an hour, her husband was brutally executed by the Spanish under her eyes: an act of cruelty which, it will be remembered, was one of the causes that led to the assassination of Signor Canavos.

The distracted wife swore eternal vengeance on the powers who had authorised her husband's murder, and proceeded to the headquarters of the recognised commander-in-chief of the rebel forces, Captain Emilio Aginaldo, and entered the ranks as a soldier. Mrs. Rizal fought with reckless courage and continuous bravery: in all the Philippine Army there was not a surer shot with the revolver, or a braver rider, as she engaged with Spaniard after Spaniard, crying to her followers: "Remember Dr. Rizal!"

She rode through twenty-three of the rebel camps, fighting at every opportunity. Eventually she fell into the hands of General Rivero, who, however, surprised at her intrepid bravery, released her. Three days later, when she was informed that the Spanish officers would again attempt to capture her, she armed herself with a phial of strychnine, declaring that she would never die by their hands. When next the Spaniards came in force to seek her, she was on her way to her native town of Hong Kong.

And then, to bring to an end the roll call of women warriors, there are the Dahomey Amazons, thousands upon thousands of fierce, dauntless soldiers, splendid creatures all, who go to prove more clearly, perhaps, than any others the truth of Lord Byron's words, that man is strange, but woman, sure, is stranger.

The Finger of God

By William Beatty.

The dusk of an April night was beginning to deepen into the darkening as three men came into view over the sand-hills of the Bay of Drum. It had been a bleak, wet, blustering day—one of those grey days common to the eastern coast of Scotland —. but towards evening a dreary cheerfulness had broken through the thin and hurrying rack of cloud.

"A dirty night, Captain Marks; a dull ending to a dull day," observed the Laird of Drum, a handsome, but somewhat discontented looking man.

"Ay, ay," returned the Captain, "it has been a dull day, sir; but I canna mind that I've ever been at a funeral on a cheery. It's aye a dirty day for a burying."

"Zounds, I believe you are right," shrugged the Laird; "but Dewar had always bad luck."

"That's true," sighed the third, "but, as Holy Writ hath it: 'Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards.'"

"Ay, just as every craft is built to founder," interposed the Captain; "only some do all the sailing, while the others do the sinking."

"Yes, it would seem so," returned the Laird, repressing a yawn. "I rather fancy, though," he added, "that our friend must have seen some life before he settled at Drum."

"Well, whether he did or not, he was a good neighbour," said the Doctor, coming to a stand. "And his character and abilities were as much beyond dispute as the Laird's here, and he is accounted a good man in these parts."

"So I have heard," said Marks.

"Never heed him, Captain," said the Laird, with a scarcely veiled air of self-satisfaction, "Leslie's partial——"

"It's the truth, all the same," affirmed the Doctor. "Though what you've done," he added sardonically, "to merit the character, beats me; you simply don't know what life is, man. But the long and the short of it is, Laird, there's many a ship held seaworthy that has never known foul weather——"

"Oh, come, Leslie," protested the Laird; "I'm not perfect, I know; but if you mean to imply that I should give way to the first temptation, then——"

"Tut, tut, man, it was but a general observation. I had no——"

"There, there, say no more," said the Laird, holding out his hand. "I won't detain you longer; it's getting late, and will soon

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"This is no the gauger; it's the Laird o' Drum."

be dark. Good-night, and thanks for your convoy."

"Good night, sir, good night," responded the Captain.

"Good night, Laird," said the Doctor. "Remember me to your wife and bairns and take care of your feet on the dulse at the cove; the tide was a thought high."

"I'll mind," acknowledged the Laird, as he turned away.

But as he picked his steps carelessly enough amongst the rocks and sea wrack that made his journey a tedious and precarious one, he was more engaged in thinking, with a certain dissatisfaction, that he had missed the flavour of life, than in watching his footing.

He had, in truth, just surmounted the last ledge of rock shutting in the cove, when his feet shot out from under him, and he was launched amongst a huddle of men engaged in something at the water's side. There was a smothered cry of "the gauger," a scuffle, a heavy thud, and the unfortunate man lay a senseless heap upon the sand.

"By Heaven, he's done for," said one.

"He's weel served, then; curse him," muttered another. But as he stooped over the figure of the intruder, and peered into his face, he started.

"Deil tak me, lads!" he exclaimed. "This is no the gauger; it's the Laird o' Drum."

"Drum?" growled a deep bass. "Faith, I hope it is. I owe him mair than I can pay."

"Ay, ay, Dick, we ken that; but it's a hanging matter, this," returned the other gravely. "Is it no, Jan?"

"By Gott, it ees dot," answered Jan.

Then, for a space, the group stood silent, peering at the body and each other by turns, evidently at a loss what to do. At length, the man called Dick broke the spell.

"We canna leave him here," he grumbled. "If we do, we need never hope for another run in thir parts—the gauger will jump to us at once."

"Ay, ay," chimed in an oldish, hard-featured fellow, a fisherman by his rig; "ay, ay, but what's to hinder ye taking him aboord, lad? Jan, here," he suggested, "could drop him ower the side in a fathom or twa. Ye micht leave his bonnet and staff where they are; they'll show how he cam by his end."

"Man, Dauvit, you pawkie deevil, ye've hit it. In wi' him, and shove off, lads," said Dick.

* * * * *

When the Laird of Drum came to himself, which he did some little while after Jan had succeeded in landing his cargo, the darkness had fallen, and the lugger, to which he had been transported, was standing out to sea, the stars were burning, and a cold wind was

blowing the salt spray in his face. For a space he lay, and mused, much as he was wont to do of a morning on coming out of sleep. But gradually, the cool night air reviving him, he became conscious of a sickening, sinking motion, and of a dull, stinging pain in his head.

Filled of a sudden with the agitation and foreboding that often alarms the sleeper, the Laird raised himself upon his elbows and stared around.

"My God!" he groaned in alarm, as he viewed his surroundings, "what has come to me?"

Then, in a flash, he remembered; and as he still shivered with apprehension, a hoarse voice, at no great distance, supplied him with an answer.

"I tink, mate, dot we drrop dot sdranger man over de side now."

"If you're sure the tide winna carry him in shore, Jan, I dinna mind," returned the person addressed, "a corp isna the best o' company."

"It brings ill luck," grumbled Jan.

"Weel, we'll e'en heave it and its ill luck ower the side thegither," replied the other.

"By Gott, yes," said Jan, rolling back to the hatchway, evidently intending to go below in search of something heavy, while his companion advanced with a coil of rope to lash the supposed dead man's feet together.

"Ahoy, Jan!" he cried, "deil tak me, if the corp isna leevin'."

"Ye're leevin', arena ye?" questioned the smuggler.

The Laird nodded weakly.

"It's leevin'," shrugged the fellow.

"Dot's bad," said Jan.

"It might have been worse, Pitullo," remarked the Laird, addressing the man with the rope, whom, with a feeling of uneasiness, he now recognised as a seaman and a native of Drum, a bad character, and one whom, two years before, in his capacity as magistrate, he had sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

"Maybe," answered Pitullo indifferently.

"I might, without your knowing it, have seen you and passed word to the Preventive men," explained the Laird.

"Dot's true," assented Jan.

"Ay, ay, ye micht," nodded Pitullo.

"Well," pursued the Laird, "as I did not get the chance, and there is no one a bit the worse, save myself, I suppose you won't object to put me ashore?" and he drew himself stiffly together, as if he would rise.

But a something — a certain undefined hostility, perhaps, or the lowering silence with which they received his request—disquieted the Laird of Drum, and caused the blood to sing through his ears.

"Dot would never do," said Jan at last.

"No," said Pitullo, in a tone of conviction, "it wouldna."

"Not do!" faintly ejaculated the Laird, "and why not?"

"Weel, ye see, Laird," volunteered Pitullo, with a sort of grim satisfaction, "it's this way. No having been sae friendly to us as ye micht, it would hardly serve to set ye ashore now—ye ken ower muckle."

"But if I gave you my word to forget both you and your trade?" questioned the Laird.

The Dutchman shook his head sceptically, and Pitullo laughed.

"We had better leave it to the lads," suggested the latter.

"Ja, de lads will seddle it," nodded Jan.

"Ay, ay, the lads will seddle it," mockingly echoed the smuggler, as, without a word of preface, he proceeded, regardless of expostulation, to tie the captive hand and foot.

"Safe bind, safe find," he grinned, as he turned on his heel and followed Jan.

For half-an-hour after that, the unfortunate man was left to himself and the noises of the night. At intervals, between the swelling of the sheets, and the creaking of the cordage, he could hear the clatter of the glasses, and the argle-bargling of angry men, at which last, the contention growing stronger with the drink, a terrible fear oppressed him. He realised that he was in the hands of reckless, lawless men who bore him little love, and he trembled, for he felt that their decision regarding his disposal would be guided by considerations of self-interest rather than by the dictates of humanity.

And his conviction on that head was only too fully borne out, when presently the whole crew of smugglers came stumbling upon deck.

"Well," asked the Laird, his voice shaking,

as even a brave man's will at times, "have you settled the matter?"

"We have, Laird," nodded Dick Pitullo, who had evidently been deputed by the rest to acquaint him with their decision. "We've settled it. Ye maun either join us, or—gang quietly ower the side."

The callous abruptness with which the fellow gave forth his speech chilled the listener's blood, so that for a moment or two he was unable to speak.

"Impossible," he gasped.

"It's the truth, though," insisted Pitullo. "It's either a bit shot to your heels, or—the ither thing. Is't no, lads?"

"Ay, ay," chorused the smugglers.

"But my wife, man?" groaned the Laird.

"Mak your mind easy on that score, Laird," answered Pitullo with a coarse laugh. "Whether ye droon or turn Free Trader, she'll be a widow a' the same. Isna that so, Jan?"

"Dot's so," returned the Dutchman.

"So ye'd better mak the best o' a bad job," counselled Pitullo. "Are ye for a drink o' the German Ocean or a stoup o' Hollands?"

Face to face with such a terrible and pressing alternative, the Laird of Drum was not the kind of man to hesitate in his choice.

"Well," said he bitterly, "as I am powerless to help myself, I submit. I don't see, though, what good I can be to you."

"Oh, mair than ye think, Laird. For ae thing ye'll hae an opportunity gien ye for reflection, and time to resolve on a better way o' leevin," answered Pitullo—parodying the very speech delivered him by the Laird at his trial—chuckling savagely the while, as if he promised himself much gratification in paying off, in a fashion of his own, the grudge he bore the man.

Whereupon, having unbound the Laird and led him below, he left him there to attend to the wound on his head or drown his cares in drink as he thought fit.

"I tink it would have been better to drrop him over de side," grumbled Jan, as the smuggler came on deck.

"Ay, ay, but then ye are not of my way of thinking, Jan," answered Pitullo viciously. "I owe the man a grudge, and will pay it in my ain way. If ye are feared he'll win aff and blow on us, ye can mak your mind easy on that score. He'll never win back to Drum; or if he does, he'll gang back as hardened and devil-may-care a blackguard as the worst of us."

* * * * *

It was somewhere between the islands of Guernsey and Jersey and France, that a small packet bound to the port of Falmouth, had the misfortune one dark night to meet with an experience only too common in earlier days—common enough on the high seas, that is, but of rare occurrence so near such a busy highway as the British Channel. The packet was sailing along easily before a steady and a favouring breeze, when, suddenly, out of the blackness loomed the dark hull and ghostly sails of a strange craft.

"Ahoy, there," hailed the unknown, "what vessel is that?"

"The *Dispatch*, of Falmouth," roared back the Captain, "and curse you for a set of landlubbers. Where are your lights?"

"Heave to, or I'll sink you," came back over the waters.

"That's rather peremptory, is it not?" questioned a young man who had been walking the deck with the skipper.

"My God!" gasped the Captain, a startled look of horrified recognition shooting out from under his brows as he peered ahead.

"What's the matter?" inquired his companion.

"It's Jack the Batchelor," groaned the Captain.

"But who the dickens is——"

But another and more imperative hail from the black craft caused him to pause.

"My God!" murmured the Captain, wiping the sweat from his brow. "So near home; it's fiendish—neither to be able to fight or run," and he kicked in his anger and despair a small brass cannon standing by. "She could outsail us easily, and there's never an ounce of powder aboard for a signal."

"Zounds!" exclaimed the young man, as he saw the stranger's ports go up, "she's showing her teeth; what's the meaning of that?"

"Ay, ay," answered the Captain, in reply to another hail. Then, having sung out his orders to bring his vessel up to the wind, he turned to the young fellow and said:

"It means, lad, that if you want to save your mother and sister you must do as I bid you, for in another ten minutes I doubt if there will be a man of us alive to tell our end. Listen. Get your mother and sister up at once. When we wear round place them in the forward boat; you can do that without being seen by those aboard that craft there. Once they are in, lower away and push off into the darkness."

"But you, Captain?" said the young man, in some agitation.

"Never heed for me, lad; mind the women," returned the Captain, "we'll do our best. If we come out all right, we'll pick you up."

Then, having wrung the young fellow's hand and hurried him below, he went forward to his crew and bade them prepare for the worst.

"Lads," said he, "we have fallen foul of that villain, Jack the Batchelor. I know his craft well, for I have seen it often at Naples. A more bloodthirsty hound than he does not sail the sea. We are few against many, and, short of our lives, he may have what he asks. But if he offers violence, remember you are Britons."

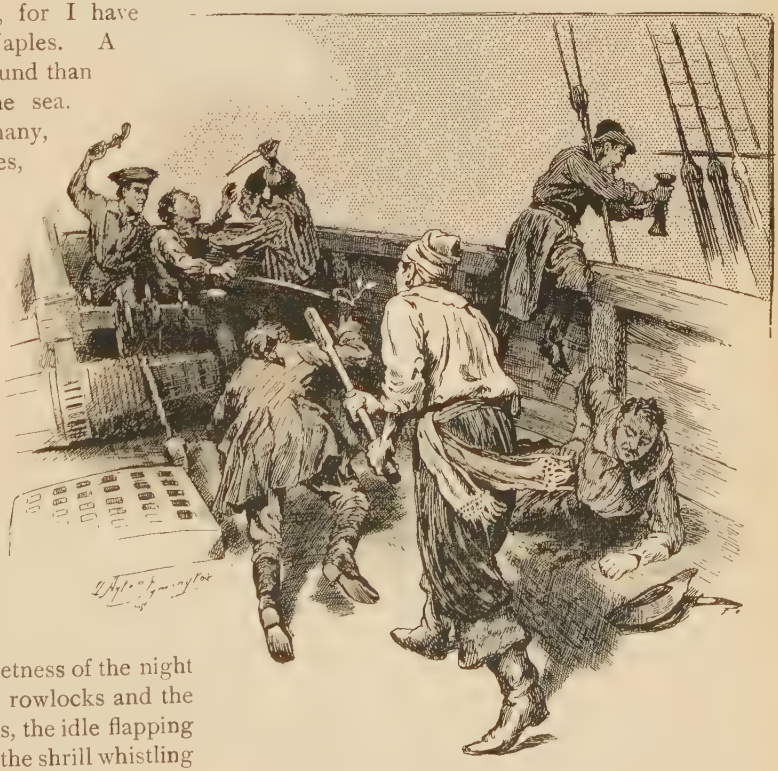
Whereupon, arming himself with a handspike, he awaited, together with his crew similarly appointed, the approach of the boarders.

For a space there was nothing to be heard in the quietness of the night but the grating of the rowlocks and the regular dip of the oars, the idle flapping of the ship's sails, and the shrill whistling of the air through the rigging.

At length, however, the noise of a boat scraping alongside warned the Captain of the *Dispatch* that the crisis was at hand. With a quick sign he bade the men at the forward boat davits to lower away. The boat was barely out of sight when the first of the rovers gained the deck.

From that moment, indeed, until the Captain had delivered up whatever moneys he had—and, unfortunately, he carried a good sum—little time was lost. Business in these waters was too precarious to allow of procrastination, and too dangerous to permit of mercy.

As soon as the spoil was stowed away in the boat, the butchery the Captain had anticipated began. There was never a word said, never a shot fired—it was a hand to hand struggle, the knife or the cutlass, or a pitch over the side, did the work. For a time the Captain fought on with the courage of despair; but, at length, feeling himself begin to weaken, he was on the point of jumping overboard, preferring rather to drown



A terrific blow from behind stretched the Captain senseless on the deck.

than have his throat cut, when he saw that which stayed his purpose, and gave him the strength of a madman.

Away forward the tackle of one of the davits on which had swung the boat in which he had hoped the women might escape, remained taut and quivering, as if it had fouled, and someone out of sight essayed to sever its strands with a knife. He saw that—and worse. He saw, with a chill of horror, the figure of one of the buccaneers gazing with a horrible glee at the frantic struggles of those below, waiting for the moment when they should think themselves free, that he might dash the heavy iron weight he held poised in his arms through the timbers of the boat. It was even as he beheld the sight that the strands parted, and the man, with a fiendish exultation, let drop his missile. Before, however, he could reach the murderer, a terrific blow from behind stretched the Captain senseless on the deck.

* * *

In the cool of the evening of what had been a sultry June day, Doctor Leslie, as he sat enjoying his pipe in front of his own door, a little without the village of Drum, had his attention drawn to the leisurely approach along the dusty high road of a strange horseman.

Travellers being few and far between in these parts, it was with some curiosity that the Doctor awaited a nearer view of the rider. As the distance between them lessened, however, his look of mild and meditative wonder assumed a keener and a more startled expression.

"He rides just as the Laird himself used to ride."

"Singular," he muttered, "very singular. He rides just as the Laird himself used to ride. I wonder what brings him to this gate," he mused. "He seems a stranger, and yet he carries himself as if he kenned the place. God bless my soul! I believe the man's coming here," he ejaculated, as the rider drew in to the side of the road, and finally brought up at the Doctor's gate.

For a space, the gentleman, for he was dressed in the latest fashion, failing to note the Doctor, who was hidden from view by a laurel bush, sat his beast, and scanned the house, desirous apparently of attracting the attention of whosoever was about.

"May I ask, sir, if I can be of any service?" said the owner, rising with a somewhat perturbed look on his face.

"Ha, Leslie, you are still to the fore, then. Why, confound it, I thought, when I looked in just now, that the place had changed hands. Tut, tut, man, what's taken you? Gad!" laughed the horseman, as he swung off his beast, and held out his hand to the Doctor, "if my wife and family welcome my return in the same fashion, I shall——"

"Merciful powers!" ejaculated the Doctor, as he gazed at the brick-red, evil face, marked on its whole length, from the left temple to the jaw bone, with a gruesome scar, "Merciful powers, alive!"

"Come, come, Doctor," remonstrated the stranger jocularly, "you surely couldn't expect me to turn up in any other way. Eleven years do make a difference, and—well, I daresay you all gave me up for dead, eh? Ah, I thought so," he added, as the

Doctor nodded, "it's just as well I should have come here first. But, faith, you don't seem too well pleased to see me. Is there another bird in the nest?" he demanded of a sudden, a lowering expression in his eyes.

"No, no," stammered the Doctor hastily, "no, no, Laird, no, you know that could never be. But, come your ways in, we must have a word or two in private. Such a home-coming as this requires careful management. I'm—I'm—it's unbelievable."

"Why, zounds, there you are right," said the Laird of Drum, "a man can't be out of his rights so long and hope to slip into 'em again without a word said. Besides, it would be as well that someone—yourself for choice—should take the news up."

"Yes, yes," answered the Doctor somewhat distractedly, pushing the Laird hurriedly into the house, as if afraid he might be seen, "Yes, yes, I'll see to your beast and the ordering of something for yourself. Step in, man, I'll be with you in a jiffy." Whereupon he thrust the Laird into the parlour, and went out muttering: "Good Lord, what a home-coming—and what a change!"

When he was come back, and his unexpected guest had satisfied the cravings of hunger and thirst, they lit their pipes, and fell into talk about the manner of the Laird's disappearance, and of all the wonderful things that had bechanced him since.

"Yes, Doctor," said the wanderer, as he leant back in his chair and sighed, but whether from an excess of emotion or drink it would be hard to say, "yes," he nodded, rounding off his story, "I've had a—a hard time of it ever since I was trepanned. For six years I worked as a slave on the plantations before I managed to escape, and, when I did, it was only to fall from the frying-pan into the fire. In fine, man, just when I thought myself home, our galley was brought to by a frigate, and I, with others, was pressed into the service of the King. Yes, I've had a bad time of it from first to last. But, after all," he sighed again, "it's perhaps just as well that I should have had it. As you once said—you remember our conversation that night, eh? As you said then, I didn't know anything about life. I do now, and, thank God, I think I am none the worse."

Here he paused a moment to look at his companion, as if he would gather his sentiments on that head, but if the Doctor had his doubts his countenance betrayed nothing, it was now unreadable.

"Ay, I make no question of that," he responded gravely,

"Well," continued the Laird, after a long silence, "I suppose it's no use troubling 'em to-night?"

"Why, no," returned the Doctor slowly, as if uncertain how to speak; "Why, no, nor to-morrow either, Laird. No," he went on, with a great solemnity, "nor an eternity of to-morrows."

"Good Heavens, Leslie! what do you mean?" exclaimed the Laird angrily. "I thought you said the wife—confound it, man, if she's married again, say so, and don't beat about the bush."

"Married again! Nay, Laird, it's not so bad as that, for this would be a bitter day to her if that had been; but yet it's bad enough the thing I have to tell. Bear up, man, bear up; better you should learn it now than later on. Your house is desolate—your wife and bairns are gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed the Laird of Drum, grasping the arms of the chair, his face beginning to purple with the smouldering fires of suspicious anger.

"Dead," explained the Doctor in a low voice.

The Laird sank back in his seat.

"How," clearing his throat, "how came they by their end?"

"They—they were drowned at sea a year ago, returning from France, where your daughter had been sent to finish her education."

With a trembling hand the Laird reached for the brandy and shook it into his glass.

"I never thought—expected—your news has shaken me a bit," he said, raising it unsteadily to his lips, and swallowing the whole of its contents at a gulp.

"She was an uncommon fine woman, though," he went on, as if the liquor had braced his nerves, "a fine woman, but," with a laugh, "sparing of the bottle. Ay, ay, she was—but you have someone staying with you surely?" he stopped to inquire, failing, as he turned about to listen to an approaching foot

in the passage, to note the shocked look in the Doctor's face.

"It's only Marks—Captain Marks—you'll recollect him. He has been staying at Drum ever since giving up the sea," said the Doctor rising, but whether for the purpose of calling in the Captain or preventing his entry, was not apparent.

"Oh, Marks, why, that's good; we'll make a night of it, eh?" exclaimed the Laird.

But the Doctor, too overwhelmed to reply, remained standing irresolutely where he was. The change in his old friend confounded him beyond words. His first impulse had been to spare the unfortunate man further pain, but the reckless air and callous speech with which he had dismissed the loss of his wife and children revolted the worthy physician and threw him into a pitiable disorder.

"Come in, man, come in," cried the Laird after the seaman, who was backing out with an apology. "Is that the way ye treat an old friend?"

At these words the Captain stopped short.

"An old friend, say ye," said he, looking curiously at the Doctor and then at the speaker, "an old—my God!" he exclaimed, as the Laird, swinging round in his seat, discovered his face, "who is that man?"

"The Laird of Drum," faintly answered the Doctor.

"The Laird of Drum!" repeated the Captain in a hollow voice.

"Ay, man, come back alive to enjoy my own. I was not drowned as you thought."

"The Laird of Drum," said the Captain once more, peering with an affrighted look at the stranger. "I could have sworn, Leslie—and yet, it canna be——"

"Sworn—sworn what?" asked the Doctor, startled.

"Ay, curse it, what?" demanded the Laird. "I hope, Marks, you are not going to deny that I'm the real Simon Pure?"

"Why, no, sir, no, I am not," answered Marks. "Now that I look at you I find a resemblance. Ye are changed, man, changed, but—ay, there's something of the Laird about ye still. Yet—it's marvellous, marvellous!" and he favoured the laird with a strange, uneasy scrutiny.

"Well, well, that's better, Captain," said the Laird, as he made room for the seaman at the table, and pushed the bottle towards him. "That's better; but you are changed yourself—you're as grey as a rat."

"That's little to be wondered at," said the Doctor. "Marks here, was—was with them when they were lost; he was the only one who escaped."

"Ay, ay, well, well," sighed the Laird; "it was a sad business—a great blow to me, a great blow. The Doctor, here, was just telling me the news when you came in."

"Yes, it was a bad business—a most terrible affair," said Marks slowly. "Did you tell him how it happened?" he asked, turning to the Doctor.

The Doctor shook his head.

"What's the good?" he replied, with a faint, but very significant shrug of the shoulders.

"Ay, what's the good?" echoed the Laird; "they're dead and gone, and that's an end of it."

"I don't know about that," returned Marks; "but if there's a God in Heaven, Jack the Batchelor will get his due."

"Jack the Batchelor!" gasped the Laird, his face grown livid and drawn.

"Ay," said Marks, "Jack the Batchelor, for it was he that boarded the *Dispatch* off Guernsey and butchered her crew, and it was one of his men—fiends rather—I could have sworn a moment ago you were the very man—who scuttled the boat in which your wife and daughter and the young laird were trying to win off. It was that scar misled——"

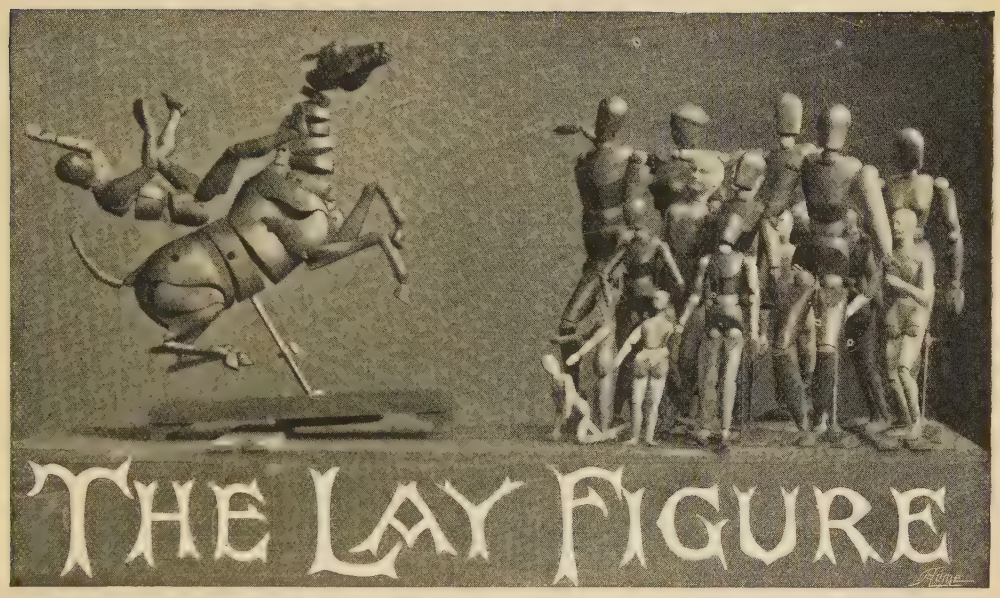
But here he stopped appalled, scarcely feeling the Doctor's grip upon his arm, so frightful was the look on the face of the man before him.

With a ghastly stare the Laird sat eyeing them for a space, his countenance working as with some terrible emotion. Then, of a sudden, jerking his chair from under him, he sprang upright, screaming out as he did so, in a voice full of an unspeakable horror and remorse: "Were they mine, were they mine?" gripped spasmodically at his throat, lurched forward, and fell heavily on the floor.

When they lifted him he was dead.

"Surely—surely this is a judgment," said the Doctor, trembling, as he shrank away from the body.

"It is the finger of God," answered the Captain solemnly.



THE LAY FIGURE

By Austin Fryers.

No artist worthy of the name paints except from the model, and there is no model possible except the actual being represented, be it man, woman, child, or animal.

All this goes without saying, but there are some physical contingencies which have to be considered. I remember once interviewing Mr. Tree while he posed in Mr. Hubert Herkomer's studio for the picture of Gringoire which now adorns the staircase of Her Majesty's Theatre; but it is given to few to possess the versatility of Mr. Tree, and the majority of people who can afford the luxury of having their portraits painted by first-class artists cannot spare the time necessary for the continuous and lengthy sittings which are essential to the completion of any work of genuine artistic merit.

But even if time were not so limited that it cannot always be spared for the gratification of present vanity and the delight—or otherwise—of posterity by the multiplication of portrait paintings, the fatigue of remaining in a particular position for a length of time renders it impossible for the original of a picture to give a painter the co-operation he requires.

Imagine, if you can, some speechless M.P., who never made a gesture, which was not entirely involuntary, in the whole course of the pointless remarks which served him in his electioneering campaign, endeavouring to pose as a Pitt or a Walpole, a mysterious roll of paper occupying one hand, and a more mysterious gesture the other, and you will have realised how a Kensington studio is frequently turned into a torture chamber, which the victim cannot stand for more than brief periods at long intervals. It is here that the model comes in—at a price; and if it were not for that price the lay figure would lie on the shelf neglected.

The model, at so much an hour, takes the place of the hero of the moment, and assumes the selected attitude and clothes of the original, be it histrionic and decided, or poetic and limp, as the case may be. Thus the celebrity is spared the fatigue of sitting —which is all the more fatiguing if he has to stand — while details are being rendered immortal for the correct reproduction of which his co-operation is not essential—such as boots, trousers, and the like, the presence of a mere model inside which will be unsuspected by the admirers of the completed painting.

So far, the work of the artist has been indicated with tolerable completeness, but

the process has its drawbacks, and the lay figure is the compensation.

Lay figures have many advantages over the model, just as the model has many characteristics which can never be imitated by the makers of these harmless Frankensteins.

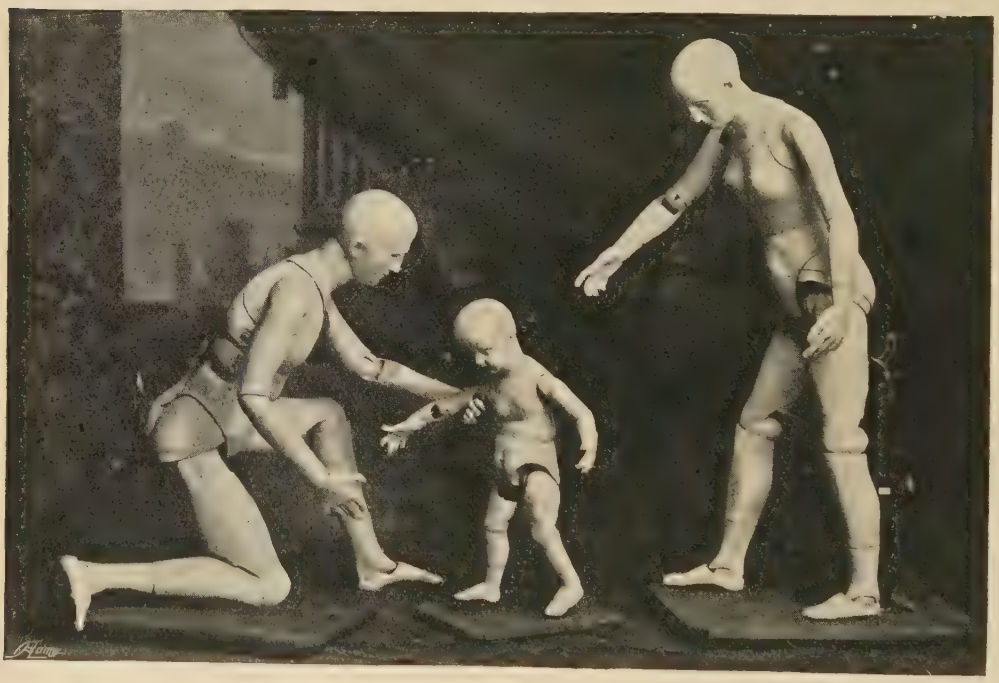
The lay figure does not eat or smoke; it never becomes fatigued; when it shows signs of "dropping," the painter does not fetch brandy—he merely tightens a strap; it never listens while business is being discussed, or a creditor mollified; it does not join trade unions, and demand higher pay and lesser hours; it is always willing to sit while the painter is willing to work; it is never critical; it has no mother or big brother who takes myopic views of things at the termination of engagements; and it never gives itself airs.

Every virtue here claimed for the lay figure hints, if it does not actually indicate, a failing in the model—which also has others.

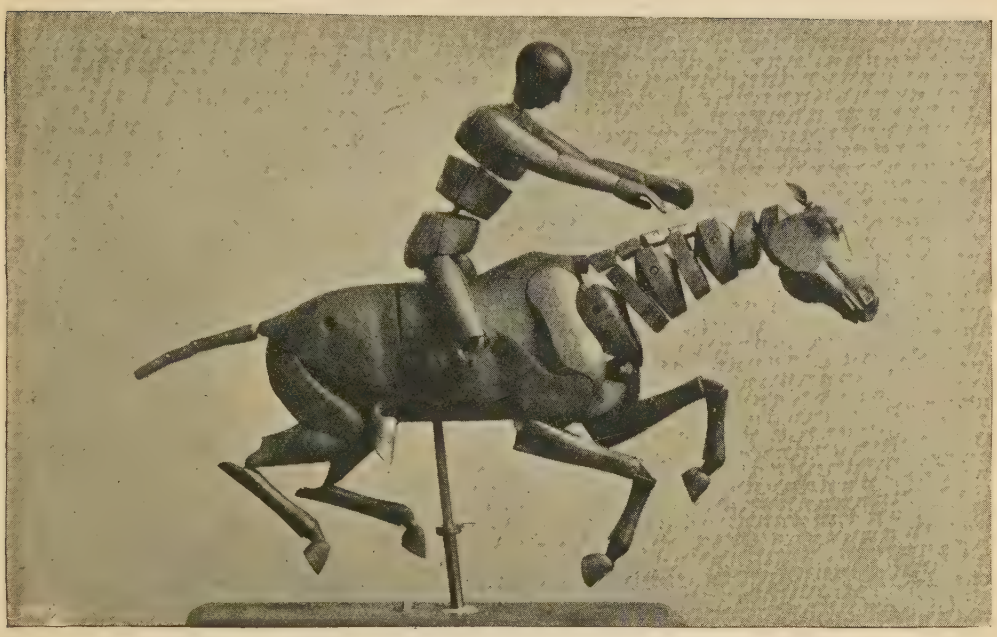
The advantage of the model is mainly the beautiful, definite indefiniteness of muscular movement; the gradations of contour effected by the slightest action. Not the highest possible achievement of scientific mechanism can ever reproduce the innumerable forms presented by the mere lifting of a bare arm; and it is in this inimitable superiority of flesh and blood to *papier mâché* and leather straps, that the model is superior to the lay figure.

One characteristic which counts for much to the credit of the lay figure, and which I had almost overlooked, is that it never gets out of temper, and is never irritable. It retains the same placid demeanour and expression whether, in arranging drapery on it, the artist runs a pin in it or not. This angelic forbearance is not characteristic of the model.

Then it has no nerves, and, once the drapery is arranged in the required folds, it hangs—the absence of draughts being understood—as motionless as though it were cast in bronze. And it sits with the same placid imperturbability should the scheme of the picture require the drapery to be dripping with water—as, for instance, in a study depicting the drowned Ophelia—or covered with snow.



The First Step.



Over!

Under the most comfortable circumstances, the model would be sure to impart a series of wriggles to the drapery; while every expedient that might be resorted to in the case of the Ophelia study, would not avail to prevent the wet drapery imparting a series of wriggles to the model.

Messrs. Lechertier Barbe, Limited, are the makers of the lay figures which I take this opportunity of introducing to the reader. Where their ultimate destination may be, I cannot say; nor can I hazard a guess as to whether their friendly relations which reached such interesting culminations in the studio of Messrs. Turner and Co., will lead to heart-breaking leave-takings, suggestive of similar scenes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when the time for separation arrives.

Apollo may go to the art class of some exclusive private school, or even—but tell it not in Gath!—to a West-end shirt-maker's to display a triumph of laundried linen on his classic bosom—for to such practical uses have even lay figures been turned—while Venus may go to a studio to bear the broidered robes of a duchess or an actress on her shapely figure.

The late Sir Edgar Boehm purchased no fewer than six of our *papier mâché* friends, probably to use in some composition work, or else in his desire not to disturb poses which struck his fancy, or suited his purpose. They have also been found more amenable than models for the purposes of demonstration in ambulance classes and hospital lectures, as they evince less objection to being taken to pieces for the edification of the pupils.

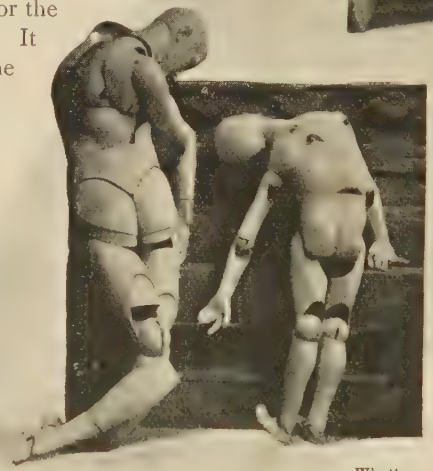
The worst sitter a painter can possibly have is a horse, for it is even more restless than the average Queen of Sheba model when the clock points to within fifteen minutes of an appointment she has to keep at Charing Cross. For a nice, quiet, easy-going study of some startling feat of horsemanship, the wooden horse is much more tractable than the real article, and among its purchasers are Mons. Détaille, Mr. Caton Woodville, and Lady Butler.

It may be interesting to mention as typical of the changes wrought by time, that the lady lay figure is sold with two waists; the one of classic proportions so as to represent, say, the Venus de Milo; the other to represent the average woman of to-day. Need I say that the latter is much the smaller of the two?

When Messrs. Lechertier Barbe's lay congregation were taken up in a covered van to Messrs. Turner's studio for the purposes of this article, the good people of Barnsbury, who happened to be passing at the time, viewed their deportation with grave and sniffing suspicion. The fact that the figures were mainly shrouded, probably intensified the mystery, and I felt thankful that the appalling necessity of having to convince the average policeman of the blamelessness of our purpose, was not thrust on me.

Certainly the studio presented somewhat the appearance of a harum-scarum dissecting room, or a ghostly field of battle, as the figures were left to their own strange devices; for the springbucks of the Veldt are not to be compared with lay figures for the strangeness of their antics. It has a peculiar effect on one to see a number of statuesque individuals in all sorts of positions; one lying across a couch with a leg in the air, and the other bent tailor-wise on the seat, the head doubled down as though crick in the neck were unheard of, and the arms thrown forward as if preparatory to a dive; while another rests comfortably with his cheek on the ground; and all the time they have the same intellectual, benign, impassable expression on their features.

Boyish pranks.



What's on the other side?

The coquette.

In this way they arranged themselves into various groups, but, interesting as they were, I had mapped out my own programme and coaxed them—it required a good deal of strapping to do it—into a few groups which pleased my fancy, if it was not altogether to their mind.

Their domestic felicity is fairly well indicated by "The First Step," in which the sturdy youngster balances himself in his first effort to toddle; and if they were not very lay figures indeed, you would see a smile of satisfaction on the parents' features as he succeeds in reaching his father's arm.

Children will be children, even when

they are lay figures; and the presence of a rustic seat is enough to lure them into mischief, with the usual result—a catastrophe!—sympathy for the baby and punishment for the boy following as a matter of course.

We just caught a snapshot of a coquette who had armed herself with a fan, and coldly disdained to accept the proffered gift of her *papier mâché* lover, but these incidents are not frequent in the land of the lay, and this was the only one I was able to obtain.

Posed for the camera.

Not till they were all out of the studio did they cease their antics, some of which must be prompted by sheer curiosity. Just look at the boy peeping through a section of garden balustrade, absorbingly interested in whatever has attracted his attention.

I might have been tempted to try and find out the object of his curiosity, but that it apparently had such a disastrous effect on the man who could see it over the top, that I was frightened of risking the adventure.

The care, skill, and scientific ingenuity which have been brought to bear on the making of these models are worthy the highest praise. Not a part can be pointed to which has not been carefully and separately modelled, so that the whole structure should be anatomically perfect. Comparatively cheap as they are, they have proved of immense service to artists and students, and they well deserve the amount of favour with which they have been received both in the schools and the studios.

Viewed mechanically even, they are wonderful in their very simplicity. Not put into position they fall in a weird heap of anatomical fragments, and to redeem them from this state of chaos, so as to pose in any required position, only needs the adjustment of a series of ordinary leather straps. "Wonderfully simple," you would say when the process is explained to you, and "Simply wonderful!" you would add when you saw it done.

Should you wish to acquire some lay figures, you can get a man of 5ft. 6in., or a woman of 5ft. 4in., for ten guineas. A girl of 4ft. 8in.—the height, approximately, of a girl of fifteen—can be had for £7 10*s.*, a boy of 3ft. 8in. for £6, and a child of 2ft. 9in. for £3 15*s.*

The horse costs six guineas, and his rider two—both made of walnut—and the crowd, who are laughing at the discomfiture of the horseman—all walnut—vary from 32in. to 13in. in height, and in price from £2 10*s.* to 18*s.* 6*d.*

A Mad Genius.

THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN OF EARLSWOOD ASYLUM.

By Annesley Kenealy.

The tragedies, romances, and life-histories hidden away in our lunatic asylums, would form a thrilling story. But it is doubtful whether such a story will ever be written. The task of separating fact from fiction, real from imagined suffering, must prove so difficult that an asylum historian would soon abandon such a work.

The history of H. J. P., the Master Craftsman of the Earlswood Asylum—an inmate for the past forty years—is easy to trace, for it is told in pen and pencil. Year by year his imaginative development can be followed through his wonderful carvings in wood and ivory. No other instance is recorded of so fine a talent for design, or so great a skill of mechanism, being found among the inmates of an asylum.

And the psychology of mental disease is not sufficiently developed to explain why the possessor of a brain so fertile and a taste so artistic should be a life-case at Earlswood.

Most sane persons labour under the impression that given the opportunity they might have accomplished great things.

H. J. P., heavily handicapped by being a unit in an asylum among 800 companions in mental misfortune, not only found his opportunity but he used it to such purpose that he has perfected himself in a dozen handicrafts, combining with these a rare artistic invention and aptitude.

H. J. P.

Belonging to the artisan class, his mental deficiency noticeable from infancy, H. J. P. entered Earlswood Asylum some forty years ago, having just completed his twelfth year. At that time there was little or no technical training in asylums, so that his skill in boat-building, engineering, and ivory-carving must be classed as belonging to instinctive genius, for he is entirely self-taught, and, though a Jack of all trades, he is the master of many.

For several years his maintenance in the asylum was undertaken by relatives, and when such payments ceased the Governors elected him a "life-case," for his skill in carpentry renders him a valuable acquisition to the asylum. Nearly all the engravings and pictures in the Institution have been framed by H. J. P., who more than repays the cost of maintenance by the valuable nature of his work.

His workshop at Earlswood is a museum of wonders reflecting the artistic spirit of its occupant. One sees at a glance that here is no common type of man or mind. Of a genial personality with a spare but energetic frame, he has dreamy blue eyes of a seer-like look. His head, with its long grizzled hair, is imaginative and well shaped.

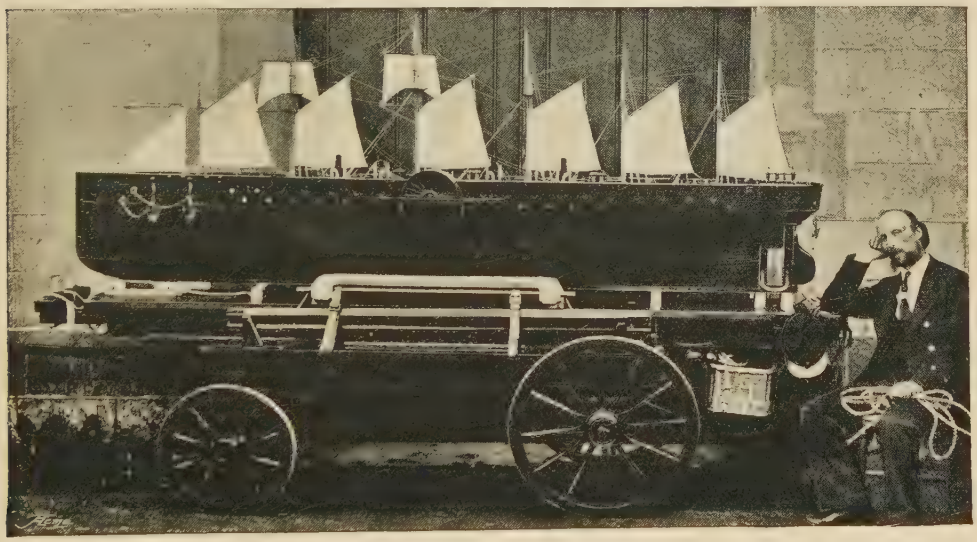
In the working dress of a carpenter, an elaborately embroidered cap, and five decorative scarf-pins, giving that suspicion of personal

vanity existent in most mental cases, he sits at his table—not as a workman but with the spirit of an artist. Enthusiasm leads him to regard his work as a privilege, and the many complicated tools and appliances with which he is surrounded as beloved companions. Ivory tusks, deer antlers and the horns of strange beasts from many lands, represent the raw materials for his delicate carving. With a touch of pride he shows a last remaining piece of the elephant tusk so kindly sent him by the Prince of Wales, who had become interested in his case.

His method of playing host, which he does in courteous fashion, the natural outcome of an artistic temperament, is the more pathetic since he conducts his conversations by means of isolated words and expressive gestures. His speech is almost inarticulate, since every effort to teach him to frame a continuous sentence has failed. But on the occasion of this visit he never omitted to place "Chair, lady," at points whence his work might best be viewed.

Of all the privileges granted him at the asylum, the gold-buttoned naval uniform provided for him is the most valued. For he is full of the "possession of the sea," and talks and dreams of strange symbolic craft and ships of weird, fantastic form.

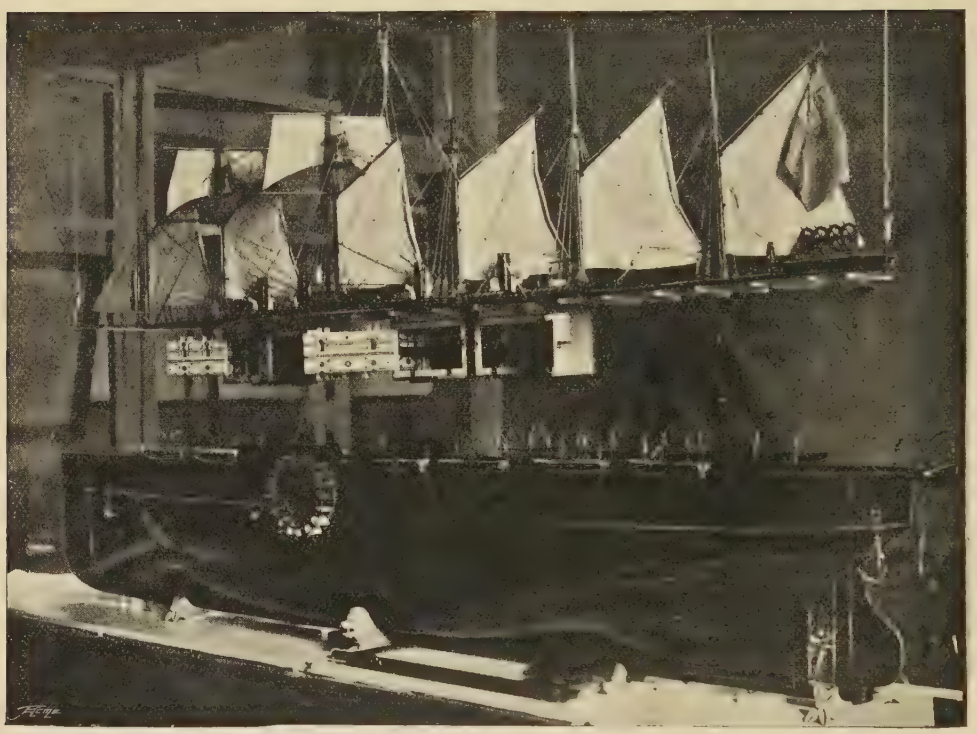
Many years ago he appealed to the Asylum Board for permission to court "with a view to marriage" a comely assistant in the kitchen. In lieu of a wife he was offered a gold-trimmed naval uniform in perpetuity—a substitute he joyfully accepted. The uniform was a tangible and assured good; the state of matrimony—even to his clouded brain—seemed fraught with risk and uncertainty. A pleased, man-o'-war salute marks his appreciation of the praise accorded his many inventions. The display of a *chef d'ouvre* invariably calls forth his ejaculatory "Wonderful—very clever," an estimate of his own achievements which is by no means exaggerated.



Model of the "Great Eastern," built entirely by H. J. P.

His best work is that famous model of the *Great Eastern*, which was adjudged one of the finest pieces of ship-carving at the Fisheries Exhibition. Many beautiful models were shown at this Exhibition in competition with the *Great Eastern*, but she alone was made from first plank to finish by one man—and that man an inmate of Earlswood Asylum!

No hand, other than his, drove in a nail or pin. Steering-gear and delicately wrought brass anchors, boiler and engines of perfect mechanism were all his neat-handed work. The only outside help he received was in procuring the actual measurements of the original *Great Eastern*.



The "Great Eastern" model, showing the internal arrangements.

The accomplishment of this beautiful piece of boat-building took exactly three years and three months, one of his records showing that in the course of nineteen days he put 6880 pins in her hull. A brave craft she looks in her full rig, floating a silk flag embroidered elaborately by this connoisseur in ship gear. With brass funnels and trimmings, provided with bright mahogany lifeboats, sufficient in number to satisfy the requirements of the Board of Trade, each with its complement of dainty miniature oars, this is as smart and taut a craft as ever rode a storm.

Her sails furl at a touch, her rudder answers to the lightest wish of the man at the helm, her deck-house and chart-room, funnels and ventilators are perfect specimens of sea-going architecture. She measures 10ft. long by 18in. deep, and her builder had a wise care to fashion her with well-seasoned wood, lest she might perchance spring a leak or otherwise disgrace the ship-building yard of Earlswood.

The interior decorations and fittings are worthy of a Royal yacht. "The Prince of Wales's Saloon," as H. J. P. christens it, is upholstered in rose-coloured silk. Soft curtains draw before portholes, which open in ship-shape style, while the walls are decorated with oil-paintings set in gilt frames.

Pictures, couches, and upholstery alike were made by the clever fingers of this artist genius. Glimpses of dainty bunks with silken curtains, of miniature companion-ways, carpeted with Royal red tapestry, set one wondering how this shipbuilder, with the limited horizon of an asylum, can have learned the appropriate fittings of "My lady's boudoir," in which, however, not even the gold framed mirrors ministering to her vanity are forgotten, nor anything omitted of taste and comfort.

To-day his ambition is to "build much better boat." But that is impossible. It is pathetically interesting to watch him, handkerchief in hand, carefully whisking away particles of dust from his idol ship, opening the huge windows of the model-case charily lest damp may steal in to mar the burnished brightness

of the brass fittings. On foggy days he carefully keeps his gas alight to take the chilly rawness from the air, so that his ship may be fit and trim to leave her moorings and set to sea.

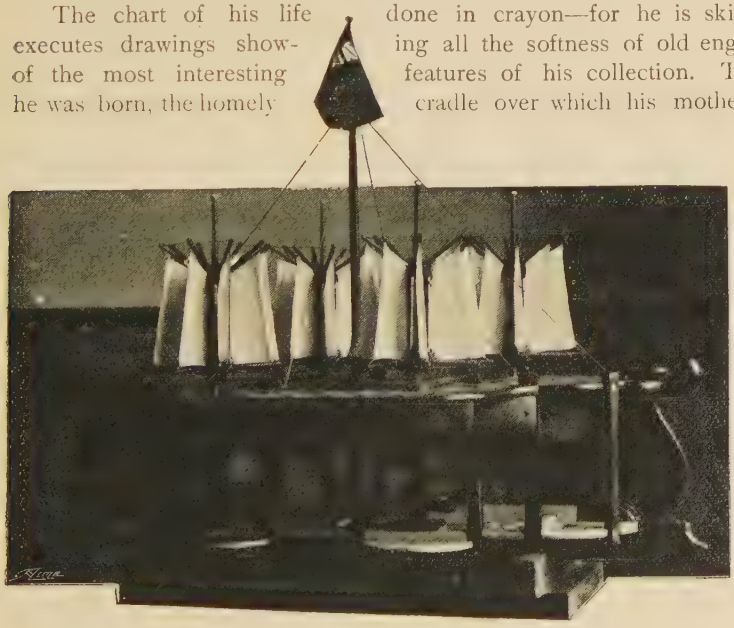
In his "model room"—a treasure house of invention—he shows a novel raft, consisting of five lifeboats built together twin-ship fashion and decked. Five sets of sails—whose windmill circuit, set in motion by freshening breezes, causes the rapid revolution of a series of propellers — furnish a novel method of sea-power. The raft swims perfectly when set on the water, but her ability to weather a storm remains to be proved.

The kite in the illustration is an ingenious and picturesque full-rigged ship, which skims the sky light and graceful as a sea-gull. This kite is christened "Earlswood," in token of the safe and happy port the kite-owner has found within its hospitable haven. In connection with the kite, H. J. P. has invented an ingenious rope-winder which, put upon the market, would find a wide popularity — from the able-bodied seaman down to the domestic laundress.

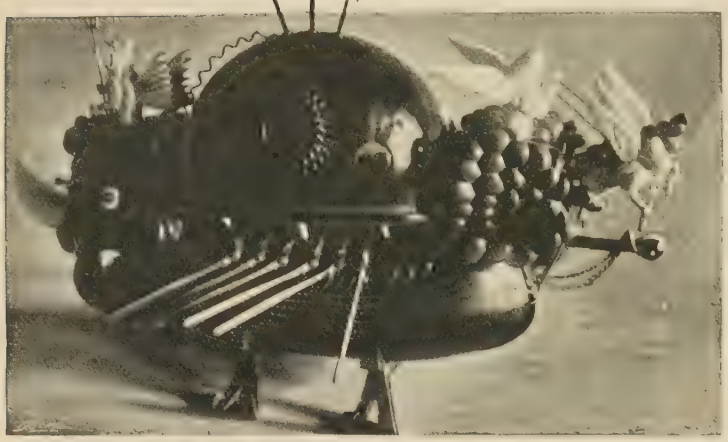
Kite built by H. J. P.

His allegorical ship is an exquisite bit of workmanship in tinted ivory. Four winged sea-nymphs on the prow represent the four winds, while Father Neptune, trident in hand, presides at the stern—though it is difficult to explain how this unlettered genius learnt the mythological symbols of the Powers of the Sea.

The chart of his life done in crayon—for he is skilled with the pencil, and executes drawings showing all the softness of old engravings—is, perhaps, one of the most interesting features of his collection. The rude cottage in which he was born, the homely cradle over which his mother bent, ignorant alike of the genius and the affliction of her child, are drawn with a pathetic simplicity. The squares on the chart represent the chief events of the successive years of his life. Almost from the first square the influence of the ships of Chatham and Portsmouth, where his childhood was spent, comes into his history; and these also represent the trials and tribulations he endured at



H. J. P.'s raft.



Allegorical ship in tinted ivory.

school, for his brain was always full of phantom ships and topsy-turvy craft wherein he longed to go down to his beloved sea.

The wash of the waves and the wind beating on a stormy shore buzzed in his head, proving a dead sea wall between him and the multiplication table. He ran away from school, and wandered about the docks and shipbuilding yards at Chatham.

Later he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but with a humorous shake of his head he says in halting, disjointed style: "Make very bad shoes carve very good ships." His first carven image of a boat was accomplished when he was about six years old, and for this he found a ready purchaser.

The sea called him, he left his last, broke his apprenticeship to the shoe trade, and he tells how he found himself day by day on London Bridge watching the passing panorama of ships, barges, and riverside boats. Wandering about the wharfs and docks, studying their build, and boarding every ship he could gain access to, he acquired that technical knowledge of shipbuilding whose perfection gained a special certificate for his model steamer from the Fisheries Exhibition.

His early impressions of ship craft and rigging must have been very vivid, as he has had no opportunities of a nautical nature since he entered the Asylum, a fanciful, untaught boy of twelve years.

The ventilating apparatus of his "shop" —which by comparison would put many a public building to the blush—was designed and carried out by the hands of this master-builder, who has also invented a series of cunning devices for coaxing a waning light to last through the completion of a particular piece of work.

At touch of a cord a glass reflector throws the light from the high window at any angle which best suits his carving. On dull, dark days a pulley and rope lowers an aërial platform from the ceiling. To this he climbs by means of a ladder, and perched up aloft he "steals light from Heaven" to aid the inspiration of his genius. This lofty perch is one among many equally original contrivances — mechanics and engineering alike proving easy to his ingenious brain.

H. J. P. is no modern workman seeking an eight-hour day. He would work from sunrise till late at night were it not that medical authority insists on rest and recreation. "Take care, eyes," he says, calling attention to his elaborate curtains and the ventilating apparatus. "Light, hot air bad. Forty years' work make eyes weak." A thermometer stands by his stool—for he possesses a working bench on *terra firma* as well as in mid-air—to regulate the temperature to the standard he thinks best suited to health and eyesight.

Presumably he can have no technical knowledge of a camera, but, as a matter of fact, he saw at a glance the points of 'vantage whence the photographer might get the best view of his handiwork, and suggested a couple of looking-glasses to throw a bright reflection on his face. His table is furnished with the latest inventions in condensing and refracting lenses such scientific appliances as well as his tools being bought from the proceeds of his labour. Nobody can explain how he learns the existence of such intricate contrivances—but with heavenborn inspiration he buys these, and puts them to their right use.

During his long residence in the asylum

his handiwork has become known to a large number of people—visitors to the Institution and friends of the officials—who give him commissions for umbrella and carven stick handles, etc. From accruing profits he has not only purchased his working outfit, but has been enabled to buy the expensive materials necessary for his ship models and ivory carving, this work on his own behalf being done when his services are not required for the benefit of the asylum.

In lonely and Frankenstein spirit he has carved himself a gigantic companion of his workshop. Dramatically drawing aside a curtain with the air of a scenic artist, and with his customary naval salute, he discloses to the privileged few his monster plaything, standing in a huge sentry box.

Despite his passion for things nautical, he has devoted his giant to the service of arms. Standing some 14ft. high, with girth to correspond, and clad in a marvellous uniform of blue and scarlet, bestrewn with medals won in heroic fight, this grim-visaged warrior stands on sentry duty.

H. J. P.'s giant.

A mammoth thorax opens cupboard fashion—behind the scenes—and H. J. P., entering surreptitiously, shows off the varied accomplishments of his towering toy, which he has fitted with a larynx—a by no means unskilful bit of throat anatomy. Through this his owner produces unearthly shrieks and formidable coughs; while the monster mouth, opening and shutting at will of the concealed "prompter," reveals a row of tusk-like teeth.

Through speaking tubes connected with the immense ears of the giant, which flap responsively to sound, H. J. P. carries on constant and presumably pleasant converse with his affable Paladin. With a tongue one yard in length, and a smile whose width compasses a foot and a half, the imposing appearance of the soldier may readily be imagined.

Answering to the helm when a rope is touched, his huge glass eyes roll in terrible efforts of vision, while canvas eyelids, fringed with long, coarse lashes, shut readily and simultaneously, or with gigantic and wicked wink, when "worked inside by a wire." His huge head, made more hideous by a bushy beard contravening all Army regulations, revolves on the ungainly body in realistic fashion. A wonderful success would certainly await this wooden Goliath, were he "starred" at children's parties—for, no such skilled giant architecture has been seen even on the pantomime stage.

The creature smokes a pipe of Brobdingnagian proportions stuffed with brown paper, which H. J. P., with a distinct sense of humour, assures him is "true tobacco." H. J. P. smokes the real weed himself with much enjoyment, but does not waste this on his wooden friend.

Amid the flotsam and jetsam—the ruined hopes and wrecked faculty of an asylum—it is a pleasure to find so cheerful a spirit as that of H. J. P. With his squadron of ships, and his giant friend, this craftsman has spent forty useful, happy years at Earlswood.

The Adventures of Capt Kettle

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

No. XIII.—IN QUARANTINE.

(A Complete Story.)

"The pay is small enough," said Captain Kettle, staring at the blue paper. "It's a bit hard for a man of my age and experience to come down to a job like piloting, on eight pound a month and my grub."

"All right, Capt'n," replied the agent. "You needn't tell me what I know already. The pay's miserable, the climate's vile, and the bosses are beasts. And yet we have more applicants for these berths on the Congo than there are vacancies for. And f'why is it, Capt'n? Because there's no questions asked. The Congo people want men who can handle steamers. Their own bloomin' Belgians aren't worth a cent for that, and so they have to get Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, English, Eytalians, or anyone else that's capable. They prefer to give small pay, and are willing to take the men that for various reasons can't get better jobs elsewhere. Guess you'll know the crowd I mean?"

"Thoroughly, sir," said Kettle with a sigh. "There are a very large number of us. But we're not all unfortunate through our own fault."

"No, I know," said the agent. "Rascally owners, unsympathetic Board of Trade, master's certificate suspended quite unjustly, and all that—" The agent looked at his watch. "Well, Capt'n, now, about this berth? Are you going to take it?"

"I've no other choice."

"Right," said the agent, and pulled a printed form on to the desk before him, and made a couple of entries. "Let's see—er—is there a Mrs. Kettle?"

"Married," said the little sailor, "three children."

The agent filled these details on to the form. "Just as well to put it down," he commented as he wrote. "I'm told the Congo Free State has some fancy new pension scheme on foot for widdys and kids, though I expect it'll come to nothing, as usual. They're a pretty unsatisfactory lot all round out there. Still you may as well have your chance of what plums are going. Yer age, Capt'n?"

"Thirty-eight."

"And—er—previous employment? Well, I suppose we had better leave that blank as usual. They never really expect it to be filled in, or they wouldn't offer such wretchedly small pay and commission. You've got your master's ticket to show, and that's about all they want."

"There's my wife's address, sir. I'd like my half-pay sent to her."

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"She shall have it direct from Brussels, skipper, so long as you are alive—I mean, so long as you remain in the Congo Service."

Captain Kettle sighed again. "Shall I have to wait long before this appointment is confirmed?"

"Why, no," said the agent. "There's a boat sailing for the coast to-morrow, and I can give you an order for a passage by her. Of course my recommendation has to go to Brussels to be ratified, but that's only a matter of form. They never refuse anybody that offers. They call the Government 'Leopold and Co.' down there on the Congo. You'll understand more about it when you're on the spot.

"I'm sorry for ye, Capt'n, but after what you told me, I'm afraid it's the only berth I can shove you into. However, don't let me frighten ye. Take care of yourself, don't do too much work, and you may pull through all right. Here's the order for the passage down coast by the Liverpool boat. And now I must ask you to excuse me. I've another client waiting."

* * * * *

In this manner, then, Captain Owen Kettle found himself, after many years of weary knocking about the seas, enlisted into a regular Government service; and although this Government, for various reasons, happened to be one of the most unsatisfactory in all the wide, wide world, he thrust this item resolutely behind him, and swore to himself that if diligence and crew-driving could bring it about, he would rise in that service till he became one of the most notable men in Africa.

"What I want is a competence for the missis and kids," he kept on repeating to himself, "and the way to finger that competence is to get power." He never owned to himself that this thirst for power was one of the greatest curses of his life; and it did not occur to him that his lust for authority, and his ruthless use of it when it came in his way, were the main things which accounted for his want of success in life.

Captain Kettle's voyage down to the Congo on the British and African s.s. *M'Poso*, gave time for the ground-work of coast language and coast thought (which are like unto nothing else on this planet) to soak into his system. The steamer progressed slowly. She went up rivers protected by dangerous bars; she anchored in roadsteads, off forts, and straggling towns; she lay-to off solitary white-washed factories, which only see a steamer twice a year, and brought off little doles of cargo in her surf-boats, and put on the beaches rubbishy Manchester and Brummagem trade goods for native consumption; and the talk in her was that queer jargon with the polyglot vocabulary in which commerce is transacted all the way along the sickly West African seaboard, from the Goree to St. Paul de Loanda.

Every white man of the *M'poso's* crew traded on his own private account, and Kettle was initiated into the mysteries of the unofficial retail store in the forecastle, of whose existence Captain Image, the commander, and Mr. Balgarnie, the purser, professed a blank and child-like ignorance.

Kettle had come across many types of sea-trader in his time, but Captain Image and Mr. Balgarnie were new to him. But then most of his surroundings were new. Especially was the Congo Free State an organisation which was quite strange to him. When he landed at Banana, Captain Nilssen, pilot of the Lower Congo and Captain of the Port of Banana, gave him advice on the subject in language which was plain and unfettered.

"They are a lot of swine, these Belgians," said Captain Nilssen, from his seat in the Madeira chair under the verandah of the pilotage, "and there's mighty little to be got out of them. Here am I, with a wife in Kjobnhavn and another in Baltimore, and I haven't been able to get away to see either of them for five blessed years. And mark you, I'm a man with luck, as luck goes in this hole. I've been in the lower river pilot service all the time, and got the best pay, and the lightest jobs. There's not another Captain in the Congo can say as much. Some day or other they put a steamboat on the ground, and then they're kicked out from the pilot service, and away they're off one-time to the upper river above the falls to run a launch, and help at the rubber palaver, and get shot at, and collect nigger's ears, and forget what champagne and white man's chop taste like."

"You've been luckier?"

"Some. I've libbed for Lower Congo all my time; had a home in the pilotage here; and got a dash of a case of champagne, or an escribello, or at least a joint of fresh meat out of the refrigerator from every steamboat I took either up or down."

"But then you speak languages?" said Kettle.

"Seven," said Captain Nilssen; "and use just one, and that's English. Shows what a fat lot of influence this État du Congo has got. Why, you have to give orders even to your boat-boys in coast English if you want to be understood. French has no sort of show with the niggers."

Now white men are expensive to import to the Congo Free State, and are apt to die with suddenness soon after their arrival, and so the State (which is in a chronic condition of hard-up) does not fritter their services unnecessarily. It sets them to work at once so as to get the utmost possible value out of them whilst they remain alive and in the country.

A steamer came in within a dozen hours of Kettle's first stepping ashore, and signalled for a pilot to Boma. Nilssen was next in rotation for duty, and went off in his boat to board her, and he took with him Captain Owen Kettle to impart to him the mysteries of the great river's navigation.

The boat-boys sang a song explanatory of their notion of the new pilot's personality as they caught at the paddles, but as the song was in Fiote, even Nilssen could only catch up a phrase here and there, just enough to gather the drift. He did not translate, however. He had taken his new comrade's measure pretty accurately, and judged that he was not a man who would accept criticism from a negro. So having an appetite for peace himself, he allowed the custom of the country to go on undisturbed.

The steamer was outside, leaking steam at an anchorage, and sending out dazzling heliograms every time she rolled her bleached awnings to the sun. The pilot's boat, with her crew of savages, paddled towards her, down channels between the mangrove-planted islands. The water spurned up by the paddle blades was the colour of beer, and the smell of it was puzzlingly familiar.

"Good old smell," said Nilssen, "isn't it? I see you snuffling. Trying to guess where you met it before, eh? We all do that when we first come. What about crushed marigolds, eh?"

"Crushed marigolds it is."

"Guess you'll get to know it better before you're through with your service here. Well, here we are alongside."

The steamer was a Portuguese, officered by Portuguese, and manned by Krooboys, and the smell of her drowned even the marigold scent of the river. Her dusky skipper exuded perspiration and affability, but he was in a great hurry to get on with his voyage. The forecastle windlass clacked as the pilot boat drew into sight, heaving the anchor out of the river floor; the engines were re-started so soon as ever the boat hooked on at the foot of the Jacob's ladder; and the vessel was under a full head of steam again by the time the two white men had stepped on to her oily deck.

"When you catch a Portugee in a hurry like this," said Nilssen to Kettle as they made their way to the awninged bridge, "it means there's something wrong. I don't suppose we shall be told, but keep your eyes open."

However, there was no reason for prying. Captain Rabeira was quite open about his desire for haste. "I got *baccalhao* and passenger boys for a cargo, an' dose don' keep," said he.

"We smelt the fish all the way from Banana," said Nilssen. "Guess you ought to call it stinking fish, not dried fish, Captain. And we can see your nigger passengers. They seem worried. Are you losing 'em much?"

"I done funeral palaver for eight between Loanda an' here, an' dem was a dead loss-a. I don' only get paid for dem dat lib for beach at Boma. Dere was a fire-bar made fast to the leg of each for sinker, an' dem was my dead loss-a too. I don' get paid for fire-bars given to *gastados*——" His English failed him. He shrugged his shoulders, and said "Sabbey?"

"Sabbey plenty," said Nilssen. "Just get me a leadsman to work, Captain. If you're in a hurry, I'll skim the banks as close as I dare."

Rabeira called away a hand to heave the lead, and sent a steward for a bottle of wine and glasses. He even offered camp stools, which, naturally, the pilots did not use. In fact, he brimmed with affableness and hospitality.

From the first moment of his stepping on to the bridge, Kettle began to learn the details of his new craft. As each sandbar showed up beneath the yellow ripples, as each new point of the forest-clad banks opened out, Nilssen gave him courses and cross bearings, dazing enough to the unprofessional ear, but easily stored in a trained seaman's brain. He discoursed in easy slang of the cut-offs, the currents, the sludge-shallows, the floods, and the other vagaries of the great river's course, and punctuated his discourse with draughts of Rabeira's wine, and comments on the tangled mass of black humanity under the forecastle-head awning.

"There's something wrong with those passenger boys," he kept on repeating. And another time: "Guess those niggers yonder are half mad with funk about something."

But Rabeira was always quick to re-assure him. "Now dey lib for Congo, dey not like the idea of soldier-palaver. Dere was nothing more the matter with them but leetle sickness."

"Oh! it's recruits for the State Army you're bringing, is it?" asked Kettle.

"If you please," said Rabeira cheerfully. "Slaves is what you English would call dem. Labourers is what dey call demselves."

Nilssen looked anxiously at his new assistant. Would he have any foolish English sentiment against slavery, and make a fuss? Nilssen, being a man of peace, sincerely hoped not. But as it was, Captain Kettle preserved a grim silence. He had met the low-caste African negro before, and knew that it required a certain amount of coercion to extract work from him. But he did notice that all the Portuguese on board were armed like pirates, and were constantly on the *qui vive*, and judged that there was a species of coercion on this vessel which would stick at very little.

The reaches of the great beer-coloured river opened out before them one after another in endless vistas, and at rare places the white roofs of a factory showed amongst the unwholesome tropical greenery of the banks. Nilssen gave names to these, spoke of their inhabitants as friends, and told of the amount of trade in palm-oil and kernels which each could be depended on to yield up as cargo to the ever-greedy steamers. But the attention of neither of the pilots was concentrated on piloting. The unrest on the forecastle-head was too obvious to be overlooked.

Once, when the cackle of negro voices seemed to point to an immediate outbreak, Rabeira gave an order, and presently a couple of cubical green boxes were taken forward by the ship's Krooboys, broken up, and the square bottles which they contained, distributed to greedy fingers.

"Dashing 'em gin," said Nilssen, looking serious. "Guess a Portugee's in a bad funk before he dashes gin at four francs a dozen to common passenger boys. I've a blame' good mind to put this vessel on the ground —by accident—and go off in the gig for assistance, and bring back a State launch."

"Better not risk your ticket," said Kettle. "If there's a row, I'm a bit useful in handling that sort of cattle myself."

Nilssen eyed wistfully a swirl of the yellow water which hid a sandbar, and, with a sigh, gave the quarter-master a course which cleared it. "'Guess I don't like ructions myself," he said. "Hullo, what's up now? There are two of the passenger boys getting pushed off the forecastle-head by their own friends on to the main deck."

"They look a mighty sick couple," said Kettle, "and their friends seem very frightened. If this ship doesn't carry a doctor, it would be a good thing if the old man were to start in and deal out some drugs."

It seemed that Rabeira was of the same opinion. He went down to the main deck, and there, under the scorching tropical sunshine, interviewed the two sick negroes in person, and afterwards administered to each of them a draught from a blue glass bottle. Then he came up, smiling and hospitable and perspiring, on to the bridge, and invited the pilots to go below and dine. "Chop lib for cabin," said he; "palm-oil chop, plenty-

too-much-good. You lib for below and chop. I take dem ship myself up dis next reach."

"Well, it is plain, deep water," said Nilssen, "and I guess you sabbey how to keep in the middle as well as I do. Come along, Kettle."

The pair of them went below to the baking cabin and dined off a savoury orange-coloured stew, and washed it down with fiery red wine, and dodged the swarming, crawling cockroaches. The noise of angry negro voices came to them between whiles through the hot air, like the distant chatter of apes.

The Dane was obviously ill at ease and frightened; the Englishman, though feeling a contempt for his companion, was very much on the alert himself, and prepared for emergencies. There was that mysterious something in the atmosphere which would have bidden the dullest of mortals prepare for danger.

Up they came on deck again, and on to the bridge. Rabeira himself was there in charge, dark, smiling, affable as ever.

Nilssen looked sharply down at the main deck below. "Hullo," said he, "those two niggers gone already? You haven't shifted them down below, I suppose?"

The Portuguese captain shrugged his shoulders. "No," he said, "it was bad sickness, an' dey died an' go over the side. I lose by their passage. I lose also the two fire-bar which I give for funeral palaver. Ver' disappointing."

"Sudden kind of sickness," said Nilssen.

"Dis sickness is. It make a man lib for die in one minute, clock time. But it don' matter to you, pilot, does it? You lib for below—off duty—dis las' half hour. You see nothing, you sabby nothing. I don' want no trouble at Boma with doctor palaver. I make it all right for you after. Sabby?"

"Oh, I tumble to what you're driving at, but I was just thinking out how it works. However, you're captain of this ship, and if you choose not to log down a couple of deaths, I suppose it's your palaver. Anyway, I don't want to cause no ill-will, and if you think it's worth a dash, I don't see why I shouldn't earn it. It's little enough we pick up else in this service, and I've got a wife at home in Liverpool who has to be thought about."

Kettle drew a deep breath. "It seems to me," he said, looking very hard at the Portuguese, "that those men died a bit too sudden. Are you sure they were *pukka* dead when you put them over the side?"

"Oh, yes," said Rabeira smilingly, "an' dey made no objection. It was best dey should go over quick. Bodies do not keep in this heat. An' pilot, I do you square-a, same as with Nilssen. You shall have your dash when doctor-palaver set."

"No," said Kettle, "you may keep it in your own trousers, Captain. Money that you've fingered, is a bit too dirty for me to touch."

"All right," said Rabeira with a genial shrug, "so much cheaper for me. But do not talk on the beach, dere's good boy, or you make trouble-palaver for me."

"I'll shut my head if you stop at this," said Kettle, "but if you murder any more of those poor devils, I'll see you sent to join them, if there's enough law in this State to rig a gallows."

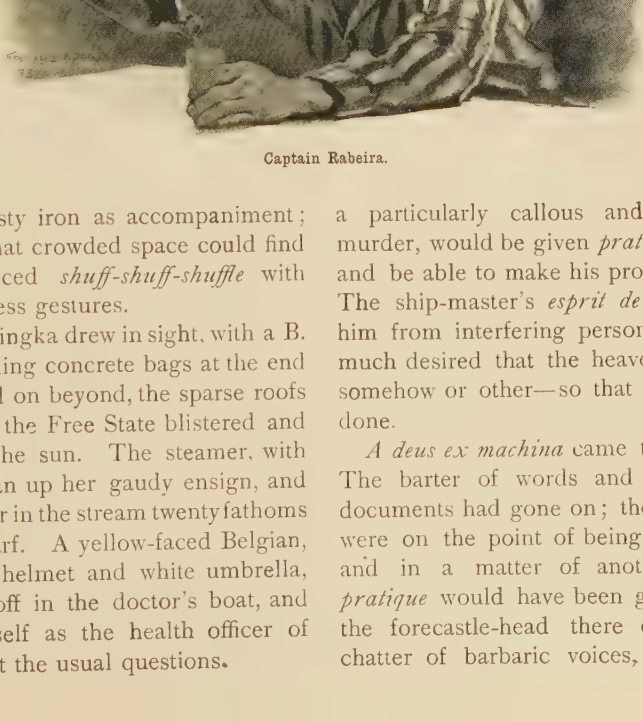
The Portuguese did not get angry. On the contrary, he seemed rather pleased at getting what he wanted without having to bribe for it, and ordered up fresh glasses and another bottle of wine for the pilots' delectation. But this remained untouched. Kettle would not drink himself, and Nilssen (who wished to be at peace with both sides) did not care to under the circumstances.

To tell the truth, the Dane was beginning to get rather scared of his grim-visaged little companion; and so, to prevent further recurrence to unpleasant topics, he plunged once more into the detail of professional matters. Here was a grassy swamp that was a deep water-channel the year before last; there was a fair-way in the process of silting up; there was a mud-bar with twenty-four feet, but steamers drawing twenty-seven feet could scrape over, as the mud was soft. The current round that bend raced at a good eleven knots. That bank below the palm clump was where an Italian pilot stuck the *M'poso* for a month, and got sent to the Upper Congo (where he was eaten by some rebellious troops) as a recompense for his blunder.

Almost every curve of the river was remembered by its tragedy, and had they only known it, the steamer which carried them for their observation had hatching within her the germs of a very worthy addition to the series.

More trouble cackled out from the forecastle-head, and more of the green gin cases were handed up to quell it. The angry cries gradually changed to empty boisterous laughter, as the raw potato spirit soaked home; and the sullen, snarling faces melted into grotesque, laughing masks; but withal the carnival was somewhat grisly.

It was clear that more than one was writhing with the pangs of sickness. It was clear also that none of these (having in mind the physicking and fate of their predecessors) dared give way, but with a miserable gaiety danced, and drank, and guffawed with the best. Two, squatting on the deck, played *tom-tom* on upturned tin pans; another jingled two pieces of rusty iron as accompaniment; and all who in that crowded space could find foot room, danced *shuff-shuff-shuffle* with absurd and aimless gestures.



Captain Rabeira.

The fort at Chingka drew in sight, with a B. and A. boat landing concrete bags at the end of its wharf; and on beyond, the sparse roofs of the Capital of the Free State blistered and buckled under the sun. The steamer, with hooting syren, ran up her gaudy ensign, and came to an anchor in the stream twenty fathoms off the State wharf. A yellow-faced Belgian, with white sun helmet and white umbrella, presently came off in the doctor's boat, and announced himself as the health officer of the port, and put the usual questions.

Rabeira lied pleasantly and glibly. Sickness he owned to, but when on the word the doctor hurriedly made his boat-boys pull clear, he laughed and assured him that the sickness was nothing more than a little fever, such as anyone might suffer from in the morning, and be out, cured, and making merry again before nightfall.

That kind of fever is known in the Congo, and the doctor was reassured, and bade his boat-boys pull up again. But because of the evil liver within him, his temper was short, and his questioning acid. But Captain Rabeira was still as unruffled and wily as ever, and handed in his papers and answered questions, and swore to anything that was asked as though care and he were divorced forever.

Kettle watched the scene with a drawn, moist face. He did not know what to do for the best. It seemed to him quite certain that this oily, smiling scoundrel, whom he had more than half suspected of a particularly callous and brutal double murder, would be given *pratique* for his ship, and be able to make his profits unrestrained. The ship-master's *esprit de corps* prevented him from interfering personally, but he very much desired that the heavens would fall—somehow or other—so that justice might be done.

A deus ex machina came to fill his wishes. The barter of words and the conning of documents had gone on; the doctor's doubts were on the point of being lulled for good; and in a matter of another ten seconds *pratique* would have been given. But from the forecastle-head there came a yell, a chatter of barbaric voices, a scuffle and a

scream; a grey-black figure mounted the rail, and poised there a moment, an offence to the sunlight, and then, falling convulsively downwards, hit the yellow water with a smack and a spatter of spray, and sank from sight.

A couple of seconds later the creature reappeared, swimming frenziedly, as a dog swims, and by a swirl of the current (before anybody quite knew what was happening) was swept down against the doctor's boat, and gripped ten bony fingers upon the gunwale and lifted towards her people a face and shoulders eloquent of a horrible disorder.

Instantly there was an alarm, and a sudden panic. "*Sacré nom d'un pipe*," rapped out the Belgian doctor; "*variole!*"

"Small-pox lib," whimpered his boat-boys, and before their master could interfere, beat at the delirious wretch with their oars. He hung on tenaciously, enduring a perfect avalanche of blows. But mere flesh and bone had to wither under that onslaught, and at last, by sheer weight of battering, he was driven from his hold, and the beer-coloured river covered him then and for always.

After that, there was no further doubt of the next move. The yellow-faced doctor sank back exhausted in the stern sheets of the gig, and gave out sentence in gasps. The ship was declared unclean until further notice; she was ordered to take up a berth a mile away against the opposite bank of the river till she was cleared of infection; she was commanded to proceed there at once, to anchor, and then to blow off all her steam.

The doctor's tortured liver prompted him, and he spoke with spite. He called Rabeira every vile name which came to his mind, and wound up his harangue by rowing off to Chingka to make sure that the guns of the fort should back up his commands.

The Portuguese captain was daunted then; there is no doubt about that. He had known of this outbreak of small-pox for two days, had stifled his qualms, and had taken his own peculiar methods of keeping the disease hidden, and securing money profit for his ship. He had even gone so far as to carry a smile on his dark, oily face, and a jest on his tongue. But this prospect of being shut up with the disorder till it had run its course inside the walls of the ship, and no more victims were to be claimed, was too much for his nerve. He fled like some frightened animal to his room, and deliberately set about guzzling a surfeit of neat spirit.

Nilssen, from the bridge, fearful for his credit with the State, his employer, roared out orders, but nobody attended to them. Mates, quartermasters, Krooboys, had all gone aft so as to be as far as possible from the smitten area; and in the end it was Kettle who went to the forecastle-head, and with his own hands let steam into the windlass and got the anchor. He stayed at his place.

An engineer and fireman were still below, and when Nilssen telegraphed down, they put her under weigh again, and the older pilot with his own hands steered her across to the quarantine berth. Then Kettle let go the anchor again, paid out and stoppered the cable, and once more came aft; and from that moment the new *régime* of the steamer may be said to have commenced.

In primitive communities, from time immemorial, the strongest man has become chieftain through sheer natural selection. Societies which have been upheaved to their roots by anarchy, panic, or any of these more perfervid emotions, revert to the primitive state. On this Portuguese ship, authority was smashed into the smallest of atoms, and every man became a savage and was in danger at the hands of his fellow savage.

Rabeira had drunk himself into a stupor before the boilers had roared themselves empty through the escapes. The two mates and the engineers cowered in their rooms as though the doors were a barrier against the smallpox germs. The Krooboys broached cargo and strewed the decks with their half-naked bodies, drunk on gin, amid a litter of smashed green cases.

Meals ceased. The Portuguese cook and steward dropped their collective duties from the first alarm; the Kroo cook left the rice steamer because "steam no more lib"; and any one who felt hunger or thirst on board, foraged for himself, or went without satisfying his wants. Nobody helped the sick, or chided the drunken. Each man lived for himself alone—or died, as the mood seized him.

Nilssen took up his quarters at one end of the bridge, frightened, but apathetic. With awnings he made himself a little canvas house, airy, but sufficient to keep off the dews of night. When he spoke, it was usually to picture the desolation of one or other of the Mrs. Nilssens on finding herself a widow. As he said himself, he was a man of very domesticated notions. He had no sympathy with Kettle's constantly repeated theory that discipline ought to be restored.

"Guess it's the captain's palaver," he would say. "If the old man likes his ship turned into a bear garden, 'tisn't our grub they're wasting, or our cargo they've started in to broach. Anyway, what can we do? You and I are only on board here as pilots. I wish the ship was in somewhere hotter than Africa before I'd ever seen her."

"So do I," said Kettle. "But being here, it makes me ill to see the way she's allowed to rot, and those poor beasts of niggers are left to die just as they please. Four more of them have either jumped overboard, or been put there by their friends. The dirt of the place is awful. They're spreading small-pox poison all over the ship. Nothing is ever cleaned."

"There's dysentery started too."

"Very well," said Kettle, "then that settles it. We shall have cholera next, if we let dirt breed any more. I'm going to start in and make things ship-shape again."

"For why?"

"We'll say I'm frightened of them as they are at present, if you like. Will you chip in and bear a hand? You're frightened, too."

"Oh, I'm that, and no error about it. But you don't catch me interfering. I'm content to sit here, and take my risks as they come, because I can't help myself. But I go no further. If you start knocking about this ship's company they'll complain ashore, and then where'll you be? The Congo Free State don't like pilots who do more than they're paid for."

"Very well," said Kettle, "I'll start in and take my risks, and you can look on and umpire." He walked deliberately down off the bridge, went to where the mate was dozing against a skylight on the quarter deck, and stirred him into wakefulness with his foot.

He gathered himself up and inquired what Kettle wanted.

With the chief engineer Kettle had another scuffle.

"Well?" said the man.

"Turn the hands to, and clean ship,"

"What!"

"You hear me."

The mate inquired, with abundant verbal garnishings, by what right Kettle gave the order.

"Because I'm a better man than you. Because I'm best man on board. Do you want proof?"

Apparently the mate did. He whipped out a knife, but found it suddenly knocked out of his hand, and sent flying like a silver flying fish far over the gleaming river. He followed up the attack with an assault from both hands and feet, but soon discovered that he had to deal with an artist. He gathered himself up at the end of half a minute's interview, glared from two half-shut eyes, wiped the blood from his mouth, and inquired what Kettle wanted.

"You heard my order. Carry it out."

The man nodded, and went away sullenly muttering that his time would come.

"If you borrow another knife," said Kettle cheerfully, "and try any more of your games, I'll shoot you like a crow, and thank you for the chance. You'll go forrard, and clean the forecastle-head and the fore main deck. Be gentle with those sick! Second Mate?"

"Si, Señor."

"Get a crew together and clear her up

aft here. Do you want any rousing along?"

Apparently the second mate did not. He had seen enough of Captain Kettle's method already to quite appreciate its efficiency. The Krooboys, with the custom of servitude strong on them, soon fell-to when once they were started. The thump of holystones went up into the baking air, and grimy water began to dribble from the scuppers.

With the chief engineer Kettle had another scuffle. But he, too, was eased of the knife at the back of his belt, thumped into submissiveness, and sent with firemen and trimmers to wash paint in the stewy engine-room below, and clean up the rusted iron work. And then those of the passenger boys who were not sick, were turned-to also.

With Captain Rabeira, Kettle did not interfere. The man stayed in his own room for the present, undisturbed and undisturbing. But the rest of the ship's complement were kept steadily to their employment.

They did not like it, but they thought it best to submit. Away back from time unnumbered the African peoples have only known fear as the governing power, and, from long acclimatisation, the Portuguese might almost count as African. This man of a superior race came and set himself up in authority over them, in defiance of all precedent, law, everything; and they submitted with dull indifference. The sweets of freedom are not always appreciated by those who have known the easy luxury of being slaves.

The plague was visibly stayed from almost the very first day that Kettle took over charge. The sick recovered or died; the sound sickened no more; it seemed as though the disease microbes on board the ship were glutted.

A mile away, at the other side of the beer-coloured river, the rare houses of Boma sprawled amongst low burnt-up hills, and every day the doctor with his bad liver came across in his boat under the blinding sunshine to within shouting distance, and put a few weary questions. The formalities were slack enough. Nilssen usually made the necessary replies (as he liked to keep himself in the doctor's good books), and then the boat would row away.

Nilssen still remained gently non-interferent. He was paid to be a pilot by the État Indépendant du Congo—so he said, and he was not going to risk a chance of trouble, and no possibility of profit, by meddling with matters beyond his own sphere. Especially did he decline to be co-sharer in Kettle's scheme for dealing out justice to Captain Rabeira.

"It's not your palaver," he said, "or mine. If you want to stir up trouble, tell the State authorities when you get ashore. That won't do much good either. They don't value niggers at much out here."

"Nor do I," said Kettle. "There's nothing foolish with me about niggers. But there's a limit to everything, and this snuff-coloured Dago goes too far. He's got to be squared with, and I'm going to do it."

"Guess it's your palaver. I've told you what the risks are."

"And I'm going to take them," said Kettle grimly. "You may watch me handle the risks now with your own eyes, if you wish."

He went down off the bridge, walked along the clean decks, and came to where a poor wretch lay in the last stage of small-pox collapse. He examined the man carefully. "My friend," he said at last, "you've not got long for this world, anyway, and I want to borrow your last moments. I suppose you won't like to shift, but it's in a good cause, and anyway you can't object."

He stooped and lifted the loathsome bundle in his arms, and then, in spite of a cry of expostulation from Nilssen, walked off with his burden to Rabeira's room.

The Portuguese captain was in his bunk, trying to sleep. He was sober for the first time for many days, and, in consequence, feeling not a little ill.

Kettle deposited his charge with carefulness on the littered settee, and Rabeira started up with a wild scream of fright and a babble of oaths. Kettle shut and locked the door.

"Now look here," he said, "you've earned more than you'll ever get paid in this life, and there's a tolerable heavy bill against you for the next. It looks to me as if it would be a good thing if you went off there to settle up the account right now. But I'm not going

He stooped and lifted the loathsome bundle in his arms.

to take upon myself to be your hangman. I'm just going to give you a chance of pegging out, and I sincerely hope you'll take it. I've brought our friend here to be your room mate for the evening. It's just upon nightfall now, and you've got to stay with him till daybreak."

"You coward!" hissed the man. "You coward! You coward!" he screamed.

"Think so?" said Kettle gravely. "Then if that's your idea, I'll stay here in the room too, and take my risks. God's seen the game, and I guess He'll hand over the beans fairly."

Perspiration stood in beads on all their faces. The room, the one unclean room of the ship, was full of breathless heat, and stale with the lees of drink. Kettle, in his spruce white drill clothes, stood out against the squalor and the disorder, as a mirror might upon a coal-heap.

The Portuguese captain, with nerves smashed by his spell of debauch, played a score of parts. First he was aggressive, asserting his rights as a man and the ship's master, and demanding the key of the door. Then he was warlike, till his frenzied attack earned him such a hiding that he was glad enough to crawl back on to the mattress of his bunk. Then he was beseeching. And then he began to be troubled with zoological hauntings, which occupied him till the baking air cooled with the approach of the dawn.

The smitten negro on the settee gave now and then a moan, but for the most part did his dying with quietness. Had Kettle deliberately worked for that purpose, he could not have done anything more calculated to make the poor wretch's last moments happy.

"Oh, Massa!" he kept on whispering, "Too-much-fine room. You plenty-much good for let me lib for die heah!" And then he would relapse into barbaric chatterings more native to his taste, and fitting to his condition.

Captain Kettle played his parts as nurse and warder with grave attention. He sat perspiring in his shirt sleeves, writing at the table whenever for a moment or two he had a spell of rest, and his screed grew rapidly. He was making verse, and it was under the stress of severe circumstance like these that his Muse served him best.

The fœtid air of the room throbbed with heat; the glow from the candle lamp was a mere yellow flicker; and the Portuguese, who cowered with twitching fingers in the bunk, was quite ready to murder him at the slightest opening; it was not a combination of circumstances which would have inspired many men.

Morning came, with a shiver and a chill, and with the first flicker of dawn, the last spark of the negro's life went out. Kettle nodded to the ghastly face as though it had been an old friend. "You seemed to like being made use of," he said. "Well, daddy, I hope you have served your turn. If your

skipper hasn't got the plague in his system now, I shall think God's forgotten this bit of Africa entirely."

He stood up, gathered his papers, slung the spruce white drill coat over his arm, and unlocked the door. "Captain Rabeira," he said, "you have my full permission to resume your occupation of going to the deuce your own way." With which parting salutation, he went below to the steamer's bath-room and took his morning tub.

Half-an-hour passed before he came to the deck again, and Nilssen met him at the head of the companion-way with a queer look on his face. "Well," he said, "you've done it."

"Done what?"

"Scared Rabeira over the side."

"How?"

"He came scampering on deck just now, yelling blue murder, and trying to catch crawly things that weren't there. Guess he'd got jim-jams bad. Then he took it into his head that a swim would be useful, and before anyone could stop him, he was over the side."

"Well?"

"He's over the side still," said the Dane drily. "He didn't come to the surface. 'Guess a crocodile chopped him."

"There are plenty round."

"Naturally. We've been ground baiting pretty liberally these last few weeks. Well, I guess we are about through with the business now. Not nervous about yourself, eh?"

"No," said Kettle, and touched his cap. "God's been looking on at this gamble, as I told Rabeira last night, and He dealt over the beans the way they were earned."

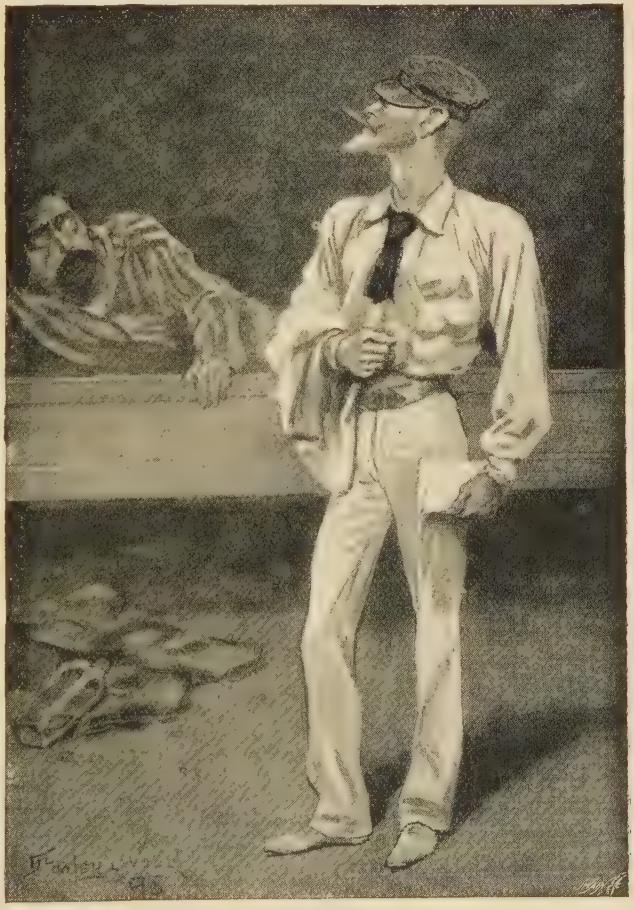
"That's all right," said Nilssen cheerfully. "When a man keeps his courage he don't get small-pox, you bet."

"Well," said Kettle, "I suppose we'll be fumigated and get a clean bill in about ten days from now, and I'm sure I don't mind the bit of extra rest. I've got a lot of stuff I want to write up. It's come in my head lately, and I've had no time to get it down on paper. I shouldn't wonder but what it makes a real stir some day when it's printed; it's real good stuff. I wonder if that yellow-faced Belgian doctor will live to give us *pratique*?"

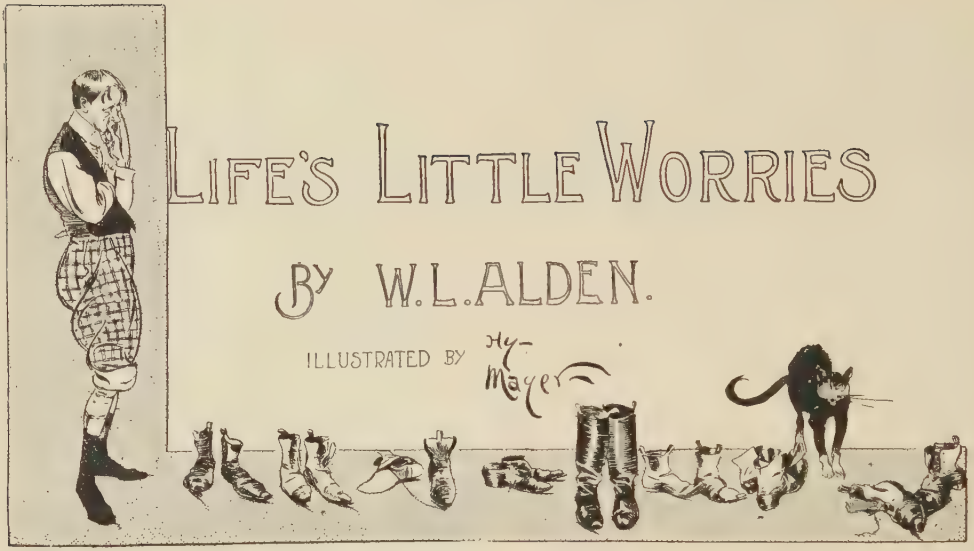
"I never saw a man with such a liver on him."

"D'you know," said Kettle, "I'd like that doctor to hang on just for another ten days and sign our bill. He's a surly brute, but I've got to have quite a liking for him. He seems to have grown to be part of the show, just like the crows, and the sun, and the marigold smell, and the crocodiles."

"Oh," said Nilssen, "you're a blooming poet. Come have a cocktail before we chop."



He stood up, gathered his papers, and slung the spruce white drill coat over his arm.



Shoes—Cyclometers—Woollen Garments—Toys and their Owners.

SUPPOSE that a man wears on an average two pairs of shoes every year. By the time he is fifty years old he has worn one hundred pairs of shoes, and not one single pair has ever fitted him until it has been worn at least a month. That means two months of misery or discomfort in every year—one hundred months, or, say, eight years of worry caused by shoes alone. This is an appalling total, but that it is correct every wearer of shoes will be forced to admit.

It seems strange that it surpasses the wit of man to make a pair of shoes that will fit so perfectly as to present a neat appearance, and to feel quite comfortable at the same time; but such is the melancholy fact. The Irishman who asserted that he would never be able to put on a pair of tight boots until he had worn them a week or two had a dim glimpse of the truth regarding boots and shoes. They ought never to be put on until they have been worn for at least a fortnight. But how to accomplish this seemingly impossible task is something that the wisest of men have so far failed to explain.

In furnishing yourself with shoes you have your choice, whether to have them made to order, or to buy them ready made. The result will be the same in either case, so far as the discomfort of the shoes is concerned. On the whole, it is probable that the ready made shoe gives us less cause for worry than the shoe which has been made after a careful measurement of the foot.

Neither of them will be comfortable when first put on, but in the case of the ready made shoe this is what we expect, while in the case of the shoe made to order we constantly hope that it will fit, and are invariably disappointed when we find that it will not. To wear shoes made to order is therefore to add the pang of disappointment to the pain of squeezed feet, and it is better to buy the shoe you know will not fit, rather than the shoe which promises to fit and does not.

The superficial person will perhaps say, why not wear shoes which are large enough for you, and thus avoid all trouble? There are two objections to this course. In the first place, the discomfort of shoes that do not fit is not due to their tightness. The shoe that is too loose will prove even more annoying than the shoe that is too tight. In the second place, the implied assertion that you wear shoes that are too small is an insult. No man or woman ever yet wore a pair of shoes that were too small. I know this to be true, for I have on my side the testimony of thousands of persons who have been directly or indirectly accused of wearing tight shoes, every one of whom has unhesitatingly asserted

that his or her shoes, instead of being tight, were several sizes too large.

I have known in the course of a long and useful life more than one person who has tried to escape the miseries of sore feet by wearing so-called shoes made of some other substance than leather. Kid has been tried, but with the most disastrous results. The kid shoe looks like a shoe before it is put on, but when once it is on the foot it becomes little better than a black swaddling cloth. It reveals every bend and inequality of the foot, and transforms the wearer into a monster with feet closely resembling those of camels.

Now and then a man sinks to the depth of black cloth shoes. Of such men it is hardly necessary to speak. They should of course be shut up in almshouses or in retreats for the feeble-minded; but they are so few in number that the hideousness of their shoes is seldom obtruded upon the public.

There was a man who visited a mining camp in Colorado, some years ago, arrayed in black prunella shoes. He was a missionary belonging to some of the brand new sects which are constantly invented in America, and presumably he was a good man. He was, however, shot within twenty minutes after his prunella shoes first stirred the dust

of the town, and, though we may deprecate mob violence, who is there among us who will deny that the hearts of those impulsive miners were in the right place?

There does not seem to be any escape from the worry of shoes that do not fit. If the Mahatmas of the Theosophists had the welfare of the human race at heart they would solve the problem of not putting on shoes until after wearing them a fortnight. Until they do solve it, we shall have to endure new shoes so long as we have the use of our feet.

Sandals are out of the question in this climate, and indeed they are out of the ques-

tion in any crowded city, where the wearer would be sure to have his bare feet trodden upon three or four times a day. The desert of Sahara is the only place where we could find relief from shoes, for there we could walk barefooted on the soft, warm sand. But even in the desert there would be the danger of treading on a half-buried asp. No! there is no escape from the shoe worry. The only thing we can do is to learn to suffer and be strong.

* * * * *

Cyclometers are very wearing to the spirits. Some time ago I added a cyclometer to the other attractions of my bicycle. At the time I was not particularly anxious to know exactly how many miles I rode each day, but the cyclometer was a showy piece of jewellery, and I felt that my beloved bicycle deserved to wear it. Of course I was immediately informed by genial friends that my particular pattern of cyclometer was obsolete and worthless; that it never told the truth, and that to carry it on my machine was to stamp myself as a cyclist who was very far from being up-to-date.

This, however, I might bear. It is the impossibility of ever remembering where the hands of the cyclometer stood when starting out for a ride, which is gradually bringing on nervous exhaustion and locomotor ataxis.

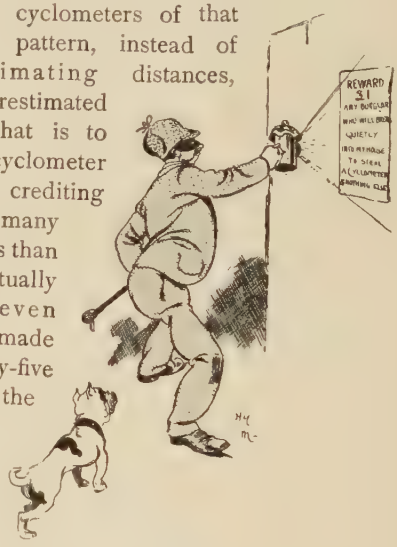
I go out in the morning with the intention, let us say, of riding exactly twenty miles and no more. After I have ridden about an hour and a half I look at the cyclometer to see what distance I have made. The cyclometer records, say, seven hundred and thirty-five miles. What did it record when I started? Was it seven hundred and two miles, or seven hundred and twenty-nine? Like every other man who tries to use a cyclometer, I can never remember this important particular, and as a consequence I cannot tell whether I have ridden fifteen, twenty, or ninety miles.

When this sort of thing has happened to the owner of a cyclometer every day during a month or two, he begins to appreciate the peculiar fiendishness of the instrument. There is, however, no help for him. He cannot throw his cyclometer away, for that would be a fatal concession to the friends who have told him that it is a worthless affair. He cannot cease to pay any attention to it, for an irresistible fascination compels him to look at it every time he mounts his machine, and to determine that this time he will not fail to remember where the hands stand. I used to enjoy cycling before I bought that cyclometer, but now cycling has become a refined torture.

Then, again, I suppose no man living ever feels any real confidence in his cyclometer.

Not only have my friends unanimously assured me that my cyclometer cannot tell the truth, but I have read in cycling papers that it habitually underestimates distances, and that when it says that I have ridden twenty-seven miles, I have in reality ridden thirty. I became so thoroughly convinced of this inability of the cyclometer to keep up with my real speed, that one day I took it off the bicycle, and by whirling the little wheel on my knee, rode sixty-five miles in about half-an-hour, thus bringing the record of the cyclometer up to what I assumed it ought to be.

The very next day I read in another cycling paper that cyclometers of that particular pattern, instead of underestimating distances, greatly overestimated them. That is to say, my cyclometer had been crediting me with many more miles than I had actually ridden, even before I made those sixty-five miles on the summit of a milestone. I will here offer any burglar who will break quietly into my house the sum of £1, to be forwarded by post to his address, provided he will steal that cyclometer, and nothing else.



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The conduct of woollen garments—I refer exclusively to those of an esoteric nature—probably shortens the lives of thousands of nervous men. Either these garments will shrink when washed, or they will not shrink. In either case the results are disappointing and disastrous. If you are a careful man you buy flannels at least two sizes too large for you, to allow for what you assume will be the inevitable shrinkage. You wear them for an entire winter at great discomfort, owing to their excessive size, but no matter how recklessly the washerwoman may treat them they utterly refuse to shrink.

Thereupon you resolve that you will no longer be influenced by the dread of shrinkage, and the next time you buy flannels you insist upon having a perfect fit. The very first time these garments pass through the hands of the washerwoman they are returned in an unwearable condition. You find that they have shrunk to that extent that either you cannot get into them at all, or else, if

you do succeed in squeezing into them, you find that the circulation in your arms and legs is nearly stopped by the pressure of the shrunken flannel.

The third time that you buy flannels you return to the original plan of buying them several sizes too large, and of course they refuse to shrink, and persist in refusing to shrink. Ninety-nine men in a hundred thus pass through life wearing flannels that are uncomfortable, either because they have shrunken, or because they refuse to shrink, and no means of thwarting the fiendish malevolence of flannels has yet been devised.

You may say that this alleged malevolence on the part of woollen garments is purely imaginary; that there are flannels that will shrink and others that will not shrink, and that, if a man's flannels act contrary to his expectations, it is merely the result of accident. You might as well say that the falling of an apple to the ground is a matter of accident instead of the result of a law of Nature. Is there a male reader of PEARSON'S who ever yet succeeded in finding a set of flannels that fitted him from the day they were bought until the day when the washerwoman lost them in the wash? If one such man will come forward, and prove his case, I will acquit flannels of deliberate malevolence; but I am confident that such a man does not exist.

* * * *

THE plain, simple, direct-acting child, whether boy or girl, is usually tolerable. It is when the child is combined with a toy that he or she becomes a potent source of worry. If boys were never provided by injudicious parents with drum and trumpet, and whistle attachments, it might be possible for a nervous man to live in the same house with a boy, but the boy improved and developed with toys is unendurable. Many people imagine that the small girl, whose usual toy is a doll, is innocuous, but they are mistaken.

A tragedy that occurred not many years ago in the family of a prominent solicitor is alone sufficient to prove that the combination of a small girl and a large doll may bring a man to the verge of insanity. The solicitor in question owned, in addition to a wife, a little girl of the age of nine years, and a baby of the age of ten months. One evening a friend of the family called at the house. He was a large friend, weighing fully fifteen stone, and he was very near-sighted.

The baby was produced, and exhibited to him with much pride. Also the little girl was brought into the drawing-room, carrying a full-grown doll in her arms—one of the species that is provided with what is technically known among children as a "squeak"—that is to say, a sort of tin whistle inserted in the centre of the doll, by means of which the latter is made to squeak when pressed.

The little girl placed her doll in a chair, and, becoming absorbed in a box of sweets that the large friend had brought with him, temporarily forgot the doll's existence. The baby was removed to its nursery, after having duly pulled the friend's hair, and rubbed his

coat collar with sticky fingers, and the little girl accompanied the infant, leaving her doll still in the chair. With a sigh of relief the large friend sat down in that precise chair, but instantly sprang up horrified at the squeak which followed.

Turning to look at the chair, he saw that it

was occupied by a flattened infant, whose usefulness was obviously gone for ever. What with his nervousness and his near-sightedness, the friend mistook the flattened doll for the ten months' old baby, and forgot that the baby had been removed from the room. He at once jumped to the conclusion that he had accidentally, but nevertheless completely, ruined a valuable baby, and that there was nothing left for him to do but to fly the country before he could be arrested.

That unhappy man rushed from the house, and rushed all the way to Argentina, in the full belief that he had destroyed his friend's baby, and that penal servitude for life would be his fate if he ventured into any country having an extradition treaty with England. He had been in Argentina for an entire month, during which he suffered agonies of remorse, when he received a letter from the solicitor, which had been forwarded to him by a confidential clerk, in which the solicitor mentioned that his baby was growing more beautiful and intelligent every day, and that his little girl had quite forgiven her father's friend for accidentally sitting down on her doll.

The friend was a good man, who never used strong language, but when he received that letter he went out and bought a profane parrot residing in the next street, and by bribes and threats induced that parrot to swear consecutively for an entire hour. This pleasing tale shows us that the small girl's doll, though apparently innocent, may produce more acute and intolerable worry than the loudest tin horn ever owned by a depraved boy.

When free from combination with toys, children are not, as a rule, entitled to be classed among the worries of life. Their natural and unassisted noise does not jar on healthy nerves. They can hardly be called soothing or conducive to sleep, but a world peopled wholly with children unprovided with toys would be a sweet and peaceful world. It is when children arrive at years of indiscretion that they worry us.

The small girl is as harmless as a cat while she is under fourteen years of age. The moment, however, that she puts on long dresses, and puts up her hair, she becomes the most terrible source of worry that the world has ever known. Even Homer testifies to this fact, which shows that, although Homer was old and blind, he had suffered from girls, and knew what real trouble was.

It is unnecessary to speak of the ways in which the full-grown girl worries and harries the man who comes into anything like close relations with her. Her rightful place is among the Great Worries, not the little ones of life. And yet so curiously contradictory is the nature of man that it is highly probable that a world devoid of girls would be to him the most undesirable of all possible places.

The Natural Mirror.

From the Painting by L. Perrault. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.

Pictures and their Painters

Women as Animal Painters.—The Painter of Portraits.

By V. Tojetti.

Copyright by E. W. Gustin and Co., New York.

Women as Animal Painters.

Women can lay the flattering unction to their souls that as painters of animal life they vie with, if they do not surpass, men. One of the most celebrated of living artists, who has depicted animal life in all its aspects, wild, domesticated, and tame, is Rosa Bonheur; then there is Madame Ronner, whose pictures of cats are celebrated all the world over; and, coming to British women, we find a number of them skilfully delineating domestic pets; or, like Mrs. Butler, the painter of military subjects such as "The Roll Call," making animals play an important part in many of their pictures.

Last year Miss Kemp Welch scored a great success with her picture of "Horses in the New Forest," and so well did the Academy think of it that they purchased the picture out of the Chantrey Fund, a great honour for a young girl to achieve. One could go on enumerating other lady artists who have won distinction as painters of animals, but enough has been said to show that in this field women appear to have a marked talent.

The subject of this appreciation bears out our thesis, for as a portrayer of our animal friends Miss Fannie Moody has a foremost place. The artist was kind enough to invite me to see her for the purpose of writing these notes at her charming flat overlooking Battersea Park, London, and as appropriate companions were a half-bred Manx cat with a quaint stump of a tail, and an equally quaint Dachshund, who might be defined, as Euclid does a line, "length without breadth." There I was privileged to look through her sketches of animals drawn rapidly on brown paper in black and white chalk. Miss Fannie Moody

Playmates.

Reproduced by kind permission of the artist, Miss Fannie Moody.

shows herself to be very dexterous in these "snap-shots" which her keen perception and trained eye and hand enable her to take. Photographers are wont to get aggressively self satisfied with their successful "snap-shots," but it occurred to me as I looked through these sketches, that the work of the eye is after all more life-like, because discriminating and sympathetic, than the camera. Miss Fannie Moody waits and watches, and what she "snaps" off is not just the thing which happens to pass by at the moment, but what she selects as most characteristic in her models, and her sketches speak to one in a way that no photograph can do. And these sketches she makes herself for working from are worth all the photographs in existence, for in sketching, the perception is brought into play and sharpened, and in this way the artist becomes acquainted with the subject. The artist, too, remembers what to forget, for it is obvious that something must be left out, but as the photograph puts everything in with equal distinctness, one never knows what to use and what reject in working from a photograph.

Miss Fannie Moody.

From a Photograph by Mendelsohn, London.

These rapid sketches the artist makes from the raw material, which is worked up into her pictures, for as animals cannot be made to sit like human models, it is only by waiting and watching that you obtain insight into an animal's character, for to an artist animals have as much ego as human beings.

Miss Fannie Moody naturally paints dogs more than other animals, for, from a selling point of view (and this, after all, has to be considered by the

Copyright by Braun, Clément, et Cie.

Lucky Hussar!

From the Painting by Alonzo Perez.

The Battle for the Standard.

Reproduced by kind permission of the artist, Miss Fannie Moody.

painter, though it always appears to be ignored by the critics), dogs are worth all other animals put together. From choice, the artist prefers very ordinary dogs, mongrels, one might say, as models, for your dog with a long pedigree, and who has cleared the board of prizes, is apt to be a very unpaintable beast. The Dogs' Home at Battersea is a favourite place for artists to study dogs and their ways.

Miss Moody said that there was as much fashion in "dog points" as in hats, and calling my attention to a picture of a collie just finished, and of which we give an illustration on page 124, she said that from a show standard the dog's nose was not nearly pointed enough, as collies to take prizes now had to be very sharp in the snout. One of the drawbacks to painting portraits of prize dogs is that their owners want all their points shown, as though you could paint the front, back, and end view all in one; and then, again, dogs, like babies, have "points" known only to their owners which the ordinary eye does not see.

The artist told me that she rarely therefore, paints portraits, preferring to make subject pictures, using animals as her models, and in this she is often particularly happy, as the examples given of her work show. It is the human side of dogs that interests her, and hence her desire to make pictures of them, and not merely act the part of photographer.

It may be of particular interest to any amateur who happens to read these lines to learn that Miss Fannie Moody is a self-taught artist, having worried out what she knows of art by herself. This is the more extraordinary, as her father held so important a position at South Kensington for so many years, and much of the decoration of the place was both designed and carried out under his superintendence. Miss Moody regrets that she was not instructed in her girlhood, as it would have saved her great loss of time later on in experimenting and discovering for herself what a master could have so easily shown her.

Our artist's canine models are often worse than the most spoilt and troublesome

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Melodies.

From the Painting by George von Hoesslin. *By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.*

children. "I remember being driven nearly mad by a handsome dachshund," she told me, "who resented being painted, so would only lie on his back, and nothing would induce him to take any other position. But sometimes a ruse will succeed. The model for my picture, 'Kind Inquiries,' was a very troublesome sitter, when I happily remembered that some time back he had been run over, and had had his leg broken, so I bound it up again, and the dog at once felt very sorry for himself, and gave me no further trouble during the remainder of the sitting."

finds to his vexation that it is practically impossible to please the sitter's family and friends, not to mention pleasing *himself*.

Cromwell enjoined the painter of his portrait to put in all his pimples, and yet the insertion of such details must be carried out with great judgment, for, after all, when we talk to a friend or when we listen to a great man, it is not such small peculiarities that strike us, but his presence—the man behind the man. Therefore a painter must, if he be worthy of his calling, be an impressionist, and by not dwelling unduly on any one feature

Just out of the Incubator.

From a sketch on brown paper by Miss Fannie Moody, drawn in half-an-hour.

The Painter of Portraits.

A PORTRAIT-PAINTER has to be something more than a mere transcriber of lineaments, or otherwise a photographer would almost certainly beat him out of the field. He has, as Tennyson puts it, "divinely through all hindrance to find the man (or woman) behind the face." People only *seem* to know what they look like when they are painted, so they are usually dissatisfied with their portrait, however good the likeness may really be; and besides, the painter too often give us a pleasant impression of the sitter, if we are to live with it with increasing pleasure. A man with a large nose, for instance, would be offended if you dwelt upon this feature, and it would be better, even on the grounds of fidelity to nature, not to indicate this offending member too emphatically.

Students err in the direction of seeing too much in a face. It is, after all, knowing what to leave out makes the artist, as knowing what to leave in the inkpot, to use Lowell's expression, makes the writer.

The picture by Mr. Henry Ryland, entitled "A Study," reproduced in our May number, is the copyright of Franz Hanfstaengl, Fine Art Publisher, 16, Pall Mall East, London, S.W., by whom a photogravure is published. The acknowledgment of the copyright was, by an unfortunate oversight, omitted.

"When for the first time thou knowest how sweet a thing it is to love."

THE ROSE OF EDEN.

"When sin fell on Eden and the first Parents of Mankind were driven forth from Paradise, Eve, in her sorrow and repentance, prayed the Most Merciful God that He would grant her a boon for His dear mercy's sake, and this was that she might take one rose-bloom from a tree which had been her favourite in the Garden, and carry it with her into the wilderness. And the Most Merciful God answered her by the mouth of Azrael, His Angel, and said: 'Thou shalt take thy rose with thee, daughter, and, for thy sorrow's sake, from now till the end of Man's days on earth it shall never wither. Once in his life, or hers, every son and daughter of thine shall smell the sweet scent of it, and, doing so, shall know the lost joys of Paradise.'

"So Eve took the rose, which to this day remains unwithered but unseen; and thou who readest, be thou son or daughter of hers, hast smelled its sweet smell, or shalt do so, for Love is the common lot of man, and the moment in which thou dost smell the sweetness of the Rose of Eden is when for the first time thou knowest how sweet a thing it is to love."
—(Translation from the ancient Persian legend of the Rose of Eden.)

They tell an old-world tale in Eastern lands,
Whose fragrance drifts across the countless years
Like scent of flowers across the desert sands,
Fadeless as love and sweet as sinners' tears
Falling on gentle Mercy's outstretched hands.

Hear now the story, told in broken strains,
Echoed through dim traditions vague and vast,
Older than that which tells why, after rains,
God's bow across the glistening earth is cast,
Proof that His word endures unto the last.

Upon a sunny slope in Eden, where
Summer and spring alternate reigned supreme,
A rose-tree cast soft scents upon the air
From blossom-petals white as angel's dream,
Objects of maiden Eve's most loving care.

And on a day—it was the last of those
That sinless Earth should see, she sleeping lay
Within her rose-tree's shade, lulled to repose
By the warm breathing of the swooning day,
And on her moving bosom fell a rose.

She woke, and raised her lovely light-crowned head,
Lifting the gold-fringed curtains of her eyes:
"Ah, what a dream You sent, dear God!" she said,
Whispering in sweet reproach and soft surprise,
Then looked she on the rose—and lo! 'twas red!

Red sign of sin—sin which the morrow brought,
When Eve knelt, weeping Sorrow's earliest tears.
Beside her rose-tree, with the red rose caught
Close to her tear-washed breast, as one who fears
To lose a treasure that a soul has bought.

Close by, the Angel, armed with flaming sword,
White-robed, light-crowned, fire-winged, towered o'er her there,
And she crept to him o'er the withering sward
Strewn with dead rose-blooms, thus to make her prayer:
"Lo, all is lost!—yet give me this, O Lord!
"One little relic of our days divine.
See, 'tis not withered as the others are!
My tears have given it life—may it be mine?"
The Angel smiled, and came a Voice from far:
"Thy prayer is heard—go forth—the rose is thine!

"And for thy sorrow's sake, thy rose shall live
Deathless as Love and fadeless as the skies.
And to thy children till the End shall give
One glimpse of God's own joy that never dies,
One in-breath of the scents of Paradise!"

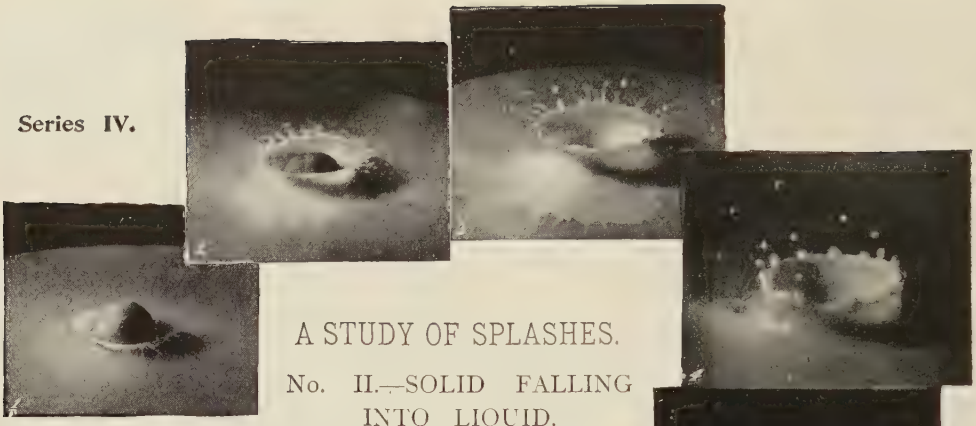
The face of every land has changed since then,
The stars have wandered in their march above,
But changeless still beat on the hearts of men.
And Eve's sweet story still their souls shall move.
For she is Woman—and her rose is Love!

GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Departure of the Goths with the body of King Teja after the Battle of Vesuvius.

From the Painting by R. Böhm.

Series IV.



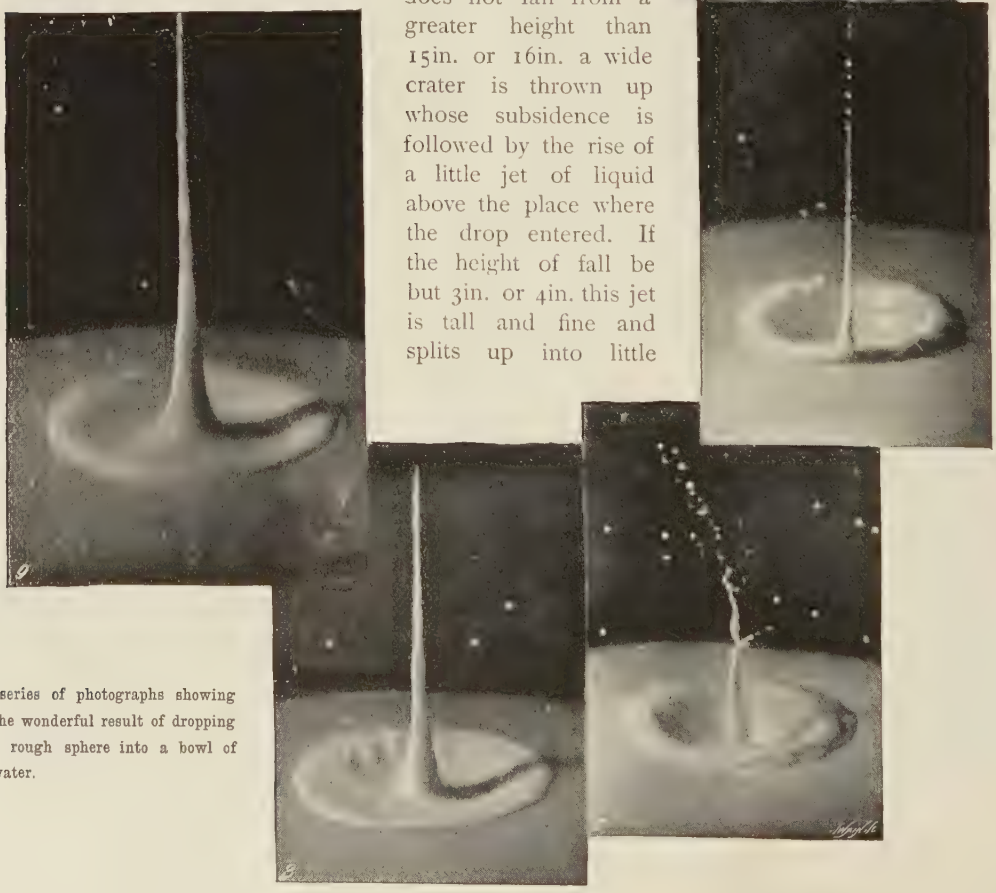
A STUDY OF SPLASHES.

No. II.—SOLID FALLING INTO LIQUID.

By A. M. Worthington, F.R.S.

(*Illustrated with Photographs by the Author and Mr. R. S. Cole.*)

In the preceding article we have seen what happens when a drop of water falls into water. It was shown that if the drop does not fall from a greater height than 15in. or 16in. a wide crater is thrown up whose subsidence is followed by the rise of a little jet of liquid above the place where the drop entered. If the height of fall be but 3in. or 4in. this jet is tall and fine and splits up into little



A series of photographs showing the wonderful result of dropping a rough sphere into a bowl of water.

drops; if the height is increased the crater thrown up is higher, but the subsequent jet is shorter and thicker, and less likely to divide. The subsidence of this jet gives rise in its turn to the concentric ripples with which every one is familiar. With still greater height of fall the crater closes up at the mouth and forms a bubble which, however, may open again and make way for a short thick jet. Finally, with drops sufficiently large, and falling from a sufficient height, the crater, which is now very thin-walled closes into a comparatively permanent bubble, whose disappearance is followed by no further jet.

In the present article I shall describe the splash that follows the entry of a solid sphere as revealed by the process of instantaneous photography that has been already explained. I should like to persuade my readers *before* they begin to read, to make a very simple experiment—perhaps they will be willing to do so afterwards. Let a few child's marbles be taken—not glass "marbles," for these are seldom round enough or smooth enough, but what are sold as "stone" marbles—and let one of these be well rubbed and polished with a dry handkerchief, and then dropped from the height of about a foot into a deep bowl or basin of water. If the polishing has been good it will be observed that the splash is singularly insignificant, the sphere slipping noiselessly into the liquid with very little disturbance of the surface. But if the same sphere be fished out of the water, and again let fall from the same height, without being first dried, or, better still, if another marble be taken which has been previously roughened with sand-paper, the resulting splash is totally different. There is now noise of bubbles, which may be seen rising through the liquid, and a tall jet will be tossed into the air.

To understand the cause of this really surprising difference, we must turn to the photographic record, and we will take first the case of a rough sphere falling just six inches into water to which milk has been added for the sake of clearness in the photographs.

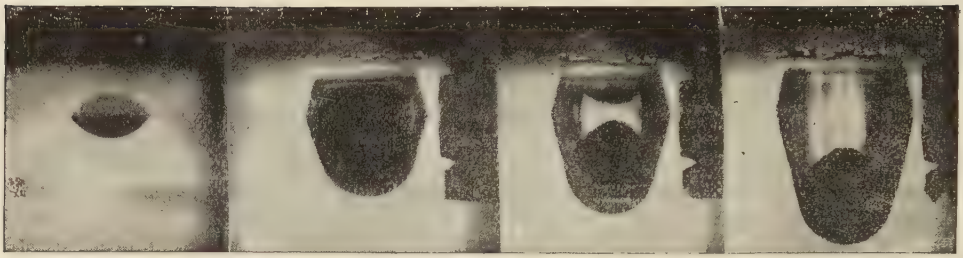
Figs. 1 and 2 of Series IV. show the sphere passing gradually below the level of the surface. In Fig. 3 it has passed out of sight, and there is a perceptible thickening of the rim of the crater indicating the check which the surface tension is imposing on the advancing liquid. The little jets have probably been determined and have persisted from the first moment of impact, and it will be noticed that from the first instant the liquid seems to have been driven away from the sphere. The crater is very like that thrown up by a water drop in Series I. of the previous article, the main difference being that the present crater is thinner in the wall and more regular. This greater regularity is chiefly to be attributed to the fact that the solid sphere enters the liquid with a true spherical form, and is not distorted by the oscillations and tremors which disturb a falling drop.

Fig. 4 illustrates the gradual change in the shape of the crater, the thickening of the wall and the corresponding reduction in the number of lobes as the thickening and subsidence proceed, till at last there is left above the surface nothing but the rim of Fig. 5, which is hardly distinguishable from the corresponding Fig. 9 in the splash of a water drop shown in the previous article. This stage is in each case reached in about fifty-five-thousandths of a second, and now from the depths of the crater there rises with great velocity the exquisite jet of Fig. 6, which, in obedience to the law of cleavage, at once splits up in its upper portion into little drops while, at the same time, it gathers volume from below, rising as a tall, graceful column to a height which may be even greater than that from which the sphere fell.

This is the emergent jet which one sees with the naked eye whenever a sufficiently rough sphere is dropped from a small height into water. But if we are to ascertain how this column originates, we must follow the sphere below the surface of the liquid.

For this it is only necessary to let it fall into clear water contained in a narrow, flat-sided glass vessel illuminated from behind, while the camera stands straight in front. In this manner were obtained the photographs of Series V., shown on the next page. These have a somewhat curious appearance, and require a little explanation.

In most of the figures a faint horizontal

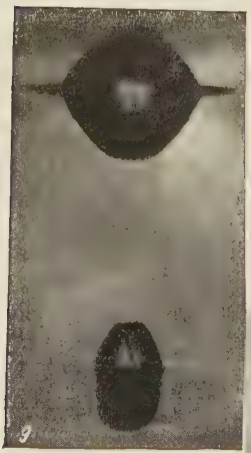


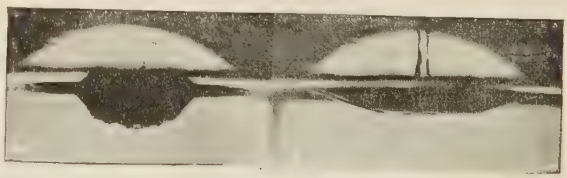
Series V. (showing what happens to the sphere under water).

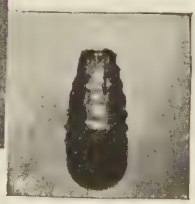
line is seen, which marks the level of the liquid surface. In this surface the entering sphere and the sides of the crater which it forms are seen by reflection from below. The sphere as it descends drags with it the surface of the liquid in the form of a gradually deepening pocket, the upper part of the sphere being for a long time quite unwetted by the liquid.

The sides of this pocket or bag of air not being quite smooth, give a somewhat distorted appearance to the sphere within; also, since the sides are sloping, their reflection in the level surface slopes in the opposite direction, and produces an angle where the two meet.

Above the surface line in Fig. 3, and in the succeeding figures, is seen the beaded lip of the crater which we have already viewed from above in the earlier photographs, but this is somewhat out of focus, for the camera had to be focussed on the sphere, as seen through the water, and this has the optical effect of bringing the sphere nearer than it really is. Hence only the nearer or front part of the crater is distinctly shown. It will be noticed that the crater is far deeper than the photographs taken from above the surface gave any reason to suspect.

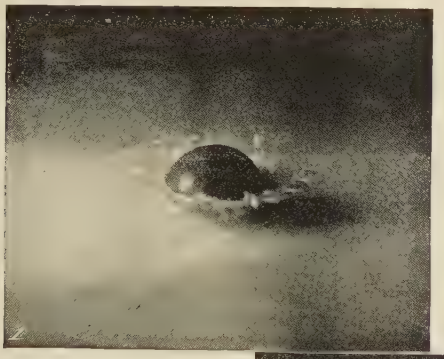


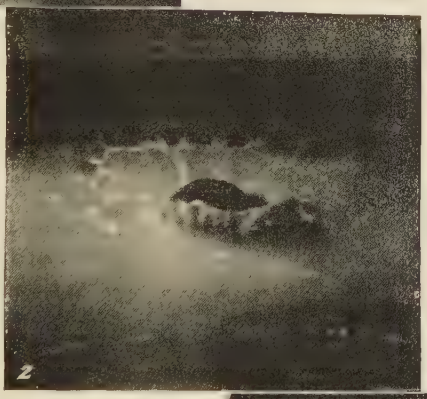




Coming now to Fig. 7, we perceive that the long cylindrical hollow has begun to divide. In this spontaneous division we

have another illustration of the law of instability, which regulated the subdivision of the cylindrical jets and columns already noticed in Series I. This law is the same, whether the cylinder be of air surrounded by liquid or of liquid surrounded by air. Hitherto we have only seen it operating in jets of liquid in air; now we have a jet of air in a liquid.





Series VI.

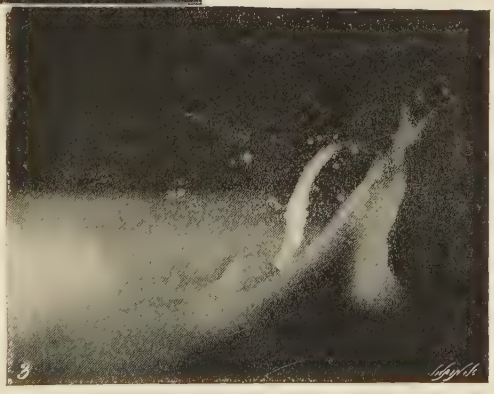
The lower part of the long cylinder of air splits off into a bubble just behind the sphere, and follows in its wake to the bottom of the vessel, and is only detached and rises to the surface when the sphere strikes the bottom.

Figs. 8 and 9 show the two parts just after division, while Fig. 10 shows the sphere with the attached bubble in its wake. The upper part of the air column forms (Figs. 9 and 11) a deep basin, into which the liquid pours from all sides, rapidly filling it up. It is from the confluence of this liquid into channels, which necessarily narrow as the centre is approached, that the great velocity with which the liquid spirts upwards is obtained. In Fig. 12 the jet is seen rising from the base of the basin shaped hollow.

Just as we obtained a bubble when we increased the height of fall of a drop, through the closing up of the mouth of the crater that was thrown up round it, so too a bubble is formed, when we let fall a solid rough sphere from a greater height.

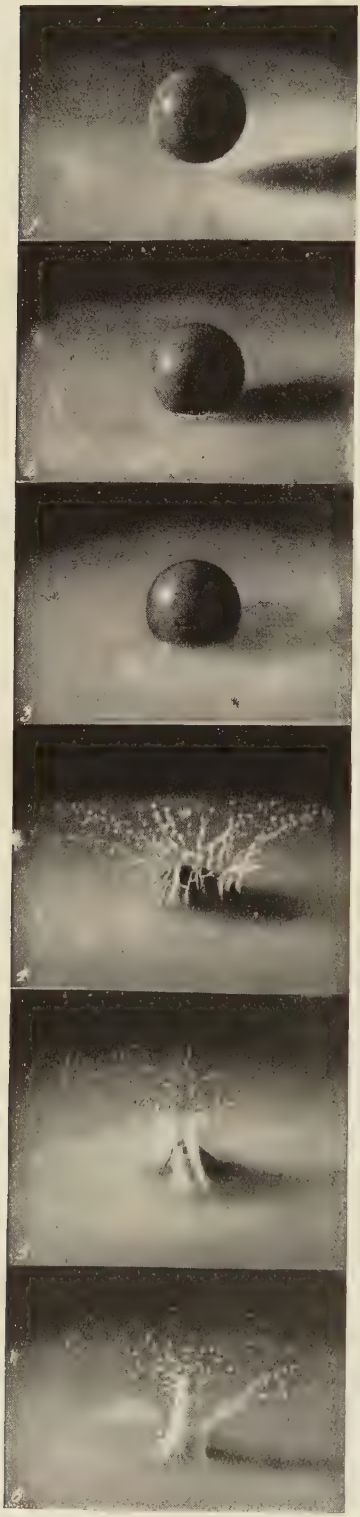
Also if we use a *wet* instead of a rough sphere the course of events is very much the same, but in this case, through the drifting of the adherent liquid to one side, the splash always in the end becomes irregular. Thus, in Series VI. the first two figures are regular enough, but the later stage (shown in Fig. 3) is confused and lopsided, we will therefore not follow this splash any further.

Let us now exchange our rough sphere for one that is highly polished, and which our naked eye observation has already shown to give a very different kind of splash. The change as revealed by the photographs (Series VII. on p. 134) is, indeed, remarkable. From the very first instant of contact, it appears that the motion set up in the liquid near the sphere is quite different. For, instead of avoiding the sphere, the liquid now runs up its sides, closely enveloping it in a thin sheath (Fig. 3), and ultimately



covering it completely before its summit is below the general level of the surface: thus, in Figs. 5 and 6 the sphere has completely disappeared with hardly any disturbance of the level surface. But though the surface is still flat, the liquid

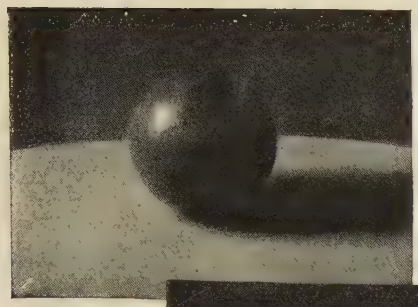
Series VII.

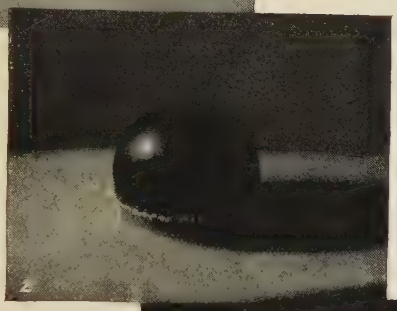


below is not "dead," but is really streaming inwards from all sides towards the centre, and gives rise to the short smooth column which (Fig. 7) rises like an obelisk over the grave of the sphere, only, however, to topple over in the curious fashion shown in the next two figures. A single glance at affairs under water when the sphere has just entered, such as is given in Fig. 10, shows how slight indeed has been the disturbance, and how different its character from that set up by the entry of a rough sphere.

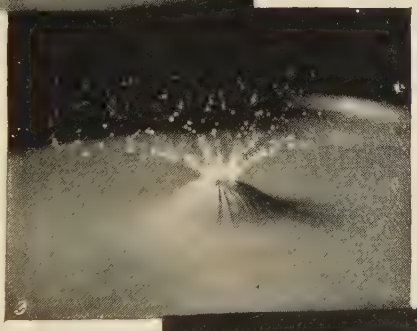
A larger sphere ($1\frac{1}{4}$in. in diameter) of polished stone gave the photographs of Series VIII. These show even better than the last series the extreme flatness of the general surface round the place of disappearance, and, since the liquid is practically incompressible, it follows that the level must everywhere have risen simultaneously with the entry of the sphere and to an amount corresponding to the volume of liquid displaced.

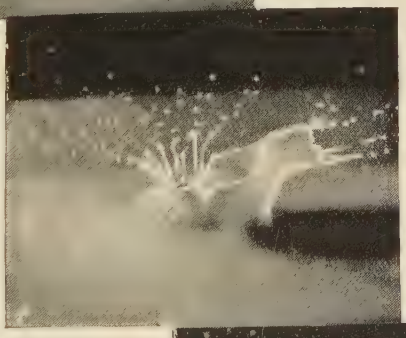
Figure 4 of this Series was obtained by a lucky accident. The sphere happened to be rough on the right side and smooth on





Series VIII.





the left, and the photograph illustrates in the most complete manner the difference in the resulting splash.

Into the cause of this difference it is hardly possible to enter within the limits of a popular article, and I shall content myself with merely mentioning one or two further facts, which will suggest that the explanation is not a very easy one to get at. If a smooth and well-polished "marble" be let fall into water from a height which is gradually increased from, say, 1ft. to 6ft. or 8ft., it will be found soon to begin to take down air with it, and finally to behave just as if it were rough! If, instead of the marble, a highly polished silver sphere be used, then a greater height can be reached; but this, too, will make a "rough" bubble-forming splash if its velocity is only great enough. But if suitably heated without injury to the polish, then the sphere can be let fall from a much greater height without becoming "rough"; and, finally, even when the sphere is cold, if it be dropped through a flame held near the liquid, the height may be further much increased. Conversely also, however rough a sphere may be, it will take down no air at all if the height of fall be but small enough. The explanation has to meet all these points as well as many others that could be mentioned, and for a complete elucidation some further experiments would be necessary.

A word in conclusion to those of my readers who are themselves photographers, and who may be inclined to continue this "Study of Splashes" on their own account. Photographic plates can easily be obtained that are fast enough for the work, as these illustrations amply prove, and the necessary facility in conducting all operations in absolute darkness is soon acquired by practice. The great desideratum is a really quick shutter to replace the rather troublesome electric spark, one, for example, which, while permitting the use of a large lens and admitting abundance of light, shall cut down the interval between the first and last arrival of light on the plate to, say, a ten-thousandth of a second. Such an instrument would serve for the investigation of a hundred other phenomena besides splashes, and a rich harvest of results awaits its invention.

Signors of the Night.

By Max Pemberton.

Author of "Queen of the Jesters," "A Woman of Kronstadt," etc.

No. II.—A SERMON FOR CLOWNS.*

(A Complete Story.)

I.

On the morning of the feast of the Ascension, in the year 1702, Scavezzo, the fat Canon of St. Mark's, stood before the booth of old Barbarino, the clown, and rated its owner soundly.

"What!" he cried; "to mock a Canon of the Ducal House, to hold him up to the ridicule of the people, to ape his sermons and his gestures. Out on you for a rogue who shall be whipped before dawn to-morrow!"

It was obvious to the densest person that the good churchman was exceedingly angry. What with his loud and penetrating voice, the menace of his gold-topped staff, and the meek and humble attitude of old Barbarino, all the people on the piazzetta of St. Mark at that moment came running up to the booth; some to take the part of the clown; some to show their loyalty, for reasons of profit, to the colossal and unwieldy churchman. Even gondoliers left their boats at the neighbouring quay to learn the cause of the clamour; while, over yonder, at the cafés on the piazza, gallants and great dames ceased their chatter to listen to the brawl.

"Excellency," said the clown, bowing humbly before the Canon's wrath, "I beg you to listen to me. I hope that I know who I am. If I am little and you are big——"

The crowd roared with merriment at the unhappy slip. As for the fat preacher, he positively shook with anger.

"Saints and angels! You insult me, rogue! here at the door of my own church! But

*Nothing was more characteristic of Venice during the early years of the eighteenth century than the licence permitted to her mountebanks and clowns. These vagrant comedians pitched their rude wooden booths at the very gates of the square of St. Mark. They spared none, neither great nor small, in their quest of buffoonery. The citizens, for the most part, welcomed the zanni, as the clowns called themselves, and encouraged their audacity. The police of Venice, or the Signors of the Night, as they were called, tolerated them because many a rogue was run to earth in their booths, and many a State secret whispered there; but, from time to time their humour and their effrontery would prick the sensitive temper of some notorious person, and his influence with the Three would procure their temporary banishment from the city.

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I must teach you a lesson. I must show you that there is still justice in Venice for her churchmen. Wait until the whip falls upon your shoulders; you shall tell me then if I am big or no."

The poor clown, terrified by his threats, wrung his hands in despair.

"Oh! a thousand pardons, Excellency!" he exclaimed. "I am sorry for my words. I should have said that you are——"

"Enormous," cried someone in the mob.

The Canon strode from the booth and shook his stick at them.

"To-morrow," he said dramatically, "to-morrow not one stone of this house shall remain upon another."

The crowd roared anew at his repartee. Venice was never a great respecter of her priests, and Venice loved old Barbarino, the clown—principally, perhaps, for the sake of his daughter Nina, the prettiest dancing girl in all the city.

"*Per Bacco!*" cried a merry gondolier. "Not one stone upon another, eh, and the house built of wood? A miracle, your Excellency, a miracle!"

"Do not disturb his Excellency's thoughts," chimed in a second; "he is about to give us his blessing."

"Not at all," said a third. "His Excellency is not very well to-day. Was it not a black fast yesterday, my friends, and did not the good Canon keep it on three capons and a boar's head? A plague on you for slanderers of a holy man!"

But Scavezzo, the fat Canon, was already out of hearing. Bristling with anger, his vanity sore wounded, he had gone at once to the Signors of the Night, the far-famed police of Venice, and had laid his complaint before them. And the police obeyed him promptly.

Within an hour there came to the quaking Barbarino the intimation that, at dawn to-morrow, he and his must leave the city.

In vain the old man pleaded with the Chief of the Police that for ten years he had been as much a part of Venice as the Patriarch himself; in vain he recalled the honours which great men had heaped on his head, the licence they had permitted him. No word of his was allowed to prevail above that of so mighty a personage as a Canon of St. Mark's. At dawn to-morrow he must go.

Never was there assembled in any booth a company of clowns so melancholy as those gathered in the booth of old Barbarino that afternoon. Punchinello, columbine, harlequin—tears were upon the cheeks of them all. To quit Venice—their home! To wander as beggars on the high roads of Italy! Not to know whence their bread would come or straw for their pillows! And all this for a word against a beggarly canon whom Venice could well spare, ay, and a dozen of their kind. No surprise, then, that the feast of the Ascension, the great feast, meant nothing to the clowns. Their day was done—others would enjoy their triumphs and eat their bread.

Little Nina, the dancing girl, listened to these doleful complaints, but did not share them. She loved Venice, though she was but sixteen years old, loved the city as well as those who beat and starved her and robbed her of the *scudi* that her talent earned. She had a good wit of her own, too, and when old Barbarino returned from the palace with tears in his eyes, she nodded her pretty head cunningly, and crept from the booth unheeded and unobserved.

Half-an-hour later, she had crossed the canal in her own little gondola and had reached the house of one who, in all but name, was then the first man in Venice—Fra Giovanni, the Capuchin friar, who ruled the city with a word, whose glances made strong men tremble, whose pity for children was as the pity of the Master who sent him to the work.

There were many waiting to speak to the great friar, noble women and senators and even the captains of the police, but when he came out from his library and saw the clown's daughter waiting timidly in his ante-room, he beckoned to her before them all and at once asked her for her news.

"Well," he said, shutting the door of the library upon a great dame who would have thrust her way in with the young girl, "and what is little Nina's trouble to-day?"

"Oh, Excellency," she cried, holding his hand in both of hers, "we have no longer a home in Venice—we are to leave at dawn.

God help us—we shall have to beg our bread!"

Fra Giovanni sat in his big chair, and stroked her pretty hair.

"They beat you and starve you—and yet you speak of begging your bread. Would that be so great a hardship, little Nina!"

"Excellency," she said simply, "I love Venice; it is the only home I have ever known. And for my father's sake—oh, I know that you will help us. It was yesterday—the day of fast. My father preached to the people, and the people said he was Scavezzo, the Canon of St. Mark's. Oh, Excellency, if you could have heard them laugh. And now we are to be punished; the police say so; we are to sleep in our booth no more—and all because the Canon is fat, Excellency, oh, so fat, and my father wore a sack at his girth—and you know——"

She stopped for very want of breath. A curious smile spread over the face of the friar. He continued to stroke her hair in silence. Her heart beat quick for she knew that he would help her.

"So it is Scavezzo, the Canon, who complains, *Nina mia*. Tell me, the people laughed, you say?"

"You could not hear yourself speak, Excellency. Oh, they do not love Scavezzo; they would not wish us to leave them. And Venice is so dear to us—you will not send us away, Excellency?"

Fra Giovanni shook his head doubtingly.

"What power have I, Nina, to say 'do this,' and the police will do it?"

"You are the friend of the friendless, Excellency."

"And you think that Scavezzo would listen to me?"

She bowed her head for she could not answer him.

"*Madonna mia*," she exclaimed; "what shall I do if you will not help me, Excellency."

Fra Giovanni did not answer her for a little while. Some scheme seemed running in his mind. When he spoke again, the smile was still upon his face.

"Come," he said cheerily, "we must dry up those tears. Tell me, would your father be at his booth if I went there now?"

"He would say that God sent you, Excellency."

Again the priest seemed lost in thought. But it was not to be hidden from her that his thoughts amused him.

"Well," he said, rising from his chair presently, "we are going to see your father, Nina. And while we go, you will be on your way to Murano.* You know the church of San Pietro there?"

"As I know your house, Excellency!"

"And the home of Michael, the wood-carver — you have been there, Nina!"

"You are the friend of the friendless, Excellency."

* Murano, the island in the lagoon of Venice, chiefly famous for its excellent glass.

She thought upon it a little and then answered:

"Michael, the wood-carver—but, Excellency, he is as fat as Scavezzo himself; you could not tell one from the other."

A great light burst upon her. She began to clap her hands joyfully.

"Oh, Excellency," she cried, "you are going to save us then!"

"Before vespers to-morrow, little Nina, Scavezzo, the Canon, shall ask pardon of you on his knees."

She kissed his hand rapturously; but the priest drew on his hood and cowl, and, regardless of the great people who waited for him, set out upon his way to the booth of Barbarino, the clown.

II.

Scavezzo, the fat Canon of St. Mark's, kept the feast of the Ascension right well. All day long there had been the clash of silver bells from the steeples of Venice, the thunder of cannon from her forts. Measureless processions had passed through the square before the great church on their way to witness the wedding of the Adriatic. Nobles in splendid robes of silk and velvet, deacons bearing tapers, captains of the city in scarlet, chancellors, equerries, beautiful women glittering in jewels, the Doge himself in ermine and blue and cloth of gold—all these, in gondolas decked out with gaudy draperies and weighed down with flowers, had gone out once more to wed that sea which Venice had ruled so long.

And when night fell, and there was music of fifes and the strings were tuned in every house, and the city put on a dazzling raiment of countless lanterns, the people had their turn, and hurried in their thousands to welcome the people's procession upon the piazza—to assist in a masquerade surpassing anything known in all the history of carnival.

Scavezzo, the fat Canon, was supping when this second procession emerged from the church; but his faithful servant, Giacomo, stood at the window of the presbytery, and gave him constant news of it. Not for such a trifle as the most splendid pageant in all Europe would Scavezzo turn from a grinning boar's head or a goblet filled to the brim with the luscious wine of Cyprus. Processions—he had taken part in those all day. And that fat *poulet*—his mouth watered at the steaming odour of it. A fig for the people and their pleasures when a canon supped.

"They are coming, you say, Giacomo; then who carries the cross before them?"

"Gabrino, the clerk—he walks like a prince, my master. And there are a hundred priests behind him. Body of Mark, there is cloth of gold enough down yonder to hang the walls of a city. Hark to the roll of the drums. It is like thunder in the hills."

Scavezzo took a large piece of meat upon his fork, and surveyed it with great satisfaction

"And behind the priests, who walk behind the priests, Giacomo?"

"Two hundred and fifty with torches, your Excellency. It is night made day. The eyes are blinded with the fire. And lanterns, Saint Paul, who shall count the lanterns I see?"

Scavezzo ate the dainty morsel and smacked his lips in token of his satisfaction.

"*Benissimo!*" he sighed; and then, "there will be the women of the city, too, Giacomo."

Giacomo leered pleasantly.

"They have come down from Paradise, Excellency; never were such women seen. Your reverence does well to turn your eyes away."

The fat Canon groaned inaudibly; then he emptied his goblet at a draught.

"Let us not speak of them, Giacomo. Let us remember to mortify——"

His platitude, doubtlessly good, was cut short by a new exclamation from the old servant at the window.

"Ho! ho!" he said, "here come the clowns! I see Barbarino the fool, and little Nina the dancing girl. And there is harlequin—*per Bacco*, I can hear the laughter now. Were there ever such fellows in all the world, and faithful servants of Holy Church, too, your Excellency!"

Scavezzo, recalled suddenly to a memory of the morning, ground his teeth.

"To-morrow," he said to himself, "to-morrow there will be one booth the less in Venice."

But Giacomo continued, unconscious of his master's anger:

"A plague upon the banners which hide them from my sight, Excellency, for there is Il Magnifico himself, and the Doctor in his Bologna gown, and the lovers at the play. Saint John, if all the love in Venice were made like that! But I must not ask your reverence to be an authority on such a point."

He continued to grin and to leer as the love play went on in the vast square below. Scavezzo, meanwhile, had brought his supper to an abrupt conclusion. The memory of the clowns was as vinegar upon his meat. He said that he would wake to-morrow to hear that Barbarino and his daughter, Nina, had gone, bag and baggage, to the mainland. And with this happy assurance to give him peace, he called to Giacomo to bring his coffee.

"You are growing deaf in your old age, Giacomo. Coffee, my friend, coffee."

To his infinite surprise, the old man at the window did not answer a single word. Rather he stood as one petrified, now looking to the square below, now at his master. His face was contorted strangely. Some horrible apparition appeared to have so affected his visage that his eyes stood out like eyes of glass, and the veins of his forehead were full to bursting.

"Oh, my master—oh, for Heaven's sake—what is it that I see!"

"Oh, my master—oh, for Heaven's sake—what is it that I see!"

The fat Canon leant back in his chair and surveyed his servant with contempt.

"Giacomo," he said, "how often have I told you that your stomach is too old for the red wine of Vicenza——?"

The rebuke fell on deaf ears. The old servant remained indifferent alike to his master's question and to his scorn. He stood at the window drunk indeed, but drunk with terror.

"How!" he cried, with a terrible laugh, "two masters—one here and one there. Oh, saints and angels defend us!"

Scavezzo raised himself with an effort from his chair.

"Giacomo," he exclaimed, "you are certainly drunk. To-morrow you shall fast on bread and water, and then your eyesight will be better. Meanwhile, we will see——"

The threat was checked abruptly upon the Canon's lips. He, too, was at the window now; he looked down upon the piazza below; he heard the merry music; he saw the countless lights, the gay dresses, the tremendous throng of masqueraders; above all, he saw—himself!

Scavezzo rocked upon his heels as a man struck suddenly with dizziness. He wondered no longer that Giacomo had not answered him. He, the Canon of St. Mark's Chapel; he, the great preacher; he, the admired ecclesiastic upon whom the women of Venice fawned, was he drunk also, was he in his room or out there on the piazza; had some

cunning drug in his wine made him see double? The very room seemed to swim before him. He gasped for breath and unloosed his cassock at the throat.

"I am Scavezzo," he cried hoarsely, "who, in Heaven's name, then, is that other?"

Old Giacomo crossed himself devoutly.

"My master," he exclaimed, "we are bewitched. A woman stood at the altar this morning and she had the evil eye. That is why I see you in the square down yonder, when in reality you are at supper in this room. And look—you sit upon a golden chair, there is a fool's cap on your head, you have a flagon in your hand, a woman—that I should say it—a woman sits upon your knee—oh, Excellency, was ever such a thing heard of since the blessed Saint came to Venice?"

But it was Scavezzo's turn to be deaf now. The ringing shouts of the masqueraders in the square moved him to a frenzy such as he had never known. One thing only was clear to him, and it was this, that out there, on the piazza, seated upon a chair of gold, which strong arms carried, and mumming that the people might laugh, was his double, his other self, a man so like him in face and feature, and in vast unwieldy bulk, that his own father might have been perplexed to say which was which.

How the man came there, what devilry prompted him to wear the cassock and bands of a Canon of St. Mark's, the terrified ecclesiastic dare not ask himself. He had but one idea—he must stop the procession at any cost, he must expose an impostor, he must go out and cry to the people: "Here is the true Scavezzo; here is the Canon to whose pulpit you come!"

The idea quickened his laborious step as never it had been quickened before. Deft were the fat fingers which buttoned up his purple cape. Heavy was his breathing as he put on his great hat with the broad brim, and shuffled into the shoes with the silver buckles, and grasped his staff, and repeated to his stupefied servant the assurance that justice should be done.

"To-morrow, Giacomo, to-morrow he shall know the whip and the iron. What! to hold me up before the people with a flagon in my hand and a fool's cap on my head! God's law! the police shall have a word to say about that!"

Giacomo, trembling still, sought to hold him back.

"My master," he implored, "you will not go among them to-night. Hark to those cries—they are like the cries of wild beasts. If you value your life——"

Scavezzo did not heed him. His hand shook with passion. Giacomo said afterwards that he descended his staircase with steps which made the house quake. He must stop the procession! He must pull the buffoon, who was his other self, from the throne whereon the clowns had placed him! Never must Venice be left to believe that a Canon of St. Mark's had so disgraced himself. The mere determination gave him a nerve of iron. A man of quick temper, his mind dwelt lovingly upon the punishment to-morrow should bring upon the miscreants who had mocked him. They should be burnt with irons, he said; and so saying, he opened the door of the presbytery and passed into the great square.

For some minutes the dazzling lights, the roar of voices, the wail of fifes, the rolling of drums, made him feel as one tossed suddenly into an angry sea. Everywhere about him masqueraders were moving. Strange figures with hideous visages, pretty women on the arms of lovers, jesters, monks, sailors, priests, mingled headlong in that tremendous throng. Nevertheless, one cry prevailed loud above all others. It was the welcome of the mob to the man in the golden chair—to the man the people believed to be Scavezzo, the Canon of St. Mark's.

"*Viva, viva!* Long life to our father Scavezzo! Another flagon for his hand, another cap for his head. *Viva, viva!* a Canon of canons! And yon is Dorimene on his lap—oh, *viva, viva!*"

Scavezzo heard the cries, and they were as blows upon his ears. He began to hasten with all the speed he could command towards the piazzetta, and as he ran, a man, masked in red and wearing a scarlet dress, followed close upon his steps, and at length made bold to touch him on the arm.

"What think you of this sight, my father," cried the stranger, "a holy Canon of St.

Mark's masquerading like a juggler from Normandy. Was ever such a thing known in Venice?"

Scavezzo turned to the stranger eagerly.

"My friend," he said, "a very great wrong has been done this night. I am Scavezzo, the true Canon of the Ducal chapel. Who that fellow may be, I cannot tell you. Help me, I pray, to speak to the people."

The man in the red mask, thus addressed, surveyed the trembling ecclesiastic as one who has heard a fairy story.

"*Diavolo*," said he, "when I come to look at you, my father, there is truth in your words. You are a kinsman, perhaps, and the disgrace of your famous relative wounds you. I approve your charity. Let us go together and protest before this astounding canon, who, upon my word, is little credit to Venice."

The Canon wrung his hands; his grief was pitiable to see.

"Oh," he said, "that I should not be myself, that there should be two of us—am I going mad?"

The stranger answered him by linking arms with him and leading him deeper into the whirling throng.

"Come along, then," he cried encouragingly. "It is not you who are mad, *amico*, but that dolt of a relative of yours who certainly must have lost his wits. I wonder that the Signors of the Night do not interfere. Hark to his jests. Did ever such words fall from the lips of a churchman before? And, as I live—he is eating a capon as big as himself. Shame on the rogue to forget his office so."

A tremendous shout of laughter from the people bore testimony to the truth of the masked man's word. Scavezzo, as short as he was fat, made painful efforts to stand upon the tips of his toes; but so great was the press about him that he could see nothing.

"Oh," he wailed, "what an infamy—I that have a woman's appetite!"

The stranger laughed until the tears came into his merry eyes.

"Ha! ha! ha! They have handed him a second capon as big as an eagle. He is putting it in the sack at his girth. You can see him swelling, father. And now, name of the devil, he has sat down upon his chair—the chair flies into a hundred pieces, and the Canon's heels are in the air. Oh, shame, shame—I laugh like a girl."

Scavezzo clenched his hands until the long nails penetrated the flesh.

"My friends," he roared, seeking to make his voice heard above the tumult, "do not look at him—here is the true Scavezzo. Come and see him for yourself—come and touch him. That fellow there is an impostor. Do not hear him. Listen to me, I implore you."

He might as well have spoken to the walls of the arsenal. The mob was in a frenzy of delight now.

"*Viva, viva!*" it was screaming; "Scavezzo dances for us. Oh, the great Scavezzo! To-morrow there will be ten thousand about his pulpit. Oh, the holy man, the wonder!"

The fervid cries were drowned in the hoarse shouts of laughter with which the new performance was greeted. The false Canon of St. Mark's was dancing before the people. There was no doubt at all about it. The thunder of his feet upon the throne which carried him was as the roll of some tremendous drum. The true Canon, obtaining a moment's glimpse of the spectacle, nearly fainted at it.

"Oh, for the love of God," he cried to the stranger at his side, "help me and save me, Signore. Who am I, where am I? Is it another that speaks to you or Scavezzo the Canon? Oh, in the name of charity!"

The stranger gripped his arm yet tighter.

"Come," he said, "this wanton exhibition has unhinged your mind, father. We will go to the Signors of the Night, and see if they permit such disgraceful sights in their city. A Canon dancing in a booth like a common harlequin. What an example for the people!"

He spoke with a fine assumption of real anger, and Scavezzo, in his turn, permitted himself to be dragged through the outer ranks of the delighted crowd; but his cassock was torn as he went, and he groaned often.

"I have never danced in all my life," he protested piteously; "God did not make me to dance. It is true that I drank a little red

wine with my meat, but a flagon like that, as big as the dome of a church, it is monstrous, it is cruel, Signore!"

The stranger dragged him on, regardless of his distress.

"Courage," he said, "we are going to the Signors of the Night. Trust them to right a wrong, father. To-morrow all Venice shall hear that Scavezzo, the Canon, is in the dungeons of the palace."

The Canon laughed ironically, hysterically.

"I am another then," he exclaimed; "this morning I was Scavezzo, but Scavezzo is dead. He dances on a barrel, and there is a fool's cap on his head. And to-morrow, the dungeon! God help me, the dungeon!"

The man in the mask pretended not to hear him. He had helped the fat Canon across the square, and should have turned to the right to find the offices of the police; but instead of that, he turned to the left, and plunged at once into that maze of narrow streets they call the Merceria. There, at a little wine shop, above which was the sign of a Turk's head, he stopped as though a new idea had come to him.

"Father," he said, "I am thinking that we are in no fit state to present ourselves to the Captain of the Police just now. Enter here, where they will give us a glass of wine, and even a needle for your cassock. When the wine is drunk, we can go across to the palace and tell our tale."

Scavezzo assented willingly. He could still hear the frenzied shouts ringing across the piazza. A ribald chorus, a haunting, vulgar lilt had been taken up by the people, and its echoes floated across the sleeping lagoon, and were heard by the distant islanders.

"Oh," he said, "hark to that. The fellow is teaching them to sing a ribald song against our Lord, the Pope. I know it well, Signore."

The stranger dragged him into the shop.

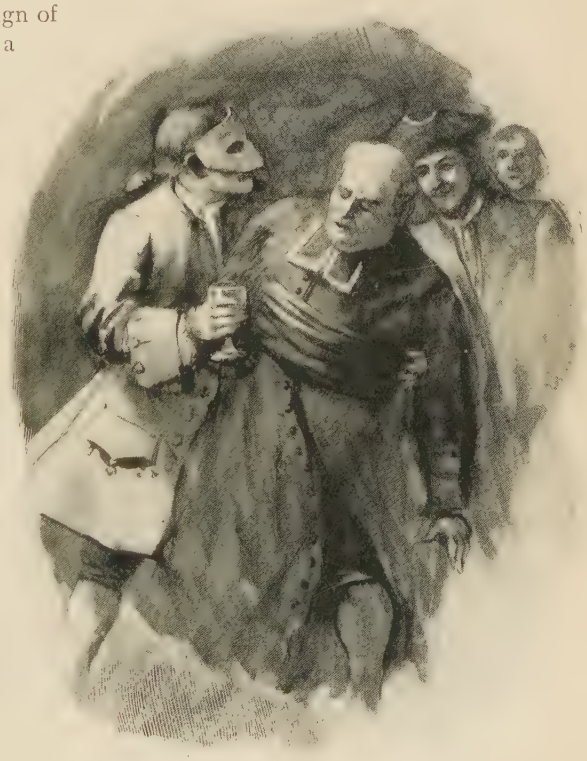
"I fear your kinsman will hang after all," he said grimly. "Drink a glass of wine, father, and then—to the police."

Scavezzo obeyed him as a child. He scarce knew who he was or where he was. The little wine shop would have been in darkness but for the scanty rays of light emitted by an old brass lamp burning before an image. He could not see the face of the hag who came out to serve him. His hand trembled as he lifted the glass to his lips, and no sooner had he put it down than the drug which it contained began to act, and he fell senseless into the arms of the man who had brought him to the shop.

"Quick," said the unknown, as other masked men came to his assistance, "he must wake at Murano in the house of Michael, the wood-carver."

III.

The sun had been shining hotly upon the island of Murano for many hours when Scavezzo, the Canon, awoke from his heavy sleep. It had been a troubled sleep bringing



He fell senseless into the arms of the man who had brought him to the shop.

him curious dreams; and chiefly a dream in which he saw himself preaching to a congregation of clowns, and must, in spite of himself, make jokes for their amusement. When he awoke at last with throbbing temples and burning face, he called loudly for Giacomo, his servant, and began to fear that he would be late for Mass.

"Giacomo, Giacomo—do you not hear me? Water, rascal, and my cassock—quick!"

Now the Canon's eyes were hardly opened when he said this; and what was his astonishment, a moment later, to find himself, not in his own presbytery as he thought, but lying upon a low wooden bed in a long narrow room which he had never seen before, and whose very furniture was of a kind to awe him. Everywhere strange, inanimate figures gaped at him—here a monster, half man, half dragon; there a figure of a centaur; here, a scene from purgatory richly carved in wood; there a fantastic group of demons designed for the staircase of some rich merchant—an odd assortment, in truth, which, seen in the dim light of the room, might well have startled one of stronger nerves than Scavezzo, the Canon. And to say that the Canon was merely startled would be to misrepresent his story altogether. For minutes together he glared at the hideous, grinning, voiceless things, as at an army of spectres risen from the ground before him.

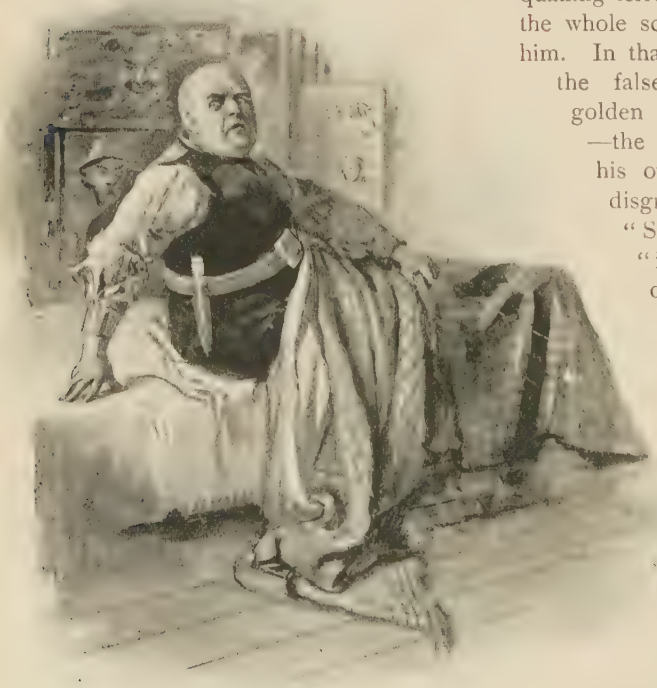
"Oh," he said, "wake up, Scavezzo—wake up. This is your dream; you are sleeping still, and that rogue of a Giacomo has forgotten to call you. You will be late for Mass, Scavezzo, and what will the Patriarch say?"

He laughed a little nervously as he spoke, and sat bolt upright in his bed. His mind was strangely confused; but gradually it began to bring back to him the mysterious doings of last night. A procession around the piazza!—yes, he remembered that. And afterwards, supper and a man in a scarlet mask, and a great throng of masqueraders, and someone singing vulgar songs about the Pope.

Round and round in his head the strange figures of thought went, until, in a moment of quaking terror, the figures fell into line and the whole scene was played over again for him. In that instant he remembered all—the false Scavezzo, the man on the golden chair, the fool's cap, the flagon—the ringing cheers of the mob, his own overwhelming, imperishable disgrace.

"Saints and angels!" he cried, "it was true, then. I did not dream it. There was another Scavezzo in the square. He did dance that the people might laugh. And now, holy patron, where am I now? What has brought me to this place? In whose house am I?"

He waddled to the door, for he had slept in his clothes, and opened it with uncertain hands. The sun's rays streamed into the room and half-blinded him; but when his eyes mastered the light



Everywhere strange, inanimate figures gaped at him.

he could see a great expanse of water, and in the distance the golden domes of Venice and of his own church. He knew then that the low house stood upon the quay of some island, and that he was alone in it. It was a glorious day, and many a gondolier went past singing a merry barcarolle. One of them, resting upon his oar, spoke to the Canon, and the words were the strangest Scavezzo had ever heard.

"*Olà!* Michael, and who brought you home from carnival?" cried the man.

Scavezzo drew himself up proudly.

"Impudent fellow," he said, "do you not see to whom you are talking?"

The man roared with laughter.

"*Eccoli!*" said he, "am I not talking to Michael, the wood-carver, who came home last night with his heels where his head should have been? Shame on him for a guzzling rogue that has forgotten the name he bears."

The Canon shook his fist at him, and turned angrily from the water's edge. He had not thought of the clothes he wore, but now he looked at them, and perceived to his astonishment that he was arrayed no more in spotless, violet cassock and shoes with the silver buckles. These had given place to a suit of coarse brown cloth, with boots such as only the common workmen buy. Moreover, a leathern belt was about his waist, and in this belt a workman's knife was sheathed. For quite a long time the Canon stood at the door of the house, shaking his head, as one who is perplexed beyond understanding.

"I wear a suit of brown clothes, and wake in a house I have never seen," he said, continuing to nod his head mechanically. "A barcarolo calls me Michael, and insults me. I am upon the Island of Murano, and I can see my house across the water. Has someone robbed me of my senses, then? Do I sleep still? Am I gone mad in a night? I will believe no such thing. I will believe——"

The voices of children, who ran up suddenly to the place where he stood, cut short the expression of his will. As a rule, he was, like other fat men, benevolent and well disposed to the little ones; and when these children came up to him, he greeted them very kindly.

"My children," he asked, "do you know whose house this is, and where the owner may be found?"

Their response was a merry shout; they went scampering away, crying to one another: "Here is old Michael, the wood-carver, drunk with wine! Oh, come and see, come and see!"

Scavezzo suppressed the evil words that came even to his lips. He looked down again at his poor brown clothes, up again at the house wherein he had slept.

"I am bewitched," he murmured, "this is the reward of my sins—Heaven pity me. I am no longer myself; I am someone else. Scavezzo is dead. He is Michael, the wood-carver! Oh! cursed day."

Muttering thus, with dizzy head and weak limbs, he began to stagger rather than to walk along to the quay towards the great church of the island. The priest there would know him, he thought; perchance would lend him a cassock, and find a gondolier to take him home. The possibility gave him some little hope; but he had not gone very far before the children, who had cried out upon him, came running back again, and brought with them others, shrewish women and idle men, who had come to see the unusual spectacle of a drunken wood carver. These gave him hard words and many a push; and presently a crowd began to gather, and to jeer at him.

"Ho, ho, thou art drunk still, old Michael—have a care, rogue, or they will put thee in the pillory."

"Shame on him, for a lazy rascal that lets his children starve, and beats his good wife!"

"Ay, thou dost well to speak of his wife. Wait until she comes back from Torcello. A right good arm has Antonina, and well she knows how to use it."

The suggestion was the last infamy. At the word "wife" old Scavezzo raised his arms as though to beat off the devils who tormented him.

"Wife!" he roared. "You speak to me of a wife! Do you not know, then, who I am? Do you not see that I am Scavezzo, the Canon of St. Mark's? Scoffers, I will have you whipped—I will have you——"

Anger choked his utterance. He stumbled

He was left alone in that drunkard's pulpit.

on blindly towards the church. The crowd increased and began to hoot him, until his ears rang with the clamour and the din.

"Oh! come and see, come and see! Here is a wood-carver whom the bottle has made a Canon! Oh! come and see!"

But above this cry was another, and it was more ominous.

"To the pillory with him, and learn there what sort of a Canon he is."

New-comers took up the new word, and it was repeated with loud shouts of joy. Some laid hands upon the Canon's arm, some pushed, some pulled him. His piteous appeals for mercy fell upon ears that wished to be deaf. The louder he protested that he was Scavezzo, the wilder were the cries: "A wood-carver that has gone mad—oh! come and see!"

On they dragged him, past the church which was to have been his sanctuary, away from the water and the ships, onward to the open square of the island, even to the pillory, where ready hands strapped his arms, and readier urchins prepared their ammunition.

"A leek for thy stomach, old Michael."

"An apple for thy head."

"Water to wash the wine out of thee, old man."

"A stinking fish to remind thee of Lent."

"The half of an egg to keep up thy strength."

"A dead dog, old Michael, to whom thou mayest preach."

So the delighted mob roared as it gathered round the pillory and began to amuse itself. Savage cries of delight accompanied the bombardment. The square of the island was filled by a vast throng which hooted incessantly, and always invited others to come and see the wood-carver of whom good wine had made a Canon. Even in distant Venice the clamour was heard, and the report

believed that Murano was in arms. As for Scavezzo himself, he had the mind neither to think nor to protest any more. The ultimate humiliation had overtaken him. Whatever the years might have in store for him, this must remain, that he, the darling Canon of the women of Venice, had stood in a pillory on the island of Murano. He could have prayed to God that the earth would open and swallow him up.

Throughout that long afternoon, the man who had sworn to banish the clowns from Venice, was the mock and the sport of the islanders. Though many of them hooted him, it was strange that no serious hurt befel him: and still more strange was it that at sunset the crowd seemed to melt away as if by magic, and he was left alone in that drunkard's pulpit.

Very hungry, weak and bowed down with shame, he began to think that Heaven had willed his death. And he was trying to prepare himself a little for death when he heard a voice in the square below him, and opening his eyes quickly, he beheld no other than Barbarino, the clown, and with him, his pretty daughter, Nina.

To Scavezzo, the sight was as a vision from Heaven.

"Oh glory to God this night," he cried piteously, "here, at last, are those who know me."

Old Barbarino pretended to hear the voice and to be amazed at the sound of it.

Basta," cried he, standing suddenly before the pillory, "I could have sworn that I heard the voice of his Excellency, Scavezzo, at whose word we are to be banished from Venice to-day. Yet when I look up, I see a common rogue standing in the pillory as any drunkard of the city."

He made as though to pass on, but the trembling Canon implored him with tears in his eyes.

"For the love of God, one moment," he wailed, "I am not what I appear to be —I am Scavezzo; oh, Heaven help me, I speak the truth to you. Yesterday, I was your enemy, to-day I will be your friend. I swear it on the Cross—I ask it on my knees—"

Old Barbarino seemed to hesitate, but little Nina said:

"How can he be Scavezzo, father; and if he is, why should we help him since there is a new Canon called Scavezzo across yonder, and he will not take our home from us?"

"A new Canon," roared Scavezzo, "another in my place — oh, devils all, you tell me that?"

"Ay, indeed," answered old Barbarino, "Scavezzo, the Canon, is over there all right, as every woman in Venice, who heard him preach this morning, will swear."

Scavezzo listened no more. He opened his lips—no sound came out. His head drooped forward. He had fainted.

IV.

At noon next day in his own house, whither the clowns, who had arranged it all with the people of Murano, conveyed him, Scavezzo was told the story of the jest.

"Ah," said Giacomo, his servant, "nothing but a pilgrimage to Rome will blot this out, my master. To think of it, that they should dress up this wood-carver with their powders and their paints until, had he stepped into your pulpit, your own mother would not have discovered him."

"But he did not step into my pulpit, Giacomo—oh, tell me that he did not?"

Giacomo's eyes twinkled.

"You must ask Fra Giovanni about that," he said, "perchance old Barbarino has a bad memory, Excellency—a clown's way of speaking, you understand, which implied, as I live, that you should preach to clowns."

Scavezzo sighed.

"It is a long way to Rome, Giacomo," he expostulated, "nevertheless——"

"Nevertheless, Venice has a longer memory, my master. The city loves her clowns—ay, better than any Canon that ever wore the purple."

Scavezzo shook his head sadly.

"Ay," he said, "that is a lesson I do not need to learn, Giacomo."

A Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

By

Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

Lourdes, one of the most extraordinary products of the 19th century, the headquarters of the greatest pilgrimage of modern times, has recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and marvellous have been the rejoicings. Hundreds and thousands have journeyed hither to throw themselves at the feet of *L'Immaculée!* Consequently, what may fitly be termed the Silver Wedding of Lourdes has been kept with unbounded exultation.

The Pyrenean village is to-day one of the mightiest strongholds of Roman Catholicism, and it may be added, for its size, the most prosperous.

Those who have appreciated at its full worth the splendid art of ancient Rome—who have peeped into well nigh all the picture galleries of Europe and beheld the wondrous paintings of old masters, most of which were executed for the Romish Church, cannot have failed to recognise the debt of gratitude due to the monks of yore who fostered learning and advanced civilisation, or to realise that in the past the faith they held was the living motive power of the world of thought.

That time is, to a certain extent, past; nevertheless, the old religion still holds sway, and as we peep into the mysteries of Lourdes we feel that sway has lost none of its power.

With nerves overwrought and minds painfully expectant, we alighted at Lourdes station. Our preconceived ideas were a medley of the gorgeous ancient splendours of the Vatican on the one hand, and the vastness of St. Peter's or the charm of Giovanni Laterano on the other; but all such notions were speedily dispelled, for everything that met our eyes was modern to a painful degree. It was our fault, no doubt, that we had not grasped all this sooner, that we had failed to understand what an up-to-date product Lourdes really was; but we had not done so, and the reality came upon us with a shock.

A long, rambling station met our gaze, with "*Sortie des Pèlerines*" written above several of the doorways; indeed, we wondered how so many exits could possibly be thought necessary until we learnt that 200,000 strangers is the annual average, while during the year of the "Coronation of the Virgin," no fewer than 500,000 persons visited the Pyrenese village!

Look at the pilgrims descending from the carriages, for such a spectacle is only to be seen at Lourdes. The trains are known by the names of colours—white, blue, etc.—and nothing more wonderful than the arrival of one bearing its burden of human impurity and disease can be imagined.

Many of the travellers have come long distances, and are in a fever of hopeful anticipation, for the priests and nuns who accompany them on the journey pray, plead, and implore without ceasing during the long, dreary hours spent on the road. Tales also of miracles effected when the afflicted were

possessed of sufficient faith, have excited the heavy burden of diseased humanity into a state of well-nigh mad expectancy.

Stretchers are quickly filled; long chairs, bath chairs, beds, mattresses, are all brought into requisition, and soon even that vast mass of suffering disperses, some carried, some on crutches, some in omnibuses, some in landaus, some even in carts. Men and women touting for custom make the scene even yet more extraordinary; but the bulk of the arrivals know by their tickets whither they are bound—whether to the Hospital of Our Lady of Dolours, for instance, with its four storeys of accommodation, or the establishment of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

These pilgrimages usually last for five days, and as helpless creatures—strong only in faith—require more attention than can be given to them, many of the afflicted are never undressed during those five days, except on the occasion when they bathe in Lourdes' healing waters.

Just after leaving the station, we noticed, written in enormous letters, above a shop, "*Fabrique de Pastilles à l'eau de Lourdes*," which strange, little pastilles evidently commanded a large sale, for the establishment looked big and prosperous.

As we passed on through modern streets, lined with houses, called by sacred names "Villa Jesus Marie," etc., we observed crosses here and there made for electric light; while such worldly warnings appeared as "*Veillez de la Porte Monnaie*" ("Take Care of Your Purse").

Near the church itself stands the shop of Bernadette, who claims to be brother of the girl who saw the famous apparition, and who placards the information in letters of gold a foot long upon the front of his window.

"But how," it may naturally be asked, "did this up-to-date, prosperous town achieve such greatness? What is the origin of the fame of a small village that less than half a century ago was sleeping quietly, as it had slept for hundreds of years previously, on the borders of the Pyrenees, between Pau and Argélès?"

It was not really in the mountains, so visitors passed by unheeding, because they preferred to get into the Hautes Pyrénées and enjoy the higher air, rather than stop at the entrance of the chasm in uninteresting Lourdes. No traveller then had ever heard of this village; it was a peaceable, quiet kind of a place, where the Basque peasants plied

Scene on the platform at Lourdes Station, on the arrival of a train crowded with invalids.

their simple trades—the women spinning, and the men tending their kine—until the year 1858—but forty years ago!

Well may the people of Lourdes bless the name of Bernadette, for their little hamlet has within the time mentioned become a large, flourishing, and rich town; magnificent hotels are crammed to overflowing, the coffers of the church contain untold wealth, and prosperity is written large on the face of every inhabitant.

Not so very many years since children played down by the river, where the trees grew almost to the water's edge, and rocks rose somewhat perpendicularly. They gambolled and frolicked among the rocky boulders, in the midst of which there stands a cave. It is not a remarkable cave; perhaps in front some thirty or forty feet high and wide, and very narrow at the back.

Sauntering idly by the river side one day in the year 1858, the daughter of a miller, a girl of about fourteen years of age, described as "frail, delicate, of boundless virtue and innocence," paused by the mouth of this Grotto, where in a little indenture of the rock itself the wind suddenly rustled the leaves on moss and creeper-grown walls. When Bernadette glanced half frightened towards the spot whence the mysterious noise proceeded, she beheld an apparition of the Virgin!

In a French book we are told that the girl, choking with emotion, raised her head, but she immediately felt paralysed, and fell on her knees.

A stone slab on the roadway opposite chronicles: "*Place ou priait Bernadette, le 11 Fevrier*, 1858."

Yes, there, amid rustic surroundings, stood a vision of incomparable beauty haloed with celestial light! She was quite young, carried herself with the "faith of a Virgin, the gravity of a mother, and the majesty of a Queen." Her smile was of infinite grace, her eyes were blue, and her mouth possessed an expression of sweetness and virtue. She was robed in white, the long garment she wore reaching below her bare feet; a blue girdle fell from the folds that covered her head! From that hour Lourdes became famous.

Several times the Virgin reappeared to Bernadette, and on one of these occasions stepped forward, and, after promising to the girl happiness in this world as well as in that to come, begged her to ask the priests to build a church near the spot, where the sick might drink, and be bathed in the waters. It is this spring that has worked such miracles in France, and, according to good Catholics, all over the world. Even bathing the dead at Lourdes to bring back life has been tried, but so far without success!

The last time the apparition appeared Bernadette asked the vision's name, and received the reply:

"*Je suis l'Immaculée Conception.*"

Accounts of this apparition were told and retold; the story became more and more wonderful in progress of repetition, till suddenly Bernadette was transformed into a saint! People rushed from all parts of the country to kiss the hem of her frock, or even kneel before her. Imagination was aroused, seeds of mystery grew apace in excitable minds, and before long thousands flocked to see the favoured child, and the scene of the appearance, until Bernadette herself had to seek the protection of the church—the tale of her persecution making her a martyr. She was brought before the magistrates; but refused to admit the apparition was a dream, although some of the doctors who examined her affirmed the whole thing to be a case of hysteria.

All this brought at first an almost unpleasant notoriety to Lourdes, the priests felt alarmed, and visitors and pilgrims were for a time prohibited. As the story became more and more known, and the village more and more prosperous, the girl attracted so much attention that the church had to intervene once again, and sent Bernadette to a convent, in order that she might live in retirement. Although then over fourteen years of age, it is on record that the nuns experienced difficulty in teaching her to read and write, for her intellect appeared to be none of the brightest.

Sending the young saint away to a convent, however, could not stay the flood of religious enthusiasm. The number of pilgrims increased so rapidly that finally the Church found it necessary to forbid religious worship at the Grotto, but it is as difficult to

The Grotto at Lourdes. In the centre of the photograph is the statue of the Virgin. To the left of the picture are the crutches which once belonged to those who have been cured.

keep back the incoming waves as a tide of folk hoping to be relieved of their ailments; therefore the more people were denied admission, the more loudly they clamoured to be admitted. Months wore by, and at last Roman Catholicism had to accept the inevitable outcome of its own teaching.

Modern Lourdes is that outcome, and a marvellous one it can but be considered!

We go with the multitude to gaze on that white plaster figure smiling down from her crevice in the rocks. We leave the ruined castle standing majestically in the town, and march on towards the recently built church. We gaze with awe at the snow-capped Pyrenees rising behind, and those grand, solitary valleys reaching far into the distance; glorious stretches of vast solitude which inspire great thoughts—for are not Nature's cathedrals grander than any ever built by man? And on we press with the crowd.

Before us lies a large and beautiful open square, very modern—everything is modern in Lourdes—and step into the lower church, for, strangely enough, there are two churches, one erected upon the top of the other. The lower, with its back to the famous grotto, is the older of the two, and possesses roomy cloisters. The walls and pillars are formed of marble slabs. Thousands and thousands and thousands of such slabs decorate the sacred edifice, all gratefully contributed by persons who believed the miraculous waters had been potent to heal, as those in which Naaman dipped seven times, nigh upon three thousand years ago.

On one we read: "Thanksgiving to Our Mother, from two poor pilgrims from New York"; on another: "In deep gratitude from two hundred pilgrims from Portugal"; and yet again: "You have preserved me, do what you will with me"; while on a most terrible and modern glass window are the words: "*Reconnaissance de grâce à Marie.*"

The church itself contains thousands of little hearts, mostly of silver, presented as offerings to the Virgin. Swords hang upon the walls, the gifts of soldiers; quantities of orange wreaths left by brides appear in little glass cases on every side, for devout women come to Lourdes on their wedding tour, to ask for the Virgin's blessing upon themselves and their future children. Models in wax and plaster of arms and legs, photographs, drawings and paintings, small babies' shoes, a pair of spectacles—in fact, every conceivable gift is to be found upon the walls of those churches.

We wandered down a long stone staircase to the border of the river where there is now a handsome embankment, to see the famous grotto. On our right were the baths, of which more anon. Behind, there stood a row of drinking fountains, so that some twenty or thirty pilgrims at a time may wash their hands in or drink of the holy spring. Behind again was a small shop, where Lourdes' famous water is sold; a delightful old man was looking after this department and doing a brisk trade.

There were glass bottles with the words *Eau de Lourdes* impressed on them, which he filled and sold, the prices ranging from three sous upwards. One could buy a pint or a gallon; the water intended to travel farthest was put into tin cans, and we were informed that every day quantities are sent to America and all over Europe.

The man assured us he knew cases where sight was restored to the blind, the power of walking to the paralysed, etc, and other wonderful cures effected. He said he had seen many miracles, that it was all perfectly true; but when we had to ask him to write down a word, his pronunciation of which we did not understand, and presented him with a pencil and piece of paper for the purpose, "I cannot write," he said.

"Will you spell it?" we ventured to ask.

"I cannot spell, and I cannot read," was the disappointing rejoinder.

One may travel through Iceland and Finland, countries comparatively little known, where hardships and perils are ever present, and not find a man, woman, or child who cannot write; yet, in such a thriving place as Lourdes, this ignorance is possible, and in the sister Greek Church of Russia, we have ourselves seen a man in every appearance a gentleman, the possessor of a very considerable income, who could not sign his own name!

We thanked our friend for the bottle, we handed him our sous, and passed on. Behind his shop again was a larger and more important kind of fountain, immediately beside which were iron railings bordering the famous cave. Benches were ranged in rows before the world-renowned grotto, and we silently sat ourselves down to watch the devout. There were cripples on chairs, there were deformities lying on low carriages, there were the possessors of bandaged limbs supported on crutches, all devoutly muttering their prayers and telling their beads; there were priests kneeling before the railing of the Grotto, or lying prone on the stone flags inside; there were women nursing new born babies, praying

The two churches at Lourdes, one above the other.

Pilgrims on their way to the upper church.

with their rosaries to the accompaniment of the children's cries. There were rough men and old women stooping down to kiss the rocks, or let their foreheads touch the bare ground. Many were prostrating themselves on the earth as the Mahommedans do at time of prayer.

There were fashionable ladies dipping their jewelled fingers into the water, wiping their eyes with it, crossing themselves, drinking out of their own goblets, often wrought in the finest silver, before passing on with the others to pray; there were Sisters of Charity with intensely devout faces, who had been on the holy ground for hours and hours, and days and days.

As each newcomer arrived, he went to the fountain, rinsed his hands in the clear water, anointed his eyes as Christ had done with spittle to make the blind man see, drank—unless provided with his own—from tin cans that hung by chains, then, crossing himself, entered the grating to pray, after having spent an hour or even more on the stone flags outside.

Most of the worshippers kissed the rocky walls, which are literally being worn away, just as in Rome St. Peter's toe is almost disappearing. Others pressed their rosaries and various treasures against the walls to consecrate them. There were beautiful flowers as offerings. Everyone was devout.

What a scene! It made one pause and reflect. Here was religion, here was self-abandonment, here was real fervour and devotion, and yet there was a sort of theatrical effect about the surroundings that contrasted sadly with the devoutness of the congregation.

Above our heads, in the bend of the rock, was the representation of the Virgin as she appeared to Bernadette! Not a magnificent piece of sculptured marble; no gem by Michael Angelo or from Cortona; but a tawdry plaster figure which shocked the artistic sense. Where is now the glorious art of ancient Rome? Ah! where indeed!

Hanging above and round the Grotto were crutches and splints, and, painted here and there, were notices enjoining strict silence, while above the fountain itself was written in letters of gold: "*Allez boire à la fontaine et*

vous y laver." (Come, drink at the fountain and bathe yourselves.)

The first pilgrimage to Lourdes took place at the end of 1872, under a special blessing from the Pope; and so successful did it prove, that during the following year two hundred and fifty thousand persons went to worship at the shrine!

We are told that over a thousand miracles happen every year. The doctors keep books in which they enter all such cases, and, according to these lists, consumption, cancer, leprosy, abscesses, deformities, blindness, any and every disease, in fact, has been cured at Lourdes. It is interesting to notice that the greatest number of miracles have happened to young women.

Generally these mercies are vouchsafed in the baths, and, when a blind girl suddenly declares she can see, the news spreads with electric speed, and in a few minutes everyone in Lourdes has heard of the event, and all who can, crowd to feast their eyes on the fortunate heroine.

Lourdes is certainly a most remarkable place, but to realise all its wonders one must turn to the baths.

Every pilgrim is immersed in cold water for three minutes, and as the water cannot be changed very often, from fifty to a hundred persons (many suffering from the most loathsome diseases flesh is heir to) are dipped in the same bath. But what matters that, when after each immersion a miracle is expected? They are often too feeble, these wretched people, to bathe themselves, so, while their friends pour forth a continuous appeal on the sufferers' behalf, and priests outside weirdly chant "Lord, heal our sick," the refrain of pain is everlastingly proceeding from the pilgrims themselves.

Now let us inspect the Piscina, or public baths, the most extraordinary sight in Lourdes. These small marble rooms are arranged in such a way that the pilgrims can be undressed in an outer chamber—a curtain hanging between each patient—an act charitably performed by the highest men and women in the land—Marquises, Counts, Admirals, Generals, and many of the oldest noblesse of France.

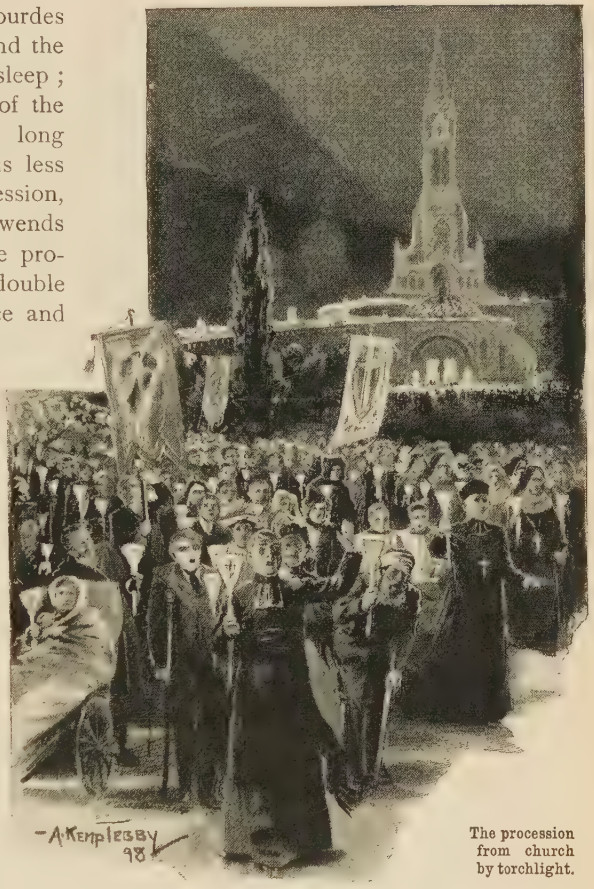
The afflicted are then passed on by these Hospitallers to the bath itself, to reach the level of which the patient must descend a few marble steps arranged on either side of the bath, where waits some noble—who would not at home dress his own child or tie his shoestring—ready to remove the sufferers' bandages and to cleanse their wounds.

As has been said, these marble baths are reached on both sides by means of half-a-dozen steps, so that while one cripple is being carried down and dipped, another party may be getting their sad burden ready on the other side, and as three minutes is the allotted time for the immersion, and a perfect army of Hospitallers are in attendance, the patients are rapidly re-dressed and handed back to their friends. Such is the daily routine at the Piscina.

A death from excitement or chill is not altogether unknown, for this water comes from a spring which, not being artificially heated, is extremely cold until warmed by the human bodies, and gives a fearful shock to the first poor bathers, unaccustomed to such ablutions.

Tending the sufferers.

The most impressive spectacle at Lourdes is that presented when evening falls, and the quiet villages round are hushed in sleep; then kindly darkness obscures some of the most mournful sights from view, the long train of human disease and suffering is less apparent, and we only see a vast procession, thousands strong, as torch in hand it wends its way across the open square. The procession of tapers halts before the double church, and the chant increases in force and volume. Then a profound silence reigns as the doors of the church swing back and the priests appear in all their regal splendour—torches illumining the gold upon their robes, and the jewels in their gloves shimmering in the kindly light.



The procession from church by torchlight.

On, on they come, archbishops, bishops, priests, acolytes, incense, and banners, and as they pass down that dramatic incline and cross the square, where the chairs and beds and trestles full of all the most terrible diseases humanity knows are closely packed, we gaze and wonder at the riches of the church — the pomp and grandeur on one hand, the suffering, squalor, and misery on the other. No pest house of ancient times could have presented more fearful sights than may be seen in the days of summer pilgrimages at Lourdes; but in that remote spot there is *faith*, which illumines the faces of many who would otherwise look mere wasted corpses.

On, on that splendid procession passes; up the hill it wanders, the strange serpentine effect of the lights being most picturesque, most weird. Such a spectacle would touch the heart of the veriest unbeliever; such passive devotion, faith, submission to the representatives of a higher power, is for the time overpowering, and we can only stand back deeply affected and profoundly impressed.

If outward ceremonial constitute religion, then here we have religion indeed. If, on the other hand, true religion be something less sensational and more retiring—then—but we do not care to argue. We admire the fervour as much as we deplore the terrible bodily diseases that bring these people together.

Roman Catholicism is showy and impressive, and Lourdes lends itself to effective display, not only because of its picturesque surroundings, but because for nearly forty years the dramatic element has there been sought and fostered.

What is our impression as we turn our backs on this strange town? First, profound admiration for the belief of the sufferers; and secondly, a hearty recognition of the sweet simplicity, the beautiful belief that makes healing by faith sometimes possible, while we know our thoughts will often revert tenderly and sympathetically to the thousands of pilgrims who, though weak in body, leave Lourdes exultant with hope.

"TILLY WHIM"

A Tale of the Dorset Coast.

By E. W. Jennings.

The sun was sinking over the Isle of Purbeck, tinting with a golden hue the crags of limestone that every few yards broke through the scanty herbage of Round Down. A mile out and the sea heaved in the full radiance of sunshine; the foam caps glistened again as they rode and leaped from wave to wave. The grey cliffs of the Isle of Wight stood out bravely in the purple east, while northwards the stretch of sand cliffs skirting Poole Bay formed a yellow band from Christchurch Head to the North Haven.

But the hill path that led from Swanage round Durlston Head, winding over the brow of the hill, and down to the caves of Tilly Whim, was in deep shade; and the quarrymen, whose picks and chisels now rang out merrily in rude harmony with the snatches of old Dorset sea songs, would soon be climbing it on their homeward way.

A couple of gipsy vans were drawn up on the crest of the downs, and their appearance attracted the attention and indignant comment of the quarry men, who were disposed to resent the unwonted intrusion on their domains. These cliff-side workers had private reasons of their own for regarding all strangers with antipathy, and the nature of these reasons may later on appear.

At the point of the coast where was this sea-washed quarry, occurred a sharp break in the cliffs, and a shallow valley or chine ran down from the lofty ridge of the downs well nigh to high water mark, where a ragged ledge formed a path round the base of the cliff to a large, irregular, rock-strewn shelf upon which quarrying operations were carried on. At three points on this stone platform were the portals of the great cave of Tilly Whim, whose vaults stretched away, black, dark, and gruesome, into the bowels of the rock. On the outer or sea side a rough gangway had been sunk through the boulders and jutting crags to admit of the hewn stone being carried on board the barges and luggers which touched at this dangerous wharf.

It was not every master who would at any time risk his craft on the business, although the good limestone was much in demand all along the coast from Poole quay to London Town; and it was only when the wind was low, and the sea at its stillest, that those who ventured the matter would come nigh the fearsome cliff.

On this day all the men were working with a will, for the air was clear and the sky promising, albeit the disturbing effect of the gipsies' presence was still apparent.

A sandy freckled man in a blue fisherman's jersey was leaning on his crowbar, and

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looking towards a stalwart, grey bearded fellow whom all addressed as "Cap'n."

"I never seed 'em afore nigher'n Wareham," he remarked, "though Jim Haines here do say he've a known 'em to Swanage. What makes them tack ten points out o' their course over these yer downs is more'n I can fathom."

"Parson Joliffe over to Studland," cried another, "said he'd like to send arl they to the Darsit 'sizes. When he larst his game-cock last Sunday, he said in his sermon as he wondered some on us didn't roll the whole bilin' o' gyps over the cliffs."

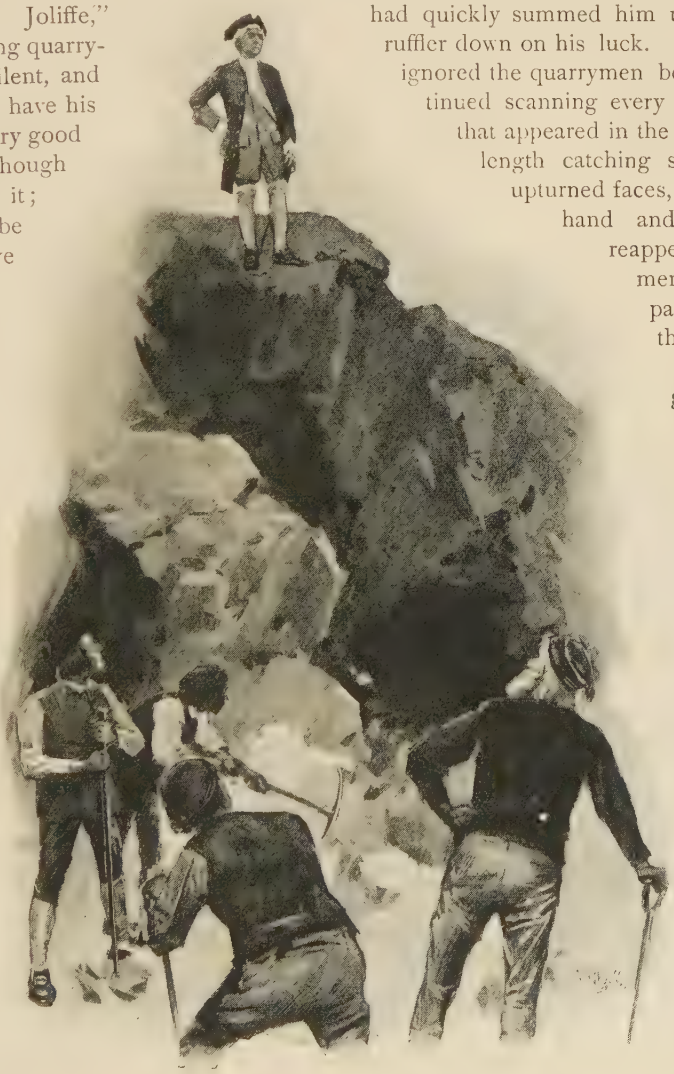
"'Tain't fer we to go 'gainst Parson Joliffe," chimed in a young quarryman, hitherto silent, and now anxious to have his say; "he's a verry good friend to we, although he don't know it; where sh'd us be sometimes ef we hadn't got his vaults to run our stuff into? Tarred and swingin' on Seven Star Down, I reckon."

"Shut thee head, thee young fule!" cried old Daniel Tuck, the Cap'n aforesaid. "What carl to go scrawchin' out a thing like that? Serves we right fer havin' a chap like thee wi' us, who'd ought to be peckin' mulberry leaves and feedin' silkworms down to Poole. . . Tramp back to Sarlsbury along o' John Wesley, ef thee hast a carl to be preachin'. Lard! who be that?"

The men's attention thus rudely claimed was directed to a point some twenty yards up the sloping cliff edge, where all were startled to see the figure of a man standing intently gazing out to sea. His appearance and garb proclaimed him a total stranger to the locality. Of tall and well knit frame, he had the air and bearing of a gentleman, though the puffed, cadaverous skin, and the restless, sunken eyes smacked strongly of the wine tavern and the dice. His dress was of a modish cut, but rusty and worn; in fine, a London man had quickly summed him up as a Court ruffler down on his luck. For a time he ignored the quarrymen below, but continued scanning every sail and craft that appeared in the offing; but at length catching sight of their upturned faces, he waved his hand and vanished, to reappear a few moments later on the path leading to the quarry.

"Give you good-day, my friends," he cried. "At last do I behold the great object of my search. Believe me, I have tramped this day from Lytchett Minster solely to have a word of you."

A chilling silence was the only response; but, nothing abashed, he continued: "tell me, my hearties, have you heard of



"Lard! who be that?"

the late Jacobite rebellion in the north, ended by the slaughter of Culloden and the flight of the Pretender?"

"Wall, Mr. Stranger," replied old Tuck cautiously, "we have heerd some'at, but don't take much account on't down here about. Might so well be goin' on in furrin parts for arl we. Ef Prince Charles can capsize King Garge, why let'n, says we; we'll drink's health down to the Ship 's aften as we be asked."

"And quite right, my friends," cried the stranger, "I see you are of my own mind; but to my business. You behold before you a man in dire straits, and one who must needs throw himself wholly into your hands. Listen; I have unfortunately been deeply implicated in this rebellion. I do not crave your sympathy with my convictions, all I say is"—and here the man's voice sank to a deep and earnest note,—"I am a fugitive. Tracked from Yorkshire, unable to gain the west coast, I struck south through Leicester, Oxford, and Salisbury. A weary tramp brought me to Lytchett, where I have lain these three weeks, seeking vainly a chance of escape by Poole. The quay, however, is spied with such vigilance that nought availed me, when yestreen I chanced to hear of you. 'Tis said, my friends, that you at times vary your heavy labours with—with a gentler and, ahem, more paying work; and that, albeit the bulk of the vessels laden here seek an English port, yet at times a craft will bear a few points further south."

"We dunno, sir," said old Daniel, "what arl this palaver be about; 'tis arl Greek to we. Ef you waz ter put it plainer, we mid know what ter say."

"Don't force me, my friends," answered the stranger, "to use simpler terms. I am sure you understand. I prithee, tell me in a word if I may hope to have a friendly lift from here to the nearest French seaport."

The anger of the quarrymen was aroused as they grasped the fellow's meaning, and old Daniel Tuck roared out fiercely: "Ef so be's you take us fer a gang of blaggard thievin' smugglers, mister, you best go round to Peveril Point, and tell they Preventive men. Them's the chaps you want."

"Nay, nay, my friend," cried the man, waving his hand deprecatingly. "I intended nothing of the kind; but let us be mutually confident. My life is in your hands; a word from you to the nearest sheriff, and a week will see my head blackening on Temple Bar. I accuse you of nothing; I merely say that these fifty guineas shall be yours in exchange for a word which shall offer me freedom. Ponder well ere you throw away good money when the earning it will do honour to your humanity."

And with this lofty speech and considerable tact, the stranger turned away, while the quarrymen quietly conferred for a space. At length old Daniel again came forward. The last argument had prevailed.

"See here, mister," said he, "you know 's well as we do that ef aught goes wrang 'tis a hangin' matter fer we, tho' we ain't afeared o' that. But ef it be as you say, listen here. My mates says as they do happen ter know of a couple o' chaps as may be 'makin' a little run acrass Channel to-night. Ef you wuz to stand on Durlston Head a half-hour after midnight, maybe a pair of these men mid come up to 'ee, one each side. You wark along o' they by the cliff, and, ef arl's straight, you might end by gettin' a lift acrass. But mind ye, mister," continued the old fellow, with a look of deep ferocity that the stranger found wondrous hard to meet, "we 'm plain men, but we knows more about what passes on the downs than arn a wan might think; ef anything goes cruked, these yer cliffs be smartish high, and they sea gulls tells no tales."

"My men," responded the stranger with unction, "let me hope you mean by me as I by you. I need say no more. To half-past twelve to-night."

His back turned, a villainous grin o'erspread his face. "Half-past twelve the ruffians fix for our meeting," he muttered. "Give them half-an-hour to drag me round these dismal rocks and it fixes one o'clock as the hour for starting. Robert Hamilton, my friend, I have tracked you to this spot, and I have staked my fifty honest brass guineas that you seek to leave by this boat. So you will, if Dorothy Weld can help you, and if my dozen troopers in the gipsy vans have naught to say. And in that case I lose the thousand

pounds for which I have so laboured—aye, of a truth, Dick Crawford laboured!—and which I lack so sorely. Moreover, I also lose my pretty Dorothy. No, my friend, the cards are against you."

Among the quarrymen an uneasy silence followed the departure of Mr. Richard Crawford, and one by one they strolled off to stack their tools and prepare for home.

"I never says nowt," observed the freckled quarryman, by name Mr. Stokes, paradoxically, "but I don't like the looks of 'n."

This utterance appeared to afford his mates much relief, and they received it with a kind of sidewards nod, understood to indicate emphatic approval.

"Well you be one, Bill," said the Captain, "as 'll go wi' Garge Burt and meet 'n to-night? You heerd what I told 'n. Mind, any whistle or signal and, no falterin', over wi' un." And the gesture accompanying the old man's words left no doubt as to their stern meaning.

"We dunno but what he may be right. I mind," continued old Daniel, "when I was a boy, sixty years back, seein' the Duke of Monmouth come into Lyme. A deal o' this kind of thing went on fer a year or more after that, and I wun't say as how some o' the money wasn't took to Swanage. Ask Squire Weld over to Lulworth ef he don't mind something of it. Well, look'ee here, ef it 'bain't his grand-daughter herself!"

And even as he spoke there came round the rock a fair and sprightly maid. Tall and strongly built, her cheeks the colour of a ripening nectarine, bonnet and cloak thrown back, her golden hair flying in the soft breeze, in this new comer the miners recognised the queen of the Dorset coast—sweet Dorothy Weld. Every week saw the fair maid galloping over the Downs untended, fearless; for why, there was no miner, fisher, fowler between Melcombe Regis and St. Alban's Head who had not risked life or limb at her least behest.

"So you are in a good temper to-day, are you?" cried the maid, noting the pleasured faces of the men, who were relieved by the contrast of the new with the late visitor.

"We always is, miss, when you comes anigh," cried old Daniel, with effusive gallantry.

"No, no; not by any means," answered the lady gaily. "Ofttimes you are most gruff and surly, as though you would have me begone."

"Never, miss, never," cried the old man indignantly; "only you jest point out a chap as do look askance at you, and we'll keel-harl'n first boat as comes alongside."

"You have been short with me yourself, Captain Tuck," asserted Dorothy; "but I think it is when you have something on your minds. Do you know, I believe you and your men have a lot of secrets—deep, awful secrets." There was an uneasy movement plainly perceptible amongst the men, and

There came round the rock a fair and sprightly maid.

Captain Tuck promptly took refuge in further gallantry, as he replied, albeit a little nervous: "Never a secret from you, miss; never a thing as you mightn't ask we."

"Then tell me," said the maid, "why do you always look so much more like seamen, and talk more like seamen than miners?"

"We sailors, miss?—hee, hee. Why our old women'd have the blue horrors ef they thart we went further out than Old Harry Rock. Fancy we, mates, out to sea a-heavin' on the waves, rup! we'd pray the Lard to bring us ashore ten minutes after we'd cast arf."

A chorus of somewhat forced laughter followed this speech, and the delicate humour caused Dorothy to relinquish the subject.

"Any pretty pieces of lace or silk washed ashore lately, Daniel?" she inquired. "I never see better silk than you give me. Soaking in the salt water so long adds, as you say, to its lustre wondrously."

"It do, miss, powerful," assented the old man wisely. "Well, no, there ain't been any lace, but Jack Hughes here was comin' along under Seacombe Cliff yesterday, and what should he see lyin' on the rocks but this bottle of patchouli. You put a drap on yer kerchief, miss, and we shall smell 'ee all the way to Lulworth."

"You are a dear old man," said Dorothy, "and I suppose I must be mum about this as well, lest the Preventive men claim it, and put it into chancery, as usual."

"That they would, miss," said Daniel, "and a powerful shame it'd be to waste good scent on them snuffy old larver chaps, as don't know attar o' roses from lavender."

"It is wondrous how learned you are in these matters," said the lady. "But now, Daniel, let us to business," and here Dorothy, having made sure, as only a pretty woman can, that the minds of her listeners were moulded to her wishes, assumed a more serious, albeit coaxing tone. "Do you know, I have a sweetheart?"

"Well, miss," responded the old man, "ef anybody said as you hadn't got a hundred we should know what to carl'n."

"Oh, Daniel, not fifty—not two—only one, and I want you to put him on board the first boat that touches here and get him over to France."

"Lard-a-marcy! miss," cried Captain Tuck, "why——" here he broke off abruptly, and stood, as did all his fellows, gaping at her in bewilderment.

"What ails you?" she cried; "you might be moonstruck. Don't pretend with me. I know you can do it. Listen; my father would rather my lover fell into the sheriff's hands and lose his head, for he has been proscribed. But I went to my grand-dad, who has known you fifty years, and he told me quietly to seek old Daniel Tuck, assuring me that if anyone could work this matter, 'twas he."

"What like is he, this young man of yourn?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, handsome—handsome—taller than you, Daniel, and as brave as a lion."

"Yes, miss," responded the old man doubtfully, "yes, he would be—but what like?"

"Shall I show him to you?" cried the maid, holding her breath after this daring question.

"Where be 'un?" asked Captain Tuck abruptly, while the men closed up excited.

"Don't be angry, Daniel; he is there, in that cave."

"What!" roared the man; "in Tilly Whim?"

"In Tilly Whim."

The men regarded each other, dumb and stupified.

"Bring'n out," said Daniel, after a long pause, and in a strange, altered voice.

"Rob, Rob, dear Rob!" cried the maid, running to the cave, and a second later, in answer to the summons, there sprang out from the blackness, dazzled by the daylight, which was now waning fast, a young cavalier in grey breeches and buff coat. A stout belt was buckled round his waist, and his sword was of the fashion a man might look to at a push; while, sooth to say, its owner, though a jovial lad and a comely, looked one who could be handy with it if need be.

The amazement of the men, who deemed they had been duped, on the instant gave way to wrath, but old Tuck, at once grasping the situation, motioned them apart. All with-

drew to the furthest portal of the cave, and once more held deep conference. Some were for washing their hands of the whole business, but the counsels of the astute old captain prevailed, and he again approached the lady.

"Bid your cavalier return again to the cave, miss," said he; "aye, and bide there till he do hear a gull cry out three times, like when a starm's a-risin. Then let'n come forth, and we'll show'n what to do. Now, miss, we give you good 'een," and the men strode off sullen, and suspicious, without word or glance towards the fair maid who had bewitched them but a few moments since. Howbeit, some distance up the cliff a low muttering was heard: "I never says nowt, but ef there bain't some'at darned crooked here, I'll never peck a lobster again."

"Bid your cavalier return again to the cave, miss."

The last quarryman had no sooner disappeared than Sir Robert Hamilton bounded across the open, and seizing her hands, gazed enraptured on his mistress.

"So once again," he cried, "I see my peerless Dorothy, after such a time of peril as I trust ne'er to see again. Thou camest swift at my bidding without a fear. Tell me, hast cozened those fellows as thou dost all others, and brought them to spirit me away?"

"Nay, dear Rob," answered the maid, "let me tell thee all by rote. 'Twas in great doubting that I sought thee. Knowest thou that the hateful Dick Crawford, who seeks my hand and my poor dowry, hath been prowling a-down the chine since yestreen, as though in search of someone? I fear me he has tracked thee hither. Thou knowest the will he bears thee."

"Gad's 'ounds," cried Sir Robert. "There is little doubt. Why the broken gamester joined the Butcher's ranks but to escape his debts; and, hearing at Derby of the price on my head, he set forthwith on hunting me, and a famous game we've had. He tracked me to Salisbury, when, thinking it right to have mine enemy in front, I commenced stalking him. He guessed full well that my only chance of flight was from this coast, and he led me to Wimborne Minster, thence to Lytchett.

"There he lay a week or more, seeking to form a cordon from Weymouth to Poole, when Tuesday morning I ventured forth to gaze across the backwater and to the Purbeck Hills, where Dorothy and my safety lay. 'Twas a rash act, for on presently returning I came full upon my hunter. He flashed out his pistol in a twinkling, thinking to wing me, but I am used to being a target and was upon him before he could cock."

"'Yield thee, rebel hound!' cried he, 'I claim thee my lawful capture.'

"'Capture,' quoth I, 'say that word again, and I'll split thy weasand like an eel-skin. An' thou would'st take me, draw, and show thyself the better man.'

"But he had no stomach for this, and turned to fly along the Wareham Road; wherefore, as 'twas not given me to pink my foe in front, I but helped his progress from behind as well as might be, and then made my way across the creek to Arne and Studland. Thence I sent my pretty Dolly word to find me in Tilly Whim, and here thou art."

"Good lack! dear Rob," cried the maid, "what a tale thou bearest. But 'tis well 'tis o'er, for my heart-strings have been wrung since I heard a price was on thy head. I have sickened for news of thee since thy billet reached me from Derby, and two short minutes after I had this word to-day, my Nancy bore me across the downs as ne'er before, and so to Spyway Farm, where she is safe stalled. But now I have gained over the men here, and have famous news for thee. Stay thou within the cave till a seamew cries loudly thrice, then come forth, for a boat will be ready to bear thee—"

"What sayest thou, sweet coz?" cried Hamilton; "to-night—a boat to-night? Gad's 'ooks! meanest thou that I need stay no longer in these charnel vaults, and may be in fair Normandy to-morrow? Why the craft may e'en now be in sight."

So saying, the young Jacobite bounded to the centre of the rocky platform, where was a huge stunted mass of stone surrounded by loose and ragged boulders. This rock, known along the coast as the Shepherd's Bush, served as a look-out for the quarrymen, whence they could better scan the offing and signal to their craft, and suited them, for divers reasons, better than a more conspicuous spot on the cliffs above. With little pains Sir Robert clambered to the flat ledge, and sought to peer through the gathering haze.

"Climb hither, Dolly," he cried; "thy keen vision may descry my saviours where mine avails me nothing." The maid looked round for a surer foothold, and stepped upon a large, rounded pebble. The act had a startling effect. With a sudden jerk the stone sank a hand's breadth or more, while the ledge upon which stood the cavalier dropped beneath him as on a hinge, and the man fell through the opening out of sight. A second later the ledge swung back, leaving the rock as before.

The maiden shrieked in terror and dismay, and, bounding quickly up, sought vainly to discover the trap. A few moments, however, sufficed to reassure her, for the ledge dropped once more, and her lover reappeared, laughing merrily.

"'Odd's truth!" he cried, "but 'tis a famous hiding-place. There is a chamber beneath as wide as I may stretch from palm to palm; aye, and with loopholes between these stones whence one may spy all that passes around. It should be some ancient dungeon of which thou hast chanced upon the secret opening. But, faugh! the place savours of cognac like a Dutch tavern."

"Alack-a-day!" sighed the maid, "I thought to have lost thee for ever before my eyes. Still it is an ill wind that blows no good, and I prithee stay where thou art till —hist, Rob, down again, I hear footsteps on the cliff."

Sir Robert disappeared, the maid withdrew, and the mysterious rock resumed its ordinary appearance. It was none too soon; at the same instant a black figure crept cautiously round the foot of the cliff, followed closely by two others. On descrying the white-robed form of Dorothy, the new-comer paused abruptly, startled, and clapped hand to belt; but, recognising the maid, he started again forward, and with a low bow approached her.

"So my fair Mistress Dorothy performs her vigils in this gruesome spot," he cried. "What incantations to the sea-sprites do you utter here, fair mistress? or is it thus you meet the mighty genius who has vended you your passing graces?"

He paused, and closely watched her demeanour for a sign from which he could glean the intelligence he sought. Her calm, firm features, howbeit, revealed nothing, and, something nettled, he turned and motioned his attendants to withdraw.

"You do not even give me good morrow," cried Mr. Crawford. "Why this when I have journeyed from London to pay you my devoirs?"

"I give you good morrow with pleasure, Captain Crawford," answered the lady with a stately curtsey, "and will now leave you to

perform your rites, whatever they may be. I seek no enlightenment. I have tarried by the sea over long, and they will seek me at the Hall, wherefore I pray you let me pass."

"Not so fast, fair mistress," cried the man; "let us cease our play-acting and be friends."

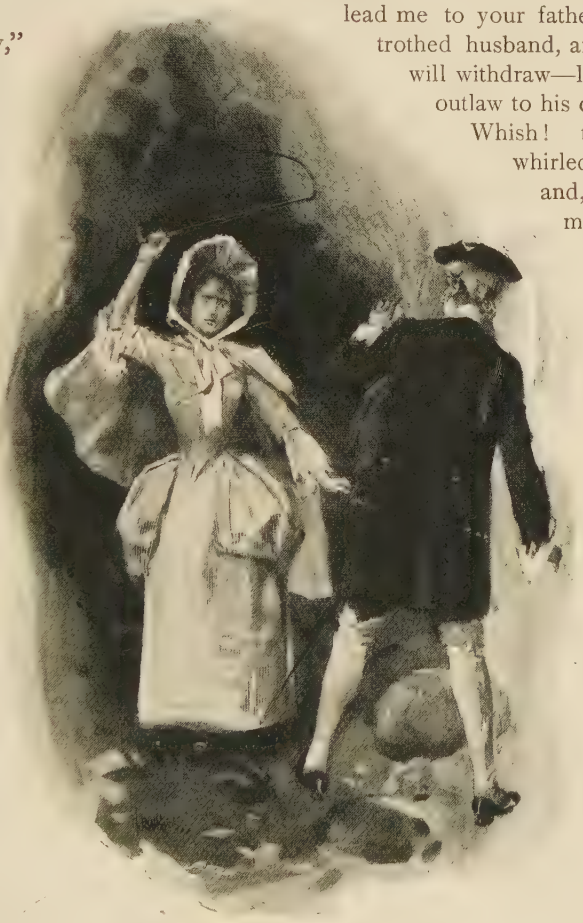
"I have sought not to be otherwise," answered the maid; "it is you who would fain alter this relation, and I will none of it."

"Mistress Dorothy," continued the man, "the hours are passing apace, and I will be short with you."

"Of a truth," cried the damsel hotly, "I seek from you neither shortness nor length. I pray you, sir, hinder me not."

"Stay," snarled the fellow; "I vow 'tis wiser you should hear me. You know my purpose here, as I yours. In years agone, and ere another sought your hand—though as children you perchance romped together—I begged you of your father, and was not said nay. 'Tis known that, albeit Francis Weld came not out with the Pretender, there exist letters from him which may compass much. He knows of my favour with my lord Duke of Cumberland, and I tell you, proud mistress, it may avail him not a little."

"Have you said your say?" cried Dorothy, now roused to anger; "then I prithee stand aside, lest I make you sorry."



The riding crop whirled through the air.

"Hoity toity!" cried Crawford jeeringly, nevertheless drawing back; "think not to affright me, but listen still. Well know I of your purpose here, and I tell you the game is up. The proscribed rebel is run to earth. I have tracked him to these caves, and know he hides within them. This path alone gives access hither; stay but a few moments longer and you shall see your lover drawn forth to his death. Or take the alternative; lead me to your father's hall your betrothed husband, and I and my men will withdraw—leaving the ragged outlaw to his chance."

Whish! the riding crop whirled through the air, and, wielded by the maiden's vigorous arm, with the added strength of a mighty wrath, lashed the villain's face.

"Back, thou paltering coward," she cried; "take thy torches, search the caves, an thou wilt, from end to end. Sir Robert has naught to fear from thee; thou dar'st not look upon his face." And with a swiftness born of her great fury she sprang past him, round the ragged pathway and was lost to view.

In a white rage Dick Crawford recovered himself and turned, pistol in hand, to follow; but, pausing to reflect, he muttered: "Nay, 'twill best serve the she-wolf to let her away and take the fellow here. Come Meadus, Frampton, hither quickly, with the torches." The men ran forward and in the twilight struck a flint. They kindled first one torch, then another, and yet a third; then, their flaming brands

casting a lurid gleam on rock and boulder, they plunged forward and into the mighty cave of Tilly Whim.

Hither and thither they searched quietly and with method, letting no place escape, for the men were of the district and well paid for their service; and had the fugitive been within he had without a doubt been taken. Howbeit they hunted a long space without result, while as they worked round again near to the portal Crawford's wrath rose fiercer as his patience waned.

"Seek, seek!" he cried, "I know of a surety he is here. My spy watched him creep from Swanage at midnight.

"Well, mister," said one of the men, "we've a looked arl around, and ef so be as he were here, we sh'd a found'n. Ne'er a one do know these caves better'n we, though we bain't on this quarry."

"'Tis a trick, you rat-faced liars!" cried Crawford, beside himself with mortification. "You are paid to fool me, and it shall cost you dear." He drew a pistol from his belt, but at the sight of it the men turned, and, flinging their torches to the ground, incontinently fled. Left alone amid the gloomy vaults with perchance a desperate foe within arm's length, Crawford's anger thawed in face of a sentiment which might have told on a braver man, and he likewise emerged from the cave.

"I must watch and take him as he embarks," he muttered, "tho' t'were simpler to have settled with him now. Lucky I was able to learn the hour of sailing; I must away to post my men, and hie me to Durlston Head."

The sound of his footsteps had not long died away when a movement was perceptible among the rocks; the ledge of the Shepherd's Bush dropped, and a man's head emerged warily from the ease-hole.

"So!" said Sir Robert; "I have escaped another peril. Fore Heaven I swear I am not born to be hanged or beheaded. And all through my little Dolly. Ah, yes! these smug—, these brave quarrymen I take it would be sore displeased at my unmasking their boudoir. I will to the cave as agreed. 'Twill be the safest."

Deep night had now crept o'er the scene and the grim portals of Tilly Whim were no longer to be distinguished from the surrounding shadows. The stout hearted yet anxious follower of the fallen Stuarts lay silently telling the minutes that must elapse ere the boat should touch the rock, and bear him to his joyous France. Little dreamed he that his hunters were aware of all, and that a force lay not ten score paces off, bent on taking him even as he sprang aboard.

Suddenly a wild cry fell on his ears and reverberated among the silent rocks. It was the cry of a sea-gull, such as he had heard here in his boyhood days, when the clouds scudded before a rising sou'-wester. But it was a single sound, and he moved not. Then a small red light flashed forth for an instant from the top of the Shepherd's Bush, and, to his amazement he saw by its transient gleam some half dozen forms standing motionless round the rock. Not a sound had reached him to hint of their approach.

A few minutes later a grating sound was heard, followed by the hum of quiet, busy movement. The old quarry of a sudden palpitated with a fevered, invisible life. Quick whispered orders were given and passed on; dark forms moved swiftly to and fro; loads were borne ashore and stowed, none saw whither. Within the cave, and but a few yards off, Hamilton dimly discerned two men carrying a bale towards a solid wall of rock. Something moved, opened, and swung back with a grinding sound, and the bearers returned empty handed. For a half-hour's space, this ghostly toil continued with unflagging energy, and yet no sound arose that might scare a cliff bird from her nest. Then the movement slackened, died away, and in the ensuing stillness Hamilton waited breathless, eager, expectant.

Again came the wild gull's cry, this time thrice uttered, and Sir Robert stepped boldly forward towards the cave's mouth. Here he paused abruptly, for at the same instant he beheld three forms approach, and, as a muttered sign was interchanged, a lantern flashed upon the features of his foe. On reaching the Shepherd's Rock this man stopped, and shaking off his attendants, cried out in a loud voice which broke with weird effect upon the stillness of the night.

"To you and all it may concern, give

The old man sprang forward and something glistened in his hand.

ear! I, Richard Crawford, affirm that I hold his Majesty's warrant for the apprehension of one Sir Robert Hamilton, Baronet, a proscribed rebel; that I know this man to be amongst you, and I call upon you on pain of his Majesty's displeasure to forthwith deliver him."

During this utterance a tall form had approached, and, seizing the speaker roughly, growled in accents of appalling fierceness: "Stow that racket! don't tark like that to we who fear neither king nor devil. Art goin' aboard, Aye or No?"

"No, I do not go, nor does the boat leave this place," cried Crawford. "Unhand me, you ruffians, or a week shall see you hang in Dorchester gaol."

The anger roused by this desperate threat was broken on by a woman's cry, and Dorothy Weld flew round the cliff. "Treachery!" she cried. "Black treachery! Your watch lies stark and senseless on the cliff, and a dozen soldiers from the gipsy vans are e'en now speeding down the glen."

In truth this was so; the sound of hurrying steps, the clank of the steel broke clearly on their ears. The old man sprang forward and something glistened in his hand, but Crawford, having taken his measures, leapt upon the boulders and gained the summit of the Shepherd's Rock, where, drawing sword and pistol, he stood on his defence.

"Hist! Jarvis, quick!" cried the old man, "the Bush spring, quick!"

The man understood. A heavy foot pressed upon the lever and the trap gave way. A fearful oath and a pistol discharge rang out into the night, the flash lighting for an instant upon the falling man. A bullet cut a scar across old Daniel's cheek which he must carry to his grave; and as Dorothy rushed forward and drew her lover to the boat, which, swift and silent, shot forth into the darkness, a troop of soldiers clattered round the path.

"The prisoner, Sir Robert Hamilton, where is he?" cried the leader. "Nay, where is Captain Crawford himself? Stop this infernal din!"

For as these words were uttered, on every side arose a mighty clamour. Stamping, shouting, singing snatches of song, the men seemed of a sudden bereft of reason. Not for an instant did the uproar abate, and if from the heart of the central rock a strange sound came forth, it was quickly drowned in a further burst of shouting.

Daniel Tuck, with hand to cheek, drew the sergeant to the cave, and there the two held hurried converse.

"No good tarkin' to they fools," cried the captain of the smugglers, "when they sees a cargo of limestone off wi' out a mishap and gets a drap of rum into 'em, the devil hisself wun't hold 'em. What do'ee want, mister?"

"I seek Captain Crawford, who arrived here some five minutes since," answered the sergeant, "and his prisoner, Sir Robert Hamilton."

"Ah, yes!" cried old Daniel, "He've played you a nice game, he have. I don't know nothin' about no Hamilton, but I see some o' they take holt o' that Crawford chap, and heave'n aboard jest as the barge cast off. Ef you wants'n, Mister, you better go to Wappin' Stairs and meet'n there."

"If you lie, you villain," cried the sergeant, "it shall go rough with you."

Then striding off he shouted: "Ready, lads! Quick march!" and the soldiers, hearing the command amid the unceasing din, promptly filed off round the cliff. At the same time a white form sped swiftly up the valley, and made for Spyway Farm, while the quarrymen, their tasks achieved, likewise made for the narrow path, and strode off into the gloom.

But old Daniel Tuck and two trusty mates stirred not. They stood, speaking no word, by the Shepherd's Rock, their faces stern and set.

* * * * *

A few hours later, when the sun rose over Christchurch Head and again bathed the crest of Round Down in golden glory, the miners crossing the ridge saw no sign of gipsy van or soldiery.

Midway between Portland Bill and Cherbourg, a white sail bent to the breeze, and bore Sir Robert towards the French shore, where he must fain abide till peace be made with the House of Hanover.

Away to the west, far out on the broad breast of the waters, a small black speck, tossed and rocking on the restless waves, floated slowly down channel.

BOXING WITH THE FEET.

By Garçon

ENGLISHMEN, taken as a whole, have an abiding horror of anything to do with the feet playing a part in boxing. Now this may be all very well when judging from the manner in which an East-Ender puts in his blows, but, taken from other standpoints, the objection loses much of its force.

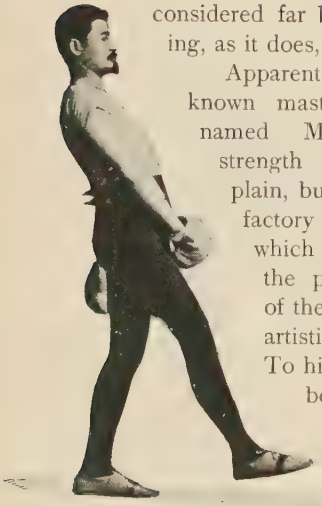
The Whitechapel boxer will deliver a terrific kick, which just doubles his opponent up.

Foiling the "coup de pied tournant."

The Frenchman's point of view is different. He will playfully flick you off the only leg you have to stand on; he will probably pat you on the chest with his heels; he will even go so far as to walk upon your neck, but as for stamping you out of existence with the kick of a mule—it would not be at all scientific, and therefore insufferable. In fact, boxing with the feet has been reduced to a science in France, and, in Paris, the few Englishmen who have taken it up are as keen on *la Savate* as the Frenchmen themselves.

Intending Savatiers, however, need not despair of learning, through inability to visit Paris. As I found to my cost, there are one or two professors in London willing enough to teach all or any who may pass their way.

To commence with, if you wish to be thought an adept in the art, you should not call it *la Savate*, for that shows ignorance. *Savate* means an old shoe, and the boxing probably took its name from the old street bullies of France, who did wondrous execution with their worn-out boots, much after the fashion of our East-Enders. The *Chausson* has the same significance as *Savate*, and is



The first guard.

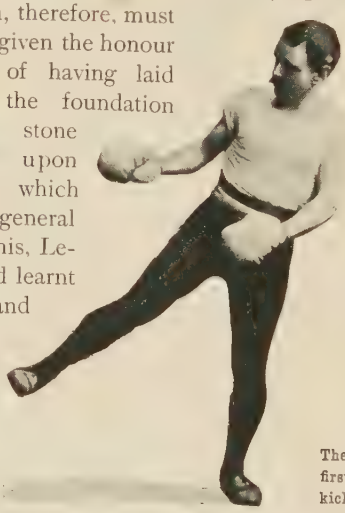
considered far better form, meaning, as it does, a light shoe.

Apparently the first well-known master was a man named Michelle, whose strength lay in a sharp, plain, but eminently satisfactory out-door kick, which lacked hopelessly the polish and finesse of the present and more artistic indoor variety. To him, therefore, must be given the honour of having laid the foundation stone upon which Professor Lecour built the general system now in use. To do this, Lecour came over to London and learnt English boxing with Swift and Adams, after which he returned, taking with him the most striking points of the English method. Thus was the art of kicking developed, while the indoor part of the business has been practically left to the modern teachers, who have added a touch here and a swing there, with the result that the whole has become one of those glorious, glittering arts that strike terror into the hearts of the enemy.

The first, and by no means the least difficult thing to learn in negotiating the scientific kick, is to keep the weight of the body supported upon the foot farthest from your adversary. This sounds easy enough.

The beginner invariably concentrates his mind upon the steerage of the leg that is flapping in the air—which is fatal. For with the constantly changing feet you are apt to forget which foot is in the rear, and to place your weight upon the leg that is farthest from the ground—which, by the way, is more fatal still. To keep your weight on the foot farthest to the rear, therefore, is the secret of the whole thing, for, should your adversary see that your body rests upon the foot within his reach, he will promptly jerk it from beneath you. Another disadvantage is that your weight will have to be shifted to the rear before you can lift the front foot.

Disregard of this rule places the English pugilist on the terms of the greatest inequality with the Frenchman. If he place himself stolidly upon his two feet in the usual boxing attitude, he becomes a victim to one of two terrible blows. The one consists of a side kick, which promptly sweeps him off his feet; the other is the *coup de vache*, or cow-kick (a most expressive phrase), which has been known to break the shin of the receiver.



The first kick.

Early lessons in *la Savate* and in horse-riding are somewhat similar—a few tumbles and you gain confidence. You soon get to see that quickness and lightness of limb are essential in keeping out of harm's way.

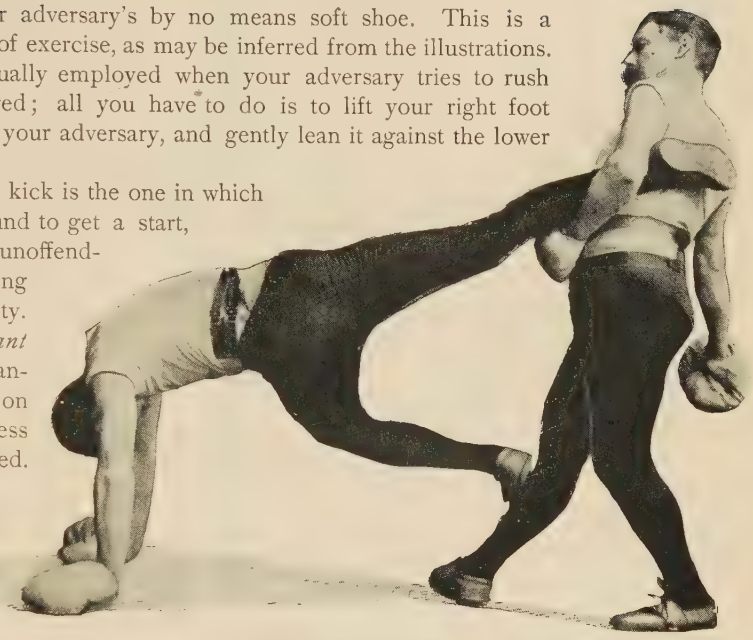
On the other hand, you must not be over quick, for too much speed is apt to make you

A counter blow.

dash forward upon your adversary's by no means soft shoe. This is a distinctly unhealthy form of exercise, as may be inferred from the illustrations.

This stop-thrust is usually employed when your adversary tries to rush you. It is easily delivered; all you have to do is to lift your right foot on the first movement of your adversary, and gently lean it against the lower part of his chest.

Another uncomfortable kick is the one in which the boxer turns half round to get a start, then lets loose upon your unoffending head a long, flowing blow with terrible rapidity. This *coup de pied tournant* is, perhaps, the most dangerous in the whole list on account of the quickness with which it is delivered. One never quite knows when it is coming, as it is always used in combination with a simple kick, from the parry of which your opponent gains the required impetus.



It's bad to catch your adversary's leg.

The illustrations on the title page show two methods of receiving this murderous attack: the one is simply with the arm, much in the same way as one would guard a hit with the fist; the other is to drop or bob the body, and lash out with the hand as the adversary's leg passes your head.

But the most devastating kick, the kick infamous, the kick which may be likened to a cavalry charge, is the cross kick. This vicious sample of the *chausson* is delivered with a rush — impetus behind strength and weight behind impetus. Moreover, there are only two ways of frustrating this attack: either to dump your two hands on the advancing foot, or to get out of its way. A beginner will find the "getting-out-of-its-way" parry the safer.

The trip.

A nasty shock.

Lastly there is the *coup fondamental*, which is to *la Savate* as the tail is to a peacock—chiefly for ornament. It plays around your head like summer lightning, taps your

The stop thrust.

chest, and pats your cheek. It is the kick by which suppleness, stability, and quickness may be obtained. In other words it is practised in order to give ease and grace to the muscles.

A good example of this kick is to be seen in a trick which seems to be common property among the professors. An assistant stands with a cigarette and holder in his mouth. Crouching like a tiger ready for the spring stands the professor measuring his distance. After a few preliminary passes his foot gains speed and darts here, there, and everywhere with appalling recklessness, apparently just missing the vulnerable parts by the sixteenth of an inch. As soon as the bolting foot has been pulled up and got in hand, however, it settles down to business. The settling down consists of three separate and distinct blows; a whisk sideways knocks off the ash, a downward blow releases the cigarette, while an upward stroke sends the holder flying across the room.

All this is but a picture of the *chausson* in a playful mood. If it be unmolested it will remain as kind and as gentle as possible. Try to stop its vagaries, to seize, or otherwise hamper it, and see what happens. As a rule, its fellow comes to the rescue.

Referring to this particular subject, I remember visiting a *Maître* with a Sceptic.

"It is all very well if you are boxing with Frenchmen," said the Sceptic, "but suppose you tried *la Savate* against an English pugilist, and he caught you by the foot, what would you do then?" and he smiled blandly as does a man who imagines that he has the whip hand of an argument.

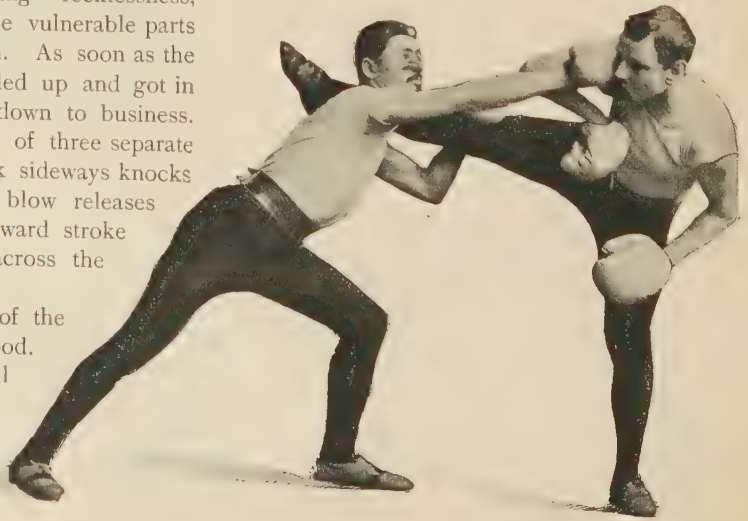
"Try," beamed the *Maître*.

The Sceptic tried. The foot slipped through his hands, circled twice round his outstretched arms, hurtled towards his chest, and finally lifted him into a corner of the room, dazed but unharmed.

The Sceptic was unconvinced. "But suppose I *had* caught it, what then?" he insisted.

"Ah," again beamed the *Maître*, "I will show you."

This time the foot moved more slowly. Moreover, the Sceptic was alert, and, taking a double handful of his prey, planted both feet firmly on the ground, and waited. The Professor dropped lightly upon his hands and promptly lashed out with his left hind foot,



Another counter.

A back view.

catching the adversary beneath the chin. Undoubtedly, it is easier to play these games upon a person whose safety lies in his own ignorance, for sometimes when your leg is imprisoned by an expert he will follow up his advantage with his fist.

There are all sorts of ways in which a combination of blows is made. The hands may make the feints, the feet the blows, or *vice versâ*. The feet may feint, the feet may hit, and there are one hundred and one fiendish little snares and pitfalls to which the novice falls an easy prey. Perhaps one of the neatest of these is a playful way the professors have of throwing you. If you try to kick your adversary's shin, he promptly steps forward and, catching with the back of his heel the leg you are standing on, jerks you off your balance. Then, by way of completing the operation, he places an upward push stroke upon your chin.

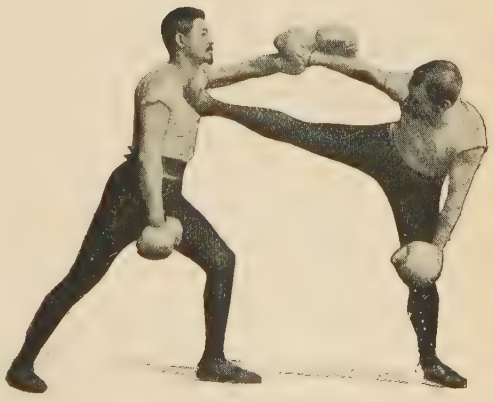
All these motions, delivered with the utmost rapidity and alertness, look easy enough until you come to try them; it is then that you realise the years of training needed to acquire this much despised art.

The foot at play—

The sight of a room full of men practising the motions would be absurdly ludicrous, were they not so very much in earnest. All around one sees supple limbs straining their utmost to climb up the walls. Dotted here and there, are ferocious little ruffians systematically kicking at nothing. They deliver quaint shaped kicks, and guard themselves from invisible foes with dexterity and perspiration on their faces. But this, I am assured, is the only way by which perfection can be obtained.

To realise properly the difficulty in reaching to any great height with the legs, and, at the same time, keeping perfectly rigid, one has only to mark a spot upon a door some four or five feet high, and to raise the foot slowly until this spot be touched. It is worth trying anyway.

My best thanks are due to Monsieur Danguy for much of the information embodied in this article, and also for his assistance in arranging the poses for the illustrations. Monsieur Danguy figures on the left in the majority of the photographs reproduced throughout this article.



—and at work.

The Wooden Idols of New York

By Laura B. Starr.

Although the wooden figure of a black or swarthy-skinned individual, Indian, negro, or blackamoor, mounted on a pedestal, is occasionally seen as a tobacconist's sign on the Continent and in England, still its origin and continued use mark it as distinctly American. Ever since the days when Sir Walter Raleigh returned home from Virginia, and introduced the precious weed into the Court of Elizabeth, "Lo, the poor Indian," has stood in intreating attitude before the shop of the tobacconist.

At first the image was crowned with a wreath of tobacco leaves, and wore a kilt of the same fabric; in time these were exchanged for feathers and the belt of wampum. The outstretched wooden hand was filled with the product of the weed in one form or another; frequently it contained what represented spun or twist tobacco, otherwise pigtail, which, for the sake of ornament, was painted brown and gold alternately; to-day the most common object seen in the hand is a bunch of cigarettes or cigars.

The origin of the use of these figures may be traced back to the fifteenth century, when the sailors of Columbus discovered the swarthy Cubans "dreaming away their lives in smoky reveries." Curiously enough, smoking was at first called "drinking tobacco."

Originally there were few variations of the figure; but since it came into common use in America the form, costume, and attitude of the tobacconist's sign have gone through many changes. The first sign of which we have any record was a black boy with a pipe in his mouth, which stood before a shop in "London towne."

A seventeenth century sign in Amsterdam showed the traditional Indian with the following lines inscribed on the pedestal:– "Joshua prayed to the Lord from the bottom of his heart that the sun and moon might stand still. The best Varinas and good tobacco in the leaf are sold here at the Indian."

A curious engraving, copied from an old sign, consists of three hands conjoined to one arm; the first is holding snuff on the thumb, the second grasps a pipe, the third displays a quid of tobacco, with the following distich scrawled beneath it:—

"We three are engaged in one cause,
I snuffs, I smokes, I chaws."

The same lines sometimes appeared under the figures of a Scotchman, a Dutchman, and a sailor.

We read of a shop in Fish Street Hill, kept by a man named Farr, who placed the following advertisement of his wares on the pedestal of his Indian:—"The best tobacco by Farr."

This novel sign attracted the sailors who frequented that quarter, until Mr. Farr thought his fortune made. His hopes were dashed to the ground, however, by a competitor across the street, who set forth an advertisement which declared that his was

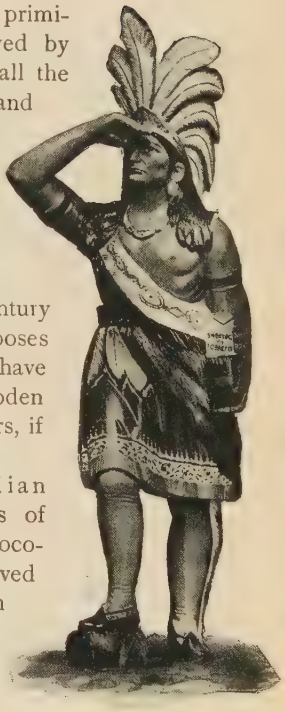
> Far better tobacco, than the tobacco by Farr.

In spite of the fact that the old world at first took kindly to tobacco, there was a very general reaction against its use in the early part of the seventeenth century. This was led by

> A gentleman called King James,
> In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,
> Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches.

This reaction spread to Constantinople, where a Turk was conducted through the streets, mounted backwards on an ass, as punishment for the crime of smoking. As if this were not sufficient disgrace, a tobacco pipe was driven through the cartilage of the Turk's nose. Now we never think of a Turk without a pipe in his mouth, and have figures of the Sultan and Sultana at every corner, intreating the passer-by to come in and possess his soul with the Oriental calm, engendered by the use of the best Turkish tobacco.

The evolution of the tobacconist's Indian has been slow, and the process marked by very slight changes from time to time. After the pipe of peace, and the handful of tobacco and cigars held in the hand, there appeared Indian chiefs, with tomahawks raised, as if about to strike a deadly foe; then came the hunter, with his bow and arrows and primitive firearms; followed by the Indian scout, in all the glory of war-paint and feathers, and the Mexican chief, proudly wearing the head-dress of the ancient and royal Montezumas.



Within the last century or so, squaws with papooses on their shoulders have appeared, more wooden than any of the others, if possible.

Beautiful Indian maidens, counterparts of that historic Pocohontas who saved Captain Smith's life, are frequently seen nowadays; and the Sultana, a figure wearing the Turkish trousers and national garb of the Sultan's subjects, occupies a favourite place among the multitude of signs.

The Scotch girl is another attractive figure frequently seen. She wears the plaid, short skirt, and so forth, which is characteristic of her country.

About forty years ago figures of exaggerated dandies appeared. The Dude, Puck, Base-ball Player, and Punch; these have been adopted to a considerable extent, but the old Indian, in one capacity or another, holds his own with remarkable tenacity.

These wooden figures are carved out of a single block of wood, which is fastened with bolts at each end of the bench, so that it will revolve, and some of them are really works of art. Patterns of stiff paper are laid on the log, and most of the figure marked out before beginning the work; some carvers have become so accustomed to cut certain figures that they need no design, but are able

to begin work with the hatchet at once. Most of the men who work at this trade have been ship-carvers, and have only taken up this branch since figure-heads have gone out of fashion.

These wooden figures, if kept painted, would last hundreds of years, but the storm and stress of wind and weather soon deface their bright surfaces if they are not kept well covered with paint. Curiously enough, the greatest market for these figures at the present time is Australia; the Southern States come in a good second, and they prefer as a rule those made of wood, not metal. The figures are frequently given a fresh coat of paint and redecorated, and sold over and over again, for they never wear out.

I went into a tobacconist's shop to ask where the figures were made, when the man in attendance, not quite understanding the drift of my question, said: "I would advise you to buy a second-hand Indian; you can have him repainted as good as new." He could not conceive of anyone wishing to know anything about wooden Indians who did not intend to set up a tobacconist's shop.

That these figures are frequently subverted from the purpose for which they were originally intended, is shown by the following story, told by a well-known American traveller:—

"In 1850 I was in New York, and for several months it chanced to be convenient for me to buy my post-prandial and other cigars of Mrs. Miller, who kept a little tobacco shop in Broadway, near Spring Street. The sign before the place was the regulation Indian, with certain peculiarities about the carving of the head and shoulders which made it impossible for me to forget or mistake him. Ten years ago I was travelling in Brazil when I chanced to be storm-stayed at the small town of Pousso Alto. It was the day on which the Catholics celebrate the fête of San Sebastiano, and I, with others, went out to see the procession. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that the smiling St. Sebastian, with his side full of arrows, was none other than my old friend Mrs. Miller's Indian, with a new coat of paint and a fresh expression."

A manufacturer told me of another instance when, by fresh coats of paint and marbilising the surface of a figure of Sir Walter Raleigh as a cavalier, he turned out a fine statue of Captain Kidd, which now stands near the spot on Long Island where that redoubtable person is supposed to have

buried his long-sought-for treasure.

A curious sign, and one which has a remarkable history, is the gigantic statue of George Washington, which stands within the door of a tobacconist's shop in 125th Street in New York City. This statue was first erected in Battery Park, or Bowling Green, as it was known then, in 1792. The city erected it to commemorate the arrival of General Washington in New York, which at that time was headquarters for the National Government.

The figure was set on the spot where a statue of King George had previously stood. This statue had been removed and broken up, and run into bullets which Washington's army had used to rout the enemy with. For some unknown reason, the figure was removed in 1843, and sold for a very trifling amount to a collector, who kept it hidden for years. On the sale of his effects after his death, the statue was bought by an enterprising tobacconist, who set it up for a sign to advertise his wares.

During the Centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington in 1889, the figure was lent to the members of the general committee who were superintending the centenary arrangements, and by them was placed on the summit of the arch which spanned Washington Square.

After the celebration, it was returned to its owner, and now, scarred and seamed by many years' exposure to the elements, the image of the first President of the United States serves the ignoble purpose of a tobacconist's sign. The figure is heroic, and the likeness is excellent; the right arm is extended by the side, and the hand holds the cocked hat of the time. There has been some talk of buying this statue, and placing it in one of the museums, but so far the price asked for it has been prohibitive.

The spelter metal, which is a composition of lead and zinc, is employed largely now for the manufacture of figures used by tobacconists and others for signs. It is possible to model in metal better than in wood, so that even though metal figures cost more than the carved ones, they will, undoubtedly, gradually supersede them, and the time is not far distant when our wooden friends will have been evolved out of existence.

By Major C. W. Watts.

Lomalango was the King's bride, or rather one of the King's brides, for, although not yet an inmate of the royal kraal at Buluwayo, she, living with her father in the Umsyinyati district, was set apart to swell in due course the number of Lobengula's wives, whenever it should please him to send for her.

Now the fact of having found favour in the King's eyes should, and would under ordinary circumstances, have caused Lomalango to hold her head high, and to assume airs of superiority over the other dusky maidens of the surrounding kraals, but, unfortunately for her peace of mind's sake, she had, as many of her white sisters have done under similar circumstances, perversely set her affections on a strapping young Matabele named Nkomombili, who, even had there been no question of the King in the affair, would have been regarded as a detrimental by the girl's father.

Nkomombili returned Lomalango's love, in fear and trembling it is true, for tampering with Lobengula's property meant a short shrift, but all the more because the fruit was forbidden. Human nature is much the same all the world over. From eye-glances the lovers passed to accidental meetings in the mealie fields, and from there to pre-arranged trysting-places at dusk in the forest. And so for many moons the innocent loves of Lomalango and Nkomombili went on, the sense of danger gradually growing fainter, till the fatal day arrived when detection meant not only death for the man, but for the girl also. Doubly sweet, by reason of the fate which might any day overtake them, became the stolen meetings to the lovers, but in the kraal Lomalango went about her household duties with a leaden heart, oppressed by the sense of impending evil.

One evening, when the cows were being driven into the cattle kraal and the smoke of the hut fires went up blue and straight, the blow fell. A party of the Ingubu regiment filed silently through the thorn fence surrounding the kraal and squatted down at the door of the headman's hut.

Their leader, after a pause, arose and said to Lomalango's father: "Greeting, Baba; our lord the King hath sent us for Lomalango."

Note.—The author of this pathetic little Matabele love story, writes:—"This story is true in all particulars, and is one of many related to me by a Native Commissioner in Matabeleland, during the recent campaign."

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On which her father replied simply: "The King's pleasure is my delight; when will ye lead her away?"

"We go three days march farther west on another errand," replied the Induna of the Ingubu regiment. "On our return we will take the girl back with us."

Lomalango, listening with beating heart, waited till it grew dusk, and then slipped away to the usual trysting-place, where she found Nkomombili full of anxiety, for he also had seen the arrival of the King's messengers. To him Lomalango unfolded the plan which had been forming in her brain, to fly together away to the south, out of Lobengula's reach.

Returning stealthily to their respective kraals to collect a supply of corn for the weary flight before them, they once more met at the tryst and stole away in the darkness through the forest.

Meanwhile, on the sixth day after their flight, the conducting party of the Ingubu Regiment returned to the kraal of Lomalango's father, to find woe and desolation; the old man sullen and resigned to the fate which he knew would overtake him and his. "The girl hath fled," he said, "and, though we have searched in every direction, we know not whither—let the King's hand fall."

Then the Induna of the Ingubu asked: "Had the girl a lover?" and the father replied: "Was she not set apart? Chosen by the King when he passed by? Who would dare to look in love on the King's bride?"

But from the background came a woman's voice jeeringly: "Yet hath Nkomombili dared!" for it was an open secret that Lomalango and Nkomombili met daily—only the father knew not of it.

Frowning, the Induna of the Ingubu said: "Take us to Nkomombili's kraal," and they filed out in silence.

Arrived at the kraal they found only an old woman and the little children; the men and women being all in the fields and tending the kine.

"Know you, mother," asked the Induna of the old hag, "whither Nkomombili hath gone?"

"Nay," she answered; "but these six days hath he been away."

Then from the crowd of naked little boys stepped forth an urchin, and proudly said: "Six evenings ago, Inkos, I saw Nkomombili and Lomalango talking together on the edge of the forest, and I crept near and listened to their speech, for all the world knows they are lovers, and Lomalango said: 'Let us go by Tati to Khama's country,' and so they went."

Springing to his feet, the Induna said to Lomalango's father: "Come, we must pursue them; you may as well die there as here." And so the sleuth hounds started, six days behind the fugitives; but whereas the latter stumbled wearily along, travelling only by night, and weakening daily from want of food, the pursuers moved openly and rapidly by day, taking what food they wanted from the kraals on the way.

Thus the start gained lessened daily. On and on pressed the lovers, each day weaker, but content, for they were together and in love. On the ninth night of their flight, Lomalango said to Nkomombili: "Oh, my man, my strength fails, and I feel that the King's messengers are close. Stab me now with thy assegai, and go on. Thou art strong, and perchance may win through."

But Nkomombili replied: "Together, my lily, or not at all."

Then, as they crept on, they heard behind them a growl, and, stopping, gazing fearfully back, saw two flaming eyes. On again, with cold sweat pouring down their bodies, for they knew they were being tracked by a lion. Once more that growl, this time on their right—again a stop, glaring into the darkness to see the eyes closer than before—a shout from Nkomombili and the hurtling of a heavy body through the air, and then silence.

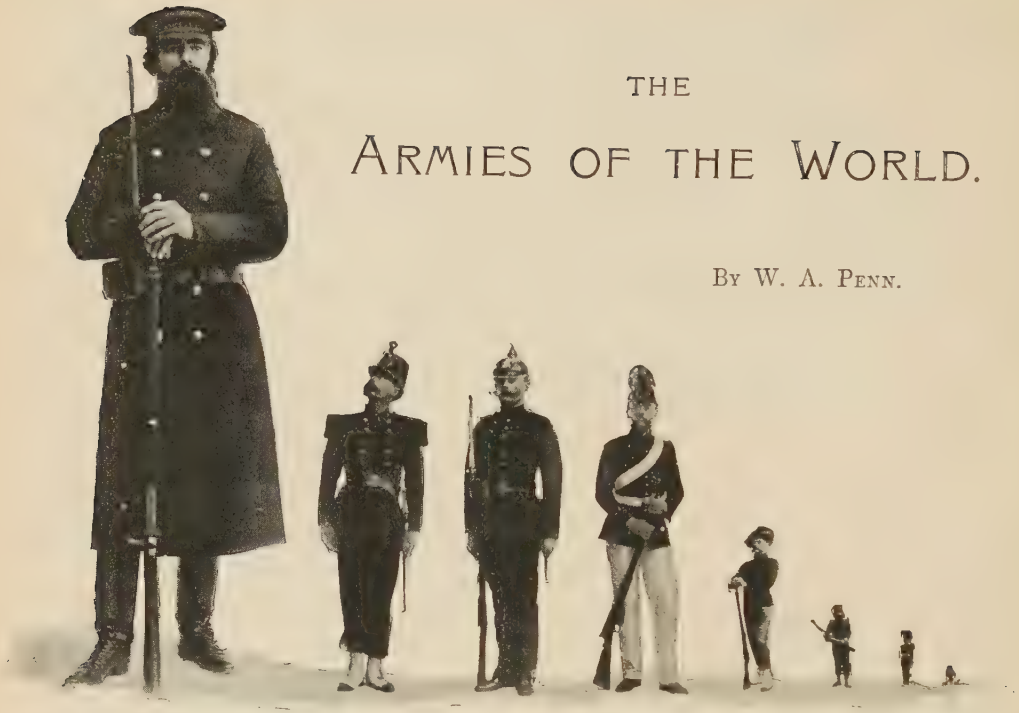
* * * * *

The next morning the pursuers, moving swiftly in single file, came on the scene. Nkomombili lay crushed beneath the dead lion through whose heart he had driven his assegai in his own dying throes, and close by was stretched Lomalango, unconscious from hunger and fright.

"The King's word, Baba," said the Induna of the Ingubu, as he drove his assegai through the senseless girl's heart, and "The King's word," muttered the father as he bent his head to receive the blow of the knobkerry.

THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

By W. A. Penn.



These soldiers show, by their heights, the relative sizes of the armies of the Great Powers of the World. So small is the United States army that its representative soldier is hardly visible in comparison with the burly Russian infantryman at the other end of the line.

The time foretold by the prophet Isaiah when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," and "shall learn war no more," was never apparently more distant than at the present day, in these last years of the nineteenth century. At no time in the history of the world have there been so many soldiers under arms, and never have the nations been more prepared for the instant outbreak of war. Europe, the home of civilisation, has been aptly described as an armed camp; the Continent may also be compared to a house crammed with combustible and inflammable materials, for only a spark is needed to set it ablaze, and loose the dogs of war; and the United States of America are even now, while this article is being written, at war with Spain.

Of the preparations which have been going on for years, and the present state of the armed forces of Europe and America, few people have any idea. So accustomed has the average man become to the news that Germany is arming her forces with a new rifle, or that Russia is increasing her forces by so many thousand men, that the statement excites scarcely a passing interest. But now, when steps are being taken to increase the British army, it will not be inappropriate to present, as clearly and concisely as possible, a view of the fighting forces of the world.

At the outset it may be as well to point out that conscription is practically universal, and that Great Britain stands alone by still maintaining her army by voluntary enlistment.

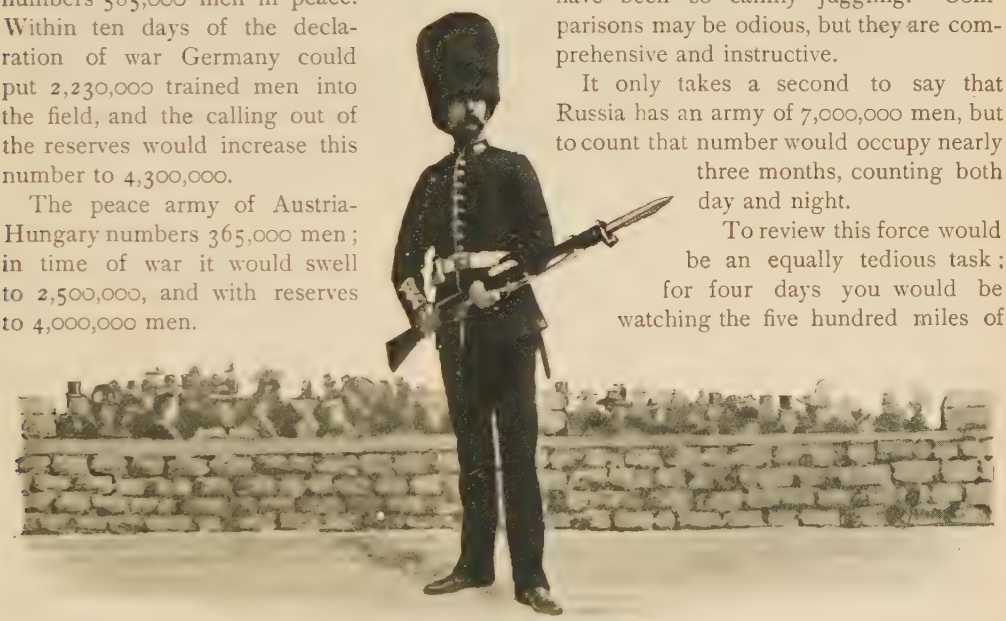
Russia, of all countries on the face of the earth, possesses the largest standing army, and each year it is growing larger and larger. Every year some 280,000 conscripts join the army, which in time of peace numbers a million men. On a war footing this rises to 2,500,000 men, and the calling out of the reserve would increase it to 6,947,000 trained soldiers. Should necessity arise, the second and third bands of the

Opoltschenie (or militia), consisting of untrained men, could be called out by Imperial Ukase, thus swelling the Russian Army to the enormous total of 9,000,000 men.

France comes next with a standing army of 589,000 men, rising to 2,500,000 in time of war, which the calling out of the reserves would increase to 4,370,000. Despite this tremendous force, the French Army is increasing year by year, and 1898 will see an addition of some 16,000 men.

The German Army, which is rightly considered a model of military perfection, numbers 585,000 men in peace. Within ten days of the declaration of war Germany could put 2,230,000 trained men into the field, and the calling out of the reserves would increase this number to 4,300,000.

The peace army of Austria-Hungary numbers 365,000 men; in time of war it would swell to 2,500,000, and with reserves to 4,000,000 men.



Each British soldier has to guard the interests of fifty-five civilians.

Upon Italy the financial burden of the army is pressing so heavily that a reduction in the forces has had to be made, and the Italian standing army numbers only 174,000. War, however, would bring this up to 1,473,000 men, which could be increased by the calling out of 727,000 untrained men to 2,200,000.

The last of the six great European powers is Britain; besides these huge forces her little standing army of 220,000 men sinks into numerical insignificance. The calling out of the Reserve, Militia, Volunteers, and Yeomanry would place a force of some 720,000 trained men at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief.

But arrays of figures like the foregoing are confusing, and merely serve to stir up the waters of ignorance into a bubbling flood. No one can understand what these figures really mean, for beyond a certain point it is impossible to realise the immensity of numbers, not to speak of the facts that lie beneath them. Very few people can completely realise the simple hundred, of which they so glibly talk, or grasp the idea of a million, let alone the many millions with which we have been so calmly juggling. Comparisons may be odious, but they are comprehensive and instructive.

It only takes a second to say that Russia has an army of 7,000,000 men, but to count that number would occupy nearly three months, counting both day and night.

To review this force would be an equally tedious task; for four days you would be watching the five hundred miles of soldiers, eight abreast, marching past in a seemingly interminable column.

When we say that France has an available army of 4,370,000 men, we do not realise that it means every fourth man—one person out of every nine in France—is a soldier, and that were France to call out all untrained men liable to service, every other male in the country would be under arms. Amassed in an eight deep column, the French war army would be 310 miles in length. Germany has a force nearly equal to France; it is only five miles less, though it should be remembered that France could nearly double her army by

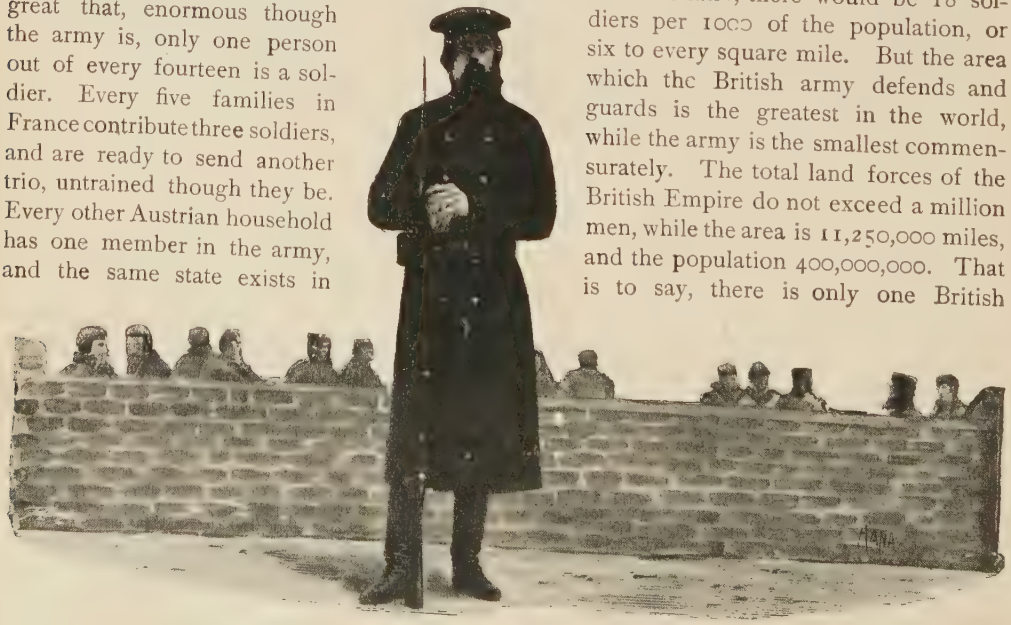
calling out her untrained reserve of four million men. The Austrian army is only 284 miles long, and that of Italy rather more than half that length.

Europe has been described as a huge camp, and the barracks are simply the homes of the people. We have shown that every ninth person in France is a trained soldier, and another one is liable to be called upon to fight. In Germany there is one soldier to every dozen persons—every sixth male. The Austrian army is made up of every eleventh soul in the empire, and the Italian army consists of one-seventh of the male population. The population of Russia is so great that, enormous though the army is, only one person out of every fourteen is a soldier. Every five families in France contribute three soldiers, and are ready to send another trio, untrained though they be. Every other Austrian household has one member in the army, and the same state exists in Germany. Every third Italian family sends forth a son to fight for the country, but only two homes out of every seven in Russia are called upon to sacrifice a male for her defence.

On every square mile of territory France can place 21 soldiers, Germany and Italy 20 each, Austria 15, and Russia only four-fifths of a soldier.

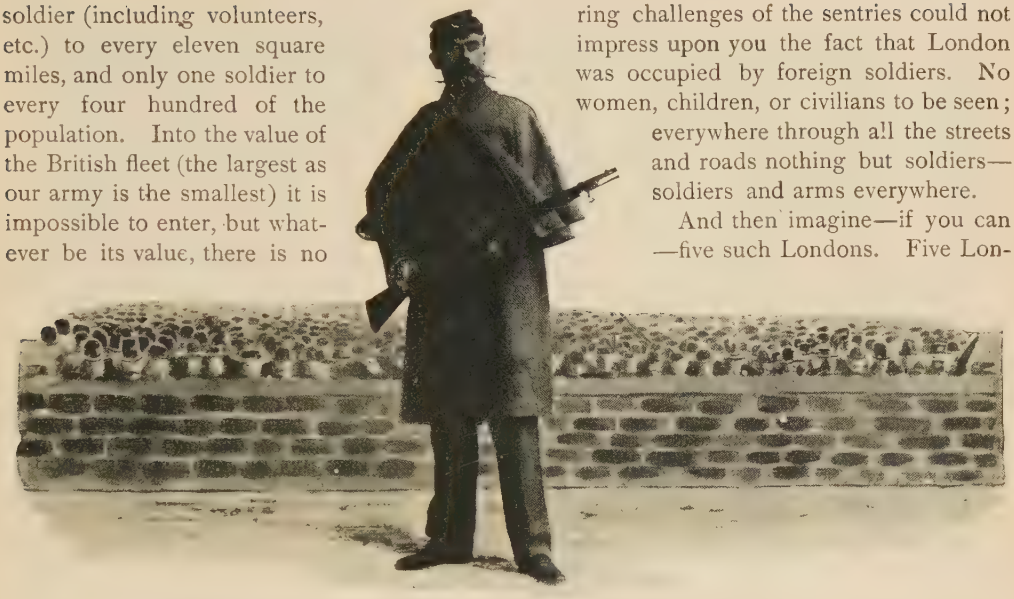
Each French soldier guards the interests of nine civilians only.

How does Great Britain stand, viewed in the same light? She has only one soldier, including reserves and volunteers, to every fifty-five persons, and only every eleventh family contributes one soldier for the defence of the British Empire. If the army of 700,000 men had only to defend England, Ireland, and Scotland, there would be 18 soldiers per 1000 of the population, or six to every square mile. But the area which the British army defends and guards is the greatest in the world, while the army is the smallest commensurately. The total land forces of the British Empire do not exceed a million men, while the area is 11,250,000 miles, and the population 400,000,000. That is to say, there is only one British



Each Russian soldier guards the interests of thirteen civilians.

soldier (including volunteers, etc.) to every eleven square miles, and only one soldier to every four hundred of the population. Into the value of the British fleet (the largest as our army is the smallest) it is impossible to enter, but whatever be its value, there is no doubt that the British Empire is defended by a force, proportionate to its charge, the smallest the world has ever seen.

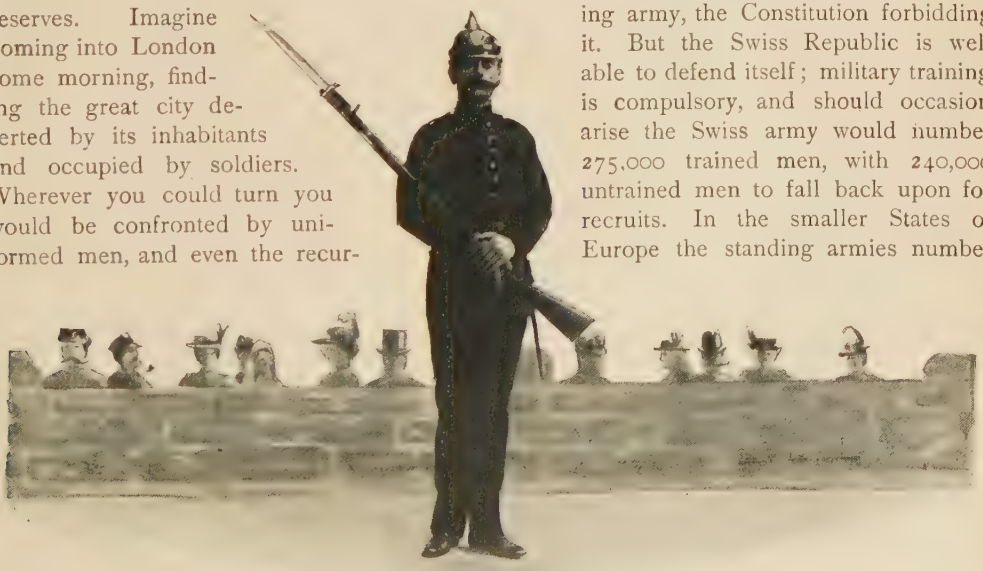


Each trained soldier of the United States army has five hundred citizens under his care.

No one has ever realised the vastness of London, but it would take two Londons to lodge the united war armies of the five Great European Powers, and another three to accommodate their reserves. Imagine coming into London some morning, finding the great city deserted by its inhabitants and occupied by soldiers. Wherever you could turn you would be confronted by uniformed men, and even the recurring challenges of the sentries could not impress upon you the fact that London was occupied by foreign soldiers. No women, children, or civilians to be seen; everywhere through all the streets and roads nothing but soldiers—soldiers and arms everywhere.

And then imagine—if you can—five such Londons. Five Londons crammed with soldiers, armed to the teeth and trained in the best methods of killing their fellow creatures wholesale!

And these are merely the armies of Russia, France, Austria, Germany, and Italy, while all the smaller European States have armies as large in proportion. Switzerland is the only country which does not possess a standing army, the Constitution forbidding it. But the Swiss Republic is well able to defend itself; military training is compulsory, and should occasion arise the Swiss army would number 275,000 trained men, with 240,000 untrained men to fall back upon for recruits. In the smaller States of Europe the standing armies number



Each German soldier guards the interests of twelve civilians.

Placed in a single file, the soldiers of the world would form a circle round the earth—

1,386,000 men, and the war forces 3,412,000, or 5,470,000 men with reserves.

In Europe at this present moment there are four and a quarter million men, whose daily work it is to study and prepare for war—for the wholesale execution of their fellow creatures. Were war actually to break out 16,410,000 trained men would take the field, and were all available fighting men to be called out, thirty-four million soldiers would be fighting on the battle-field of Europe.

Who can comprehend the reality, not to speak of the significance of the numbers? Thirty-four million men—each man with the same "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, passions, fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter" as yourself.

Imagine every man, woman, and child you would meet in travelling from Land's End to John O'Groats to be a soldier, and you will have comprehended the hugeness of Europe's forces. If the war armies of Europe were formed into a column four deep, this force would stretch away 2,300 miles, or from Madrid across the Continent to St. Petersburg.

On every square mile of Europe, nine soldiers could be placed, and to this force there would be only seventy-nine civilians. *One person out of every ten—every fifth man—in Europe is a soldier.*

Though Europe is the camp of the world, the other continents are not without their armies. Asia possesses nominal peace armies of 500,000 men—not including the forces of many minor states and petty princes—which in time of war would rise to about a million and a half. The Chinese army has a paper strength of 1,200,000, but its actual force cannot be ascertained. The men are badly armed; the ancient bow and arrow are still the weapons of some corps, poorly clad, underpaid—if paid at all—and without patriotism. Japan, on the other hand, is highly organised, and well equipped. The states of Africa do not appear to possess more than 250,000 native soldiers.

The New World is much less bellicose than the Old. The huge area of the American continent—four times the size of Europe, but with less than a third of the population—and the richness of its resources, which are not yet fully developed, provide no occasion for the prosecution of a forward policy. This, and the refusal of American states to be drawn into European politics, render the huge armaments of the Eastern hemisphere unnecessary. So that, while 5 per cent. of all Europeans are trained soldiers, there is only one soldier to every hundred people in America, or one regular soldier to every seven hundred Americans.

The largest army is that of Mexico, with a war strength of 160,000, while Brazil is second with a standing army of 28,000 and 20,000 gensdarmes. The Constitution of the United States does not permit of the maintenance of a force of more than 25,000 men in time of peace. But each state is responsible for its militia, though as the organisation of this reserve is not perfected, the force does not exceed 112,000 men. But all citizens from eighteen to forty-five are liable to military service in time

——at the equator, the rifle of each man resting on the shoulder of the man in front.

of national danger, and it is estimated that ten million men could be thus enrolled.

The only other state with a standing army of more than ten thousand is the Argentine Republic, with a peace force of 12,000 men. Canada is garrisoned by 2000 British troops, with an additional 1000 Canadian soldiers, and a militia of 35,000, the law forbidding the training of more than 45,000 men per annum. All citizens are liable to military service.

The only European state which can be considered a military power in the New World is Spain. Her home army numbers 120,000, and her colonial forces 236,000 men; from these she has placed 200,000 men in Cuba. Thus Spain has a force of 360,000 men under arms, and this could be doubled by raising the army to its war footing, while, by calling out all available men, the Spanish Army would be 1,100,000 strong.

In all, there are five and a quarter million men on this globe, whose daily business is war, and were war actually to break out, there would or could be forty-four and a half million men under arms. There is one soldier to every $1\frac{1}{6}$ square miles of the land area of the Earth, and to every thirty-two people. In other words, if the rulers of the world determined to exterminate the human race the soldiers would have to kill only thirty-two persons each, and then fight it out amongst themselves like Kilkenny cats.

Placed in a single file the soldiers of the world would form a cordon round the earth at the equator, the rifle of each man resting on the shoulder of the man in front. Suppose that each rifle was aimed at the trigger of the one in front, and that a soldier fired, hitting the rifle in front and discharging it, which in turn hit the one in front of that, so keeping up a succession of shots. Twenty-four hours after the first shot had been fired the last rifle would be discharged, by the forty-four million four hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-ninth bullet. This single discharge would cost over £100,000 sterling.

If before this salute was fired, you hired a special train to carry you round the earth so that you might see the world's armies in single file, the review, travelling though you would be past nearly two thousand soldiers a minute, would take seventeen days. And if the *Times* decided to celebrate this unique occasion by publishing the name of every soldier taking part in the review, the columns of the "Thunderer" for three and a half years would be occupied, to the exclusion of all other matter, by the names of the world's forty-five million soldiers.

The cost of these huge armies is commensurate with their size. Russia leads the way with £30,900,000 spent annually upon her army, Germany coming second with £27,000,000, and France third with a million less. Austria spends £17,300,000, Italy £10,690,000, and Great Britain £18,000,000, making a total for the land forces of the six great European Powers of £130,000,000 sterling per annum.

The cheapest soldier is the Russian, his cost being only £3 0 18*s.* per annum, towards which every Russian pays 4*s.* 9*d.* in taxes. The German army costs £4 6 10*s.* per head, but 10*s.* 4*d.* per head of the population. Every Austrian soldier costs £4 7 8*s.* a year,

or 8*s.* per head of the population. Italians pay 7*s.* per head per annum for the army, which costs £61 8*s.* 8*d.* per soldier. The French soldier is maintained at the cost of £45 6*s.* 7*d.* a year, towards which every Frenchman pays 13*s.* 8*d.* per annum. The British soldier is the most costly of European fighters, his annual cost being £81 16*s.*, or 9*s.* 6*d.* per person in Great Britain.

The careful reader may have noted that the Austrians spend some £700,000 a year less on their army of 365,000 men, than is spent on the British Army of 220,000. "A most disgraceful waste of money," someone may say, recollecting the saying that the British Army is the most expensive in the world. But in reality there can be no comparison as to the cost. There is not conscription in England, and more advantages must necessarily be offered to a volunteer than a forced recruit.

Another most important point is the area which the British Army has to defend. As we have shown above, there are fifteen soldiers to every square mile of Austrian territory, and there is only one soldier (including volunteers, etc.), to every eleven square miles of British territory. Proportionately, then, Tommy Atkins has to defend a hundred and sixty-five times more territory than the Austrian soldier. If a commercial traveller has only one town to canvass, it stands to reason that his expenses and annual cost will be far less than those of a traveller who has a hundred and sixty-five places scattered all over the world to visit. It is the hugeness of the area which makes the British army expensive.

And, again, it has more work to do. The chief business of the Continental armies is to drill, and be drilled. "Now, my children," said a German general to his soldiers at the conclusion of the Franco-German war, "having indulged in the pastime of war, let us return to work once more."

The small European States also spend large sums on their armies. Headed by Turkey with £6,900,000 a year, and Denmark with £230,000 bringing up the rear, their military expenses total twenty-four and a half million sterling per annum. This added to the expenditure of the Great Powers makes £175,000,000 as the annual cost of the peace armies of Europe. Without taking into consideration the cost of the navies, and the interest on the national debts, which have accumulated almost entirely by war, every time the clock ticks £5 10*s.* has been spent on the armies of Europe.

What would be the cost in time of war? The war with China cost Japan over £50,000,000. Two hundred million sterling is a moderate estimate of the actual cost of the next great European war; while the loss of life, damage to property and commerce cannot be dreamed of. Germany has £18,000,000, in coined gold, lying at Spandau ready for the next war; but what would this sum avail when the expenses of the German army in the field would average £6,000,000 a week? The taxes would go up by leaps and bounds.

The American Republics spend about twenty-five millions a year; the cost of the Asiatic armies it is impossible to estimate, but we shall be well within the mark if we say that £250,000,000 is spent on maintaining the armies of the world.

This article, though by no means exhaustive, suffices to give some idea of the enormous size and costliness of the armies of the world in general and Europe in particular. In the last thirty years the war armies of Europe have risen from seven to sixteen and a-half million men, and the annual cost of military and naval preparations from £117,000,000 to £240,000,000.

Every nation is paying more attention to its navy, and the end of all these warlike preparations no one can foretell. What action Great Britain will be forced to take, the future alone can decide. The naval programme provides for the increase of the Fleet, and now the enlargement of the Army is to be faced. If Great Britain as a nation is going to maintain its forces with the other Powers, conscription in some form or other will be inevitable. When one looks round and sees all the nations of the earth arming themselves for war, and subscribing to the principle that might is right, one cannot but be struck by the irony of it, as one remembers the civilisation and superiority of mind over matter, of which this nineteenth century boasts.

(Being the Strange History of Victor Colonna, Professor of Science, and his Experiments in the Lost Art of Poisoning).

No. II.—THE CRIMSON STREAK.

(A Complete Story.)

I.

The great painter stood out from the rest of his guests like a flash of sunlight on the dense blackness of a pine forest. He had ever been a man whose rod swallows all the rest. A placid smile played about the clean shaven, sensitive mouth. Prince of painters and courtiers alike, Lord Falconridge was a personage: he was an onyx pillar supporting the cerulean canopy of Society.

Falconridge's conviction that he himself was an institution gave an added charm to his fascinating personality. No god can nod more charmingly than Jupiter. And here was the Jove of modern painters, gifted, imaginative, with a pencil that drew and fascinated immensely withal.

Favoured mortals who had the *entrée* to Kensington House Terrace would have found it difficult to describe Falconridge's lordly pleasure house there. They could babble incontinently of Corinthian capitals, marble halls, and flashing fountains. As to the rest it was too harmonious for any single object to fix the retina. Visitors carried away with them a pleased memory of marble and an atmosphere of scarlet, toned with the tender greens of palms and lemon trees.

That dash of crimson vividness appeared to be the keynote of Falconridge's life. It formed part of his individuality. No picture of his was complete without it, the loose Byronic knot at his throat was always of red silk.

"Dost like the picture?" Falconridge quoted gaily. He stood at the top of the great studio, a noble and stately figure in evening dress, rendered all the more striking by the embroidered velvet coat he wore in lieu of the claw hammer garment of conventionality. An air of romance like a faint perfume clung to that coat. Falconridge had had his *affairs*, both great and small, and as to the jacket in question, like Prince Arthur's kerchief, a "princess wrought it him." The rest of the story matters little, but the coat was as well known as a certain statesman's orchid.

No one replied to the host's question for a moment. They were critical, those people standing there contemplating the glowing canvas from which Falconridge had drawn back the black curtains, in fact they had come on purpose to see the picture.

This curiosity might well be pardoned. The painting in question was like to become historic. Certainly Falconridge had never done anything finer. The sixtieth year of Her Most Gracious Majesty's reign seemed to have fused his genius there. The picture was at the same time a memento of the most glorious reign in history and the crowning work of the painter's career. A subdued triumph illuminated his face.

As to the picture it was naturally an allegory. Peace with flaming sword rose out of the west and chased the powers of ignorance

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and darkness before her. The imagery, the boldness, and the delicacy of imagination matter little. Falconridge could see the answer to his question depicted upon the features of his guests.

"I should like to know what Gabriel has to say," he observed.

Gabriel, the leading art critic of his time, stepped forward. He spoke slowly.

"To reply off-hand would be foolish," he said. "You can't really judge a man by first impressions, to say nothing of a picture. I must come again and make the acquaintance of your latest creation at my leisure, Falconridge. There is something in it that I recognise as a new note in your work, and one striking peculiarity."

"I am going to learn something," Falconridge said with charming egotism. "What is it?"

"There is absolutely no crimson in your picture; for once the scarlet streak is missing."

One of the black curtains fell like a pall from the artist's slim fingers. His face underwent a swift and terrible change, the lips were grey as ashes. He swayed like a poplar in the wind. Then the storm faded and he was himself again.

"A passing faintness," he murmured, "the heat of the room. No, I am all right now."

Back from the group gathered anxiously around Falconridge stood Victor Colonna. The atmosphere of the studio struck him as being delightfully cool and fresh. Obviously Falconridge must have been out of sorts to tender an excuse like that. Why then had Gabriel's discovery affected him so strangely?

"Sir, did you notice that, did you see?"

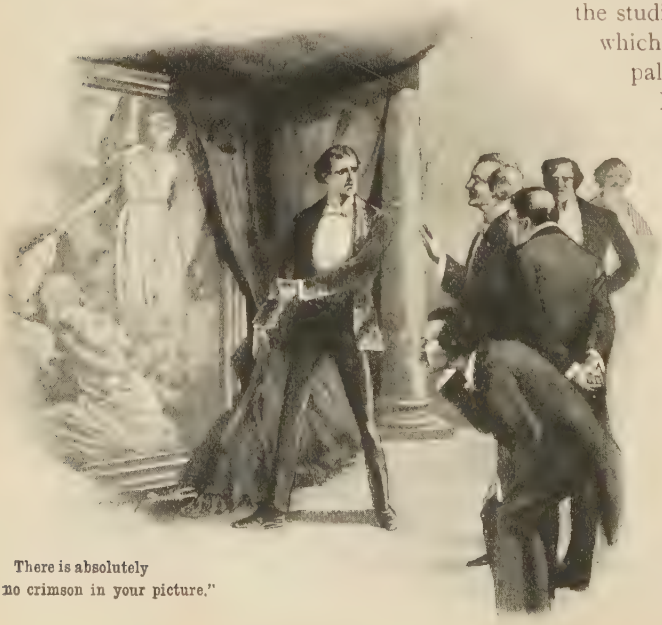
There was a painful ring in the speaker's tones. The hand laid upon Colonna's arm crushed unconsciously into the muscles like hooks of steel. Colonna turned to the speaker, a young man with an eager, intelligent face which seemed to suggest a close acquaintance with trouble and care.

"I saw something that surprised me, certainly," Colonna replied guardedly; "and you?"

"I have seen the devil. My God, how good he is to look upon!" The words came thrilling with the passion of despair. A sane man suddenly conscious of the taint of homicidal mania could have expressed great mental anguish no more terribly or realistically than the speaker. Before Colonna could recover from his surprise the other had turned and plunged into the crowd.

Colonna followed at a respectful distance. His curiosity was piqued. On one side of the studio stood a bower of ferns, behind which a dimly shaded red lamp cast a pallid ray on a tinkling fountain. Here Colonna could watch. Presently he saw Falconridge dexterously detach himself from his guests and come leisurely in his direction. Then Falconridge shot behind the screen of ferns. Colonna would have betrayed himself but for the strange, the *guilty* look on Falconridge's face.

That the latter deemed himself to be unobserved was certain. There were heavy beads of moisture on his forehead. A tiny Japanese cabinet stood near. From this Falconridge drew a syringe, which he charged from a phial, and



There is absolutely no crimson in your picture."

drawing up his sleeve, injected the morphia into his arm. A minute later and Colonna was once more alone.

"Strange," he muttered; "strange that my suspicions should be confirmed. That wonderfully calm manner, the lustrous, steady gleam of the eye they all admire, have more than once suggested certain theories to me. And what a dose! This kind of thing must have been going on for years. And yet it would hardly account for that sudden guilty fear. The skeleton in this lordly palace must of necessity be a grizzly one."

Colonna drifted out amongst the other guests again. By this time they were scattered into groups, a violet trail of cigarette smoke drifted on the air, a pair of footmen passed along under a clinking load of crystal and old silver. An aged *savant* looked up from under a pair of penthouse brows as Colonna passed, and signalled him to his side.

"Sit down," he said; "I have something to say to you."

"And I have something to say to you, Paget. I have made a discovery."

"Ah! we are both thinking of the same thing. You know what is wrong with Falconridge?"

"My dear friend, I have just seen a dose of the morphia injected. I have had my suspicions for some little time. Is there insanity in our host's family?"

"You have partly hit it. I know I can trust you, Colonna. For three generations the curse of the Falconridge race has been dipsomania!"

"But our host is a staunch total abstainer."

"I know it. So were his father and grandfather before him. They were all men of iron resolution, but there are times when that craving cannot be fought down. Hence the morphia. The secret has been well kept."

"But it cannot possibly continue to that extent, Paget. You should have seen the dose! The creative faculty must be sapping away, and at this rate the nervous power of the draughtsman must decay. And yet, yet I never saw any work by Falconridge to compare with the picture we saw to-night."

Professor Paget looked cautiously round him before ne replied. "Do you feel quite sure, my friend," he whispered, "that Falconridge did paint the picture?"

Falconridge injected the morphia into his arm.

Colonna started. A flash of lightning seemed to reveal before his mental vision a strange truth, a clarity merged into the black darkness again. A demon such as possessed Falconridge was certain to beat him to his knees in time. The artist would cling to himself as long as possible. And this picture had been talked about and promised for a year or more, though none knew but vaguely what it is was likely to be. For Falconridge to have failed in this endeavour were to stand in a white sheet and proclaim chaos.

Colonna could faintly picture the grim struggle in this palace between Falconridge and the invisible power waiting to drag him

down. And then, by a curious parallel line of thought, Colonna found his mind drifting in the direction of the young man who had so startled him earlier in the evening. Colonna pointed him out to Paget.

"Who is the young man with the Rembrandt face?" he asked.

"Oh, that is one Walter Holyoake, an artist," Paget replied; "a man of originality and ideas, they tell me. The cults admire his work, but the public is not sufficiently educated as yet. I am afraid Holyoake has a bitter struggle."

Colonna pursued the conversation no further. There was no occasion to disclose to Paget the theory that was rapidly shaping itself in his mind—indeed, to do so would be to proclaim an outrageous absurdity. And Paget was nothing if not practical. Holy Writ to him was only Holy Writ so far as it could be proved.

Colonna moved away presently and passed into the hall. By this time the guests were thinning down. Presently Holyoake came out and took his hat and coat from one of the footmen. He bowed slightly to Colonna as he passed.

The latter followed a minute later. A sharp walk brought him up to Holyoake.

"May I stroll with you a little way?" he asked.

"The pavement is free to all, Dr. Colonna," was the reply. "Pardon me if I seem discourteous, but if ever a man was tortured by devils, I am that man to-night. And I am utterly powerless to prove that I——"

Holyoake paused abruptly. Under the pallid rays of a gas lamp Colonna marked the exhausting agitation of his companion's face.

"Perhaps I can assist you," he suggested quietly.

A bitter laugh broke from Holyoake's lips. His face froze again.

"Maybe," he said indifferently, the indifference of despair; "and maybe you would accept my story with the contempt such a narrative deserves."

"Perhaps I know more than you give me credit for," Colonna responded. "May I be permitted to make a suggestion? You have suffered a great wrong from the hands of a man you have hitherto regarded as a friend."

"A wrong! In the whole catalogue of crime there has been no viler thing than this!"

"And at the same time you find yourself utterly powerless?"

Holyoake shuddered from head to foot. He was evidently controlling himself with an effort.

"Utterly," he replied. "Supposing that the Prince of Wales picked your pocket, and thus deprived you of all you had. Oh, I know the mere suggestion sounds like that of a madman. 'Fore heaven, I *am* nearly mad. But supposing that such a thing happened? What could you do? Lay an information, apply for a summons? Nothing of the kind. That would be to become a derision in the market-place. The boys would jeer at you in the street. Well, something of this kind has happened to me. Would you laugh if I told you that Falconridge never laid a brush on the picture you saw to-night."

"No, I certainly should not laugh at you," Colonna responded.

"Sir, I am infinitely obliged. You give me courage to proceed. I propose testing your sense of humour still further. Suppose I say that I painted the picture and Falconridge stole it from me. Ah!"

Holyoake hung breathlessly on the reply. Sympathy was absolutely necessary to him at that present moment. When Colonna spoke he drew a deep breath like a swimmer who emerges after a long dive.

"I should believe every word you said," Colonna answered quietly. "To say the truth, I had partly guessed this already. Now let me hear your story. We are close by my rooms—will you come in for half-an-hour?"

Holyoake responded gladly. The story he had to tell over a cigarette was a very simple one. The artist was an Australian who had bitterly annoyed his practical father by giving up to Art what was obviously intended for the tinned mutton industry; there had been a quarrel and a subsequent truce upon terms. With a certain amount of money Holyoake was to come to London and there devote himself to Art for four years. If successful at the end of that time, well and

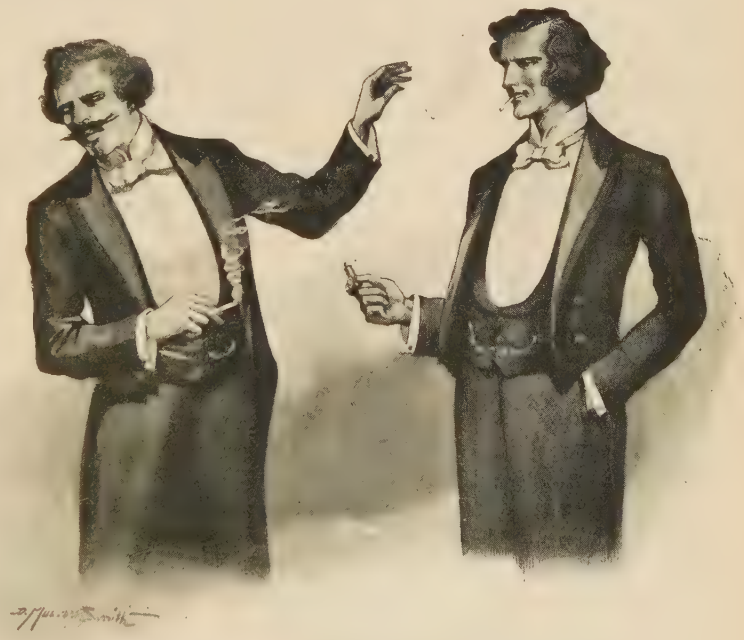
good; if a failure, Holyoake was solemnly pledged to return and take up the business.

"It has been a struggle," Holyoake concluded. "More than once I have had practical lessons as to how the pawnbroking industry is conducted. The four years are nearly up, but success seemed assured at last. For a year I have devoted every spare moment to my picture; it has become part of myself. I have said nothing about it to a soul—until to-night no strange eye has seen the picture but Falconridge's. It was a bold stroke to call and ask him to come and view my painting, but, like a good many audacious things, it succeeded. Falconridge was quite enthusiastic in his praise, he offered me a corner of his studio where I could finish my work, and I accepted the offer gratefully. And then to-night he sprang that mine upon me. The colossal impudence of the whole thing was paralysing. I stood there dazed, doubting my own sanity. I was *frightened* to speak. And the more I thought of it, the more frightened I became. What could I do? To denounce that man or claim my own would have got me laughed out of the house—it might have even ended in my being handed over to the police. Consider the gulf between Falconridge and myself. Had I made such an accusation, not one soul out of all the millions in England would have regarded me as anything but an impudent impostor."

Colonna nodded thoughtfully. He read the position exactly. Unless something unforeseen happened, Holyoake was absolutely powerless. The refined cruelty of the crime stirred Colonna to a feeling of indignant scorn. Here was a case where the vellum scroll with the silver clasps would prove useful. The secrets of the Borgias should be applied to restoring to this honest man his own. In a few minutes Colonna had practically mapped out his plan of action.

"Have no fear," he said; "put your trust in me and this grievous wrong shall be repaired. Not only shall your picture be returned to you, but Falconridge shall do penance in a white sheet. Indeed, there is no other way out of the difficulty. Look at this."

Colonna produced from a small iron safe in the wall a lead tube such as oil paints are



"Doctor, put that accursed stuff away."

packed in, and, squeezing a tiny portion out, handed it to Holyoake.

"Smell," he said, "now put it down at once. What sensation are you most conscious of?"

Holyoake shuddered from head to foot. He opened his mouth as if to speak, as if something were struggling for utterance against his will. Then the feeling passed.

"I feel a wild desire," he said, "to tell you my secret thoughts. My God! fancy the soul of even the best of men being laid bare for inspection! He would never be able to look a fellow creature in the face again, and

that was my sensation. Doctor, put that accursed stuff away."

Colonna did as desired. There was a quiet smile of triumph on his lips. But what caused that smile he did not deem it necessary to tell Holyoake.

"You may go now," he said. "Are you one of the select who are asked to Falconridge's dinner on Wednesday week? You are! Then upon that evening you will have your own back again. I hope you have a steady nerve, for assuredly you will need it."

II.

Colonna came up from the sea at Sandmouth fresh and glowing like Aphrodite after his morning bath. There was no evil in his mind, his heart was free from worldliness. But all the same a faint smile flickered on his lips as he passed a bungalow smothered in roses to the quaint crest tiles. There was a deal of "darling sin" about the place—a mixture of humility and costly refinement.

"Dives playing at Lazarus," Colonna muttered; "and yet there is no more miserable man on earth to-day than the owner of yonder place. I——"

At the same moment the door flew open, and a tall figure still in evening dress stood there framed in the creamy, dewy heads of the roses. Colonna crossed the road as Falconridge, for he it was, called him.

"The very man," the latter said hoarsely, "I have already been to your rooms."

"What is the matter? You look like a ghost."

"Man, I am suffering fearful tortures. I cannot sleep. There is nobody in the place awake yet besides myself. Come in."

"You want me to do something for you?"

"Assuredly I do. I know you are a wonderfully clever man, Colonna. I am not likely to forget that marvellous lecture of yours. It struck me just now that you might succeed where all those Harley Street people have failed."

Colonna nodded. He knew perfectly well what was the matter with Falconridge. The demons morphia and brandy were getting at deadly grip even with that grand constitution; the final struggle was not far off.

"Change your coat and come round to my rooms with me," Colonna suggested. "I can put you right for the present. You must be yourself for your special dinner on Wednesday. Holyoake comes down for the function to-day, and will be my guest till after Thursday."

Falconridge murmured something. It was evident that the mention of Holyoake's name had not left him unmoved. No other word escaped his lips till he found himself at length in Colonna's sitting-room facing the sea.

"One moment," said the latter; "the bottle I require is in my bedroom."

The speaker returned presently with a small medicine glass, half-filled with some evil-looking decoction like printer's ink. With a shudder Falconridge gulped it down. It seemed to revolt against his very soul.

"What awful stuff," he said, "it is like drinking death." The nausea, however, was transient as summer lightning. The wild glare of the sufferer's eyes gave place to a clear luminosity, the bland courtier-like air returned.

"Why can't the others do this for me?" he said. "Colonna, I am a *man* again, and upon my word, for the first time for three years."

"Except late in the evenings," Colonna said quietly.

"What do you mean by that remark?" Falconridge demanded.

"You know perfectly well what I mean. What is the use of coming down to your place here unless you leave certain evil habits behind you?"

"So you have penetrated my secret! Well, it matters little, for the whole world will hear of it sooner or later. The thing is hereditary, Colonna. Of my struggles against it I will say nothing. Still, I have had everything that the world can give me. I have painted my great picture, and——"

"But *Truth* says the picture is not quite finished, and that you brought it down here to put on the crowning touch."

Falconridge nodded somewhat gloomily.

"Correct," he said. "There is a touch or two I cannot get quite to my mind. But I hope to finish by Wednesday, and my dinner

that night will be as the launching of the ship. The thing sounds very absurd, but I cannot get my *crimson streak* right. I'd give £1000 for one brushful of the real Titian brown-red."

"And suppose I could supply it?" Colonna asked. "I hold the secrets of bygone generations, you know. And the Borgias were ever patrons of the arts."

Falconridge looked up bright and eager as a schoolboy.

"If you only could," he exclaimed. "I want red with tenderness in it. It would be a new keynote, it would stamp the picture on the face of this generation. But you can't do it."

"I can, and will," Colonna responded. "You shall have the tubes this afternoon. You take my advice and go home quietly to breakfast."

The Last of the Borgias was good as his word. Late in the afternoon he left for Falconridge two tubes of colour in a compact case, one below the other. They were so packed, because it was necessary to the scheme that the top tube should be used first. It was close on the dinner hour, when Falconridge burst excitedly upon Colonna.

"I have done it," he cried. "I have succeeded beyond my wildest dreams. Colonna, you are a marvel; those colours are inspiration. Come, and be the first person to see my picture now it is really finished."

"You have got the *crimson streak* to your satisfaction?"

"That is but a faint way of expressing it. Come and see for yourself."

There was no great way to go, and Colonna complied willingly. Falconridge led the way through his little paradise to the studio beyond. There stood the picture in a strong North light, a curtain dropped on the frame.

"Now you shall see what you shall see," Falconridge cried.

With eager hand he flung the canopy aside, and pointed to the frame. As he did so the triumphant expression of his face changed, the smile was frozen on his lips. The bold crimson touch had utterly disappeared.

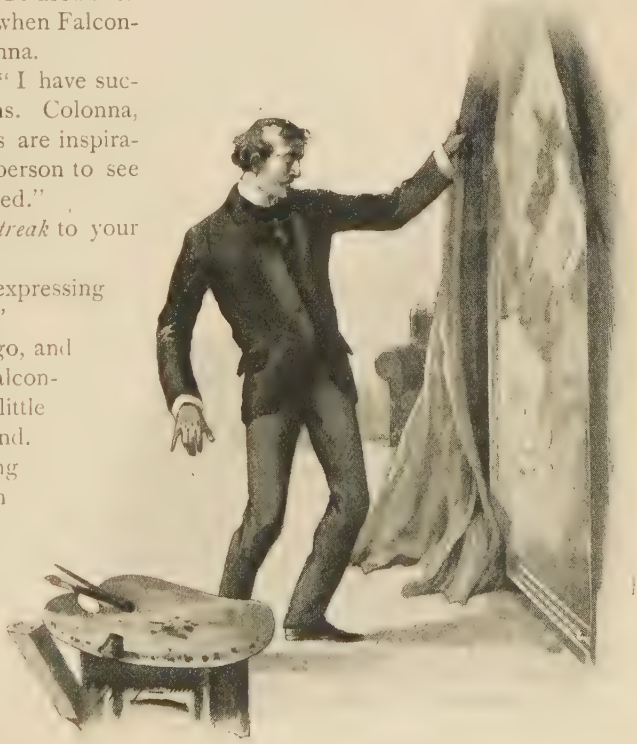
"I see nothing that I have not seen before," said Colonna. Falconridge said nothing for a moment. His agitation was pitiable to witness. He attempted to speak, but no words came from his parched lips.

"Colonna," he managed to gasp presently, "I am going mad. What I told you just now must have been a mere figment of my imagination. And yet there is the brush, and there is my tube half spent. This is a judgment upon me."

"You have been drinking again?" Colonna demanded.

"Well, yes," Falconridge confessed. "I felt so well this afternoon. And I—I—well, I could not keep away from it. There was the morphia also. People envy me—*me!* If they only knew what a miserable, helpless wreck I am!"

As he spoke Falconridge flung himself into his chair and cried as a child. Tears like those betrayed the utter weakness of the



The bold crimson touch had utterly disappeared.

man. Colonna was touched, but there was in his mind no hesitation as to the course he had mapped out for himself.

"You are in an extremely bad way," he said. "These delusions, coming like this upon complete prostration, point to a very grave state of things. Doubtless you used that pigment elsewhere, and imagined that you had finished the picture. If you will take my advice, you will keep away from the studio till after Wednesday, and see as much cheerful society as possible in the meantime. Otherwise you may find yourself 'completing' your picture in a manner other people would call mutilation. Come, let me turn you out of here, and take the key with me."

Falconridge raised no objection to this somewhat arbitrary suggestion. Colonna left him in the conservatory moodily plucking the red heart out of a rose.

"A thousand pities," Colonna mused, "a thousand pities. But nothing can save that man now, and I might as well see this wrong righted. What a state his nerves must be in to allow me to fool him with that transparent juggling."

As Colonna entered his sitting-room, Holyoake rose to greet him.

"I am here, you see," he said eagerly. "How are you progressing?"

"The reeling out of the line leaves nothing to be desired," said Colonna, with sardonic gravity. "I am slowly plucking the life out of a great soul. Make no mistake about that, Holyoake. Falconridge has fallen—he has succumbed after years of strife with an enemy that would have torn *your* heart out in a month. You will never be such a man as that. Still, justice is going to be done."

"You feel sanguine of success, Doctor?"

"Success is as certain as that you are standing there before me. If you will listen, I will tell you what has been done already."

Holyoake listened eagerly enough, but it was plain to see that he was puzzled.

"I must confess I quite fail to understand," he said. "Do you think that Falconridge really tampered with my picture?"

"I am absolutely certain of the fact," Colonna replied. "You are still utterly bewildered. If he had done so, the Titian red would be there. How the thing was done must be my secret for the present, but I will explain all in good time. As I have the key of the studio in my pocket, Falconridge is not likely to touch your picture again till the night of the dinner. I shall see that he is all right for that occasion, and after dinner the crowning stroke will be given. The success or failure depends upon one simple act of audacity of yours, if you have the courage."

"Courage—when my whole ambition, my assured future is at stake!"

"Good!" Colonna exclaimed. "I like to hear you talk in this fashion. What you have to do is extremely simple. When I give you the sign, act."

"Certainly, if you will tell me what I have to do." Colonna gave certain short and vigorous directions. It was evident that Holyoake grasped them; it was equally evident that he fully intended to act upon them. But his astonishment was none the less great, for surely conditions so wild and extravagant were never laid upon a man before.

"It is like being in league with the devil," he said. Colonna smiled grimly. He appreciated the compliment to his powers.

"Then mind you act the part of Faust well," he said, "and without any of the vacillation displayed by that individual."

Holyoake rose and grasped his companion by the hand. A great light of resolution flashed like blue steel in his eyes.

"I am fighting for my child," he said. "You will not find me wanting."

III.

Shaded candles cast pools of light on the damask sea. Here and there a decanter stood like the ruddy glow of a beacon, pyramids of fruit made a refreshing spot for the eye to dwell on—artistic oases rifled of their sweetness. Dinner was a thing of the past, and already the diaphanous blue of tobacco floated over the table.

At the head of it Falconridge lounged gracefully. Never had he been in better form, but how the transformation was brought about only he and Colonna knew. Holyoake, restless by the doctor's side, regarded his host carefully.

"I did not expect to see him quite thus," he said.

"No!" Colonna smiled. "He looks like an antagonist worthy of good steel now. You should have seen him this afternoon! But have no fear. The cordial administered by me will soon lose its effect, indeed, it has done so now, but you may have noticed the amount of champagne consumed by our host. Patience, my friend."

Holyoake had not long to wait. Soon the conversation drifted round to art, and *the* picture cropped up again. To-night was to see the last touch laid on, and the morrow would transfer the glowing canvas to London, where it was destined to become the cynosure of countless admiring eyes.

Most of the guests were in the studio by this time. Falconridge's palette and a half-spent tube of the Titian red lay close at hand. The artist smiled as he turned back his cuffs and took up a brush. And yet Colonna could see that his hands trembled strangely. Would the occasion be successful, or would that transient colour fade as before?

Still, it was no time for hesitation. Falconridge nerved himself for the effort. He squeezed a little of the moist pigment out on his palette, and as he did so Colonna stepped forward and laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"That rare colour is cheap enough to me," he said. "An occasion like this is worthy of a fresh tube. You will find the second one in the case a little better than the first. Would you oblige me by trying it?"

Falconridge complied with one of his most courtly smiles. "It will be a fitting crown to the work," he said.

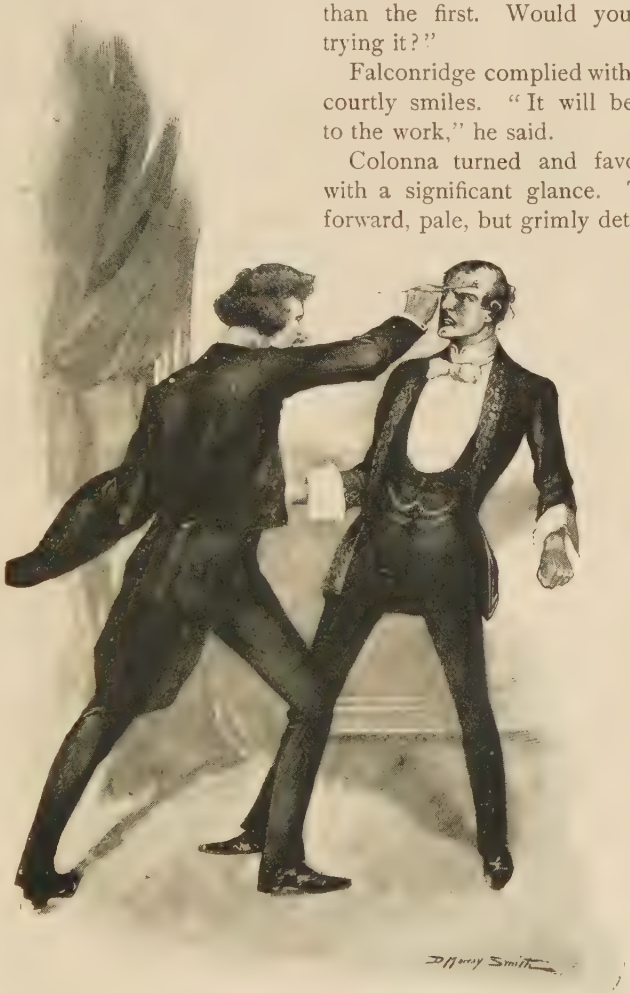
Colonna turned and favoured Holyoake with a significant glance. The latter came forward, pale, but grimly determined to carry out the instructions Colonna had given him.

"It seems to me," he said quietly, "that the work could be in no better hand than mine."

There was a note of challenge in the tones. Falconridge accepted it promptly. A feeling of deadly sickness came over him, yet he braced himself to the fray. Surely he had strength and resolution to bear this fellow down.

"I hardly understand," he said with a smile. "Your jest is a little out of place, Holyoake, even if it is an after-dinner quip. Still, if you feel equal to the task——"

Holyoake took the proffered brush and palette amidst angry murmurs. With the pencil well charged, he advanced to Falconridge, and, with a quick, nervous touch,



He branded him across the forehead with the red legend: LIAR.

branded him across the forehead with the red legend:

LIAR.

The effect of this monstrous insult may be imagined. Falconridge stood there white to the lips, and trembling as with ague. In a glass opposite he could see the crimson brand sear like letters of flame on the white flesh.

"Stand back," Holyoake cried. "What I have painted there is *true*. This picture is mine, I painted it, and Falconridge stole it from me. Ask him if it is not so."

Every eye was turned upon Falconridge. He seemed to be fighting down some impulse—he might have been struggling with some unseen foe. He fell upon his knees beaten there by the spiritual antagonist, his manner changed to the calmness of despair.

"Holyoake is right," he said, "he speaks the truth. What power it is that impels me to make this statement, and thus bring ruin and humiliation upon myself, I cannot tell. For three days now the impulse has been strong upon me, and I struggled against it with all my strength. But I can fight no longer—some occult power seems to drag the truth from my lips. I stole that picture."

A silence that could be felt followed this statement. Polite incredulity was stamped upon every face. As Falconridge noticed this he smiled bitterly.

"No, no," he resumed; "I am not mad—*yet*. That horror has still to come. And whilst I am about it, let me make full confession."

Falconridge spoke on for some time, sparing himself nothing. He told of the disease in his blood, and how it had finally conquered. He told how he had promised this picture, and how his talent had suddenly failed him.

Then he proceeded to show how temptation and opportunity together had brought about his fall.

"The rest is silence," he concluded. "I shall paint no more because I cannot, and from to-night the world will know me no longer. Clear the room, gentlemen, if you please. The door shall be locked, and the key given to Holyoake to fetch his picture when he pleases. And believe me, my young friend, when what has happened comes to be told, your reputation will be none the worse for it."

Holyoake would have spoken, but Falconridge thrust him aside. Then he passed up the stairs to his bedroom and the door banged sullenly behind him.

* * * * *

"I am eager for the explanation," Holyoake said impatiently.

"It is very simple," Colonna replied; "especially as I had a man to deal with whose nerves were in a painful state of tension. Certain people find it hard to keep a secret, and Falconridge is one of them. You remember how Eugene Aram confided his crime to the schoolboy. That is the moral of this story. Everybody knows that a man in liquor will tell anything—it is a mere matter of more or less alcohol.

"By a little trick of my own I played upon Falconridge's nerves. The paint I gave him gives off fumes that affect the brain. Do you remember when you smelt it, the subtle stuff seemed to draw your soul from you? There were two tubes of that stuff, the first being a fugitive colour.

"When Falconridge tried the paint on your picture, and found it subsequently missing, he was terribly shaken. But all the time the fumes were getting into his system, and when you laid on that dramatic touch of the pencil, the poison conquered. That stuff would have forced the truth from a Hercules. You saw how Falconridge struggled to throw off its effects. You might as well try to sweep back the tide with a broom."

"What do you call it?" Holyoake asked.

"Essence of hypnotism," Colonna smiled; "which is quite as good a name as any other, and at any rate that is what it is in effect. Holyoake, I am more sorry for Falconridge than words can tell. Still, what has happened is no bad thing for you, for you will use the body of that man as the stepping stone to fame. How often this happens in the tragedy we call, for the want of a better name, Life."

Battledore and shuttlecock and bob-ball.

JAPANESE GAMES.

By Athol Forbes.

Member of the Society of Japan.

Illustrated with Photographs by K. Kimber, Yokohama.

Japan has been called by someone the "Paradise of Babies." Certainly in no country in the world is such encouragement given to play. Before Western civilisation and ideas came upon the scene, one could almost say that the main business of the nation was play. The toy shops of any town would send an English child wild with delight.

Jap children are extremely clever in inventing new games, far more so than the English children, who will enter with zest upon any well-known and popular game, but will rarely take the initiative in devising a new one. In Japan each little boy or girl is an expert in such matters, and the difficulty is to pitch on a game out of the many which will certainly be suggested. But where English children would pull the house down in their excitement, the little Japs do things quietly and soberly.

Many of the games are peculiar to certain seasons and special days. Battledore and shuttlecock is one for the beginning of the New Year. In the photograph we see two girls playing. The child in the middle is amusing herself with Bob-ball, but often a large number stand round in a circle, and turn the game into a kind of Badminton.

Another favourite pastime at this season is card-playing. The most popular card-game is called *Iro-ha Karuta*, or Proverbs. There are two packs of cards—forty-seven in each pack. On each card of the one set is a picture representing the meaning of a proverb, and at one corner a large letter of the *I-ro-ha* is written. The other set is composed of cards on each of which the proverb is inscribed. The cards are shuffled and dealt; then by turns they are interchanged until the corresponding pictures and proverbs are paired. The first one who matches his hand is the winner.

At New Year also there are numerous

social entertainments at which children above a certain age are allowed to be present. Elders lay themselves out to amuse by story-telling—chiefly the mythological legends of old Japan, but in these a large amount of history is incorporated.

On such occasions dancing is freely indulged in, but the sexes are never mixed. The long winter evenings are very frequently spent in dancing and music.

Boys are encouraged by prizes to play games requiring mathematical skill, and a highly instructive game is played with Chinese cards, so arranged that it is of great assistance to the young gamesters in acquiring a knowledge of the Chinese classics and literature.

Out of doors, kite-flying and top-spinning go on much the same as in this country. In the sport of kite-flying each contestant endeavours to destroy that of his rival. For this purpose the string for twenty or thirty feet near the kite is prepared for the contest by being first dipped in glue, and then in powdered glass, so that the string becomes like a keen-cutting file able to cut quickly. The play is to get the kite into such a position as will enable you to saw your opponent's string in twain. Stilts are in great request, and the speed with which a lad will race on them is wonderful.

A peculiar, uncanny sort of amusement is the *Kon-dameshe* or Soul-examination. A number of boys during the day plant flags in different parts of a cemetery. At night they meet, and tell blood-curdling stories of ghosts and goblins, and, at the conclusion of each tale, a boy is sent off to bring in some particular flag, until all the flags are collected.

The third day of the third month is the "Feast of Dolls." This is a great day for girls, who produce their best dolls for show, and the fairs are full of gaily-dressed images for the children's delectation. If a little daughter has been born between the last feast and this, a pair of *hina*, as they are called, are bought for her, with which she plays until she is grown up, and even carries away with her when she marries. These dolls are chiefly made of wood and enamelled clay.

A popular dance.

Both sexes play draughts, and many of the players are quite professionals. The game is played on a raised board. The *go*, or checkers, including black and white, number

Japanese girls playing draughts.

forty in all. In the *shó-gi*, or game of chess, there are forty pieces. Backgammon is a favourite pastime, and its forms are many.

Children's game-books, of the "Mother Goose" order, are remarkably well got up, and each child has several. In the popular sport of Puss-in-the-Corner and Prisoner's Base, the *oni*, or devil, takes the place of puss or the officer. The sending-up of paper balloon animals, fishes, etc. has a great attraction for old as well as young Japs, and occasionally, on the fifth day of the fifth month especially, you may count hundreds of these things floating over the city.

Konkonchiki is a popular indoor game. By a reference to the photograph reproduced, it will be readily understood that the great point is to tighten the loop and catch the hand of the girl as she tries to thrust it through in the attempt to touch the cup on the box.

The game of Konkonchiki.

Hopscotch in Japan.

A good game for boys is called *Genji and Heike*. It is similar to Russians and Turks, or Frenchmen and Prussians, so well known to English school boys. One side fights the other. The Jap boys wear earthenware helmets, each side having a distinguishing mark. As soon as a combatant has his helmet broken he is called a dead man.

Among the street-Arabs are to be seen many of the street games familiar to this country. Hopscotch reminds one of the pavements in the north-country towns where this pastime is keenly indulged in by lads and lasses of all ages.

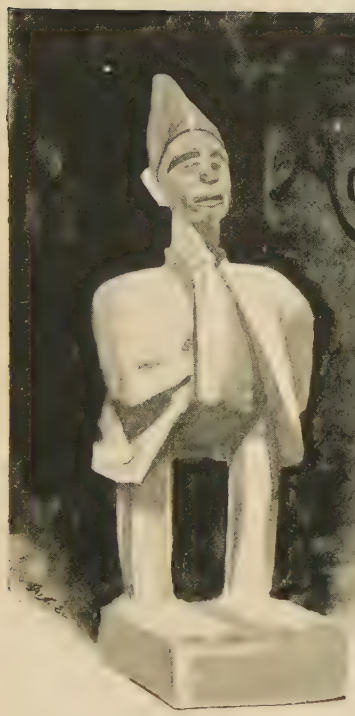
Many of the Jap street-Arabs play most elaborate games, which cannot easily be followed. In some instances they seem to make up the play as they go on. Sometimes the game is of the Follow-my-leader type, as is depicted in the photograph reproduced. The game here represented is called Koloro.

The lads also enjoy rough-and-tumble sports and acrobatic performances. But, whatever the game, it will be played through with that equanimity of mind and temper which is the charm of the Japanese race.

Lawn-tennis and many other games of Western birth have already been adopted, and a brave effort is being made to establish football and other British field sports; but, for the most part, the interest in these is languid, and not likely to continue. However, the reader will undoubtedly be struck by the great similarity that on the whole does exist between Japanese and English games.

For much information and help in this article I am indebted to A. E. Bryce, Esq., Assistant Secretary to the Japan Society, and to a valuable paper read before the Asiatic Society of Japan by Professor W. E. Griffin.

Children playing Koloro.



The Adventures of Capt Kettle

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

No. XIV.—THE LITTLE WOODEN GOD WITH THE EYES.

(*A Complete Story.*)

The coloured Mrs. Nilssen, of Banana, gave the pink gin cocktails a final brisk up with the swizzle-stick, poured them out with accurate division, and handed the tray to Captain Kettle and her husband. The men drank off the appetiser and put down the glasses. Kettle nodded a word of praise for the mixture and thanks to its concocter, and Mrs. Nilssen gave a flash of white teeth and then shuffled away off the verandah, and vanished within the bamboo walls of the pilotage.

Nilssen sank back into his long-sleeved Madeira chair, a perfect wreck of a man, and Kettle sat up and looked at him with a serious face. "Look here," he said, "you should go home, or, at any rate, run North for a spell in Grand Canary. If you fool with this health-palaver any longer, you'll peg out."

The Dane stared wistfully out across the blue South Atlantic waters, which twinkled beyond the littered garden and the sand beach. "Yes," he said, "I'd like well enough to go back to my old woman in Boston again, and eat pork and beans, and hear her talk of culture, and the use of missionaries, and all that good old homey rot; but I guess I can't do that yet. I've got to shake this sickness off me right here, first."

"And I tell you you'll never be a sound man again so long as you lib for Congo. Take a trip home, Captain, and let the salt air blow the diseases out of you."

"If I go to sea," said the pilot wearily, "I shall be stitched up within the week, and dropped over to make a hole in the water. I don't know whether I'm going to get well anywhere, but if I do, it's right here. Now just hear me. You're the only living soul in this hateful Congo Free State that I can trust worth a cent, and I believe you've got grit enough to get me cured if only you'll take the trouble to do it. I'm too weak to take on the job myself; and, even if I was sound, I reckon it would be beyond my weight. I tell you it's a mighty big contract. But then, as I've seen for myself, you're a man that likes a scuffle."

"You're speaking above my head. Pull yourself together, Captain, and then, perhaps, I'll understand what you want."

Note.—A *ju-ju* in West African parlance may be a large carved idol, or merely a piece of rag, or skin, or anything else that the native is pleased to set up as a charm. *Ju-ju* also means witchcraft. If you poison a man, you put *ju-ju* on him. If you see anything you do not understand, you promptly set it down as *ju-ju*. Similarly *chop* is food, and also the act of feeding. "One-time" is immediately.

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"How did you get hold of it?"

Nilssen drew the quinine bottle towards him, tapped out a little hill of feathery white powder into a cigarette paper, rolled it up, and swallowed the dose. "I'm not raving," he said, "or anywhere near it; but if you want the cold-drawn truth, listen here: I'm poisoned. I've got fever on me, too, I'll grant, but that's nothing more than a fellow has every week or so in the ordinary way of business. I guess with quinine, whisky, and pills, I can smile at any fever in Africa, and have done this last eight years. But it's this poison that gets me."

"Bosh," said Kettle. "If it was me that talked about getting poisoned, there'd be some sense in it. I know I'm not popular here. But you're a man that's liked. You hit it off with these Belgian brutes, and you make the niggers laugh. Who wants to poison you?"

"All right," said Nilssen; "you've been piloting on the Congo some six months now, and so of course you know all about it. But let me know a bit better. I've watched the tricks of the niggers hereaway for a good many years now, and I've got a big respect for their powers when they mean mischief."

"Have you been getting their backs up, then?"

"Yes. You've seen that big ju-ju in my room?"

"That foul-looking wooden god with the looking-glass eyes?"

"Just that. I don't know where the preciousness comes in, but it's a thing of great value."

"How did you get hold of it?"

"Well, I suppose if you want to be told flatly, I scoffed it. You see, it was in charge of a passenger-boy, who brought it aboard the *M'poso* at Matadi. He landed across by canoe from Vivi, and wanted steamer passage down to Boma by the *M'poso*. I was piloting her and I got my eye on that ju-ju from the very first."

"What did you want it for? Did you know it was valuable then?"

"Oh, no. I thought it was merely a white-washed carved wood god, and I wanted it just to dash to some steamer skipper who had dashed me a case of fizz or something. You know?"

"Yes, I see. Go on."

"Well, I just went and tackled the passenger-boy and dashed him a case of gin; and when he sobered up again, where was the ju-ju? I got it ashore right enough to the pilotage here in Banana, and for the next two weeks thought it was my ju-ju without further palaver.

"Then up comes a nigger to explain. The passenger-boy who had guzzled the gin was

no end of a big duke—witch-doctor, and all that, with a record of about three hundred murders to his tally—and he had the cheek to send a blooming ambassador to say things, and threaten, to try and get the ju-ju back. Of course, if the original sportsman had come himself to make his ugly remarks, I'd soon have stopped his fun. That's the best of the Congo Free State. If a nigger down here is awkward, you can always get him shipped off as a slave—soldier, that is—to the upper river, and take darned good care he never comes back again. And, as a point of fact, I did tip a word to the commandant here and got that particular ambassador packed off out of harm's way. But that did no special good. Before a week was through up came another chap to tackle me. He spoke flatly about pains and penalties if I didn't give the thing up; and he offered money—or rather ivory, two fine tusks of it, worth a matter of twenty pounds, as a ransom—and then I began to open my eyes."

"Twenty pounds for that ju-ju! Why, I've picked up many a one better carved for a shilling."

"Well, this bally thing has value; there's no doubt about that; but where the value comes in, I can't make out. I've overhauled it times and again, but can't see it's anything beyond the ordinary. However, if a nigger of his own free will offered two big tusks to get the thing back, it stands to reason it's worth a precious sight more than that. So when the second ambassador came, I put the price down at a quarter of a ton of ivory, and waited to get it."

Kettle whistled. "You know how to put on the value," he said. "That's getting on for £400 with ivory at its present rates."

"I was badly in want of money when I set the figure. My poor little wife in Newcastle had sent me a letter by the last Antwerp mail saying how hard-up she was, and the way she wrote regularly touched me."

"I don't like it," Kettle snapped.

"What, my being keen about the money?"

"No; your having such a deuce of a lot of wives."

Kettle wished to state his views on bigamy with clearness and point, but when he cast his eyes over the frail wreck of a man in the Madeira chair, he forebore. It would not take very much of a jar to send Captain Nilssen away from this world to the Place of Reckoning which lay beyond. And so with a gulp he said instead: "You're sure it's deliberate poisoning?"

"Quite. The nigger who came here last about the business promised to set ju-ju on me, and I told him to do it and be hanged to him. He was as good as his word. I began to be bad the very next day."

"How's it managed?"

"Don't know. They have ways of doing these things in Africa which we white men can't follow."

"Suspect anyone?"

"No. And if you're hinting at Mrs. Nilssen in the pilotage there, she's as staunch as you are, bless her dusky skin. Besides, what little chop I've managed to swallow since I've been bad, I've always got out of fresh unopened tins myself."

"Ah," said Kettle; "I fancied someone had been mixing up finely-powdered glass in your chop. It's an old trick, and you don't twig it till the doctors cut you up after you're dead."

"As if I wasn't up to a kid's game like that!" said the sick man with feeble contempt. "No, this is regular ju-ju work, and it's beyond the Belgian doctor here, and it's beyond all other white men. There's only one cure, and that's to be got at the place where the poisoning palaver was worked from."

"And where's that?"

Captain Nilssen nodded down the narrow slip of sand, and mangroves, and nut palms, on which the settlement of Banana is built, and gazed with his sunken eyes at the smooth green slopes of Africa beyond. "Dem village he lib for bush," he said.

"Up country village, eh? They're a nice lot in at the back there, according to accounts. But can't you arrange it by your friend the ambassador?"

"He's not the kind of fool to come back. He's man enough to know he'd get pretty well dropped on if I could get him in my reach again."

"Then tell the authorities here, and get some troops sent up."

"What'd be the good of that? They might go, or they mightn't. If they did, they'd do a lot of shooting, collect a lot of niggers' ears, steal what there was to pick up, and then come back. But would they get what I want out of the witch-doctor? Not much. They'd never so much as see the beggar. He'd take far too big care of his mangy hide. He wouldn't stop for fighting palaver. He'd be off for bush, one-time. No, Kettle, if I'm to get well, some white man will have to go up by his lonesome for me, and square that witch-doctor by some trick of the tongue."

"Which is another way of saying you want me to risk my skin to get you your prescription?"

"But, my lad, I won't ask you to go for nothing. I don't suppose you are out here on the Congo just for your health. You've said you've got a wife at home, and I make no doubt you're as fond of her and as eager to provide for her as I am for any of mine. Well and good. Here's an offer. Get me cured, and I'll dash you the ju-ju to make what you can out of it."

Kettle stretched out his fingers. "Right," he said. "We'll trade on that." And the pair of them shook hands over the bargain.

It was obvious, if the thing was to be done at all, it must be set about quickly. Nilssen was an utter wreck. Prolonged residence in this pestilential Congo had sapped his constitution; the poison was constantly eating at him; and he must either get relief in a very short time, or give up the fight and die. So that same afternoon saw Kettle journeying in a dug-out canoe over the beer-coloured waters of the river, up stream, towards the witch-doctor's village.

Two savages (one of them suffering from a bad attack of yaws) propelled the craft from her forward part in erratic zig-zags; amidships sat Captain Kettle in a Madeira chair under a green-lined white umbrella: and behind him squatted his personal attendant, a Krooboy, bearing the fine old coast name of Brass Pan. The crushed marigold smell from the river closed them in, and the banks crept by in slow procession.

The main channels of the Congo, Kettle knew with a pilot's knowledge; but the canoe men soon left these, and crept off into winding backwaters, with wire-rooted mangroves sprawling over the mud on their banks, and strange whispering beast-noises coming from behind the thickets of tropical greenery. The sun had slanted slow; ceibas and silk-cotton woods threw a shade dark almost as twilight; but the air was full of breathless heat, and Kettle's white drill clothes hung upon him clammy and damp. Behind him, in the stern of the canoe, Brass Pan scratched himself plaintively.

Dark fell and the dug-out was made fast to a mangrove root. The Africans covered their heads to ward off ghosts, and snored on the damp floor of the canoe. Kettle took quinine and dozed in the Madeira chair. Mists closed round them, white with damp, earthy-smelling with malaria. Then gleams of morning stole over the trees and made the mists visible, and Kettle woke with a seaman's promptitude. He roused Brass Pan, and Brass Pan roused the canoe men, and the voyage proceeded.

Through more silent waterways the clumsy dug-out made her passage, where alligators basked on the mudbanks and sometimes swarmed up from below and nuzzled the sides of the boat, and where velvety black butterflies fluttered in dancing swarms across the shafts of sunlight; and at last her nose was driven on to a bed of slime, and Kettle was invited to "lib for beach."

Brass Pan stepped dutifully over the mud, and Captain Kettle mounted his back and rode to dry ground without as much as splashing the pipeclay on his dainty canvas shoes. A bush path opened out ahead of them, winding, narrow, uneven, and the man with the yaws went ahead and gave a lead.

As a result of exposure to the night mists of the river, Captain Kettle had an attack of fever on him which made him shake with cold and burn with heat alternately. His head was splitting, and his skin felt as though it had been made originally to suit a small boy, and had been stretched to near bursting point to serve its present wearer.

In the forest, the path was a mere tunnel amongst solid blocks of wood and greenery; in the open beyond, it was a slim alley

between grass blades eight feet high; and the only air which nourished them as they marched, was hot enough to scorch the lungs as it was inhaled. And if in addition to all this, it be remembered that the savages he was going to visit were practising cannibals, were notoriously treacherous, were violently hostile to all whites (on account of many cruelties bestowed by Belgians), and were especially exasperated against the stealer of their idol, it will be seen that from an ordinary point of view Captain Kettle's mission was far from appetising.

Captain Kettle mounted his back and rode to dry ground.

The little sailor, however, carried himself as jauntily as though he were stepping out along a mere pleasure parade, and hummed an air as he marched. In ordinary moments I think his nature might be described as almost melancholy; it took times of stress like these to thoroughly brighten him.

The path wound, as all native paths do wind, like some erratic snake amongst the grasses, reaching its point with a vast disregard for distance expended on the way. It led, with a scramble, down the sides of ravines; it drew its followers up steep rock-faces that were baked almost to cooking heat by the sun; and finally, it broke up into fan-shape amongst decrepit banana groves, and presently ended in the midst of a squalid collection of grass and wattle huts which formed the village.

Dogs announced the arrival to the natives, and from out of the houses bolted men, women, and children, who dived out of sight in the surrounding patches of bush.

The man with the yaws explained: "Dem Belgians make war-palaver often. People plenty much frightened. People think we lib for here on war palaver."

"Silly idiots!" said Captain Kettle. "Hullo, by James, here's a white man coming out of that chimbeque!"

"He God-man. Lib for here on gin-palaver."

"Trading missionary, is he? Bad breed that. And the worst of it is, if there's trouble, he'll hold up his cloth, and I can't hit him." He advanced towards the white

man, and touched his helmet. "*Bon jour*, Monsieur."

"Howdy?" said the missionary. "I'm as English as yourself—or rather Amurrican. Know you quite well by sight, Captain. Seen you on the steamers when I was stationed at our headquarters in Boma. What might you be up here for?"

"I've a bit of a job on hand for Captain Nilssen of Banana."

"Old Cappie Nilssen? Know him quite well. Married him to that Bengala wife of his, the silly old fool. Well, Captain, come right into my chimbeque, and chop."

"I'll have some quinine with you, and a cocktail. Chop doesn't tempt me just now. I've a dose of fever on hand."

"Got to expect that here, anyway," said the missionary. "I haven't had fever for three days now, but I'm due for another dose to-morrow afternoon. Fever's quite regular with me. It's a good thing that, because I can fit in my business accordingly."

"I suppose the people at home think you carry the Glad Tidings only?"

"The people at home are impracticable fools, and I guess when I was 'way back in Boston I was no small piece of a fool too. I was sent out here 'long with a lot more tenderfeet to plant beans for our own support, and to spread the gospel for the glory of America. Well, the other tenderfeet are planted, and I'm the only one that's got any kick left. The beans wouldn't grow, and there was no sort of living to be got out of spreading a gospel which nobody seemed to want. So I had to start in and hoe a new row for myself."

"Set up as a trader, that is?"

"You bet. It's mostly grist that comes to me: palm-oil, rubber, kernels, and ivory. Timber I haven't got the capital to tackle, and I must say the ivory's more to figure about than finger. But I've got the best connection of any trader in gin and guns and cloth in this section, and in another year I'll have made enough of a pile to go home, and I guess there are congregations in Boston that'll just jump at having a returned Congo missionary as their minister."

"I should draw the line at that myself," said Kettle stiffly.

"Dare say. You're a Britisher, and therefore you're a bit narrow-minded. We're a very adaptable nation, we Amurricans. Say, though, you haven't told me what you're up here for yet? I guess you haven't come just in search of health?"

Captain Kettle reflected. His gorge rose at this man, but the fellow seemed to have some sort of authority in the village, and probably he could settle the question of Nilssen's ailment with a dozen words. So he swallowed his personal resentment, and, as civilly as he could, told the complete tale as Nilssen had given it to him.

The trader missionary's face grew crafty as he listened. "Look here," he said, "you want that old sinner Nilssen cured?"

"That's what I came here for."

"Well, then, give me the ju-ju, and I'll fix it up for you."

"The ju-ju's to be my fee," said Kettle. "I suppose you know something about it? You're not the kind of man to go in for collecting valueless curiosities."

"Nop. I'm here on the make, and I guess you're about the same. But I wouldn't be in your shoes if the people in the village get to know that you've a finger in looting their idol."

"Why?"

"Oh, you'll die rather painfully, that's all. Better give the thing up, Captain, and let me take over the contract for you. It's a bit above your weight."

Kettle's face grew grim. "Is it?" he said. "Think I'm going to back down for a tribe of nasty, stinking, man-eating niggers? Not much."

"Well," said the missionary, "don't get ruffled. I've got no use for quarrelling. Go your way, and if things turn out ugly, don't say I didn't give you the straight cinch, as one white man to another in a savage country. And now, it's about my usual time for siesta."

"Right," said Kettle. "I'll siesta too. My fever's gone now, and I'm feeling pretty rocky and mean. Sleep's a grand pick-me-up."

They took off their coats, and lay down then under filmy mosquito bars, and presently sleep came to them. Indeed, to Kettle came

He stood with one foot on Kettle's breast in the attitude of a conqueror.

so dead an unconsciousness that he afterwards had a suspicion (though it was beyond proof) that some drug had been mixed with his drink. He was a man who at all times was extraordinarily watchful and alert. Often and often during his professional life his bare existence had depended on the faculty for scenting danger from behind the curtain of sleep; and his senses in this direction were so abnormally developed as to verge at times on the uncanny. Cat-like is a poor word to describe his powers of vigilance.

But there is no doubt that in this case his alertness was dulled. The fatigue of the march, his dose of fever, his previous night of wakefulness in the canoe, all combined to undermine his guard; and, moreover, the attack of the savages was stealthy in the extreme. Like daylight ghosts, they must have crept back from the bush to reconnoitre their village; like ghosts, they must have surrounded the trader missionaries' hut and peered at the sleeping man between the bamboos of the wall, and then made their entrance; and it must have been with the quickness of wild beasts that they made their spring.

Kettle woke on the instant that he was touched, and started to struggle for his life, as indeed he had struggled many a time before. But the numbers of the blacks put effective resistance out of the question. Four of them pressed down each arm on to the bed, four each leg, three pressed on his head. Their animal faces champed and gibbered at him; the animal smell of them made him splutter and cough.

Captain Kettle was not a man who often sought help from others; he was used to playing a lone-handed fight against a mob; but the suddenness of the attack, the loneliness of his surroundings, and the dejection due to his recent dose of fever, for the first instant almost unnerved him, and on the first alarm he sung out lustily for the missionary's help. There was no answer. With a jerk he turned his head, and saw that the other bed was empty. The man had left the hut.

For a time the captive did not actively resist further. In a climate like that of the Congo one's store of physical strength is limited, and he did not wish to earn unnecessarily severe bonds by wasting it. As it was, he was tied up cruelly enough with grass rope, and then taken from the hut and flung down under the blazing sunshine outside.

Presently a fantastic form danced up from behind one of the huts, daubed with coloured clays, figged out with a thousand tawdry charms, and cinctured round the middle by a girdle of half-picked bones. He wafted an evil odour before him as he advanced, and he came up and stood with one foot on Kettle's breast in the attitude of a conqueror.

This was the witch-doctor, a creature who held power of life and death over all the village, whom the villagers suffered to test them with poison, to put them to unnamable tortures, to rob them as he pleased, to be, in fact, a kind of insane autocrat working freely in their midst any whim that seized him. The witch-doctor's power of late had suffered. The white man Nilssen had "put bigger ju-ju" on him, and under its influence had despoiled him of valuable public property. Now was his moment of counter triumph. The witch-doctor stated that he brought this other white man to the village by the power of his spells; and the villagers believed him. There was the white man lying on the ground before them to prove it.

Remained next to see what the witch-doctor would do with his captive.

The man himself was evidently at a loss, and talked, and danced, and screamed, and foamed, merely to gain time. He spoke nothing but Fiote, and of that tongue Kettle knew barely a single word. But presently the canoe-man with the yaws was dragged up, and, in his own phrase, was bidden to act as "linguister."

"He say," translated the man with the yaws, "if dem big ju-ju lib back for here, he let you go."

"And if not?"

The interpreter put a question, and the witch-doctor screamed out a long reply, and then stooped and felt the captive over with his fingers, as men feel cattle at a fair.

"Well?" said Kettle impatiently; "if he doesn't get back the wooden god, let's hear what the game is next?"

"Me no sabbey. He say you too small and thin for chop."

He was left alone for the time being with his thoughts.

Captain Kettle's pale cheeks flushed. Curiously enough it never occurred to him to be grateful for this escape from a cannibal dinner table. But his smallness was a constant sore to him, and he bitterly resented any allusion to it.

"Tell that stinking scarecrow I'll wring his neck for him before I'm quit of this village."

"Me no fit," said the linguister candidly. "He kill me now if I say that, same's he kill you soon."

"Oh, he's going to kill me, is he?"

The interpreter nodded emphatically. "Or get dem big ju-ju," he added.

"Ask him how Cappie Nilssen can be cured."

The man with the yaws put the question timidly enough, and the witch-doctor burst into a great guffaw of laughter. Then after a preliminary dance, he took off a little packet of leopard skin, which hung amongst his other charms, and stuffed it deep inside Kettle's shirt.

The interpreter explained: "Him say he put ju-ju on Cappie Nilssen, and can take it off all-e-same easy. Him say you give Cappie Nilssen dis new ju-ju for chop, an' he lib for well one-time."

"He doesn't make much trouble about giving it me, anyway," Kettle commented. "Looks as if he felt pretty sure he'd get that idol, or else take the change out of my skin." But, all the same, when the question was put to him again as to whether he would surrender the image, he flatly refused. There was a certain pride about Kettle which forbade him to make concessionary treaties with an inferior race.

So forthwith, having got this final refusal, the blacks took him up again, and under the witch-doctor's lead carried him well beyond the outskirts of the village. There was a cleared space here, and on the bare, baked earth they laid him down under the full glare of the tropical sunshine. For a minute or so they busied themselves with driving four stout stakes into the ground, and then again they took him up, and made him fast by wrists and ankles, spreadeagle fashion to the stakes.

At first he was free to turn his head, and with a chill of horror he saw he was not the first to be stretched out in that clearing. There were three other sets of stakes, and framed in each was a human skeleton, picked clean. With a shiver he remembered traveller's tales on the steamers of how these things were done. But then the blacks put down other stakes so as to confine his head in one position, and were proceeding to prop open his mouth with a piece of wood, when suddenly there seemed to be a hitch in the proceedings.

The witch-doctor asked for honey—Kettle recognised the native word—and none was forthcoming. Without honey they could not go on, and the captive knew why. One man

was going off to fetch it, but then news was brought that the Krooboy, Brass Pan, had been caught, and the whole gang of them went off helter-skelter towards the village—and again Kettle knew the reason for their haste.

So there he was left alone for the time being with his thoughts, lashed up beyond all chance of escape, scorched by an intolerable sun, bitten and gnawed by countless swarms of insects, without chance of sweeping them away. But this was ease compared with what was to follow. He knew the fate for which he was apportioned, a common fate amongst the Congo cannibals. His jaws would be propped open, a train of honey would be led from his mouth to a hill of driver ants close by, and the savage insects would come up and eat him piece-meal whilst he still lived.

He had seen driver ants attack a house before, swamp fires lit in their path by sheer weight of numbers, put the inhabitants to flight, and eat everything that remained. And here, in this clearing, if he wanted further proof of their power, were the three picked skeletons lying stretched out to their stakes.

There are not many men who could have preserved their reason under monstrous circumstances such as these, and I take it that there is no man living who dare up and say that he would not be abominably frightened were he to find himself in such a plight. In these papers I have endeavoured to show Captain Owen Kettle as a brave man, indeed, the bravest I ever knew; but I do not think even he would blame me if I said he was badly scared then.

He heard noises from the village which he could not see beyond the grass. He heard poor Brass Pan's death shriek; he heard all the noises that followed, and knew their meaning, and knew that he was earning a respite thereby; he even heard from over the low hills the hoot of a steamer's syren as she did her business on the yellow waters of the Congo, in crow flight perhaps not three rifle shots from where he lay stretched.

It seemed like a fantastic dream to be assured in this way that there were white men, civilised white men, men who could read books and enjoy poetry, sitting about swearing and drinking cocktails under a decent steamer's awnings close by this barbaric scene of savagery. And yet it was no dream. The flies that crept into his nose and his mouth and his eye-sockets, and bit him through his clothing, and the hateful sounds from the village assured him of all its reality.

The blazing day burnt itself to a close, and night came hard upon its heels, still baking and breathless. The insects bit worse than ever, and once or twice Kettle fancied he felt the jaws of a driver ant in his flesh, and wondered if news would be carried to the horde in the ant-hill, which would bring them out to devour their prey without the train of honey being laid to lure them. Moreover, fever had come on him again, and with one thing and another it was only by a constant effort of will that he prevented himself from giving way and raving aloud in delirium.

It was under these circumstances, then, that the missionary came to him again, and once more put in a bid for the ju-ju which lay at the pilotage. Kettle roundly accused the man of having betrayed him, and the fellow did not deny it with any hope of being believed. He had got to get his pile somehow, so he said: he was sick of the beastly country: the ju-ju had value, and if he could not get hold of it one way, he had to work it another. And finally, would Kettle surrender it then, or did he want any more discomfort?

Now I think it is not to the little sailor's discredit to confess that he surrendered without terms forthwith. "The thing's yours for when you like to fetch it," he snapped out ungraciously enough, and the missionary at once stooped and cut the grass ropes, and set to chafing his wrists and ankles. "And now," he said, "clear out for your canoe at the river side for all you're worth, Captain. There's a big full moon, and you can't miss the way."

"Wait a bit," said Kettle. "I'm remembering that I had an errand here. Can you give me the right physic to pull Captain Nilssen round?"

"You have it in that leopard-skin parcel inside your shirt. I saw the witch-doctor give it you."

"Oh! you were looking on, were you?"

"Yes."

"By James, I've a big mind to leave my marks on you, you swine!"

The trader missionary whipped out a revolver.

"Guess I'm heeled, sonny. You'd better go slow. You'd——"

There was a rush, a dodge, a scuffle, a bullet whistling harmlessly up into the purple night, and that revolver was Captain Kettle's.

"The cartridges you have in your pocket."

"I've only three. Here they are, confound you! Now, what are you going to do next? You've waked the village. You'll have them down on you in another moment. Run, you fool, or they'll have you yet."

"Will they?" said Kettle. "Well, if you want to know, I've got poor old Brass Pan to square up for yet. I liked that boy." And with that, he set off running down a path between the walls of grasses.

There was a rush, a dodge, a scuffle.

A negro met him in the narrow cut, yelled with surprise, and turned. He dropped a spear as he turned, and Kettle picked it up and drove the head between his shoulder-blades as he ran. Then on through the village he raged like a man demented. With what weapons he fought he never afterwards remembered. He slew with whatever came to his hand. The villagers, wakened up from their torpid sleep, rushed from the grass and wattle houses on every hand. Kettle in his Berserk rage charged them whenever they made a stand, till at last all fled from him as though he were more than human.

Bodies lay upon the ground staring up at the moon; but there were no more living creatures left, though the little sailor with bared teeth and panting breath, stood there waiting for them. No, he had cleared the place, and only one other piece of retribution lay in his power. The embers of a great fire smouldered in the middle of the clearing, and with a shudder (as he remembered its purpose) he shovelled up great handfuls of the glowing charcoal and sowed it broadcast on the dry grass roofs of the chimbeques. The little crackling flames leaped up at once; they spread with the quickness of a gunpowder train; and in less than a minute, a great

cataract of fire was roaring high into the night.

Then, and not till then, did Captain Kettle think of his own retreat. He put the three remaining cartridges into the empty chambers of his revolver, and set-off at a jog trot down the winding path by which he had come up from the river.

He did not do the land journey at any astonishing pace. Indeed, it is a wonder he ever got over it at all. More than once he sank down half unconscious in the path, and up all the steeper slopes he had to crawl animal fashion on all fours. But by day-break he got to the canoe, and pushed her off, and by a marvellous streak of luck lost his way in the inner channels, and wandered out on to the broad Congo beyond.

I say this was a streak of luck, because by this time consciousness had entirely left him, and on the inner channels he would merely have died, and been eaten by alligators, whereas, as it was, he got picked up by a State launch, and taken down to the pilotage at Banana.

It was Mrs. Nilssen who tenderly nursed him back to health. Kettle had always been courteous to Mrs. Nilssen, even though she was as black and polished as a patent leather boot; and Mrs. Nilssen appreciated Captain Owen Kettle accordingly.

With Captain Nilssen, pilot of the Lower Congo, Kettle had one especially interesting talk during his convalescence. "You may as well take that troublesome wooden god for yourself now," said Nilssen. "But, if I were you, I'd ship it home out of harm's way by the next steamer."

"Hasn't that missionary brute sent for it yet?"

Captain Nilssen evaded the question. "I'll never forget what you've done for me, my lad. When you were brought in here after they picked you up, you looked fit to peg out one-time, but the only sane thing you could do was to waggle out a little leopard skin parcel, and bid me swallow the stuff that was inside. You'd started out to get me that physic, and, by gum, you weren't happy till I got it down my neck."

"Well, you look fit enough now."

"Never better."

"But about the missionary brute?"

"Well, my lad, I suppose you're well enough to be told now. He's got his trading cut short for good. That nigger with the yaws who paddled you up brought down the news. The beggars up there chopped him, and I'm sure I hope he didn't give them indigestion."

"My holy James!"

"Solid. His missionary friends here have written home a letter to Boston which would have done you good to see. According to them, the man's a blessed martyr, nothing more nor less. The gin and the guns are left clean out of the tale; and will Boston please send out some more subscriptions, one-time? You'll see they'll stick up a stained glass window to that joker in Boston, and he'll stand up there with a halo round his head as big as a frying-pan. And oh! won't his friends out here be resigned to his loss when the subscriptions begin to hop in from over the water?"

"Well, there's been a lot of trouble over a trumpery wooden idol. I fancy we'd better burn it out of harm's way."

"Not much," said Nilssen with a sigh. "I've found out where the value comes in, and as you've earned them fairly and squarely, the dividends are yours to stick to. One of those looking-glass eyes was loose, and I picked it out. There was a bit of green glass behind. I picked out the other eye, and there was a bit of green glass at the back of that too."

"Oh, the niggers'll use anything for ju-ju."

"Wait a bit. I'd got my notions as to what that green glass was, and so I asked every man who was likely to know a jewel what he thought. They aren't green glass at all. They're emeralds. They're worth fifty pounds apiece at the very lowest, and they're yours, my lad, to do what you like with."

Captain Kettle lay back on his pillow and smiled complacently. "That money'll just set up my Missis nicely in a lodging-house. Now I can go on with my work here, and know that whatever happens she and the kids are provided for."

"Eh, well," said Nilssen with a sigh, "she'll be nicely fixed up now. I wish I could make provision like that for my old women."

LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES

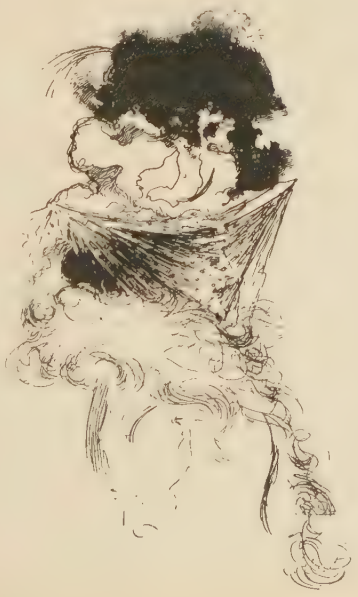
BY W.L.ALDEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY Hy. Mayer

Window Curtains—Starch—Collar Fastenings—Street-Singers—Hand-Organs—Tips.

MAN makes windows, and woman makes window curtains. Herein is typified the attitude of man and woman towards the actual facts of life. The object of a window is to admit light, and in the opinion of nearly every man there cannot be too much sunlight in a room. Of course, when I say sunlight, I mean the dull grey phosphorescence which passes under the name of sunlight in England.

But no sooner does the light enter at the window than woman makes haste to shut it out with curtains. These may be either lace curtains, in which case they keep out about one-third of the light, or they may be of more opaque material, in which case they keep out about four-fifths of the light. Having thus rendered the window comparatively useless, the woman feels that she has done her duty as a house-wife. No one can see into the house from the outside, and no one can see into the street from the inside. The house is kept in a permanent state of twilight, and the cultivation of microbes that live in semi-darkness goes gaily on.



I object to curtains, not only because they keep out the light, and hence are an insult to the intelligence, but because they ruin the eyes. Physicians agree that veils with little dots sprinkled over them are the means of sending thousands of women to the oculist. Lace window curtains have the same effect upon the male eye. It is impossible for a man to try to look through the meshes of a lace curtain without doing his eyes a serious injury. If a man happens to live in a street where young ladies are constantly practising riding on the bicycle, and if he spends a good deal of time in looking out of the window to see if the vicar is in sight, he will probably become entirely blind in the course of six months.

If he ventures to push back the curtain, or to pin it back so that he can obtain a fair glimpse of the vicar, his wife is sure to remonstrate with him for ruining the curtain, and for letting in the sunlight,

and thereby fading the carpet and the upholstery.

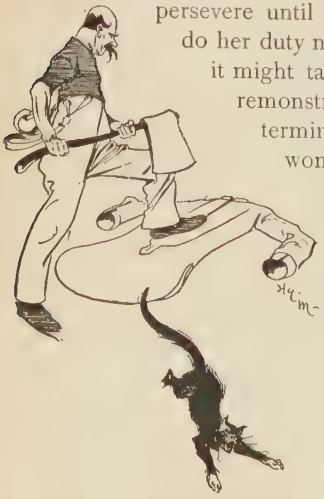
The single man, who does as he chooses in his own room, refuses to be a slave to curtains, and hence his eyesight is unimpaired. The married man, however, finds it is in vain to struggle against his wife's fondness for curtains, and hence we find that fully eighty-nine per cent. of married men have weak eyes.

It is the gross illogicality of curtains that exasperates the thoughtful man. Of what use is it to make windows to admit the light, and then to put up curtains to keep the light out? But woman is constitutionally illogical. If she were not she would never devote herself to the thankless task of making men happy.

* * * * *

Drink, we are told, is the cause of most of the crime and misery of the present day. This is not true. From my own observation I am certain that starch causes so much misery and crime that there is little harm left for drink to do. I knew a promising young man who is now a helpless victim of starch. He set out in life with a buoyant, hopeful spirit, and he resolved to secure the proper starching of his linen, including his neckties. When his linen came home starched to the stiffness of a nickelised armour plate, he remonstrated so warmly that the next time it came home it was as limp as a newly deceased cat.

His friends told him that it was useless to try to induce his washerwoman to use starch with discretion, but he said that he would persevere until he had made her do her duty no matter how long it might take. The more he remonstrated the more determined the washerwoman was to make him repent his rash and rebellious conduct. At times he was compelled to break open his shirts with an axe, before he could obtain entrance to them. At others he was seen wearing collars as shapeless as a roughly folded handkerchief.



Gradually the contest told upon him. He could think of nothing but starch, and the day came when his mind gave way, and, becoming possessed with a mania for starch, he personally starched his trousers and coats. Before he was removed by his friends to a lunatic asylum he had even starched his hair, and tried to starch his sister's pet Persian cat. In all probability he was only one of many men who have been driven mad by starch.

Every day in the year there are hundreds of men in London who are wrestling with over-starched linen. A man tries to put a stud, or a collar button in its place, and finds the buttonhole starched so excessively that he cannot open it. He tries to bore it out with the point of a lead pencil, but he only succeeds in covering the white surface of the linen with pencil marks. Then he finds a button hook, or some other small metallic instrument, and pushes it into the buttonhole. Suddenly the sides of the hole give way, and the result is a garment which he cannot wear with any self-respect.

He takes another shirt or collar, and tries to force the stud into its place without the aid of instruments for widening the buttonhole. This time it is the stud that breaks, and before the man can succeed in finding another the hour when he ought to be in the city has arrived. Then he turns upon his wife, and with the sweet reasonableness of the irritated man informs her that if she attended properly to her duties studs would not break, and buttonholes would not tear. In the course of the argument that follows, he makes use of language which will not bear repetition, and finally goes to his business with his collar held in place by the precarious and treacherous pin, to pass a day of discomfort and bad temper.

It is in these ways that starch does its fatal work, for the man whose remarks cause even the depraved sparrows on his window ledge to shudder, and who wrecks his domestic peace by angry and unjustifiable accusations hurled at his innocent wife, is on the high road to ruin.

* * * * *

Why does not some man, instead of inventing explosives and electric motors, invent

some sensible way of fastening a collar to the neckband of the shirt? At present we fasten it with a stud at the back, and another at the front, and then, with the aid of the necktie, pull the collar loose from the band. There are men who strive to solve this problem of the collar and the neckband by pinning the former to the latter, but when either is heavily starched no pin can be driven through it. I have at times been compelled to fasten my collar with carpet nails and a hammer, but this method ruins both shirt and collar, and cannot be recommended. A collar may be riveted to the neckband by copper rivets, but this plan also has grave faults.

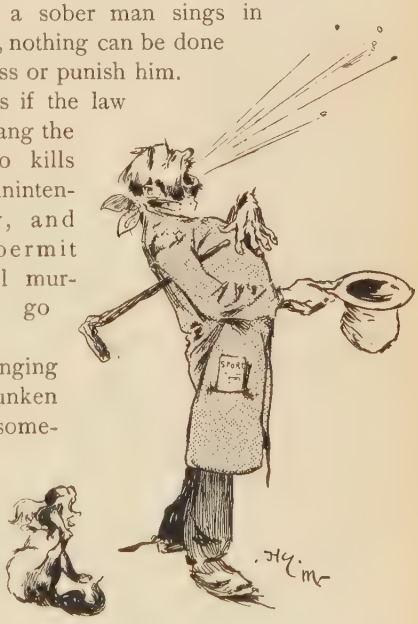
There was once a man who, having no pins within reach, and being determined that his collar should keep its place during a wedding ceremony in which he played the leading part, fastened it to his neckband with the rubber solution contained in his pneumatic tyre repairing kit. Had it not been that the solution dried too slowly, this might have been a success. As it was, the collar kept its place, but when the cab, in which the newly-married pair drove to the railway station, reached its destination, the bride's right arm was found to be securely solutioned to the bridegroom's neck, a state of things which excited a good deal of irreverent remark among the giddy throng of porters and passengers at Paddington.

* * * * *

The longer I live the more I wonder at the tolerant nature of the British public, and the eccentricity of British law. Almost every day a singing fiend passes through my street. Sometimes this fiend is a man, and sometimes a woman. He sings depressing hymns in a loud and horrible voice, thus inflicting unspeakable tortures upon those who are compelled to listen to him. He walks at the rate of a mile in four hours, and it takes him fully an hour to pass through from one end of my short street to the other.

Sometimes he will stop for several minutes directly in front of my house, and emit the most dismal howls. From his general appearance one would suppose him to be in the last stages of starvation. I wish he was, but he has now been dying from starvation for three years, and his voice is as loud as ever. One or two misguided persons throw pennies to him in the hope of inducing him to leave the street, but, of course, this only encourages him to repeat his visits. Boiling water or dynamite are the only things that should be thrown to him. Everybody recognises that he is an intolerable nuisance but no one dreams of appealing to the law to suppress him.

It seems that if a drunken man sings in the street he is promptly arrested. If, on the contrary, a sober man sings in the street, nothing can be done to suppress or punish him. This is as if the law were to hang the man who kills another unintentionally, and should permit the wilful murderer to go free.



The singing of the drunken man is sometimes actually funny. In any event it is vastly less depressing than is the singing of the sober hymn-singer. And yet we tolerate the latter and show no mercy to the former.

When this wretch begins his daily howl, I sigh for the days of good old Bloody Mary, when a street-singer of hymns would have been summarily burnt. In those happy days, if a man

was in low spirits, all he had to do was to put on his hat, walk over to Smithfield, and see a street-singer burned. Refreshed and gladdened by this pleasing and wholesome spectacle, he could return to his home and his work, blessing the good Queen and the fine spirit of intolerance that characterised the age.

But, alas! we no longer burn people who sing hymns in the street. We do not even flog or imprison them. Year after year these wretches drive unoffending men and women into the madhouse, but no measures of relief are dreamed of. Last night the police gathered in a drunken man who had sung

near my house only four lines of a music-hall song. He was drunk, and therefore in the eye of the law he had no right to sing in the street. This afternoon the sober beast who sings hymns will make life a burden to all the inhabitants of my street for at least an hour, and no policeman will arrest him, and no infuriated householder will shoot at him. Surely we are the most inconsistent and illogical people in the world.

In their proper place I like hymns, but the gross hypocrisy of the street-singing brute exasperates me. He is notoriously a vagabond and a scoundrel, who refuses to work, and who evies blackmail on the public in order to get the money with which to intoxicate himself at night. And yet this very hypocrisy imposes upon the average house-holder. People seem to think that to interfere with a man who is singing hymns is in some mysterious way to show a want of respect for religion. The stark idiocy of this view irritates me.

As for hand-organs, they are an old story. We all admit that they are a nuisance, but nobody attempts to banish them. London is positively the only capital in the world where they are allowed to ruin the peace of mind of the unprotected public. In his native Italy the hand-organ man is rigorously suppressed. No one is permitted to play a hand-organ in Italy without a licence, and no one can obtain a licence unless he is so crippled as to be unable to earn a living in any other way.

In Florence, for example, you may hear a hand-organ once in two months; but in the part of London where I live I hear, on an average, four organs every day except Sundays. Each organ plays ten tunes. Each organ-grinder has at least three "pitches" close to my house, and plays every tune through twice. If, then, one hand-organ inflicts sixty tunes and repetitions of tunes on me daily, four hand-organs give me two hundred and forty tunes.

Of course, sleep and work are out of the question while the hand-organ is inflicting its tortures. One might as well think of working while seated in the dentist's chair. I try to do my work at home, and it is easy to see how few working hours I have during the day, by simply calculating the amount of organ torture that I undergo.

There are a dozen ways in which the organ-grinder could be suppressed. He could be taxed out of existence; he could be arrested for a breach of the peace every time he turns his handle; or he could be declared to be *feræ naturæ*, and every householder could be authorised to shoot at him. But the years go on, and the organ-grinders increase in numbers and cruelty, and no man ever gets beyond writing to the daily papers, and saying that really we ought not to permit

the organ-grinder to play in the streets. Organs are not, strictly speaking, a little worry. They are the most gigantic worry that the great Adversary of mankind ever invented.

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Tips are among the worries of life, chiefly for the reason that there is no rule fixing the exact amount of every tip. Where we have a rule tips are comparatively harmless. For example, there is a general agreement as to the proper amount to be given to the railway porter who carries your luggage, and we tip him without regret or worry. So, too, if a man always lunches at the same restaurant, and always gives the waiter the same tip, he comes to regard it as a part of his regular and legitimate expenses and does not object to it.

It is when a man goes to a strange hotel, either at home or abroad, that the subject of tips becomes a wearing one. Suppose that I stop at one of the leading London hotels for two or three days: what ought I to give the waiter, and what is the proper sum to offer to the gorgeous porter? If I give too little the chances are that the man will either take it without thanks and with a sneer of disdain, or he may even hand it back to me with the remark that I need it more than he does.

If, on the other hand, I give too much, the waiter or porter will look upon me as no better than an American Silver King, and will despise me accordingly. It is the effort to make up one's mind as to the proper amount to give that makes the tipping system unendurable.

Time was when the traveller on the Continent stopped at hotels where "service" was included in the bill. Now, although the bill still mentions that mysterious item, the traveller is expected to tip every waiter and chamber-maid in the place. Few men have the courage to pass out of the hotel door leaving a regiment of servants drawn up and waiting for their tips.

When a man has sufficient bravery to perform this action he is to be envied. As he passes waiters and chambermaids, and porters and errand boys, gazing abstractedly through them into the far distance, or even smiling sweetly at them, and all the time refraining from giving the smallest tips, he has the delicious satisfaction of knowing that he is brave beyond most men, and that he has done a noble action in behalf of the oppressed travelling community. Indeed, if any man wishes to train himself to the performance of heroic and unselfish actions, he cannot do better than to travel on the Continent and never give a single tip. Even the tipless waiters will look at him in awestruck silence, and they will recognise in him the bravest of the brave.

The Pope's Great Toe.

By Halliwell Sutcliffe.

His Majesty was known as King of England but that was an idle jest of courtiers, statesmen, and such, so far as Marshcotes moor-side was concerned. King of the South he was, in word and fact; but King of the free lands, that lay north of the Humber and the great cross-country bogland, he never was until a later day than that on which the Marshcotes lads rode hard to the great Northern road and passed the time of day with those who guarded a goodly tale of treasure.

The King could do nothing at all with these merry gentlemen of the North, who plundered, and drank, and slew each other, and slew, and plundered, and drank, from New Year's Eve to Midsummer, and from Midsummer to Christmas time. And of all these gentlemen raiders, none were more desperate in fight, none softer in love, than the men of the Yorkshire Dales: and of all the Dale raiders, none showed the quality of their kind in stronger light and shade than the Marshcotes lads—their women could answer for the softness of heart when love-making was toward; and as for their fighting gifts—well, every town and hamlet, from Skipton up to Annan beyond the border, could speak in feeling terms of their happy knack for blows.

But just now—it was the middle of a raw December—Lancashire was too hot to hold them, and the near-lying lands about Saxilton had been swept clear as a cornfield after the gleaners have worked it. And a fancy had come to Long Ratcliffe that he and his friends would try virgin soil and see what sort of cheer the Vale of York might afford them. They saddled at one of a Saturday afternoon, and rode out along the highway that led from Marshcotes to Wakefield—Long Ratcliffe at the head of fifteen of his folk, and young Ned Shackleton with a dozen kinsmen.

The road seemed clear enough just then to Long Ratcliffe, and his only thought was to gain the open moor, beyond which lay merry fight and such spoil as the careless gods might

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send him. But there was somewhat at the bottom of the Marshcotes street that dashed a little his half boyish zest for blows. To the right of their track lay Marshcotes Hall, and under the black, old gateway stood the straight figure of a girl, with a face that women would cry shame on for its very prettiness, and eyes that a man would think of again when the quiet watches of the night chanced to find him sleepless.

"Ride on, friends; I will join you at the crossways," said Ratcliffe, his colour heightened a little at thought that his kinsmen would have a sly laugh at his expense.

Ned Shackleton's face grew dark, with an ugly line across the brow. He checked his horse, urged it forward, then brought it to a dead stop. "Follow the Ratcliffes to the crossways," he said shortly to his men.

The girl at the gateway looked from one to the other of the rivals, and laughed a little, musically. "What, is one poor lass to keep two gentlemen from duty?" she asked, with a downward droop of the eyes.

"Poor, say ye?" cried Shackleton bluntly. "Rich in witchcraft, Mistress, if in naught else."

"Nay, hush!" she intreated, with soft pretence of fear. "They burn all such, and I am too young to say good-bye to life. Is it cattle and sheep, or richer spoil, ye ride for?"

Long Ratcliffe took a long look at her, and from her face back to his horse's gear, which seemed in need of alteration. "For a woman's heart, if she would only name the price," he said.

And then he glanced up sharply, and Ned Shackleton's eyes met his, and neither would own himself out-faced.

"Aye," said Ned; "we have wrangled and fought about thee long enough, Mistress Rowan, and naught will serve to move your balance. What shall I bring home as hostage for thy love?"

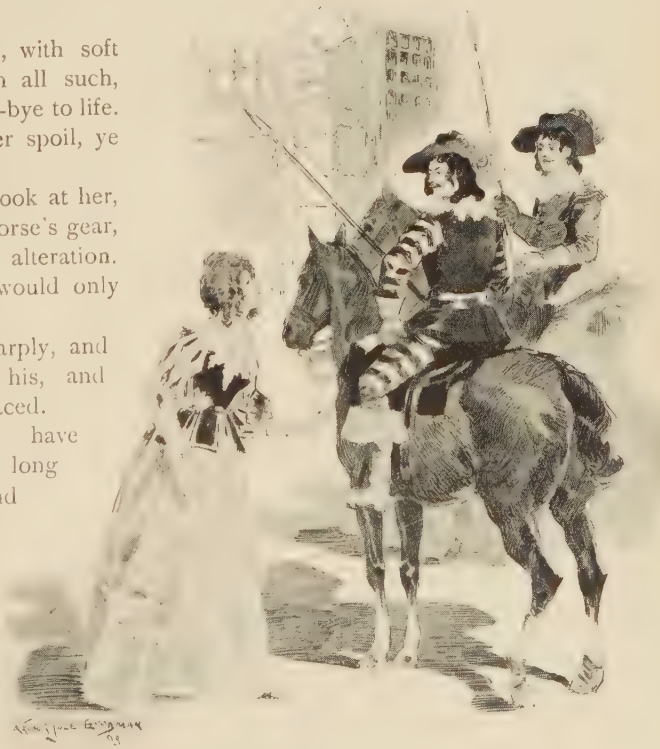
"For my love?" repeated the girl, still laughing. "That is a big word, surely. And even if I have any love to give—I doubt it much—I can think of naught to ask." Yet a close observer—a woman, say—would have noted that her glance rested a trifle over-fondly on Ratcliffe's six-feet-four of bashfulness, whenever his eyes left her free.

"Ask a king's ransom," suggested Long Ratcliffe, whose wits worked slowly in such matters.

"Ye might secure as much on your journey—they say the Vale of York is very rich. Nay, I would rather ye named some less likely prize; I am so little anxious to be won, good sirs."

There was that in her mock-maiden artlessness which set the pulses of both the suitors beating with a curious speed. And they chafed and fretted and fumed under her mockery, like young colts that have not learned the mastery of bit and bridle.

"Well, then, if I bring thee the Pope's toe, wilt thou marry me before the moon is old?" said Shackleton, laughing harshly at thought that, if he were to bring a star down from the



"Good even, gentlemen, and God speed your venture."

heavens, it would avail little with Mistress Rowan's wayward heart.

The girl glanced up at the sickle moon that lay—a three days' babe—in the cradle of the green-blue sky. And the dimples deepened in her cheeks as she looked from one to the other of these feckless swains. "Before the moon is old," she answered, "will I, Hester Rowan, wed the man who brings me the Pope's great toe; but unless he bring me that, I will never wed. Good even, gentlemen, and God speed your venture."

A curtsey, a flutter of silken stuff, and the black old gateway was empty as a winter's acorn cup. They stared awhile at the surly front of the Hall, at the jealous, mullioned windows, at the clipped hedge of yew that hid Mistress Rowan's bonny face and smooth, lithe figure. Then: "What art thinking of, Ned? We have kept our friends waiting a good half-hour for naught. Come, lad, 'forward' is the word," growled Long Ratcliffe.

"Cattle-lifting is likelier sport, and softer, than stealing a woman's heart," muttered Ned in answer, as they picked their way to the bottom of the crooked street.

A canter when the level was reached, a slackening of pace as they climbed the hill that gave them the open moor, and after that a steady ride until they picked up with their comrades.

"We shall be in Wakefield, lads, soon after candle-time," said Long Ratcliffe, with unwonted boisterousness of voice, meant to cover his shamefacedness touching the recent stoppage at Marshcotes Hall. "We'll pass the night there, and be off again by daybreak, straight as we can steer for the North Road."

"Aye, aye," answered the rest.

And thereafter a long silence fell between them, scarce ruffled till the River Calder was gained, and the slippery ford gave occasion for much hard swearing on the riders' part, and a great show of plunging and whinnying from the horses, restive still after their week's idleness in stable. They stayed at the first posting house that showed itself, and the sleepy landlord grew wakeful as he learnt the quality of his guests, for he had heard of the Marshcotes dare-devils through all the great West Riding, and, as man to man, he respected them greatly. They supped of the best, both meat and liquor, and slept as soundly as careless hearts and healthy consciences could make them, and they were off again betimes, at an easy trot for the North Road, against the coming of the dawn.

Only once did Long Ratcliffe turn to Ned Shackleton, who rode beside him. "What fool's notion held thee, Ned, to make mention of the Pope's great toe?" he asked. "As well have promised to bring the sea to the walls of Marshcotes Kirk."

"Nay, I know not what fancy took me," answered Ned gruffly, "I saw that nothing would serve with the lass, so named the most outlandish thing that offered."

"Well, it was a fond thought, however thou camest by it." And so they rode on.

"Cold and raw," muttered Ned Shackleton, who chewed his grumbles happily, as cattle chew their cud.

"Well, what of that?" laughed Long Ratcliffe. "We are close on the North Road now, and we will find thee something, Ned, before the day is old, to warm thy blood a little. Hark ye! Was that the sound of hoof-beats?" he broke off, as they gained the last short straight of bridle-path that led into the York Road.

"Aye," said Ned, after a pause; "heavy hoofs—waggon horses, I take it—and, behind the hoof-beats, a rumble of wheels."

They had reined in their nags, and Long Ratcliffe's ear was turned towards the South, to the place wherefrom the sound of iron beating on iron ground came clear and sharp as the rattle of firing-pieces.

"And, behind that again, a clatter of lighter hoofs," he muttered. "Lads, here is something fitted right to our hands. They do not send an escort with empty waggons. Are ye ready, all, when I give the word?"

"Ready!" answered all, and laughed right merrily, as if they smelt red blood in the rimy air.

The sun came up, a murky red, above the sweep of heather that guarded either side of the great North Road. Nearer and nearer sounded the four-fold beat of clumsy hoofs. A tumbrel lumbered round the sharp bend of the highway, and about it a press of riders,

Long Ratcliffe with his men, rode helter-skelter at the escort.

branded with His Majesty of the South's livery.

Long Ratcliffe's horse was minded to voice his impatience at restraint, but a pull at the bridle reminded him of the consequences attendant upon past rebellion. Quiet, all but motionless, the nine-and-twenty horsemen waited, covered by the grey dawn-haze. Nearer and nearer came the waggon. The guard seemed some thirty strong, roughly counted. Rattle and jolt and jar, from rut to rut of the mischievous road, the tumbrel made forward. Big men, on big horses, were the riders: and that pleased fighting Ratcliffe mightily.

"A pest on these Northern roads; they would puzzle the devil to invent fit words for them," cried the driver.

And the Marshcotes men laughed drily, as they watched certain of the riders dismount and put shoulders to the hind-wheels.

Back and forth lurched the waggon, and the horse's thews stood out like ropes on their sweating flanks. And through the cold, sharp air there rang a trumpet-call of "Marshcotes!" And Long Ratcliffe, with his men, rode helter-skelter at the escort, his spear low down to the saddle. They were through them, and back, and back again, before the guard had fairly caught the glint of steel against the raw of the dawning. Quick in the doing it was, and thirty of His Majesty's troops lay face downward on the highway, or ran like frightened hares between the lank, mist-cumbered heather plants.

Long Ratcliffe slipped from the saddle, and began to pry under the waggon covering, to see what warrant it held for all this show of royal liveries. "There was never a great prize won so easily as this. I should have relished a harder fight," he muttered, with a backward thought of Mistress Rowan.

And a harder fight was indeed in store, as a cry from Ned Shackleton warned him, before ever he had found time to learn what lay within the neatly-fastened bundles in the belly of the waggon. He turned sharply, sprang to his horse, and looked down the road. Clatter and bang came five score or so of the King's troops round the bend of the way, and even Long Ratcliffe whistled a little to himself softly at the tremendous odds against him. Then he brought his nag round, with its hindquarters to the foe, and his comrades followed suit.

"Five to one," he roared, loud enough for

the noisy troop of King's men to hear. "Retreat—halt—to death with the Southerners!"

They were well trained as any troops, these men of the moor, and well they knew the tactics enjoined by that brief command. One by one, widely separated, they pricked their horses across the heather, to right and left of the highway; five by five the troops pursued them, thinking there was naught to be done save pick these fellows off at their own good leisure. And what followed was laughable to see.

The Southern horses, little used to heather, stumbled and reared and plunged among the gaunt, strong stems. Many of their riders fell heavily; the rest had need of all their wits to keep them in the saddle. And the Marshcotes lads, turning from their feigned retreat, rode merrily into the floundering thick of them; and they could do naught at all, with their swords against the cannily-wielded spears of the hill-men. The spears were of such amazing length—yet light in the handling, owing to their proper balance—that a sword was twin-brother to a bog-reed, for all the fighting power it had.

Above the din rose Long Ratcliffe's noisy laugh. There was no thought of Mistress Rowan with him now. His blood ran hot and merry, and brain and heart of him were singing the Hunter's Psalm.

Dead, crippled, or fugitive, one hundred and thirty of the King's leal men had forsaken the treasure they guarded. Enough was done. And Long Ratcliffe, with a smothered sigh, called back his men from pursuit.

Ned Shackleton chanced to be riding close beside him, flank to flank. And towards them, from the press of dead men and live, there came a fat old Abbot, puffing and blowing, and muttering a clipt Paternoster every time that the heather-boughs caught at his legs and brought him heavily to ground.

"Stop, sir!" said Ratcliffe, scarce able to fetch out the words for laughter at the droll performance.

"*Pater Noster, qui in coelo*—your pardon, sir—I crave your pity. Woe is the day that brought me up to Scotland with the relics, under promise of the King's escort that I should live to sup another flask of Malmsey——."

"Take off your robes, good father," said Long Ratcliffe, with easy tolerance of all this flotsam and jetsam of frightened speech. "Doubtless they hide—along with a pious heart, for which we have no pressing need—some matter of greater value—jewels, say, or chains of gold."

"Take them all, gladly take them all," stammered the Abbot. "Only, I pray you, if you value salvation, leave me the holy relics."

"Well, Ned, that is a reasonable prayer, more reasonable than many the good father has uttered in his lifetime, I'll be bound," laughed Ratcliffe.

"Thou wilt be rewarded for this, my son—rewarded an hundredfold. Give me the relics—and a longer life in which to serve the Holy Church, and thou shalt have all else of value I possess."

"What sort of relics are they?" asked Ned curiously. "It may be that is only another name for treasure."

"Nay, my son, on my faith as a Catholic, they would be as naught to such as thee; only a patch that went to cover the raggedness of good St. Botolph's robe, and a bone from Saint Hilda's breast, and the embalmed toe of His Holiness who died a century ago at Rome."

"The Pope?" cried Long Ratcliffe, with such a power of voice as set the Abbot shaking like a feather field in wind.

"Aye, good sirs, the Pope's. But, I beseech you, leave it to me—what need can ye have—it is sacrilege—very precious it is in the eyes of the Church, since the lips of the mighty, the lips of the holy, have stooped to it—why did I seek safe conduct from the King, instead of trusting to a Higher Power?" wailed the Abbot.

But they had little thought of any Abbot's mulings and pukings, these hot, young Marshcotes lovers. They looked at one another, and Mistress Rowan, forgotten for awhile, queened this red fight at the end of all.

"If ye value your life, father, ye will give me the Pope's great toe," said Ratcliffe, short and stern. "Keep the rest, and live to thank

God that ye have fallen into courteous hands. Come, quick!"

Reluctantly, the Abbot took from the folds of his robe a little parcel, wrapped in a long strip of fair linen cloth. Greedily, Long Ratcliffe clutched at it and began to unfold it.

"We will fight for that spoil, we two," said Shackleton quietly.

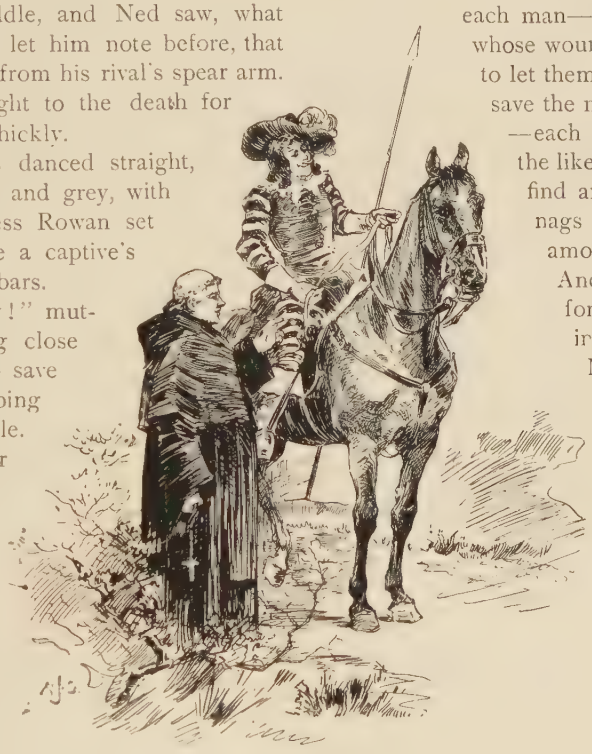
But, even as he spoke, Long Ratcliffe swayed in the saddle, and Ned saw, what the hurry had not let him note before, that blood was flowing from his rival's spear arm.

"Aye, I will fight to the death for it," said Ratcliffe thickly.

Before his eyes danced straight, long lines of red and grey, with the face of Mistress Rowan set behind them, like a captive's behind the prison bars.

"Nay, lad, nay!" muttered Ned, reining close to him, in time to save him from dropping out of the saddle. "Why didst never hint that thou wast hurt? Is it deep?"

"Keep it from our folk, Ned—one of the devils reared him from the heather—and leaped — and clove me through the arm — it is naught — never let them know that Fighting Ratcliffe let himself be hurt—I—Hester Rowan, under the old Hall gateway——"



Greedily, Long Ratcliffe began to unfold it.

And further fight was a good six weeks off from Long Ratcliffe, even should his wound heal faster than it promised. They staunched the blood, and bound up the arm as well as might be, and forced brandy down his throat until the life came back to him; and then Ned Shackleton left him under care of one of his kinsfolk, and went to see the booty.

The tumbrel showed full to the brim of portly bags, tied and sealed each one at the mouth; and the bags were full to the brim of current silver coin of the realm, sent from the English Government as a gentle bribe to the Scottish Church; and the gentlemen of Marshcotes left no heel-taps for their enemies to twit them withal. They cut the traces of the waggon-horses, and fashioned straps of the leather, wherewith they fastened four of the bags together, two and two, and slung them across their saddle-bows. And each man—save four of them, whose wounds were over deep to let them give heed to aught save the nursing of the same—each man laid hold of the likeliest horse he could find among the riderless nags that floundered among the heather. And, after that, they formed in loose marching order behind Ned Shackleton.

"It is a fair country, this, and one that wears its riches on its sleeve, without forcing a man to hunt for them," laughed Ned; "but, lads, I've a fancy that Marshcotes air will suit us better for the next few months." He came close to where they had laid Long Ratcliffe, and stooped above him. "Canst ride as far as Marshcotes, or shall some of us stay behind with thee?" he asked. And again the cloud of trouble had come over his face—the mixed pity and resentment—as he saw the little linen-wrapped thing, the price of Mistress Rowan's heart, that lay where it had fallen when first Long Ratcliffe dropped from the saddle.

"Can I ride?" cried Ratcliffe, recovered a little from his loss of blood, and eager to show himself stronger that he felt. "Aye, I can ride from this to Marshcotes, and back again, and back after that. Tut, lads, ye

make a pretty moil about a pricked arm or so. Help me to horse, and don't stand gaping there, as if Long Ratcliffe meant to die out of hand. So, there!" he winced with the pain of movement, but all that his followers saw of his trouble, as they helped him into the saddle, was a line of beaded sweat drops that came out on his knotted forehead and stood there like so many dripping sentinels.

And Ned Shackleton, sick with the thought of his treachery, laid a quiet hand on the richest treasure that all this day's good work had brought him, and slipped the Abbot's relic into his steel-covered leathern jacket. Long Ratcliffe was clanking off already, at a faster pace almost than he could bear; and he had lost all memory of the Pope, or the Pope's great toe, in the bitter thought that his folk had seen him wounded, for the first time in all the long years of fight. Time and again had Ratcliffe been within a hair's breadth of a bloody stroke; time and again he had escaped without a scratch, until it had grown to be a matter of firm belief in Marshcotes that he bore a charmed life. And he had been proud of his luck, proud of the reckless, sword-proof name they gave him. And now—he seemed discredited, since one man's sword had tapped his veins.

"Art very gloomy, lad," said Ned, as they neared the parting of the ways three miles that side of Marshcotes.

"Am like to be. To escape fair blows, and then to be pricked by such a stroke as that. They'll think less of Long Ratcliffe at home than once they did, Ned. And Mistress Rowan—lad, where is the piece of tomfoolery I took from the fat, old Abbot? I had it in my hand when——"

Long Ratcliffe halted, and made as if to turn back along the road to Wakefield; but his brain was dizzy with the rough ride, and he could scarce keep in the saddle. So perforce he went forward, growling to himself.

"It would make no difference; 'twas only a sick fancy of mine," he said, when another mile had been put behind them.

Little by little Ned Shackleton moved away from him, quickening his horse's stride. "I will go on before, and bid them get ready for us at the 'Three Lonely Men,'" he called over his shoulder; and then he rode fast as horse-flesh would take him to—Marshcotes Hall.

He sprang from the saddle, and tied the bridle to the hasp in the courtyard wall. Mistress Rowan herself came to answer his rough knocking at the gate, and a curious light crept into her face as she saw Ned Shackleton standing in the wintry afternoon sunlight.

"Your business is soon done," she said, half-mocking, yet all a-tremble behind her laughing front. "Were ye home-sick as soon as this?"

"Home-sick as soon as ever we found what we went out to find. Take this, Mistress Rowan, and bear in mind thy bargain."

"It was made yesterday—and that is a day too long for a woman's memory," the girl retorted, not giving in as yet, but sadly troubled to know how it had fared with Long Ratcliffe.

She unfolded the linen daintily, and gave a little cry when she saw the tiny lump of clay that lay within her hand, and looked hard at Ned Shackleton, striding fretfully up and down the paved courtyard. For already, in the very hour of reward, his treachery pricked him more shrewdly than any spear-thrust could have done.

"'Tis a great toe—some poor man's," she said at last. "How shall I know it for the Pope's?"

"We took it from an abbot, travelling north with a treasure and a guard of six score men and more. He intreated us to leave this with him, because it was a dead Pope's toe. See now, Mistress, there has been a good end to that idle jest of ours; and before the moon is old——"

"I have yet to prove your story, sir; and, until you give me better warrant for believing it, the moon may be old or young for aught I care."

And with that she let the relic fall, and turned her about, vexed, and troubled yet to learn how the day had gone with another than this poor Ned Shackleton. But Ned stopped her with a word.

"There is one behind who will prove my story for me."

"Why do ye ride alone, then?" she asked sharply.

"Because I wanted speech of thee. Besides, he is sore wounded, this other, and I rode over hard for him to follow."

Her mockery was gone, like March snow under the south wind. She put a hand to her heart, and her lips moved up and down, foolishly, with never a word at the back of them. She went through the gloomy archway, and into the road, and saw a press of men riding wearily up the hill. Nearer they came, and at the head of them she saw Long Ratcliffe, his right arm fastened to his side. And after that she knew nothing, until she found herself at Ratcliffe's bridle-rein, peering up into his face, and wondering at its greyness.

She unfolded the linen daintily.

The dizziness left Long Ratcliffe, and it seemed wondrous easy to leap to firm ground again. His men, with sly glances and a whispered jest or two, rode forward up the hill, and only Ned Shackleton stayed to watch the two of them.

What they said, one to the other, he knew not—only that Mistress Rowan had spoken fair at last, and said, more plainly than any shift of words could have done, that Long Ratcliffe was her chosen man, for woe or weal. And half he was glad of it, despite the empty, angry ache that held him. A mean thing he had done; but at least he could set the matter right to all save himself. He went quickly down the hill, and thrust the foolish relic into Long Ratcliffe's left hand.

"'Twas only a jest, lad, when I said it was left behind. I brought it safe to Mistress Rowan for thee."

And then he turned, and went very slowly up the road. And their eager talk followed him like a death-knell, so that he could not shut his ears to it.

"Thou gavest no sign, little wench, when we rode away, that thy fancy turned toward either of us," said Long Ratcliffe.

"How could I—till I was sure, quite sure, of my own heart? I did not know, dear—I only *thought*—and somehow it all grew clear when I learnt that they had wounded thee—is it a bad hurt?"

"Not so bad but thou canst cure it, child. So I have brought that mad price, after all, and thou canst wed me before the moon is old, with a conscience as bright as thy face. Stay, though! There is only one fat Abbot's word to vouch for the truth of the tale. How if the toe be not the Pope's after all?"

"The proof is sure as sure, dear. Couldest thou want better surety than a Holy Abbot's word can give?"

Ned Shackleton kept on his way up the hill, out of earshot. "Aye, the proof is sure enough—now," he muttered.

And from above there came a sound of singing, as Ratcliffes and Shackletons raised the war song of their country, in token that they brought rich plunder home to Marshcotes.

THE FASTEST VESSEL AFLOAT.

An account of the "Turbinia," the new boat which can travel at thirty-five knots, or over forty miles, an hour!

By Cleveland Moffett.

Great honour among cities has Newcastle-on-Tyne, with its coal, and its ships, and its clanging hammers. Here, about sixty years ago, was the locomotive born, and to this day the "Puffing Billy," Stephenson's model, stands in the central station for tourists to gaze upon, the first iron horse driven over the rails by steam. And now comes Parsons of Newcastle with his record-breaking *Turbinia*, the first iron vessel to be driven over the sea by an application of steam that must rank in its importance to the world with Watt's original discovery.

An editorial writer selects these four as the greatest recent additions to human knowledge: (1) Marconi's system of transmitting electric messages without wires; (2) the discovery of the bacillus of yellow fever; (3) the proofs from excavations at Nippur of a high civilisation in Mesopotamia six or seven thousand years before the birth of Christ; (4) the new principle of driving vessels through the sea as shown in the performances of the *Turbinia*.

And to-day, builders of torpedo-destroyers and other ocean craft that call for the highest attainable speed, are hesitating to undertake fresh contracts until they decide what is to be the outcome of this new engineering departure In short, the feeling is abroad that another era has opened in marine propulsion.

I have been spending a week in Newcastle with Mr. Parsons and the *Turbinia*; I have gone out to sea on this wonderful craft, twenty miles or more at the speed of an express train; I have been through the factory where are made the turbine motors that may soon do away, in great part, with the familiar steam-engine; and I shall put down now some of the things I have seen myself and some that I have learned.

Let us first take a look at the boat herself as she lies at her moorings a few miles down the river, just off the spread of twenty-three acres where the works of the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company will soon be in full operation. There she is, with flag flying proudly and clean painted sides, low in the water, long and narrow in the body (100ft. by 9ft.), sharp as a knife at the bow, speed in every line of her.

The massive smoke-stack amidships, short and thick, gives her a kind of military dignity; but one asks where the engines and boilers and furnaces can be that go with such a monster air-blast. There is certainly no

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room for them in sight. "They are underneath the water line," explains Mr. Barnard, the officer in charge. "I will show them to you presently."

A skiff takes us aboard, and we walk about over black plates of iron, riveted into a level floor, and peer down black openings here and there that lead below. I notice a stoker giving the smoke-stack a fresh coat of yellow.

"We do that," says Mr. Barnard, "after every run, because the fire licks the paint off when we drive her fast with the forced draught. If you go out to-morrow, you will see the flame wind round that smoke-stack like a scarf round your neck."

In a forward shelter, like a pilot house, is a two-foot wooden wheel, and before it a semi-circle of little windows for the steersman to look through. On the top of the shelter is a platform with guards around it.

"The look-out stands up there, and passes the word to another man, who passes it to the man at the wheel."

"What, two men to pass the word a few feet?"

"Yes, it takes two. When she's doing her best, you can't hear anything six inches from your ear except a steady roar."

"But what word is there to pass? Can't you keep your own look-out through the windows?"

The officer smiles.

"Why, sometimes, sir, when we're making a run in rough weather, it seems as if the whole German ocean was coming over us. We shot by a man-of-war on a day like that and the officers said afterwards that all they could see of us was our bow and the tip of our smoke-stack. In the trial to-morrow you will understand why we need a look-out."

At one side of the wheel is an ordinary marine telegraph, with the signals "Full speed," "Stop," "Reverse," etc., on its dial plate.

"The steersman signals with these to the engineer—that is, Mr. Parsons himself—who stands back there in the other shelter, watching the gauges and regulating the speed. He controls the whole craft from the deck—boiler pressure, forced draught, go-ahead turbines, reversing turbine, everything. There never was an easier boat to run than this one. Ten men are her full crew — deck hands, engine-room hands, stokers, everybody."

"And yet she's the fastest vessel afloat?"

"I haven't heard of anything that can beat her. The record speed for vessels of her size has been twenty-four knots an hour —made by second-class torpedo boats; she will do that with open stoke-holes; and, under forced draught, she will steam thirty-five knots an hour, and keep it up until her coal gives out."

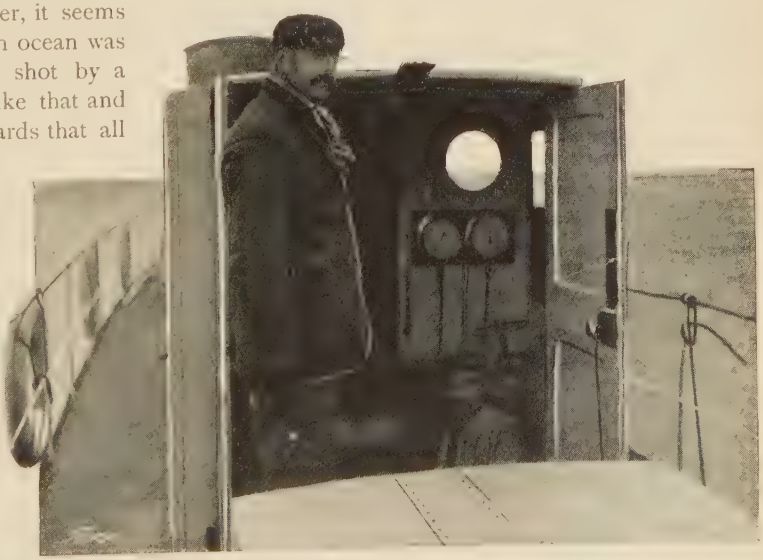
"How soon would that be?"

"In about three hours; that is, she can run a hundred knots at full speed."

"And she's the most powerful vessel afloat, isn't she, for her size?"

"Undoubtedly; she has 2100 horse power, which is four times as much as any vessel of her size ever had before. We'll go below, if you like."

We squeeze ourselves down little ladders into the lower regions of this iron doll's house of a ship. Here the stokers ply their shovels and swing the furnace doors in iron-



Mr. Parsons in his shelter.

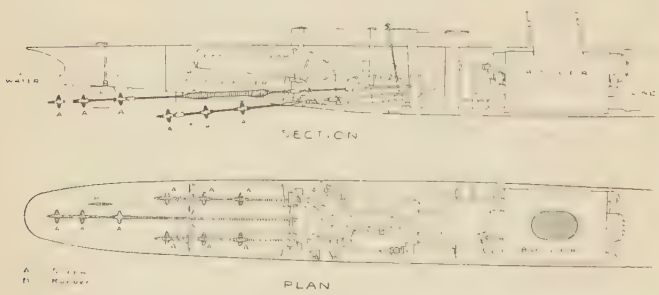
walled chambers hermetically sealed, where the air is compressed by a fan for the forced draught. Here is the water-tube boiler. Here is the engine-room, with great pipes curving about that seem entirely too large for so small a boat; they carry steam to the turbines and the condenser.

And now comes an explanation of these same turbines, in the working of which for driving the *Turbinia* and reversing her lies the beginning and the end of the whole Parsons achievement. The *Turbinia* is propelled by an engine different from any that was ever before put in a boat. It has no fly-wheel, no cylinders, no backwards and forwards movement of rods and pistons, no intricate valves; it is a hundred times simpler than the ordinary steam-engine, and as easy to understand as a windmill. Indeed, it is quite like a windmill in this, that the steam, being driven against the fans of specially made wheels on the three propeller shafts, makes these turn very rapidly, and, of course, the screws turn with the shafts.

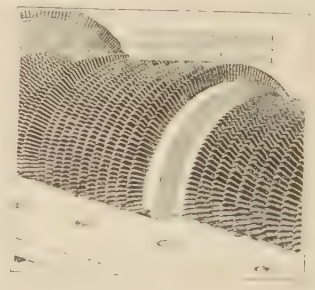
"The plain result of it all is," says Mr. Barnard, "that we have a motor here capable of turning faster and faster, with practically no limit so long as we increase the steam pressure. The screws of the *Turbinia* make about 2500 revolutions a minute, without any vibration, whereas the best marine engine in the world, with reciprocating motion, would tear itself to pieces doing one-fourth as many. We could run our turbo-motors up to 5000 or 10,000 revolutions a minute, if there was any advantage in so doing, and still there would be no vibrations, since the force of the steam is exerted always in the same direction, around and around, not backwards and forwards."

"Then you can get up speed very quickly?"

"Yes, that is one of the *Turbinia's* strong points. We can practically increase the steam pressure as fast as we please, since there are no dead centres of cranks to be considered, nor danger from water hammers in the cylinders. Off the Tyne last summer we ran the screws up to a twenty-eight-knot rate from a standstill in twenty-eight seconds, and we could certainly bring them to full speed from a standstill in thirty seconds. That does not mean that the vessel would be making full speed in thirty seconds, for it would take some time to overcome her inertia, but the screws would be turning at that rate."



Two sections of the *Turbinia* showing the arrangement of the turbine, boiler, shaft, screws, etc.



A small section of the turbine, showing the hundreds of little blades against which the steam is driven as it passes from right to left.

"How long would it take an ordinary marine engine to work up to full speed from a standstill?"

"I should say at least fifteen minutes."

"And can you reverse her quickly?"

"We can reverse her instantly, as far as the engines are concerned; it would be merely a question of bending the propeller blades. You are sure to see some reversing to-morrow in the trials, for there will be French engineers on board who are particularly interested in that very point."

"Do I understand correctly, that the *Turbinia* has three propeller shafts?"

"Yes, and each one carries three screws, one behind the other, so that she is driven by nine screws in all. Each screw is about eighteen inches in diameter; you will see them at the factory."

So our talk runs on with question and

The *Turbinia* at the great Naval Review.

answer, but I may leave this now and come to the more memorable experiences of the morrow.

Wednesday, February 9th, 10.30 A.M.—There is bustle on the deck of the *Turbinia*, her yellow smoke-stack sends up black puffs, her gauges show full pressure in the boiler, her stokers stand with nervous shovels, she is ready for her trial. Mr. Parsons is at his post; Mr. Barnard, the steersman, is in his shelter; Mr. Leyland, the look-out, is on the bridge. They wear high boots, snug caps, and rough sea clothes, in contrast to the citified garments of some gentlemen forward: men who have come from a distance to see the little racer show her heels. Among the latter are experts in marine engineering from the famous Le Creusot works.

"We are going to start, gentlemen," says my friend, the officer. "You had better put these on," and he points to a pile of oilskins and overalls; "you will need them soon."

Off go top hats, and overcoats with velvet collars, and presently we are sailors with the best of them. Meanwhile the *Turbinia* is steaming down the Tyne towards the ocean, five miles away.

"The law requires us to go slow," says the officer, "until we reach the sea. We're under natural draught now."

She runs as smoothly as a bicycle on asphalt, and the deck is like a billiard-table. No need yet for the overalls. We meet a Chinese cruiser just out of the Armstrongs' vast yards which lie yonder; we pass the famous Tyne dock which ships more coal every year than any other dock in the world; we go by a forest of masts and towering chimneys that line this great ship-building avenue. And presently we put out into the open, leaving behind the lighthouse and the one o'clock gun at North Shields, fired daily from Greenwich, and the twin sea walls.

"Now we can let her go a little," says the officer, and shuts down the iron doors that seal the stoke-holes. Forthwith the fan for the forced draught began to hum, and the condenser pump sets up a quicker beat. We are going faster every second.

"She is make—how much now?" calls out one of the Frenchmen, holding down his cap against the wind.

"About—twenty," the officer calls back.

At the forward shelter four men brace themselves in positions of splendid alertness, heads forward, eyes over the bows; the steersman hooks his elbows through the spokes of the wheel; the look-out clutches behind him the rope for the danger whistle. Once, for want of watching, the *Turbinia* drove her bows clean through the side of a merchantman, and that was running slow. What she would do at top speed if she caught a liner broadside on, is something her owners hope never to find out.

"One point port," says the look-out.

"One point port," says the man who passes the word. And the wheel responds instantly.

We are running into big slapping waves, and the spray breaks over us. I go back to Mr. Parsons' shelter, where things are drier.

"Twenty-four knots," he says, and then leans forward suddenly to the window. The rope tightens from the look-out platform, and a long whistle sounds from beside the smoke-stack, then three short ones. We are passing a sailing vessel on our starboard beam.

"Twenty-eight knots," says Mr. Parsons.

"How can you tell?" I ask.

"By the gauges."

I hurry to the stern, and ask my photographer to take the picture of an extraordinary wave that is forming higher and higher in our wake, a greenish-blue tumbling mass, a solid mound of water with crest as high as the deck, tons of water swollen into a head that races after us like some angry monster. I have noticed this wave coming down the Tyne; but it becomes more noticeable now with every increase in our speed. The photographer starts to do as requested, but the rush of air tips his tripod as he tries to set it up, and a shower of spray drenches him.

"Look there," he cries, and I can hardly hear him for the roar of the vessel.

I turn and see a long thick tongue of flame darting towards us from the smoke-stack. It curves and shoots into fantastic shapes as the wind catches it, and sometimes it licks the iron sides, and the paint cracks and peels. We struggle with the camera together, I holding the tripod, while the photographer gets the focus. A red-hot cinder strikes the cloth, and sets it smouldering; another strikes my overalls, and sets them smouldering. It is raining red-hot cinders, and one finds lodgement in a Frenchman's neck. From a distance we must look like a long flying splash, with fire coming out of it.

"Thirty-one and a half," shouts someone passing near us. The forced draught has been on scarcely two minutes, and already we have worked up to nearly full speed. Sheets of water sweep the deck almost continuously; yet the boat is quite steady underneath us.

At last, by dint of trying, we get a picture of the wave, and of the Frenchmen crouching about the stern, clinging to the side-ropes for dear life. No wonder they crouch and cling for the sense of mad speed is almost terrifying. Thirty-five knots an hour we are making now—Mr. Parsons has waved the news—that is, forty miles an hour. But there is a poignancy of sensation in this that could never be felt on a locomotive, not even if you rode at the very front of it. There is the sea hurling along below you and beside you and over you at locomotive pace, fighting you on every side, spitting at you from the front, foaming after you from behind. And there is the roar and blast of wind and fire, and the drowning of everything in noise.

Now we are out of sight of land, we have run through mists of coal dust into clearer air. Mr. Leyland, from his look-out perch, sweeps a wide horizon; we sweep what we can through stinging sheets. I go forward again, and look down the knife edge of the bow; it cuts the ocean clean, with scarcely a ripple, the buffeting of waves comes from the shoulders of the boat, and because we are so near the water (only three feet or so above it), and because we ride over nothing, but cut through everything, though it be a wall of water ten feet high. And still the *Turbinia* is steady; only a slight lifting fore and aft and no rolling at all; in the shelter I can write quite easily.

I see the steersman bend to the speaking tube; some word has come from Mr. Parsons. Then he throws the wheel over, and we begin to turn in a long boiling circle, still running at full speed. She minds her helm quickly. And what a path we are leaving now in our wake—a heaped-up ridge of foam, the white clashing together of waves that rush in from right and left to fill the flying void.

"Quick," I call to the photographer, and point astern. "We must have that, it is quite different from the other one." And the photographer struggles valiantly to get the picture.

I walk aft again, clutching the rope for safety and bending from the spray. I never saw the ground rush by, not even on an express train, as the water seems now to be rushing by. The smoke-stack is tossing up chunks of coal in dancing thousands; Mr. Parsons' shelter through the glimmering heat becomes the head of a queer lavender-

The *Turbinia* turning at full speed.
(Note the magnitude of the wave in its wake.)

creature, with big round eyes and a splendid cylindrical nose bolted fast between them; the Frenchmen (no disrespect) appear like squatting toads; the photographer is plainly in distress.

Are we really travelling forty miles an hour over the sea; or is this some mad snow-plough driving us forty miles an hour through blinding drifts, or are we shooting the Whirlpool Rapids at forty miles an hour on a blaz'ng raft?

Once more I stand at the heart of the ship where Mr. Parsons is; this is the focus for all the sounds aboard—the growl of the blast, the beat of the pump, the hum of the fan, all blended now into one steady note, the song of the *Turbinia*. Mr. Parsons' back is turned, his eyes are on the gauges. This is *his* boat, *his* invention. What must his feelings be to think, if he has time to think, that since the ocean was made no man has wrought upon it such a wonder as he is working now. Then I reflect on heredity. His father, Lord Rosse, built the great telescope named after him; his brother, the present Lord Rosse, is an astronomer of note. There is virtue in good blood!

Mr. Parsons turns, and calls out that he is going to reverse her as soon as she drops to twelve knots. The Frenchmen gather behind him.

"That's about it," he says, pointing to the steam gauge, and forthwith, with busy elbows, shuts off steam from the go-ahead turbines, and opens the valve of the reversing turbine. In other words, he has reversed her instantly when she is making about fifteen miles an hour. There is no sign, however, that anything special has happened, the boat slows up quickly, like a well-trained horse when the rein is drawn, and then, without jar or disturbance, save for a rushing forward of the wave behind, begins to back. And for several minutes she continues to back, work-

ing up to her maximum reversal speed of ten knots an hour. The Frenchmen are delighted.

And now the sensational part of the trial is over. We have run out beyond Newbiggen Point, nearly twenty miles, and we steam back slowly at a twenty-four-knot pace; the Frenchmen prefer it so; they have had excitement and wetting enough for one day, and they all declare, with gestures and accents that leave no doubt of their sincerity, that *jamais, jamais*, have they seen such a boat as this. She reverses easily and at sufficient speed, she minds her helm, and, beyond any question, she is the fastest thing afloat. Such is their verdict.

At a pleasant re-union for rest and refreshment after the run, Mr. Leyland told us of some ticklish experiences they had with the *Turbinia* last summer, when she made her *début*, at the Spithead Naval Review. The extraordinary speed then developed seemed to frighten many of those who met the new boat into forgetting the elementary principles of seamanship.

In one case, as the *Turbinia* came flying down the line of ships at a thirty-three knot pace, a steam launch put out suddenly in front of her. As the launch had the right of way, Mr. Leyland from the look-out gave the word to go a-port, intending to pass between the launch and one of the ships. But the midshipman in charge lost his head completely, altered his helm twice, and only escaped being run down by a shave.

On another occasion, when they were making a burst of speed past a vessel from which Prince Henry of Prussia was watching them, they turned between two war ships, and came upon a vedette boat running about twelve knots an hour in an opposite direction. The lieutenant in command stood there as if hypnotised, and did nothing to prevent the collision that seemed inevitable. Had it not been for the *Turbinia's* quick response to her helm, the two boats must have crashed together.

So much for the boat itself.

"Well then, how about possibilities for larger vessels like the *Turbinia?*" I asked of Mr. Parsons.

"I will say that on the Mediterranean the problem is a perfectly easy one. We can build now a fleet of passenger steamers to ply between Marseilles, the Italian ports, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, stopping to coal every day or two, that will have a speed of forty knots, that is forty-six miles an hour. These steamers would be about 500ft. or 600ft. long, would have a displacement of 12,000 tons, and would burn about 2000 tons of coal a day. We could even run their speed up to fifty knots, that is about fifty-eight miles an hour, if passengers enough could be found to pay for the 3000 tons of coal that would be burned a day, and if the practical difficulties of handling that amount of coal could be disposed of. The Atlantic, however, is quite another matter; there are no coaling stations on the way across, and to build a liner large enough to carry the coal she would need running 3000 miles, at say, fifty knots an hour, would mean to build a steamer about five times as long as the *Great Eastern*."

"Then you can hold out no hopes on the Atlantic?"

"None for a fifty-knot rate; nor for a forty-knot rate for the same reasons. You must come down to a thirty-knot rate before there is anything to be said."

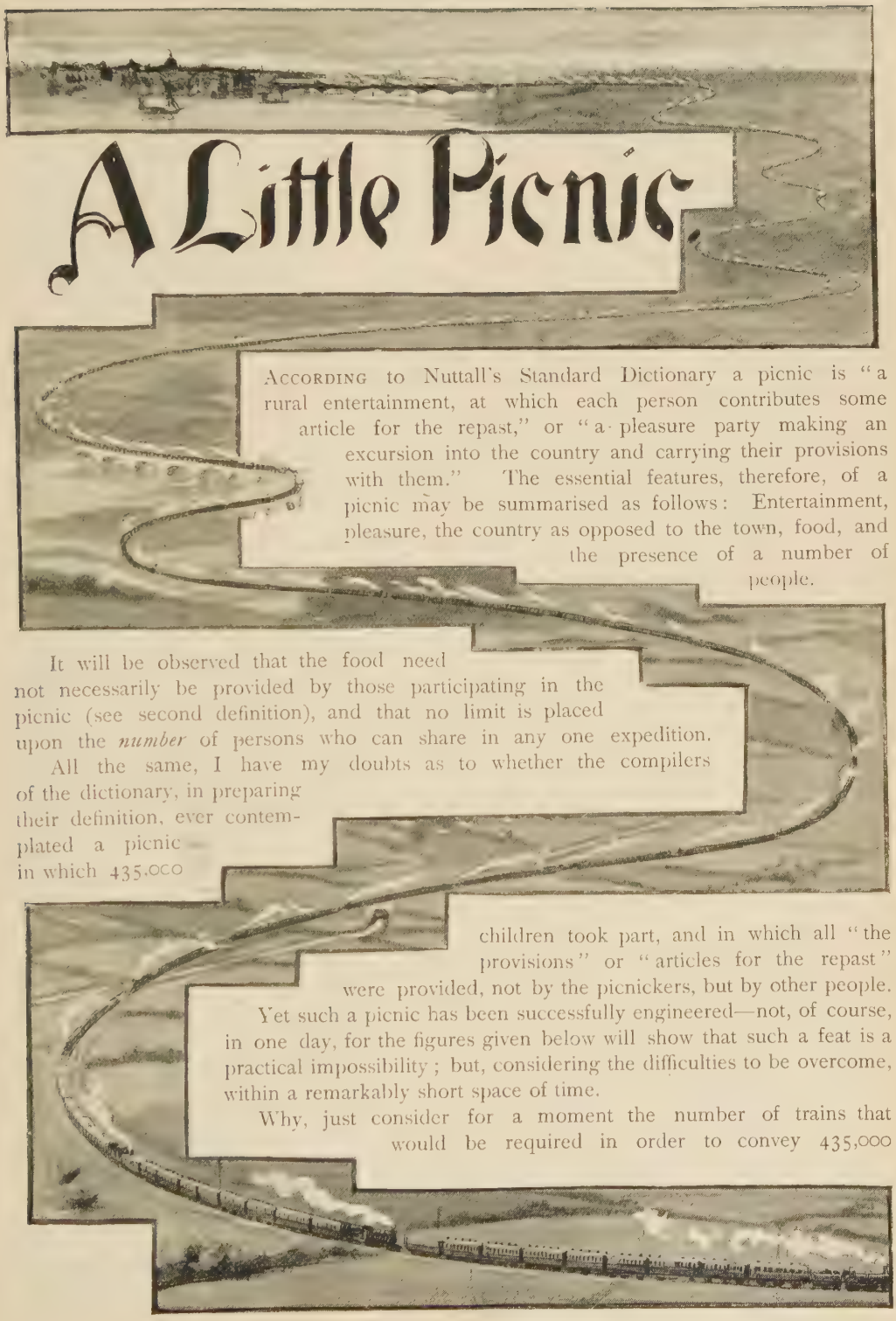
"Well, what is to be said then?"

"You can figure it out this way; for a given distance the consumption of coal per knot increases as the square of the speed; that is, if you double your speed you quadruple your coal burned, and so on. Also, the horse-power increases as the cube of the speed, so that if——"

Mr. Parsons went on with this sort of thing for some time longer, and seemed to regard it as perfectly simple. I waited for the conclusion, which was:

"Therefore, I believe that a liner of 15,000 tons can be built with engines like the *Turbinia's*, capable of running between Roches Point and Sandy Hook in three days. She will burn nearly three times as much coal per day as the present models, say 1500 tons, she will save weight and space in boiler and engine-room which will enable her to carry about the same number of passengers and the same cargo as a 15,000 ton steamer carries to-day."

A Little Picnic



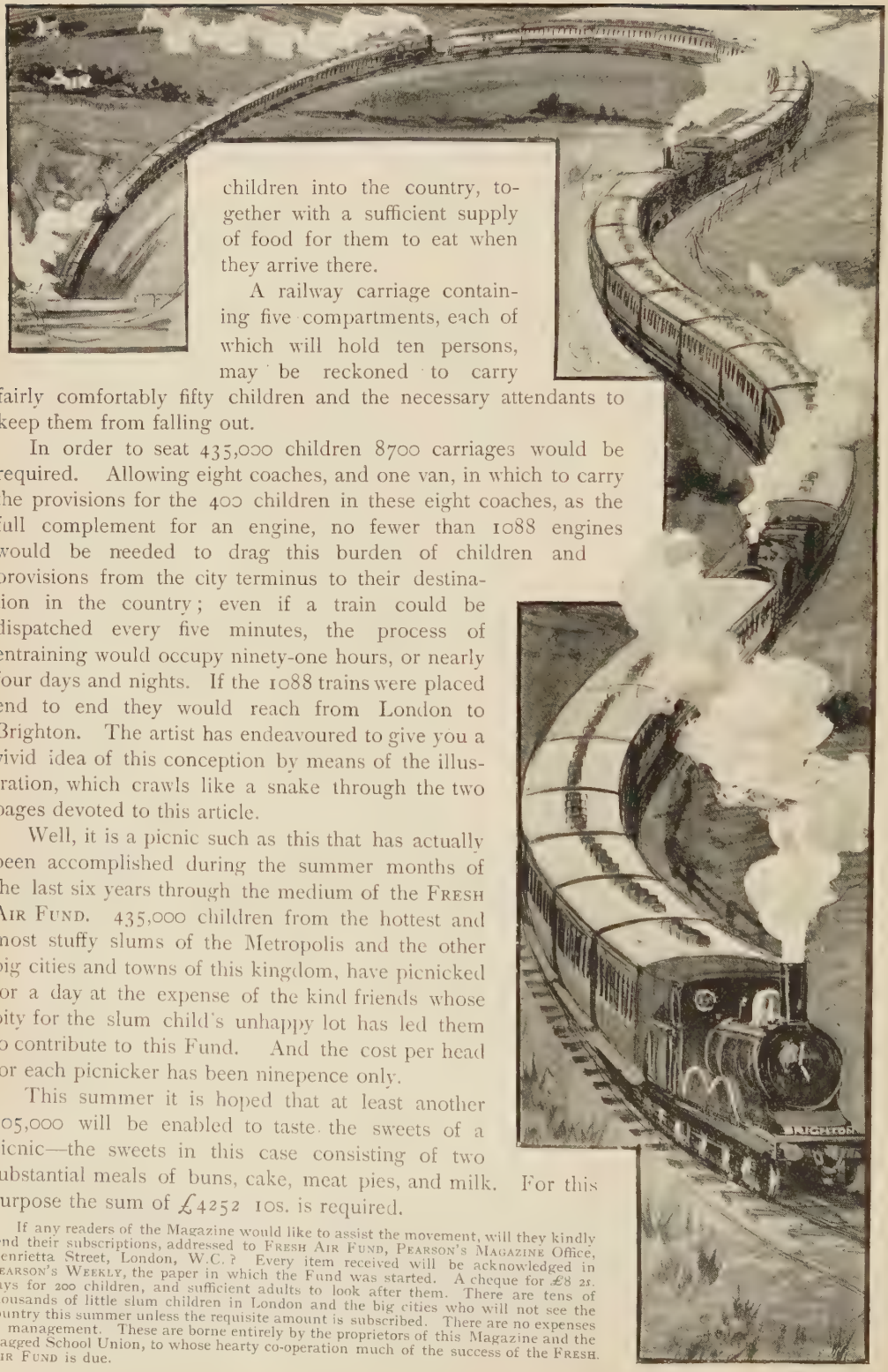
According to Nuttall's Standard Dictionary a picnic is "a rural entertainment, at which each person contributes some article for the repast," or "a pleasure party making an excursion into the country and carrying their provisions with them." The essential features, therefore, of a picnic may be summarised as follows: Entertainment, pleasure, the country as opposed to the town, food, and the presence of a number of people.

It will be observed that the food need not necessarily be provided by those participating in the picnic (see second definition), and that no limit is placed upon the *number* of persons who can share in any one expedition.

All the same, I have my doubts as to whether the compilers of the dictionary, in preparing their definition, ever contemplated a picnic in which 435,000 children took part, and in which all "the provisions" or "articles for the repast" were provided, not by the picnickers, but by other people.

Yet such a picnic has been successfully engineered—not, of course, in one day, for the figures given below will show that such a feat is a practical impossibility; but, considering the difficulties to be overcome, within a remarkably short space of time.

Why, just consider for a moment the number of trains that would be required in order to convey 435,000



children into the country, together with a sufficient supply of food for them to eat when they arrive there.

A railway carriage containing five compartments, each of which will hold ten persons, may be reckoned to carry fairly comfortably fifty children and the necessary attendants to keep them from falling out.

In order to seat 435,000 children 8700 carriages would be required. Allowing eight coaches, and one van, in which to carry the provisions for the 400 children in these eight coaches, as the full complement for an engine, no fewer than 1088 engines would be needed to drag this burden of children and provisions from the city terminus to their destination in the country; even if a train could be dispatched every five minutes, the process of entraining would occupy ninety-one hours, or nearly four days and nights. If the 1088 trains were placed end to end they would reach from London to Brighton. The artist has endeavoured to give you a vivid idea of this conception by means of the illustration, which crawls like a snake through the two pages devoted to this article.

Well, it is a picnic such as this that has actually been accomplished during the summer months of the last six years through the medium of the FRESH AIR FUND. 435,000 children from the hottest and most stuffy slums of the Metropolis and the other big cities and towns of this kingdom, have picnicked for a day at the expense of the kind friends whose pity for the slum child's unhappy lot has led them to contribute to this Fund. And the cost per head for each picnicker has been ninepence only.

This summer it is hoped that at least another 105,000 will be enabled to taste the sweets of a picnic—the sweets in this case consisting of two substantial meals of buns, cake, meat pies, and milk. For this purpose the sum of £4252 10s. is required.

If any readers of the Magazine would like to assist the movement, will they kindly send their subscriptions, addressed to FRESH AIR FUND, PEARSON'S MAGAZINE Office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.? Every item received will be acknowledged in PEARSON'S WEEKLY, the paper in which the Fund was started. A cheque for £8 2s. pays for 200 children, and sufficient adults to look after them. There are tens of thousands of little slum children in London and the big cities who will not see the country this summer unless the requisite amount is subscribed. There are no expenses of management. These are borne entirely by the proprietors of this Magazine and the Ragged School Union, to whose hearty co-operation much of the success of the FRESH AIR FUND is due.

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The Fencing Lesson.

From the Painting by Alonzo Perez.

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

Models—Miss Ethel Wright, a Painter of Pierrots—A Remarkable Picture.

Flora.

From the Painting by Miss Ethel Wright.

Models. ARTISTS' models are a curious race, and few, even of those who employ them, know whence they come or whither they go, or how many there are engaged in the work. The model is a very important item in the arrangement for a great picture; and the artist must sometimes hunt high and low before he finds exactly the type he wants, and then he too often finds that the man or woman who has many of the physical qualifications for his purpose is practically useless.

In its higher aspect the calling amounts to a profession, as it requires skill, experience, intelligence, and endurance, and it commands good remuneration. For this reason a model only indifferently endowed naturally is often more useful than a perfect type, and the few who have that combination of physical and mental gifts which makes the skilful and sympathetic poser always find their services in demand.

There is not one model in five hundred who can be used for an entire figure, and the painter must make up his ideal from half-a-dozen models. A woman with a perfect face rarely has a perfect figure. One has an excellent neck, arms, or shoulders, another has hair or features, and each is employed for the particular excellence.

The rank and file of artists have in these evil times to be content with the residue after the prosperous members of the fraternity have had their pick of the models, and often a member of the household is pressed into the service for economy's sake.

You may frequently see the artist's wife playing several parts in the same picture, and the spectator, who sneers at the persistent delineation of one woman, does not realise that the poor man cannot afford the five shillings a day that would secure variety of type. As a general rule a model's name and address are regarded as something of a professional secret, but in Paris and New York some of the lady models have become almost famous.

When the living pictures' craze started there was almost a panic in some studios in London and abroad, as so many of the models were drawn to the stage.

There is, as a rule, not much sentiment about your London model. She is practical and

"Bon jour, Pierrot."

From the Painting by Miss Ethel Wright.

prosaic, though occasionally she acquires more than a touch of refinement through daily intercourse with men of more or less culture.

The calling compels a careful life, as any intemperance quickly leads to deterioration and consequent loss of engagements. A shilling an hour is the usual pay, but the best models will not go out for less than a day, and an exceptionally good one can command fancy prices—up to ten shillings a day.

Miss Ethel Wright, a painter of Pierrots.

It was during the young artist's sojourn in Paris to study in Julien's celebrated school that the idea of painting Pierrot came to Miss Ethel Wright. It was a daring experiment for the young artist to choose such a subject for her first Academy picture, for though Pierrot is as familiar to Parisians as Punch and Judy is to Londoners, we neither know him nor sympathise with him. With our insular prejudices and limitations, we care little for what we do not readily understand, or, at all events, what is *un*familiar to us. The year that Miss Wright exhibited her first Pierrot picture at the R.A. saw the successful production of a French play without words, "*L'Enfant Prodigue*," the central character of which was Pierrot. I asked Miss Wright to tell me her conception of Pierrot. She said: "Oh, I suppose a silly, light-hearted, good-natured, love-sick boy, whose business it is to fall in love with every girl he meets." It is really a sort of stock character, like the clown and pantaloon in a pantomime, or Agoust in the circus.

Miss Wright had seen the character both on the stage and at the students' fancy dress balls, and she had enough of the light-hearted, mental agility of our French neighbours to understand Pierrot. The idea possessed her to make the character familiar to English audiences, and, carrying out what she saw in her mind's eye with a certain "chic" quality, her "Prodigal" was, as I have said, one of the successes of the Academy.

By-the-way, the painter often uses herself as her model, and, in scheming out a picture

Who speaks first?

From the Painting by Arthur J. Elsley.

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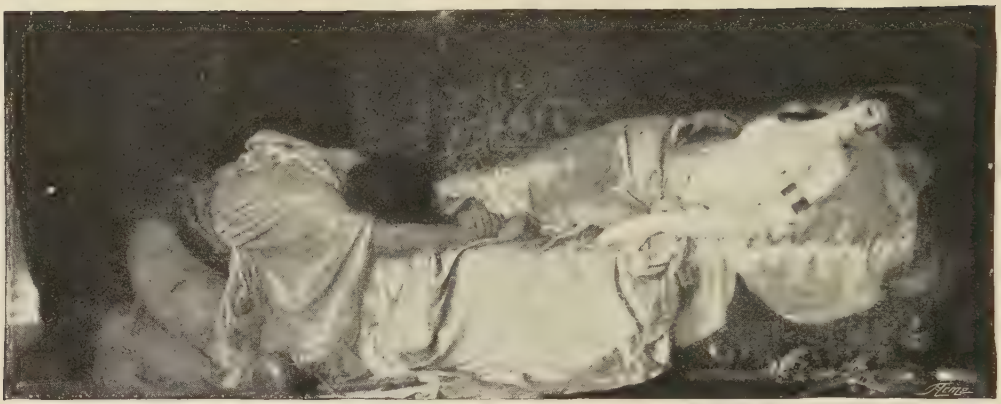

The Light of Asia

From the Painting by Miss Ethel Wright.

and designing it, she works entirely from her inner consciousness—out of her head, as a schoolboy says. It is only in delineating the forms, and painting draperies and accessories, that Miss Wright has recourse to models and the lay figure.

The carrying through of a picture from its first conception until nothing more can be done to improve it, demands patience, persistence, and hopefulness; reference to many studies, the making of special costumes, the frequent decisions in debateable and subtle points, such as the colour of a dress, whether to put a pattern on it or leave it plain, and where many figures are introduced, appropriate expressions and variety of types in the faces; to select the *one* way out of the many that present themselves requires very nice deliberation and taste.

Miss Ethel Wright.

From the Painting by Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.

Miss Ethel Wright has painted many portraits, among them Miss Lingard, the actress, and the late Mr. Woolf Joel. She painted two of the young financier: one which pleased herself, and one which satisfied the sitter, for it so often happens that what the painter considers her best work only finds abuse or neglect with the public.

The studio is attached to the house, and was built by Pettie, the Academician, who died a few years ago. There is a delightful litter about the place of life studies, sketches, costumes, and other artists' clutter, and Miss Wright is never so happy as when engaged in catching the features of a

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The morning after the tempest.

From the Painting by G. Haquette.

sitter or grappling with some difficulty, for if painters only confessed they would all tell you that before success is reached one has to wrestle with a good many adverse spirits, the "*bête noir*" of an artist's life.

A Remarkable Picture.

We present to our readers on this page one of the most remarkable examples of an artist's skill that the world has ever seen. This is a reproduction on a much reduced scale of a line etching, known as "Saint Veronica's Handkerchief." The curious and wonderful characteristic of this picture is that it is made up of one continuous line—the whole details of the picture, showing the head crowned with thorns and surrounded by a halo, being obtained by mere gradations in the thickness of the line, which starts on the tip of the nose and traces out the central portion of the design. The same line, if continued at each side beyond the limits of the picture as reproduced, would trace out the lettering on the foot of the picture, and those upper and lower portions which indicate the folds of the handkerchief.

Reproduced from an engraving published by J. Palser, Covent Garden, W.C.

The Saviour's Head.

The central portion of the picture is composed of one continuous line, starting from the tip of the nose. By the aid of a magnifying glass the line can be traced.

The story of Saint Veronica is that a holy maiden of Jerusalem handed to our Saviour on His way to Calvary a handkerchief to wipe His brow. Having used it He returned it to her, and she found to her amazement that an impression of our Lord's face had been miraculously impressed upon it. This handkerchief is said to be still in existence, and is known as the "Veronicon," but, sad to relate, two of the celebrated Continental cathedrals claim the privilege of possessing it!

Claude Mellan was the artist who made this extraordinary etching. He was born in 1601 at Abbeville, Picardy. This engraving, which is his best known work, is certainly a *tour de force* as an example of the etcher's skill, and, viewed under the magnifying-glass, will repay observation as a curiosity.

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The flower girl.

From the Painting by Edouard Bisson. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, N.W.

The Observatory at Ben Nevis, showing in the foreground the marks of observers' snowshoes.

SNOWED-UP IN JUNE!

An Interesting Account of the Observatory on the Summit of Ben Nevis, of the Strange Phenomena to be seen there, and of the Arctic Severity of the Weather Experienced all the Year round in this, the Highest Observatory in the British Isles.

By John S. Begg.

Here I sit at 2 p.m., June 1st of this year of grace 1898, in a house so completely buried in snow that not a flicker of natural light strays through the snow-blocked windows into the lamp-lit rooms, while outside the driving frozen fog is thick with drift, whirled in blinding eddies by bitter north-easterly squalls. Am I enjoying life in some Eskimo hut? No! I am only, beyond the wildest dreams of boyhood, holding the highest office in the United Kingdom—the office of the Meteorological Observatory of the first class on the summit of Ben Nevis, the highest hill we Britishers can boast of.

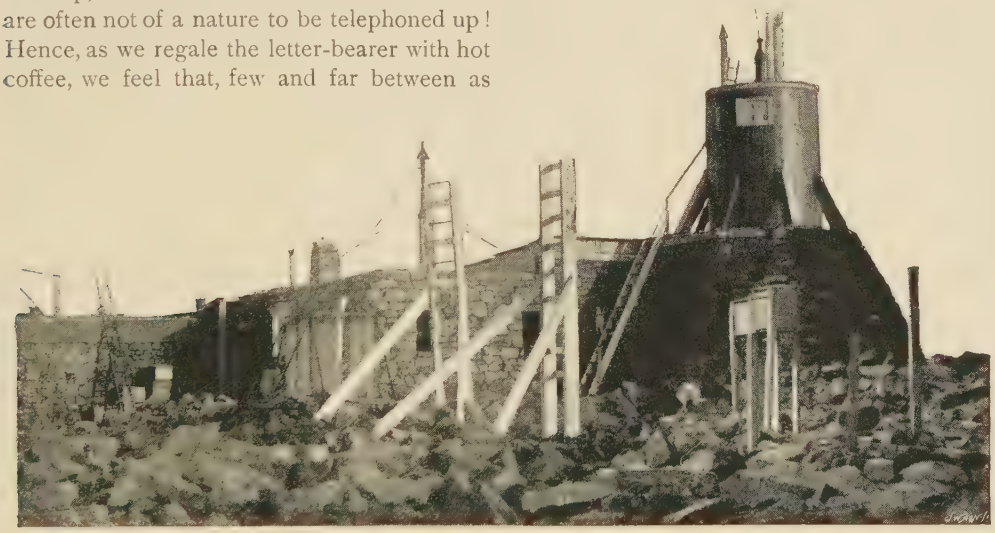
The Observatory, built in 1883, and consisting of office, kitchen, bedrooms, store-rooms and tower, with its walls from 4ft. to 10ft. thick, its flat roof, and its double windows, is admirably suited to the almost arctic weather of the summit, and laughs at storms that would cause any low-level house to shake in its shoes.

The store-rooms are perhaps the most important part of the building, as nine months' provisions for three persons—two observers and a cook—have to be stocked there. Daily, from about the middle of June, when enough snow has disappeared to show the outlines of the bridle-path which has been constructed from base to summit at the expense of the Observatory, hardy mountain ponies patiently ascend the hill, laden with supplies of food, coke, and paraffin for the ensuing winter, which sets in about the end of September or the beginning of October.

Soups, meats, fish, milk, fruit and even vegetables, all preserved in tins, form, with potatoes and flour, the bulk of the food supply, and it is quite an eventful break in the daily routine if a pony can manage to ascend during the winter with the rare luxury of fresh meat. As to drink, since there are no springs so high as the summit, the observers content themselves with rain-water

in summer and melted snow in winter, both much more palatable than dwellers in the plains imagine.

An observatory at sea-level is worked in conjunction with the one on the summit, and, for the sake of variety, interchanges of staff take place at intervals during the winter, weather permitting. More exciting than these regular changes or than the rare apparition of an ice-caked tourist, is the arrival at irregular intervals, varying from one to four weeks, of the Observatory road surveyor with letters and newspapers. There is, indeed, telegraphic communication between the two stations by means of which any news of striking interest or importance can be sent up, but then one's most valued letters are often not of a nature to be telephoned up! Hence, as we regale the letter-bearer with hot coffee, we feel that, few and far between as



The Observatory in late summer.

his visits are, we are indeed entertaining an angelic being.

The work of the staff consists in taking hourly observations, night and day, of the usual meteorological elements, the two observers having each a nine and a three hours' watch.

The lot of a man on night duty in the depth of winter is not always an altogether enviable one. Donning his sea-boots, his oilskins, and his sou'-wester, and armed with rain-gauge and carefully shielded lamp, he leaves the cosy office. The front door is probably quite blocked, so he mounts by an inside ladder to the tower, where he hears the tremendous roar of the wind rushing past. Drawing a long breath and opening the tower door, he steps on to the roof in the darkness, bending forward and straining every muscle against the savage fury of the steady wind—blowing not uncommonly over 100 miles per hour—while the driving fog is filled with powdery snow and lumps of hard, icy drift.

Fixing his armpit in a guiding rope stretched from the tower to the instruments, he staggers along to the thermometer box, and, tearing the caked drift from his blinded eyes, reads the temperature, changes the rain-gauge, and returns as he came to the light and warmth of the office, strangely silent after the "bellow of the blast," and settles down to read or work for fifty minutes. Matters are, if anything, rather worse if the wind is more squally than steady; for then, while bent forward to resist a strong gust, he may be caught unawares by a sudden lull, and fall sprawling in the snow.

The only interruption which has taken place in the hourly observations, since the erection of the tower, occurred on February 21st and 22nd, 1885, when an exceptionally severe storm passed over the summit, of which the observatory log book gives the following account:—

Feb. 21. At 1 p.m. rain-gauge found blown away to near the edge of the cliff, not put out again to-

The Observatory after a fog.

day. At 4 p.m. the notebook for the observation was torn in two and blown away. After 5 p.m. no temperature readings were taken, as the lamps could not be kept alight, and the observers could not stand against the wind. At 6, 7, and 8 p.m. the observer went out at the tower door with a long rope, and had to be hauled back. After that the observer did not go out. At 10 p.m. the outer glass of south window in tower was seen to be broken, probably by a flying piece of ice, many of which were heard rattling on the tower like stones.

Feb. 22. First temperature observation taken at 8 a.m.

The weather of "the Ben"—as its frequenters affectionately call it—is in many respects so different from that of lower levels that a brief notice of some of its most striking pecularities may be of interest.

Thermometer-box ladders, showing the formation of fog crystals.

A storm of wind and snow we have seen is bad enough, but a thunderstorm is much worse, as it is the only real danger to which observers are exposed. Thunder-storms are fortunately rare, but once when a bad one was at hand the storm-cloud was seen approaching with lightning darting from it. Then it settled down on the hill-top in the form of mist, the thunder and lightning ceased, and there was an ominous and oppressive stillness until, the moment the mist began to roll away, a flash shot, with a crackling report, from all large metallic objects about the observatory, stove-pipes, kettles, etc., and the nature of the discharge was only too evident, as, besides wrecking the telegraph instrument, it had set fire to part of the observatory and knocked down and stupefied an observer.

A more agreeable, but no less strange, electrical phenomenon of frequent occurrence is St. Elmo's fire: a curious buzzing sound is heard, one's hair literally stands up, a prickly sensation is felt in the skin, especially on the temples, and, if it occur by night, the wind-vane, the lightning conductor, the kitchen chimney, and even the observer's pencil, emit a weird blue flame.

The tower covered with fog crystals.

As the summit is enveloped in fog or mist, on the average, four days out of five, curiosities in which fog plays a part are common. One of these, familiar also to Londoners, is the colossal size which objects near at hand assume as they loom through the fog. Almost daily the observer becomes a veritable Arthur

> looking as he walked
> Larger than human on the frozen hills;

but another less familiar, but more beautiful phenomenon is the formation of fog crystals. The accompanying photographs speak for themselves, but the following description of them may also be quoted from the Transactions of the Royal Society, Edinburgh:—"The formation of these crystals on the Observatory and all surrounding objects exposed to the drifting fogs, when the temperature is below freezing point, proceeds often at an astonishingly rapid rate. The crystals all belong to the feathery or fir-cone type. On a flat board they gather first and most abundantly near its edges, forming a beautiful border round it, while the centre remains clear. On the other hand, a round post shows a mass of crystals all over its windward half. The rate of growth of the crystals varies with the density of the fog and the speed of the wind. On one occasion a post, 4in. square, grew into a slab of crystalline snow of about 5ft. broad and 1ft. thick in less than a week."

When the sun is low in the east and a high fog bank lies to the west, or *vice versâ*, the visitor may be fortunate enough to see the uncommonly beautiful "glory"—*i.e.*, his shadow silhouetted on the fog, and, round the dark blotch that represents his head, a saint-like halo of several rings, displaying all the colours of the rainbow. A peculiarity of this phenomenon is that, if several persons

observe it, each one sees his own halo, but no other.

Weeks at a time of unbroken fog make a sudden change to clear and sunny weather altogether delightful. The fog rolls majestically downwards, and lies in great white billowy sheets encircling the other hills for miles round, giving them the appearance of islets in a sea of foam. Thus, while it may be overcast and even rainy weather at the base of the hill, the snow-clad summit is basking in sunshine from a sky of exquisite clearness and transparency, while the air, owing to the clouds being below, is drier than could be found at any low level nearer than the Arabian desert.

To be on the summit on a moonlight night under these circumstances, shut off by the white cloud screen from any suggestion of what is noisy or ugly or coarse in the world below, is to be in a fairyland of calm restfulness, of unearthly purity. Such a spell of fine weather is the time for tobogganning, or for a long snow-shoe tramp. Such ideal days are more common in winter than in summer.

The following are a few striking facts and figures about Ben Nevis weather: The mean temperature of the year is nearly a degree below freezing-point; July is as cold as Spitzbergen at the same time; both snow and frost have occurred with two exceptions every month since the observatory opened; the mean annual rainfall of London is under 30in.; that of Ben Nevis averages over 145in., more than 7in. having fallen in one day, and 43in. in a month.

In summer time the summit swarms with tourists from all parts of the world, sixty or seventy per day being not uncommon. It is a curious fact that a favourite month with tourists is August—one of the worst, if not the worst, month on the Ben.

May and June are undoubtedly the best months for climbing the hill, if a good view is desired, the only drawback to the former month, and sometimes—as this year—to the first part of the latter, being that the summer refreshment room on the summit, where there is sleeping accommodation for any who wish to see the sunrise, is not open. This hotel, as it is called, is at present embedded in ten feet of snow; yet this is the month of haymaking and roses!

The accompanying photos are reproduced by the kind permission of the Directors of the Observatory.

View from the summit of Ben Nevis, showing other mountain tops appearing above the sea of clouds.

Signors of the Night.

By Max Pemberton.

Author of "Queen of the Jesters," "A Woman of Kronstadt," etc.

No. III.—A MIRACLE OF BELLS.

(*A Complete Story.*)

I.

Lay-brother Nicolo watched the last of the beggars quit the aisles of the great church, and then bestirred himself to close it for the night. One by one he put out the tapers, which still cast their wan light upon the marble pavements. East and west he went to lock the gates of the porches. Silently and swiftly he drew the heavy leathern curtains which shut his brethren, the Servite fathers, from the merry life of the world upon the waters; swiftly, too, he covered the altars, and carried the great golden crucifix to the sacristy. For supper, hot and savoury and steaming, was already filling the refectory with delicious odours, and lay-brother Nicolo was very hungry.

One last look round, a moment's pause to light the lantern which showed him the way to the door of the sacristy, completed his uncongenial task. Clear as his conscience was, he never cared to linger in the darkened church when the people had left it and the outer gate was closed. By and by he would live with the saints—but until that day came he preferred the chatter of his brethren in refectory and in cloister.

And there were such queer sights and sounds in that lonely fane when all the tapers were out and the dim red lamps cast shadows before the altars, and the very effigies of dead martyrs seemed reanimated and living.

On this particular evening of March old Nicolo could have sworn that he heard a sound, as of the pattering of little feet, at the very moment he was about to close the last of the doors and to hurry to the odorous stew awaiting him. Truth to tell, he held his lantern high, and listened intently while some seconds passed; but the sound was not repeated, and, eager to be reassured, the trembling monk turned the heavy key in the lock and fled that holy place of spirits and of shadows.

"What a thing to imagine," he said to himself, as he crossed the cloister and drew his hood about his ears, for the wind blew

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cold upon Venice from the mountains. "Surely I am growing old, and will be the better for a cup of wine. A child at nightfall in the church of the Servites! As well seek an honest man in the booths of Rialto."

Now, this simile was well enough in an ordinary way, but it chanced to be ill-chosen on that memorable evening. Indeed, at the very moment when the good friar was laughing at his delusions, and helping himself plentifully to the savoury dish, little Nina, the daughter of old Barbarino the clown, was laughing through her tears in the church he had left.

Old Nicolo could have sworn that he heard a sound, as of the pattering of little feet.

She told herself that there, at any rate, none would molest her until day came. She it was who had watched the lay-brother as he put out those tapers one by one; she who had prayed to all the saints and angels that she might lie the night in the warm church, and that none might discover her. No home was hers in all that glittering city of waters; no hand stretched out to give her aught but blows. Her father, Barbarino the fool, begrudged her the very shelter of the booth he clowned in—over there on the piazza by the great church of St. Mark.

She had no memory nor name of the mother whose child she was. Nina, the people called her as she capered in the dress of Columbine—Nina the fairy; Nina of the black eyes; Nina the dancing girl.

She would repeat the words to herself, as she lay, hungry and alone, in whatever shelter the unbefriending night might give her; she would ask if the years to come had nothing but such empty praise for her reward.

She had lived through sixteen summers, yet a summer of life was unknown to her. Nina of the black eyes, the people said, for the people did not see the tears upon the cheek nor know the loneliness in the heart of the child.

Fra Nicolo closed the church, and Nina dried up her tears. She had no fear of the shadows. The twinkling lamps before the altars were for her lanterns to guide the feet of angels. In the darkness, the Christ came down to her from the Cross; the saints from the pictures. Or she would love to tell herself that this great building was a palace of which she was the mistress.

She would people it in her imagination with the nobles of Venice; with princes in habits of silver; with fair women, whose jewels shone as the jewels upon the altar of the Virgin; with young girls, whose beauty her own should surpass. Music she heard in fancy and the words of lovers, but always the words of one

whose image was before her day and night, Christoforo, Count of Carmagnola, that reckless lord of the city, whose wealth was the envy of Venice, whose beauty was her admiration.

Little Nina had touched his cloak once as he passed to his gondola from the Palace. His image had been with her sleeping or waking since that day; there was a world of happiness in the foolish dreams which brought him to her side. She told herself, girlishly, that she would love him to her life's end, though never might she speak to him nor hear his voice.

Nina slept a young girl's sleep; a sleep of sweet dreams and of troubles forgotten. Cold as the great church was, nevertheless she could rest therein and forget the booth where her father clowned to please the people, and she was beaten when the money bag was empty. Usually, her dreams would last until day came and old Fra Nicolo lit the candles for the first Mass; but on this night of March, in the year 1701, the voice of the storm and the moaning of the wind broke in upon her slumbers so that eleven o'clock had hardly been struck by the great bell above her head when she opened her eyes and began to ask herself where she was.

For the first time in all her life a terrible fear of the darkness took possession of her. She started to her feet, with her dreams still clinging to her eyes, and peered into the shadows of the church. A sense of loneliness and of dread, in no way to be explained, made her limbs tremble. She fell upon her knees before the great altar, and prayed as she had never prayed before.

"Lord God, I know that I am not alone."

The strange prayer was as a salve to her fears. She rose up from the steps of the altar, and began to laugh at herself.

"Who is there that would harm the clown's daughter?" she asked herself. "Who is there that would come to the Church of the Servites when Venice sleeps? Olà, I am a ninny to be frightened by my dreams."

The argument was good, but not altogether satisfactory. It suggested, after all, that some other outcast might have done as she had done, and found a sanctuary from the bitter wind in the aisles of the Servite church. The mere contemplation of such a possibility quickened her heart and muted her tongue. She stood listening intently for any strange sound in the building. She feared to raise a hand, almost to breathe. Yet no sound, such as she listened for, was to be heard. Only the wind sighing beneath the eaves; only the waters lapping the marble steps before the porch of the monastery.

She said, for the second time, that she was a baby to think of such things. She returned to the dark chapel, and tried to sleep once more. The visions began to come again, the dreams to weave the smiles about her lips, when a sound within the church once more brought her to her feet and sent the blood rushing to her head. It was the sound of a key grating in the lock of the sacristy door.

Nina started to her feet and ran from the chapel to the great nave of the church. She was not quite sure yet that she had not dreamed the thing. She began to argue with herself again, asking who would come to the monastery when Venice slept. A repetition of the sound froze the argument upon her lips. No longer was there any opportunity to doubt.

She heard the door of the sacristy creak upon its hinges. She heard the whisper of voices, the muted tread of men who crossed the marble pavement of the ambulatory, and were coming to the nave of the church. She knew that she was no longer alone, and, stricken by a terror, which surpassed any terror she had imagined, she ran back to the chapel and lay, all huddled up and shivering, in the shadow of the oaken screen that divided the transept from the church.

"Who is it? Who can come at such an hour?" she asked herself helplessly, and bewildered. The idea that the monks themselves had heard of her hiding-place, and were there to punish her was her first thought; but it ceased to help her when she remembered that they would not come in darkness and with muted steps. And if not the monks, who then? She dared not to think out an answer to her own question.

Child that she was, she had heard of those dangers of plot and counterplot, which then threatened her own city and the prince of her

own city. She had heard of men who were awake to conspiracies when others slept; who hid themselves in the vaults and the cellars by night, yet were the ornament of Venice by day.

Instinctively she guessed that such men as these had invaded her hiding-place. They had obtained possession of the keys of the church, she thought, and were there to speak of things which, whispered even in the shadows outside, might set the heads of those who whispered them between the pillars of St. Mark. And if her guess was right, what hope or chance of life had she. They would kill her, she said, kill her and cast her body into the lagoon. Her crime would be that she had seen their faces, had known their meeting-place.

This affrighting thought sent her back still farther into the great patch of shadow which the screen cast upon the pavement of the chapel. She feared even that the men would hear the beating of her heart. The creak of the sacristy door as it shut gently upon its hinges was like ice upon her limbs. She counted the muted footsteps, and saw that they were very near to her. She could distinguish the whisper of voices and hear the question of one and the answer of another.

The men were searching the church, then, they would find her presently, they would drag her out, they would—but she had not the courage to imagine more, and a heavy sob broke from her, though she knew that discovery was but a little removed from death.

"Is it you, Count?"

"It is I, Orso."

"You heard nothing?"

"I heard the wind under the eaves."

"Is Paolo there?"

"He is at my side."

"Then it was not he—holy God, what a thought!"

"You said, Orso?"

"That I heard a sound as of someone sobbing."

"Pah, it was the wine you drank. Thrust your sword in that confessional, and then tell me who sobs."

Nina heard the man obey. She could picture him thrusting his shining blade into the dark recesses about the pillars of the nave. He would come, by and by, to the chapel where she lay, and that sword would tell her story.

"Well, do you find anything, *amico?*"

"Dust—I find that, Count, and the books of the priest. Saint John, what a fright I had."

The man thus called Count laughed softly.

"Who would be in the Church of the Servites at this hour?" he asked.

"The Signors of the Night, perchance; they are everywhere, Count."

The other made a gesture of impatience.

"It is time to end this nonsense," said he. "Uncover your lantern, and let us see what that can show us. Paolo will stand at the door of the sacristy meanwhile. If there is any friar out of bed at this hour, we shall know how to talk to him. And I will trouble you to take off my shoes, my friend; they groan like a sick man!"

With these words, the men left their place by the pulpit, and began to walk very silently and quickly towards the great western door. Nina counted their footsteps, and as the sounds died away, she took courage, and peered over the low screen of the chapel wherein she had slept. There was moonlight at this time, for the wind had lifted the low clouds of evening, and the painted windows took shape again, showing glorious visions of saints and angels.

The child could see two of the men quite clearly as they passed in and out of the side chapels; but the apparition was fitful, for the shadows were deep and many, and she was too fearful to leave her hiding-place for long. Rather, she drew back into the darkness again, and prayed with all her heart that someone would come to the church.

"They will kill me," she thought, "and no one will know. I shall never see the stars again." The footsteps were very near just then. She could hear the low voices of the men again.

"Where are your friars now, *amico?*"

"There is yet the Chapel, Count."

"*Cospetto!* You have the knees of a woman. Cast a light again."

Nina was crouching then almost under the bench built into the screen. Though her

face was hidden in her ragged black cloak, nevertheless she saw the flashing rays of the lantern, and expected every moment that a hand would touch her shoulder. She did not know that her rags, black and sombre, matched the shadows so well that even the lantern did not betray her. When, at last, she heard the receding footsteps, and began to believe that she was undiscovered, it seemed to her that a miracle had been wrought. God had saved her, then—and for what? The answer came as some voice of the night. That she, in her turn, might save Venice.

The voice made her tremble, but it was no longer with an emotion of fear. Her naturally quick brain, trained to readiness by her vagrant life, grasped in an instant the truth of that which she saw. These men, what were they doing in the Church of the Servites, why did they speak in whispers, why did they bare their feet? There could be but one reason they were the enemies of Venice.

They took a parchment from the tomb and began to scrutinise it closely.

Nina had heard the strange tales then told in the city, of discontent among the nobles, of an appointed day when there would be a new Doge and a new Venice. She had heard that there were spies everywhere, that every man was watched, that no man was discovered. What the Signors of the Night, the terrible police, had been unable to do, she, the child, had done—she had tracked the enemies of the city to their hiding-place. The assurance thrilled her as with a thrill of new pleasure. She, Nina the waif, must save Venice.

All fear for herself was gone now. Quickly she drew off her torn shoes and stood up, forgetting the cold of the flags and the bare feet which trod them. She must alarm the monastery, she said to herself. She remembered that the Signors of the Night were accustomed to patrol the narrow water way by which the church stood. Their boats, perchance, would even at that moment be near the bridge which the men must cross when their strange work was done. If she could but whisper a word which would bring the police to her side!

Shivering with the cold, nevertheless with brain burning, she crept a little way from her hiding-place. The three men, masked, and wearing black cloaks of prodigious length, stood at that moment in a little chapel on the opposite side of the nave.

Taking courage of the fact that the chapel had no windows, they had kindled the tapers set before a picture of St. Augustine, and were kneeling there in an effort, as the girl saw, to raise a great slab of marble which covered one of the altar tombs. When they

had lifted it, they took a parchment from the tomb and began to scrutinise it closely, one of them holding up a taper that they might decipher the writing more readily.

Nina said to herself, as she watched them, that this must be the instant of her flight. Swiftly, as a shadow in the moonlight, she darted across the nave and sought a new hiding-place in the ambulatory. Panting for breath, with hands pressed upon her beating heart, she listened as a deer that is hunted. But the men were still absorbed in the paper. She could see that one of them held an inkhorn, and that another was writing. She took courage and ran on to the door of the sacristy. The moment of deliverance was at hand.

The door had been closed but the key was still in the lock. The girl's hand was already upon the door when she remembered that its creaking, when the others opened it, had awakened her earlier in the night. She perceived that it would not be possible again to turn the key without discovery. The danger was one she had not anticipated. She knew that the moments were precious, as never moments had been in all her life. She must save Venice—she, Nina, the daughter of Barbarino, the clown. They would kill her if they knew—and yet, she must save Venice.

Hours seemed to pass while she stood trembling at the door in a fear of undecision and of anxiety. Once, the man who held the inkhorn for the other to write, let the scabbard of his sword jar upon the marble pavement, and she started back at the sound and could scarcely forbear to cry out. For quite a long time after that, she leant against a pillar of the chancel, afraid to raise a hand, or even to turn her head.

When her courage came, and she made a movement as though to reach the door again, the miracle of the night happened. A bell, the sanctus bell above the chancel arch, rang out clearly in the silence—one sweet, lingering note which echoed over the sleeping waters, and brought the three men to their feet as the voice of a judgment of Heaven.

"Ha!—do you hear that, Count?"

"Have I no ears? Put out the light. Quick, if you would save our heads!"

"You have the paper, Count?"

"I have my sword, Paolo. To the door, and every man for himself. A curse upon the bell, and him who rings it."

Nina heard the curse, but cared not at all now. She had found a way. Crouching against the pillar of the chancel, she had trodden unwittingly upon the rope of the sanctus bell, and thus alarmed the monastery. And, once the way was shown to her, she followed it readily. Falling upon her knees, for she thought that death was very near to her, she took the rope in her hands, and clanged the bell incessantly.

The noise of it was no longer that of a note sweet and sonorous. It jarred upon the ear as a dirge. It brought lights to the windows of the neighbouring houses. Men cried out to men that the church was on fire. Other bells began to ring—above all, the voices of the guard were heard. Venice was saved, she said. The work was for others now and she crept round the pillar. The men would kill her, but Venice would remember.

There was a great noise outside the church at this time; the patter of steps, the flash of lanterns, cries and answering cries. The three men stood all together in a great circle of moonlight cast upon the pavement of the nave. Their swords were drawn, they turned about and again about as though the danger lurked in every shadow.

But their irresolution was not enduring. Two of them, stricken by terror of the unseen, ran boldly to the sacristy door and passed through it. The third followed with slower steps; and when he came to the chancel arch, he stood an instant with the moonbeams falling full upon his face.

Nina, who saw him thus for the first time, knew in that moment why they had called him Count. She looked upon the lord of Carmagnola himself—upon him of whom she had dreamed through many a weary night of cold and hunger. Her lover, as she, the dancing girl, called him, stood before her—on the threshold of death, she said. And she had killed him! In five minutes, in ten, the police would come! Anguish beyond any of fear or of physical suffering almost stilled her heart. She knelt upon the pavement and a low cry came to her lips and would not be checked.

The man heard her cry and strode to the place where she lay with the moonlight making her brown hair golden. He thought that he found the spy who had betrayed him. He drew his dagger, telling himself that one at least, beyond himself, should die that night. But when the white beams showed him a young girl's face looking up pitifully into his own, he thrust the weapon in its sheath again, and stood regarding her with silent astonishment.

"Child," he asked sternly, "who are you, and why are you here?"

"I am Nina, the daughter of Barbarino," she said, between her sobs.

"What does Nina, the daughter of Barbarino, do alone in a church at midnight?"

"Oh, Excellency, the cold and the hunger drove me——"

"A beggar's tale," was his answer, as he stooped, and seized her by the hands, dragging her out that the soft light might show him her face clearly. "Who sent you to this place?"

She thought that he was about to kill her and she cringed before the blow she feared.

"God sent me," she answered at last, "to save Venice."

The Count laughed scornfully.

"What did they pay you, girl? Tell the truth—do you hear? Whose servant are you?"

"The servant of poverty, Excellency—the servant of hunger always. Oh, believe me, I have not eaten bread since yesterday at dawn. And I came here because the wind is bitter, and my feet are bare. Then I saw the light, and I heard your voice. God help me, I did not know that it was you."

She buried her face in her hands, while the Count of Carmagnola stood regarding her with a new amazement. He had hardly seen a more beautiful face in all Venice. The girl, he thought, was like one of the children in the picture above the high altar. He asked himself how he could have lived in the city for three years, and have passed her by. And a pretty face could always win upon his generosity.

"Come," he said, as if in an inspiration, "you say that you did not know. Prove your words to me. The police are at the gate, as you hear. Show me a door by which I may escape them, and I will believe your story."

The appeal awakened her from the trance of fear and grief. All her love for Venice was forgotten in a moment. She would save the

The man heard her cry and strode to the place where she lay.

man her dreams had given to her for a lover. Yet how? She could hear the cries without; she could see the flash of lanterns; she knew that the police would come to the church before many minutes had passed; she feared that all the gates were already watched. What hope was there then?

"Lord Count," she cried in the second inspiration of the night, "there was a way, but I know not if it be a way still. Yet, if you would follow——"

She stood up and faced him. He listened and heard voices in the sacristy; he could see the flickering rays of a lantern; he knew that the police were at the very gates.

"Child," he said very quietly, "show me your way, for it is the only one."

Nina waited for no other command, but stretched out her hand and thrust it into that of the man.

"Come, Excellency," she said eagerly, "the door is behind the great organ. God grant that they do not watch it."

With this she crossed the nave and mounted the winding staircase by which the organ loft was reached. She remembered that her nights in the church had shown to her a wicket-gate in the wall behind the organ, and once she had unbarred that gate and passed out, to find herself upon the leads of the monastery. From these she had gone on until she came to an old stone staircase, at the foot of which flowed one of the narrowest waterways in all Venice. That staircase should save the Count's life, she said.

"The door is here, Excellency. Let your hands feel for the bolt; we are safe if we can but lift it."

The man stopped to reckon with his chances no more. One backward glance showed him the floor of the church below—the dancing lanterns and the black figures of those who held them. He unbarred the door swiftly, and followed the girl through it to the broad leads of the monastery, which the moonlight flooded and made as a roof of golden slates. Venice lay beneath; Venice awakened. The bells of many churches were ringing. A panic of night become day had begun to seize upon the city.

The fugitives could see the boats of the Signors of the Night at the steps of the southern porch. A great crowd had gathered from all the neighbouring houses; men shouted to men that an enemy was in the palace, and that the Doge was killed. Women stood at the windows of the lighted houses.

Carmagnola watched the scene while he could have counted ten, perhaps. For the first time he began to believe in the possibility of ultimate escape. This waif of Venice with the black eyes and the little soft hand; this dancing girl who had stumbled so fatefully upon the nest of his schemes, would enable him after all to pursue these schemes.

That the others had been taken he did not believe. And if they had, in what could the police charge them? This child, who now held his hand so timidly, would not betray him. He read her face truly. She was not the first woman in Venice who had trembled at his touch. A kiss upon her lips, he argued, would silence her for ever. There was no other that he feared or thought of in all the city.

"Your way is a good one, little Nina," he said lightly, turning from the scene about the church door to her who had saved him; "we will cheat them yet. Show me your staircase, and I will say that I have no better friend in all the city."

Her face flushed with pride and pleasure. The touch of his hand had made her heart leap. She walked as one in sleep—she, Nina, the dancing girl, side by side with him of whom she had dreamed through many a long night of hunger and of cold.

"My lord," she said, "I am not worthy to be your friend. Here is the water and my work is done."

She had brought him, as she promised, to the bank of a little canal which wound its dark way amid gaunt and gloomy houses and the homes of the poor. Here the silence of the night was unbroken—no sound but that of bells ringing musically in the distance came to them over the lapping waters. The Count told himself that the peril was passed. To-morrow would find him in his own house again.

"My little guide," he said, standing a moment irresolute as at the parting of the ways, "where shall I look at dawn for Nina, the daughter of Barbarino the clown?"

The question tempted her; but her wits were keener than his in that hour of peril.

"Excellency," she said, drawing back, "you will not look for me in Venice. God forbid—have you forgotten the paper?"

A cry burst from the man's lips—he caught the girl by the wrist almost fiercely.

"The paper—what do you know of that, why do you speak of it?"

"Because those who now read it will not be your friends, my lord."

Carmagnola loosed her hands. She could see the diamond button, which clasped the lace about his throat, rise and fall quickly with his heavy breathing. The house of cards he had built was scattered by her words as by a great wind. The paper—the parchment which could send a hundred in Venice to the scaffold, in whose hands was that now?

"Great God!" he cried aloud, "it lies upon the altar tomb."

Nina drew back trembling before his anger.

"My lord," she stammered, "the others—"

He stopped her with a bitter laugh.

"The others—the others! Paolo the fool, and Orso the woman—what have I to do with them, when to-morrow there will be no house in Venice so large that I may find a home in it, no cellar so dark that it will hide me."

She took courage of his distress.

"Lord Count," she pleaded, "there is one who could yet save you from your enemies."

He answered her with a sneer.

"A new Christ—here in Venice, child. One who works miracles?"

"I speak of a priest, my lord."

"Of a priest?"

"Of Fra Giovanni—of him they call the soldier monk."

He looked at her and ceased to laugh.

"Take me to your priest," he said.

II.

Fra Giovanni, the Capuchin friar, was still living in a gloomy palace upon that large island of Venice they call the Giudecca. For many years there had been no name in all Venice more potent or more feared. Men spoke of this frail monk as of one who carried in his hand a gift of life or death. His voice could still a multitude; the great ducal chapel of St. Mark's was not large enough for the thousands who flocked about his pulpit.

A friar—he admitted no superior! Clothed in a brown habit—he had a home in no monastery. The Senate heaped honours upon his head. "He is a new Fra Paolo," the gossips cried. But the poor said that he had the face of Francis of Assisi, and could work miracles.

It wanted an hour to dawn on the second day of March, in the year 1703, when little Nina, followed quickly by the Count of Carmagnola, stepped from a gondola which had carried them from Rialto to the island of the Jews, and rang at the great bell before Fra Giovanni's gloomy palace.

"Fra Giovanni will save you, my lord," she had said again and again during those anxious moments of flight; "there is none so powerful as he. I shall ask him, and he will help you. He is my friend."

Carmagnola listened to her indifferently. His head was in a whirl. The work he had planned so diligently for weary months, the house of conspiracy he had built so laboriously had been cast down, not by Doge nor Senate, nor by any spy—but by this dancing girl, sent, God knew whence, to the Church of the Servites to save the city and its people. Never was there a destiny so ironic. He could have laughed aloud to think that he and those with him had turned like frightened women from the voice of a child. And yet, he said, that child had sent a hundred brave men to the scaffold. His own life—what would it be worth to him henceforth? At dawn every gate must be shut against him; every cellar would be searched. What house would harbour him—what hand befriend him?

"Your priest lives here, little Nina?" he asked, as she rang the bell, and stood shivering with the cold of morning.

"He is coming now, Excellency; I hear his footsteps. He will listen to me, because he is my friend."

Carmagnola shrugged his shoulders. It was grotesque, he said to himself, that he should have followed this dancing girl at all. The homage that she paid to her friar galled his pride.

"Pah," he said; "what can a friar do when

the police are not your friends? Nevertheless——"

She would have answered him, but the door of the palace opened as he spoke, and the Friar himself stood before them. He held a taper in his hand; a cowl was drawn about his ears. The meagre face, seen in that wan light, was such a face as the old painters gave to their saints. The keen, black eyes seemed to cut with their glance. Neither pity nor love could be read in the deep lines of that haunting countenance.

"What does the Lord of Carmagnola seek of me?" he asked, holding the taper up that the light might fall on the other's face.

Carmagnola suppressed an exclamation. His name, then, despite his mask, was known to the other.

"I seek a sanctuary," he said curtly.

Nina knelt upon the flags and took the Friar's hand.

"Father," she cried, "you are my friend; you will save the Lord Count from his enemies."

The priest answered her sternly.

"What are such things to do with thee?" he asked.

She had no word for him, but continued to kneel at his feet. When he had looked at them both again, he turned to the Count.

"I will save you from Venice," he said in a low voice. "Enter."

"And this child?"

"Let her go to her home."

"But she has saved my life."

"Venice will reward her."

Carmagnola hesitated during a moment of irresolution. Then, with deft fingers, he unclasped the great brooch of diamonds from his pourpoint, and pinned it upon the ragged cloak of the kneeling girl.

"Little Nina," he said, as he bent and kissed her, "I shall remember."

The priest, who watched the scene with some contempt, did not hide his impatience.

"Signore," he exclaimed, "the night grows old, and at dawn——"

He turned and entered the house with Carmagnola at his heels. In a great bare room upon the first floor he lit a second taper and set it on a bureau. Then he finished the sentence he had begun on the steps without.

"At dawn, my lord, Venice will reckon with her enemies."

Carmagnola laughed.

"What does a priest know of the enemies of Venice?"

"If he should know their names?"

"The name of one——?"

"Of all, Signore."

The Friar stood like an avenging figure, holding the taper in his hand, and searching the other's face with eyes of steel.

"Of all, Signore," he repeated, in a voice which struck terror to him who heard it.

Carmagnola put up a hand, upon which many jewels glistened, to the clasp of his toga. His cloak was loosed to show a dress of crimson velvet beneath, and the long stola, the emblem of his nobility. He breathed quickly as a baited animal in a moment of respite.

"I am come to the house of a spy, then!" he cried fiercely.

"Say rather to the house of one sent for the salvation of this city, as he was sent ten years ago to save Florence from you and your dupes, my lord."

The Count took a step forward and peered into the face of the other.

"In Heaven's name, who are you?" he asked.

"I am he whom they call the soldier monk," replied the priest quietly, "and I was in the Church of the Servites two hours ago, Signore."

"You—in the church—great God!"

The priest did not notice the interruption.

"I was in the church, Signore. Shall I tell you the names of those whe were there with me? Shall I tell you that one of them, a man walking blindly in his own conceit, thinking that he and his unhappy creatures can prevail above the might of Venice, wrote down the names of those creatures upon a parchment? Shall I show you that parchment, my lord—it is here in my breast, for I picked it up when it fell from your hands? Shall I tell you that to-day at dawn the Councillors will read it as I have read it? Is that what you have come here to learn, you whom they call the Lord of Carmagnola?"

Carmagnola reeled back before the damning accusation.

"Who are you, in God's name?" he asked again.

The priest held up the taper and loosed his friar's habit.

"Look at me again, Lord Count," he whispered.

The Count recovered himself, and peered into the face so close to his own.

"I do not know you," he stammered.

"Again, again, Lord Count—the swordsman of Iseo, you have forgotten him who gave you your life, and is here to-night to give it you again."

He stood awaiting his answer; but Carmagnola's memory had gone back ten years to a day when, in a garden of Florence he had stood face to face with the first swordsman in all Italy, and, his weapon being struck from his hand, that swordsman had given him his life.

"I know you," he cried at last in a hoarse voice, "you are the Prince of Iseo."

"As you say, the Prince of Iseo.

"And once more you offer me my life?"

"Look at me again, Lord Count," he whispered.

"It is the reward of her who would have saved Venice to-night."

"There are conditions, of course?"

The priest smiled.

"When Venice forgives, there are always conditions, Lord Count."

"And you are able to speak in the name of Venice."

"I am able to speak in the name of Venice."

"Then what do you ask of me?"

The priest raised his hand and pointed to the jewels upon the breast of the other.

"That you strip those jewels from you, and give them to the poor; that you leave Venice at dawn and never look upon her spires again; that neither you nor your children's children shall dwell in the house you have built; that Italy shall know you no more—that as a beggar you shall go out, and as a beggar you shall live. Those are the conditions, Lord Count."

Carmagnola heard him as one who hears sentence of death.

"And if I do not accept them?"

The priest answered him by leading him to the balcony of the house, and pointing across the water to the great piazza of St. Mark. Dawn was breaking, and the domes of the church were already capped with the golden light of the new day.

"Look yonder, my lord," he said grimly,

"Look yonder, my lord," he said grimly.

"listen to those cries. They are the shouts of the people who tell each other that two of the enemies of Venice are enemies no more."

The Count trembled.

"You mean——"

"That the two who were with you in the Church of the Servites last night hang head downwards between the columns of the piazza."

Carmagnola staggered back into the room.

"I will save the honour of my name," he cried.

* * * * *

There was a great procession around the piazza of St. Mark after sundown that day. The bells of the city rang joyously; bright fires were lit on all the open places; candles were set in the windows of every house. In the great church itself the priests sang a Te Deum, and countless lights burned before the altars, and thanksgiving was offered for the safety of Venice and the death of her enemies. Outside in the square a vast throng swarmed about one whom stalwart arms held up, about a dancing girl whom they had crowned with flowers and carried, as often they carried images, high above the people on a golden throne.

"Viva, Nina, the daughter of Barbarino!"

"Viva! Viva! the Queen of Venice!"

"She has saved our city. A miracle of the bells was sent. Viva! viva!"

But little Nina, thus snatched in a moment from want and penury and cold and hunger, did not heed the cries nor the gifts which were poured upon her.

"She weeps," a woman said.

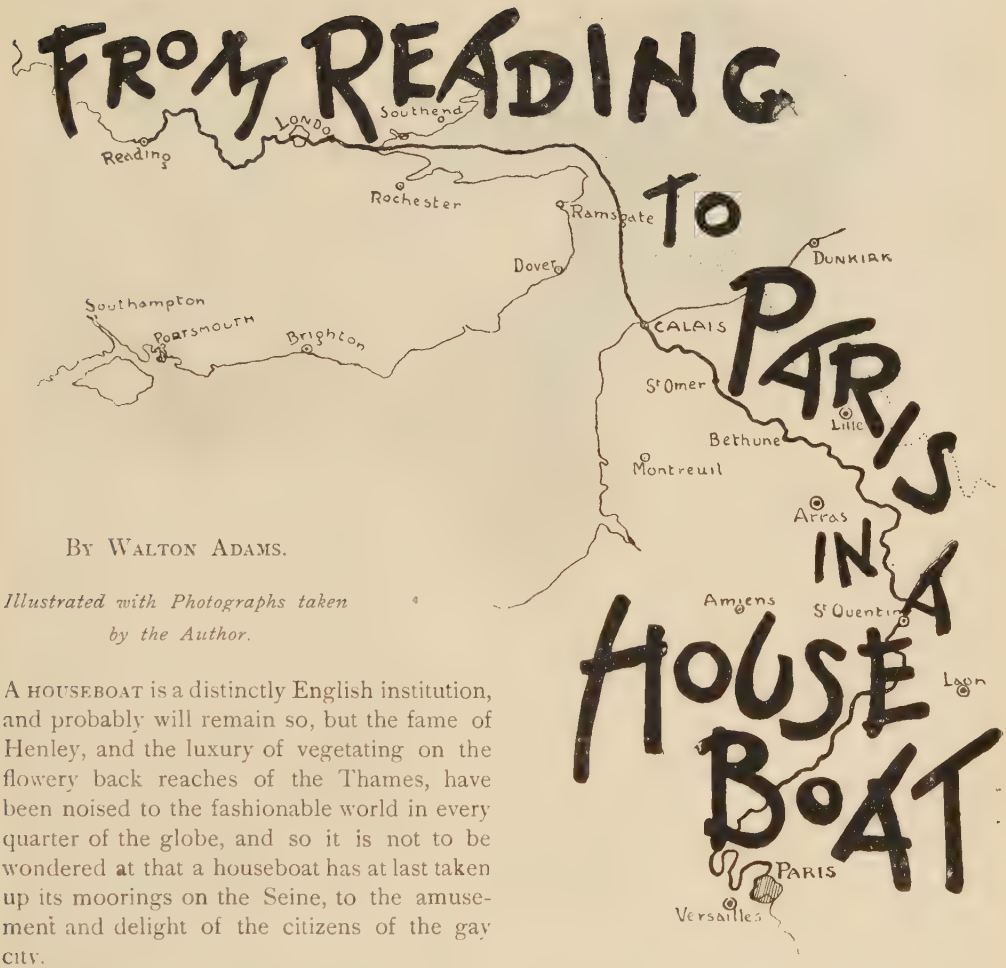
"It is for joy," they answered her.

But one in Venice knew that she wept for a hand that would never touch hers again, for a voice she would hear no more while life was.

She had saved her lover; but to her that lover was dead.

While the persons in this story are entirely imaginary, it is, in its main outlines, built upon the story of the so-called "Spanish Conspiracy" which was hatched in Venice in the earlier years of the seventeenth century. The conspirators in that case used a church for their purpose in much the same manner as I have attempted to describe. In later years the conspiracy of the Giambattista Bragadin was discovered by means of a document which was hidden in a faldstool of the church of the Frari.

FROM READING TO PARIS IN A HOUSE BOAT



By Walton Adams.

Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author.

A houseboat is a distinctly English institution, and probably will remain so, but the fame of Henley, and the luxury of vegetating on the flowery back reaches of the Thames, have been noised to the fashionable world in every quarter of the globe, and so it is not to be wondered at that a houseboat has at last taken up its moorings on the Seine, to the amusement and delight of the citizens of the gay city.

To Madame la Comtesse de Bèarn occurred the novel idea of introducing a houseboat to Parisian society, and it may at once be stated that she has carried out her project successfully and thoroughly.

The order for *Le Lotus*—the name decided on—was placed with Mr. A. H. East, the well-known boat-builder of Reading, who not only undertook to build the boat according to the approved plans, but also to deliver it to the Comtesse's representatives in Paris. This latter condition involved no small amount of risk, as two previous attempts to take a houseboat across the Channel had been unsuccessful.

The average cost of a houseboat varies from about £800 to £1300, and when, therefore, I say that, including, of course, the cost of transit and customs dues, etc., *Le Lotus* cost about £3000, it may be surmised that the first English houseboat to take up its quarters on the banks of the Seine will not dim the glories of Henley in the eyes of the inhabitants of our neighbours.

And yet certain limitations had to be observed in the matter of scale of dimensions so as to effect the journey to Paris, for some of the bridges over the rivers and canal to be traversed on the French side, were not wide enough or high enough to allow the passage of a full sized houseboat built on ordinary lines, and providing the same height of roof in the grand saloon that is customary on all first-class boats.

An entirely new model, therefore, had to be devised. This was effected by allowing the flooring of the saloon to dip some feet into the body of the raft, and even then in

Le Lotus (before the journey).

passing through some of the bridges, there was only an inch or two to spare.

The houseboat itself is 72ft. long and the tender 41ft., both being of a width of 16ft. In addition to the usual offices there are twelve rooms, so that the accommodation is ample. Both boats have brass fittings, and are finished inside and out with ivory white enamel.

But it was not to be expected that all the glory of *Le Lotus* would remain revealed during such an experience as a trip from Reading to Paris. As a matter-of-fact the decorations were entirely covered up, and what could be dismantled was carefully packed, so that *Le Lotus* looked like a huge packing-case.

The distance to be traversed was just about 500 miles.

Le Lotus (ready for the journey).

And, as it turned out, the journey was accomplished in exactly three weeks.

Leaving Reading at twelve o'clock on May 25th, under the charge of Mr. C. E. Day, the representative of Mr. East (at whose courteous invitation I was enabled to join in this unique voyage), we reached Maidenhead at half-past seven, and moored for the night. The next day we went down as far as Kingston, and on the following morning we made a very early start, and reached Gravesend shortly before four in the afternoon.

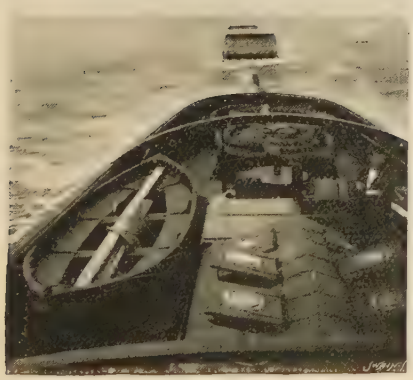
This part of the voyage was singularly free from incident, but it so happened that the morning of our passing through London was the very morning on which the body of Mr. Gladstone was brought to London for the lying-in state at Westminster, and the bridge was crowded in the grey of the early dawn with thousands of anxious watchers.

At Gravesend we were moored in mid-stream, and never should I think had those who earn their living on the waters a more anxious time of it than fell to the lot of those whose duty it was to watch *Le Lotus* until the tug arrived in the morning to commence our sea journey. For it should be remembered that at Reading the boat was entirely dismantled, so that there was absolutely no protection on the deck, where personal safety became purely a matter of

watch and balance, as all balustrades and railings had been removed. In the day-time it was difficult enough, but at night it was almost enough to make one despair.

Huge liners and other craft continuously passing kept the water in a constant torment on which our boats danced like huge egg-shells, and a constant watch was necessary to prevent them from bumping together. I was, therefore, heartily glad when the steam-tug *Dilwara* came to take us from our moorings.

The towing was effected by means



In tow.

of a huge rope, some 6in. in diameter, and, in addition to this, a cable was fastened in case of mishap.

Fortunately the sea was unusually calm when the tug took us in tow, and we quickly left the shores of England behind us. Our journey across the Channel proceeded quite uneventfully and there did not appear to be any doubt of the successful accomplishment of this portion of the trip until we came to a halt some three miles outside Calais.

This is, as most people know, quite the roughest bit of sea along this

In the open Channel.

coast, and about the last spot to choose as a mooring-place for a houseboat, but the signals were against us—to allow of the passage of a liner—and we could not for nearly an hour enter the harbour. The Captain set about shortening the cable, but, owing to the extremely rough water, it was slipped instead of shortened, and *Le Lotus* danced merrily away adrift.

Of course, it was easily overtaken, but its recapture was a different and much more difficult matter, as a huge case dancing madly on the crests of erratic waves is a thing which must be charily approached by the occupants of a small boat. Eventually, however, after several ineffectual attempts, *Le Lotus* was again under control.

After some further waiting we were tugged into the harbour, and *Le Lotus* was forthwith submitted to the tender mercies of the Customs officials.

I was considerably amused to note that while the inside and outside of the houseboat were measured and examined most carefully some six or seven times, the innocence of the flooring—where

Adrift in the Channel!

more than 2ft. of space lurked concealed—was never apparently suspected, and we might easily have smuggled a vast amount of contraband goods right under the noses—or, rather, the feet—of the officials.

As may be inferred, the journey from Calais to Paris by water presents many serious difficulties, for not only is there no direct river communication, but there are actually two big ranges of hills to be negotiated. However, we had planned out a possible route—partly by river, partly by open canal, and partly by subterranean canal—which, after a most devious journey, finally landed us at our destination.

The journey, were it not for the novelty of it all, and the interest of seeing, leisurely and at close quarters, strange scenes and people, would probably have proved a tedious affair, owing to the perpetual changing of horses, and the continuous halts which had to be made while negotiating the numerous locks.

A tight fit. Only a few inches to spare on either side and not much space at the top.

But the entire canal system was all so excellent that it provided us with sufficient novelty to make the journey so far interesting. All the canals are under Governmental control, and they are kept in splendid order. The grassy banks are as carefully tended as the sloping grass of an up-river garden abutting on the Thames. And splendid trees line the sides of the towing paths to shelter the canals, so that they have the delightful appearance of a water boulevard. Everywhere for miles this beautiful well-trimmed appearance never varies, and there is always the same ample, carefully-kept margin along the sides.

At frequent intervals across the canal are slung drawbridges, which I was informed had their origin in military operations. Each one is tended by a keeper, who easily lowers it unaided to allow traffic to pass, and then slings it upright again. The mechanism seemed to be extremely simple and effective.

Two other things which attracted my attention were the locks and permanent bridges.

The locks are made chiefly of iron, and are far superior to any that we have in England. The mechanism is simpler and they are much more expeditiously worked.

All the barges on the French canals are immensely larger than ours, looming much higher out of the water, and always at least twice as long as the biggest we use. Yet a lock on the Seine through which we passed took fifteen of these monster barges at the one time, and it was filled and emptied in half-an-hour. We encountered over 2000 of these barges in our journey from Calais to Paris.

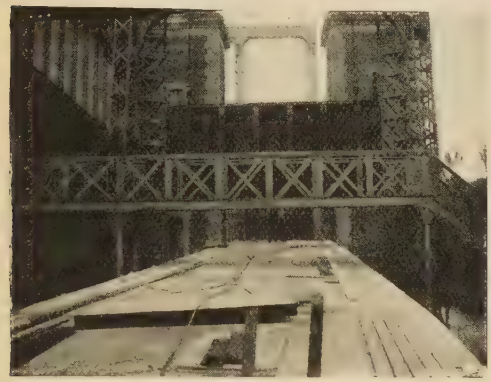
The beautiful stone bridges are, I believe, of world-wide celebrity, but I confess that I was, for all that, surprised to encounter bridges far more magnificent than any we have in London stretching across rivers where they glide by towns of minor importance in the French provinces.

The people who work on the French barges are even of a more nomadic type than those who follow the same mode of life in England. They are supremely ignorant of all the ordinary affairs of life, and do not know whether they live under a Republic or a Monarchy. They are of mixed nationalities, many of them Belgians, but they know no country, and no business, outside of their barges, which they never leave if they can possibly help it.

Between St. Omer and Bethune one of the greatest engineering feats in France has been

accomplished. It is the hydraulic lift of Les Fontinettes.

The country here rises abruptly a height of some 75ft., and to negotiate this sudden rise, the builders of the canal constructed a great water-stair, consisting of five consecutive locks. But it was naturally a slow process for a boat to pass through this series of locks, and, owing to the congestion of the traffic, the passage of Les Fontinettes often could not be accomplished under a week. Now, by the aid of the hydraulic lift, it can be accomplished in about half-an-hour.



The hydraulic lift at Fontenoy, which raised the houseboat 75ft.
1.—The mechanism of the lift. 2.—View from the top.

The principle of the lift is simplicity itself. On top of two enormous pistons, each being 6ft. in diameter, are placed two huge tanks, each capable of accommodating a barge. These pistons work simultaneously on the compensation principle; as a barge is being raised in one tank, another is being lowered in the next. Much of the force required is obtained from the weight of the descending barge, the additional force necessary being derived from hydraulic power.

During the next two or three days our progress was very slow and our experience by no means pleasant, as we had to contend with a series of gales which, owing to the shape of our boats, necessitated our laying-to for most of the time.

Nor was this quite the worst of the journey, for, when able to start again, we found that for the next three days we had to traverse the coal districts, and on anchoring one evening we learned that we had for our immediate neighbour the largest coal mine in the entire country.

After passing some important manufacturing towns, such as Douai and Cambria, we entered the Canal St. Quentin, and at Les Bosquets were taken in tow by a powerful tug for the gruesome part of the journey — a distance of some five miles through a couple of subterranean tunnels.

Exit from the tunnel five miles long.

The method of progression here is worthy of note. A chain, some thirteen miles in length, is laid along the bottom of the canal, and on this the tug works after the style of the steam ferry in use on our rivers. That it wants both guidance as to route and the

The houseboat formed one of a string of barges, over a mile in length, all towed by one tug.

advantage to be derived from gripping the chain is evident, because so much of the journey has to be taken in the dark, and the weight towed is considerable. When we were passing through it had to tow no fewer than forty-six of the monster barges I have described; they formed a train quite a mile in length and were certainly not less than 15,000 tons burthen.

On the outside of this tunnel was an intimation that it was first thrown open for traffic by Napoleon I., and the famous emperor gave a banquet in a cave within the tunnel in celebration of the event.

The tunnel is in its natural rough-hewn state, just as it was cut in the solid rock, and from the roof there was one continuous downpour. Entering the tunnel is the signal for going to bed with the regular bargees, but for half-an-hour afterwards it was alive with the echoes of conversation and laughter; and from afar-off one could hear the drone of an accordion.

It took six hours to make this unpleasant journey, and, to crown all, on emerging we now learned from one of the officials that there was an accident to the machinery, and we could not proceed. It was not pleasant news to us, as we were absolutely without provisions. However, after a long and tedious delay, we were eventually able to proceed.

At Janville, where the course of our journey took us on the Oise, we were treated to a new diversion, the barge boys coming out on strike. This was owing to the transit agent declining to engage a pilot, which, it appears, it is customary to do for this part of the journey. After a few hours, however, the agent fell in with the custom, and the pilot, who thus brought peace to the fold, proved himself a very skilful navigator, and a very pleasant fellow into the bargain.

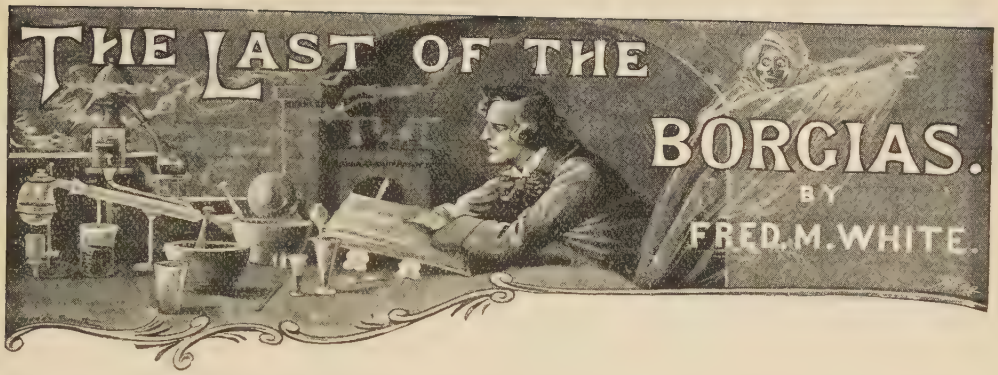
When we reached the Seine our pilot left us, and, with other craft, we were taken in tow by a chain tug.

Here the banks, with their pretty villas and sloping gardens, reminded us of the home *Le Lotus* had left, and soon the Eiffel Tower, and the well-known domes and spires of Paris loomed in the distance.

Exactly three weeks after we had set out from Reading we came to anchor by the Quai at Petit Gennevilliers near Paris, where *Le Lotus* was denuded of her wrappings and once more was displayed in all her glory. Notwithstanding the difficulties encountered in its hazardous transit, she had received but a few scratches which were easily rectified.

The work of rehabilitating her was now smartly proceeded with, and in about a fortnight she was fitted with all her shining balustrades, boxes of flowers, and her canopy, and a few additional ornamentations bestowed on her, so that she was quite ready for transfer to the Countess's representatives; a ceremony which took place at Pont Royal amid mutual congratulations and other courtesies.

The finish of the journey, the Eiffel Tower showing up in the background.



(Being the Strange History of Victor Colonna, Professor of Science, and His Experiments in the Lost Art of Poisoning.)

No. III.—THE HOLY ROSE.

(A Complete Story.)

I.

THE curtain had just fallen on the second act of "Die Meistersinger"; de Reszke's flute-like tones still seemed to linger in the fretted roof. There was a rustling of fans, a shimmer of satin and gloss of pearls as the audience, released from the spell, rippled into conversation. Colonna lounged in his stall, contemplating the brilliant *mise en scène* as one does a striking picture. Then he turned to his companion, a slight little man with restless eye and quick, vivacious manner.

"Is the mouse in the trap yet?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the other who was no less a personage than Sir William Wallace, the great Political Economist. "That is the man in the third box on the grand tier."

"Indeed, he looks a mere boy."

"Young as he looks, Baron Rosalba is nearly forty. Our Cyclopean financiers 'arrive' early nowadays. A most dangerous fellow, Colonna—a genius beyond question, with a nerve of steel and the heart of a tiger where his personal interests are concerned. If he succeeds in his present undertaking, England is doomed."

"So bad as that!" Colonna murmured.

"Oh! I am not exaggerating," Wallace responded gravely. "Consider how Rosalba squeezed our working classes over the Oil Trust. This other affair, of which I got wind quite by accident, is a far more serious thing. If Rosalba is successful, he will control the price of grain and breadstuffs for Europe for years to come. If he liked to say the word we should practically be deprived of bread. Consider for a moment the awful consequences of such a thing. Why that man would be in a position to make terms with us like a conquering sovereign. Frankly, I am frightened, and that is why I came to you."

"Quite so," said Colonna. "If Rosalba were removed——"

"Oh, I don't quite mean that!" Wallace said hastily. "There are more ways of killing a dog than hanging him. If you could cripple that audacious intellect, for instance, or—well, you know how fine is the line between genius and insanity. A tiny pebble cast into a piece of intricate machinery is quite as destructive as a thunderbolt. You take me?"

"Perfectly," Colonna responded. "The process will be expensive."

"My dear fellow, money is no object whatever."

"Very good. You will so arrange it that I can draw what money I require without trouble or delay. As to the rest, everything must be left entirely to me. All I ask you to do is to bring my intended victim and myself together. You know Rosalba intimately, you say. Can you tell me if we have anything in common?"

"One thing in sympathy between you I

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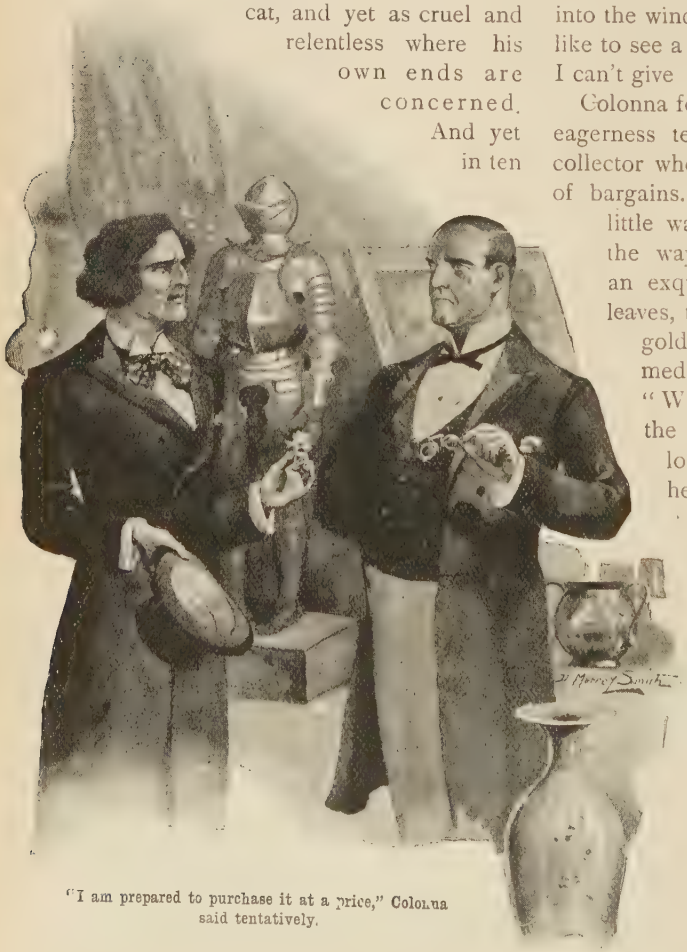
can mention offhand," Wallace replied. "Rosalba has a craze for the collecting of rare and quaint curiosities. He is quite a connoisseur like yourself. I cannot think of anything else."

"It will suffice," said Colonna. "And the sooner we meet, the better."

* * * * *

Colonna came slowly down the marble steps leading from Wallace's town house into Palace Gardens, and took his way eastward. He had left behind him a most congenial luncheon-party, conspicuous amongst whom was Rosalba. A casual conversation on matters ceramic and artistic had drawn the two men together. Colonna did not need to be reminded that a difficult task lay before him, and from the Doctor's features it was evident that he was puzzled.

"Yonder man is the cream of a million," he muttered. "Quiet as a cat, and yet as cruel and relentless where his own ends are concerned. And yet in ten minutes I could reduce him to a babbling idiot for life. Still, one does not care to take a bludgeon to fight a master of fence. How to proceed for the present I know not."



"I am prepared to purchase it at a price," Colonna said tentatively.

Colonna had thought out a dozen schemes, only to abandon them directly. Defeat irritated him for the moment, and retarded the process of deglutition. He resolutely put the thing out of his mind for the present. He strolled along Oxford Street, and from thence along Bond Street, where he was accosted by a tradesman who came out of a certain shop with an eager air. Most people know Tredgold's, that veritable museum of all that is rare and curious.

"Have you got something to show me, Tredgold?" Colonna asked.

"Well, sir, I didn't think of you," Tredgold responded. "But when I saw you looking into the window, it struck me that you might like to see a little thing I picked up yesterday. I can't give it a name for the life of me."

Colonna followed into the dingy shop with eagerness tempered by the caution of the collector who had grown veteran in the battle of bargains. Tredgold produced from a little wash-leather bag a perfect gem in the way of silversmiths' work. It was an exquisite rose, with two sprays of leaves, the flower itself being hammered gold. Evidently the thing was of mediæval design.

"What do you make of it, Doctor?" the dealer asked eagerly. Colonna's eyes flashed. Otherwise he preserved his outward calm.

"It would be difficult to say," he replied. "Symbolic, I should imagine."

"Only one cannot authenticate it. If I did not know where every single specimen was at the present moment, I should say one of the Papal 'Holy Roses' had fallen into my hands. Very likely this is a copy of the one sent by the Pope to Charles V. of Spain. In that case its value is by comparison small."

"I am prepared to purchase it at a price," Colonna said tentatively.

"And, upon my word, I don't know what price to say. Two hundred guineas?"

"Say a hundred and fifty. It is what you people call a pig in a poke, you know."

A few minutes later, and Colonna passed out of the shop with his new treasure in his pocket. He felt the extravagant pleasure of a child with a new toy. Then he hailed a cab, and was driven homeward. Once there he laid the exquisite rose on the table, and contemplated it with sparkling eyes.

"What a treasure!" he exclaimed. "And how fortunate that my family volume should contain an account of this unique thing. What it would fetch, properly authenticated, which is not difficult now, Heaven only knows."

Colonna took the curio from the table, and gently pressed the head of the stem, at the same time taking care to keep his hands well free from the flower. It was well he did so, for from every petal there darted a thin sharp tongue of metal like a curved needle. Each needle on close examination proved to be hollow. Directly the pressure was taken off the stem, they disappeared once more.

"No question about it," Colonna muttered. "It is the veritable thing itself. And—"

Colonna dropped suddenly into a chair. The inspiration he had been seeking came upon him like a blinding flash. The idea was so stupendous that it almost overpowered him for the moment. In an instant the whole scheme in its minutest detail, lay like a map of fire upon the grey tissue of the brain. Rosalba was doomed now.

"The instruments are to my hand," said the plotter, "every puppet in its place, and I have only to pull the strings. Carmen is more or less in my power, and in any case she would do anything for money. She shall be the dainty bait in the gilded cage, and Rosalba shall enter it with his eyes open."

Then Colonna took down a medical treatise from a shelf and became engrossed in its pages until it was time to dress for dinner.

II.

Every London season sees one or more brilliant comets flash across the all too brief empyrean and fall into the boundless darkness again. And in the present year of grace perhaps the most coruscating meteor was Carmen Clay. A beautiful and talented actress, the wife of an American millionaire, Carmen had taken London by storm. The mere fact that she and her husband were not on speaking terms was merely the sauce piquante to the dainty dish.

Colonna knew his fellow Italian well; he could, had he liked, point to the pestiferous refuse heap where this gaudy butterfly was evolved. And when Colonna allowed Carmen's claims to regal blood to pass, she was in a way grateful.

Rich by virtue of her marriage, Carmen was nevertheless always short of money. The Serpent of Old Nile was no more fascinating than she, her smile was one of melting tenderness, what time she was utterly heartless and cruel as the grave. To Colonna this fascinating enigma was as an open book.

He sat opposite to Carmen Clay in the daintiest corner of, perhaps, the daintiest drawing-room in all Kensington. Colonna was ever a welcome guest there. The smiling and easy contempt with which he treated his hostess charmed her.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you want something or you would not be here."

"Absolutely correct," Colonna responded candidly. "I want a great deal."

"Ah! You are aware that I never do anything for—nothing?"

"Dear madam," Colonna murmured, "you pain me. Could it be possible for anyone to know you and pass by as if you were an ordinary woman? To study a character like yours is a living and a constant joy to me."

Carmen's red lips displayed two rows of seed pearls in a caressing smile. A subtle perfume filled the air. The dainty curves of that perfect figure were covered by a foam of lace and a ripple of Liberty inspiration. Cooler heads than Colonna's might have been turned by that picture.

"To be perfectly honest," said Carmen, "I am fearfully hard up. The amount?"

"Two thousand pounds is a deal of money," said Colonna tentatively.

"It is, Colonna; you are going to ask me to do something awful."

"Indeed, I am not. I shall merely give you a lesson to learn, and a congenial part to play. I shall pay for all the cost of stage management, and when the performance is over you will get your cheque. Could anything be more simple?"

"Go on. I am absolutely consumed with curiosity."

"All in good time. Do you happen to have met Baron Rosalba?"

"Two or three times lately. The Baron and myself are quite good friends."

"He is a very rich man," Colonna said drily. "You say he knows how to take care of his wealth. So much the better for my little scheme. Now, as you are doubtless aware, the Baron is a veritable Napoleon of finance. He has a great programme on now which will put millions in his pocket, and may seriously affect the future of Europe—of England especially. Therefore it becomes necessary to frustrate this plan. As to that, I will coach you in due course. To make assurance doubly sure, a paper will be drawn up for the Baron's signature. There will be a concession to *x* which, if signed, will render his plan futile. When you are up in your part you will let the Baron know that you have discovered the plot, and boldly demand his signature."

"Which will assuredly be refused," said Carmen.

"The first time, doubtless," Colonna said coolly. "You will accept this gracefully, and avow your intention of trying again. The next time you will score."

"If any other man had said so, I should have laughed in his face."

"That is a very pretty compliment, *cara*, and none the less so because it is sincere. All the same I am quite sanguine of success. Your part will reach you to-night, and you will get it up without delay. Then you will copy out the concession in your own hand, and take the first opportunity of asking the Baron to sign it. Within a week of this, you are going to send out invitations for a gipsy dance."

"And what may a gipsy dance be?"

"It is going to be a little inspiration of your own. There will be no programmes, no formal supper, and a real gipsy band for music. And there will be no servants. This latter stipulation is important. The guests will be asked from twelve to four, and once they have arrived all doors will be locked to the close. Society is only a big child with a new drum, and society will be charmed. I will take care the thing is properly pushed in the papers. It will cost you nothing."

"That is very nice," Carmen laughed, "but, as far as I can see, it brings us no nearer to the signature of that paper."

"I am just coming to the crux of the thing," Colonna replied. "Of course, we must lay a trap for Rosalba. What is to happen once the bird is caught you will find mapped out in your own part. Here is the cage."

Colonna drew a small box from his pocket, and from the crimson leather within produced the golden rose. Carmen gave a cry of delight.

"How exquisitely lovely!" she exclaimed. "Where did you pick that up? But I fail to see how that pretty thing can affect Rosalba."

Colonna, by way of reply, took up the rose and pressed the stem. He explained the whole working of the needles to Carmen, to her great delight.

"If you open this corona by touching this tiny stud," he said, "you disclose this dial. It looks like a watch, it has works like a watch, but really the thing is a time-clock. If the clock is wound up, and set, say, at twelve, precisely at the hour those curved needles shoot out. They are very long, you see, and if they gripped your arm, for instance, they would retain a hold until pressure was brought to bear upon the stem. Suppose someone steals the thing, and pockets it when set, it would be a case of the Spartan boy and the fox, especially if the man who stole it was so carefully watched that he could not dispose of it."

"Your meaning is not quite plain yet," said Carmen.

"That I now arrive at," Colonna. "Rosalba has a perfect mania for rare and costly

curios, and how rare this is you don't know. I am going to tell him that this is yours, and pique his curiosity. No, I am not going to leave it here now, but it will be placed on a table in your inner drawing-room on the night of the dance. There are two doors to that room, are there not? Good. At a certain time in the evening Rosalba will steal that rose, and you and I will see it done."

"Colonna, you must be raving!"

"Never more sane in my life," Colonna smiled, for the marvels of the book with the silver clasps were uppermost in his mind. "As sure as you are seated there, Rosalba will steal that treasure within five minutes of one o'clock on the night of the dance. The dial will be set for a little after one. Rosalba will place it in his pocket, and then he will discover that we have seen the theft. Scores of honest collectors would do the same thing."

"Colonna, you must be raving!"

"How slow you are!" Carmen said. "And then?"

Colonna smiled quietly.

"You will find all the rest, or so much, at any rate, as I mean you to know, written in your part, which you will follow up to the minutest detail. No, I am not going to tell you any more at present."

"I could strike you! At any rate, you will leave the rose here?"

"No, I cannot even do that, Carmen," Colonna replied. "There are certain reasons why I could not do so. Surely you are satisfied."

"One has to be pliant with you," Carmen replied almost tearfully; "and the money you mentioned will come opportunely."

Then Colonna rose and took his leave.

III.

Rosalba's inscrutable face looked across the circular dining-table to Colonna. The former had dined with the Doctor—a repast absolutely simple, though the wines were rare and curious, quite cameos in their way, as Rosalba remarked.

"I owe you a debt of gratitude for asking me to dine here to-night," said the latter. "Your English Sundays are terribly depressing. But to-night I have dined poetically, and your art treasures are a dream."

"And we finish up the day at Carmen's gipsy dance," Colonna smiled. "Come, *all* English Sundays are not absolutely hopeless. And, by the way, there is one thing at Carmen's you must not omit to see. You will remember, of course, that one of the Popes sent Charles V. of Spain a 'Holy Rose.' You will also recollect that Charles, to get Francis I. of France out of his way, hit upon the happy expedient of copying the rose, and forwarding the poisoned copy to Francis as the original—thereby gaining the latter's friendship and destroying him at the same time.

The affair was discovered, and the plot failed in consequence."

"It did," said Rosalba, "and that famous forgery has never been heard of since."

"You mean not till a few days ago," Colonna said drily.

For once in a way Rosalba displayed signs of excitement. "You don't mean to say the thing is extant!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly I do," Colonna replied. "I have had it in my hands; indeed, at the present time it is in Carmen's drawing-room. But you will see it for yourself presently. I thought you would be interested in my discovery. Come, one more glass of this liqueur, and we will smoke a cigarette and depart. Allow me?"

Colonna took up a clean glass and held it up to the light. There appeared to be on the crystal a fleck of dust that annoyed him, for he took a clean serviette from the sideboard, unfolded it, and then polished the glass afresh. Just for an instant the glass took on a metallic blue, which as instantly faded. He poured out the rare liqueur, and passed it to Rosalba.

"There are only four flasks of that in Europe," he said. Rosalba praised the liquid with the tempered moderation of the connoisseur. As he sipped the last drop, Colonna, with a faint smile flecking his lips, glanced at the clock. Its silver chime struck twelve.

The host pushed the silver cigarette box across the table. "It is time for us to go," he said.

Rosalba was nothing loth. There was a certain suggestion of uneasiness in his manner which Colonna did not fail to notice.

"Do you know," the financier said presently, "that I am conscious of a strange impulse to do something extravagant? Perhaps my nerves are a trifle out of order. And yet I am quite light and buoyant. I had half a mind just now to pick your pocket of your watch—a practical joke, you understand."

"In fact, you have reverted for the moment to the elementary predatory stage of the born financier," Colonna suggested drily. "But here we are."

By this time most of Carmen's guests had assembled. The function promised to be a brilliant one, and the very cream of the "smart" division had gathered there attracted by the novelty of the proceeding. Already dancing was in full swing, and as Colonna and his companion drove up the last carriage was depositing its burden. Carmen was quite free to receive the new comers.

She was looking specially alluring in some clinging drapery with a foam of lace over. Apparently her warmest smile was for Rosalba.

"Positively, you are the last to arrive," she said. "I have given orders for all the doors to be locked. There is no escape till four in the morning. Baron, am I to take your visit here as a good omen?"

"You mean that I shall sign a certain document?" Rosalba asked.

"Yes, you might have changed your mind, perhaps."

"My dear madame, I never change my mind in business matters. If you were a man, you would see the impossibility of your request."

Colonna appeared to be slightly puzzled. In a light and graceful way he conveyed his jealousy of the understanding between Carmen and Rosalba, and suggested that he might be favoured with a share in the mystery.

"No, no," Carmen smiled brilliantly. "This is between the Baron and myself. And I do not despair yet of getting my own way."

Colonna moved away with a suggestion that his presence was *de trop*. He passed into the smaller drawing-room, where he took the "Holy Rose" replica from his pocket, and placed it conspicuously on the table. That Rosalba would be certain to mention the thing, and ask to see it, he knew. Therefore, when the Baron came in accompanied by Carmen he felt no surprise.

"Colonna is here," said the former. "Now, may I beg of you to let me see this unique treasure?"

Carmen shrugged her ivory shoulders carelessly.

"That golden rose you gave me," she explained. "The Baron is most anxious to examine it. Dr. Colonna will act as cicerone

here, because my guests claim my attention."

"The thing is yonder," said Colonna. "Examine it for yourself." Rosalba took up the curio most reverently. He appeared to be engrossed in its examination.

Colonna followed Carmen from the room.

"One word with you," he said. "You are playing your part uncommonly well. I feel certain that everything is absolutely safe in your hands. But one thing keep uppermost in your mind. Do not fail to enter this room by this door precisely on the stroke of one. I have no more to say."

Carmen nodded with a meaning glance, and passed on. Colonna returned to the room where Rosalba stood absolutely engrossed with the golden rose. So enraptured was he that Colonna spoke twice without eliciting a reply.

"You do not doubt its genuineness?" Colonna asked.

"Not for a moment," Rosalba replied. "With a strong glass I can see the secret mark of the famous, or rather infamous, artist upon it. There is no question that our charming hostess has here a treasure worth anything in reason. I made her an offer just now that would have tempted most people, but she refused, or at least she made such conditions as rendered a sale impossible."

Colonna asked no questions, because he knew perfectly well what those conditions were. It was all part of the programme. The main condition was the signing by Rosalba of the concession which would render his gigantic scheme futile.

"I have the first refusal," he said. "There is another peculiarity about the thing which you will appreciate more fully presently.

He became conscious of being watched from either side.

Come and show yourself, there are many people here who are asking for you."

Rosalba dragged himself away with some little difficulty. He seemed absent and strange in his manner, and the inner drawing-room seemed to draw him like a magnet.

Colonna watched everything narrowly from the other side of the room. A gilt clock pointed to a few minutes to one when Colonna missed Rosalba.

The time had come to act. Colonna crept along in the direction of the inner drawing-room, pushing aside the *portière* just as a silver chime struck one. At the same instant, Carmen entered from the other door.

By the table on which lay the Golden Rose stood Rosalba. A trembling hand raised the treasure, and the next instant it lay snug in the financier's breast pocket. Then he

became conscious of being watched from either side. Only for a fraction of a second did Rosalba betray any signs of confusion. Men of his mark are beyond weaknesses of that ordinary mundane kind. The Baron was going to brazen it out.

"Ah," he said gaily, "madame, you are suspicious. I came to have another look at that treasure of yours, and I find it has disappeared."

"Then somebody has stolen it," Carmen replied. "A poor practical joke, perhaps. Still, as all the doors are locked, and nobody can depart without my good will and pleasure, I feel perfectly safe."

Rosalba said nothing for a moment. The lips were pressed firmly together, his face was white, though not with fear. For a second, perhaps, he bent almost double, a great bead of perspiration rolled down his forehead.

A sharp cry of pain escaped him.

As he straightened himself again, a sharp cry of pain escaped him. With his left hand clasped to his side, he shivered with the torture he was enduring.

"You are ill," Colonna said with solicitude. "I will give you brandy."

The doctor passed out hurriedly. Apparently the cordial in question had quite escaped his mind, for a minute later he mingled with the gay crowd of guests there as if he had nothing engrossing on his mind.

Meanwhile Carmen and Rosalba stood facing each other. The infernal little instrument in the Baron's pocket had done its work. He had stolen the treasure precisely in the way and at the time that Colonna had prophesied, and he knew perfectly well that Carmen was aware of the hiding-place of the missing article.

He would brazen it out yet, he told himself. Some diabolical juggling had been practised upon him; he was the victim of a plot. Meanwhile the thing in his pocket seemed to be eating into his very vitals. If Carmen would only leave him alone for a moment that he could restore it to its place.

He plunged his hand furtively into his pocket, but by some means unknown to him the rose had got entangled there. Nothing short of cutting away the lining would be sufficient. Would that woman by his side never go!

"You are ill," Carmen asked.

"I—I shall be better presently," Rosalba gasped. "A sudden spasm. I am not used to them. If I am left alone for a time."

But Carmen declined to move.

"I could not think of such a thing," she declared. "Come with me, and I will find you a cordial. Anyone can see you are suffering agonies."

With a smothered curse upon his lips, Rosalba complied. His face was white and set, but no further groan of pain escaped him. With the sweetest expression of solicitude upon her face, Carmen administered to his requirements. Another guest claimed her attention for a moment, and Rosalba grasped the opportunity.

He threaded his way dexterously through the dancers and made for the hall. Beyond him lay the front door and safety. Another minute and he would be free from that accursed thing. He turned the handle savagely. The door was locked. A languid footman who was standing there respectfully declined to open the portal.

"But I am ill, dying, man!" Rosalba said hoarsely.

"I have not the key, sir," was the reply, "My mistress—"

Rosalba turned away with a groan. Once more he tugged savagely at the accursed thing in his pocket, only to cause himself still more exquisite pain. It seemed to have eaten into his very flesh. In a vague kind of way, Rosalba returned to the drawing-room to be pounced upon by Carmen at once. He suffered himself to be led into the inner drawing-room where he sat down.

"Baron!" Carmen exclaimed. "You have only yourself to thank for this!"

"Why?" Rosalba asked, the combative instinct not yet crushed.

"Because you are a thief," said Carmen; "because you stole my golden rose. To deny it is futile, for both Dr. Colonna and myself saw you. The thing is in your breast pocket at the present moment. You little dreamt of the mechanism contained therein when you elected to play the felon in my house. You can no more get rid of that thing without assistance than you can fly. Am I to denounce you to my guests as a vulgar pilferer who comes here——"

"Enough," Rosalba groaned. "I am not blind; like a fool I have stepped into the trap and, like a fool, I must pay the penalty. Your price?"

"Your signature to the concession I have shown you."

"Which has been dictated to you by a master mind. To do such a thing would be to place a rapier in the hands of my most dangerous foe. I refuse."

Carmen's eyes flashed.

"Very well," she said. "Let us see what powers of endurance you possess. Can you put up with your present pain for nearly three hours? Even then at the end your crime shall be exposed."

Rosalba fumed with futile fury. Already his strength was nearly spent. It was just possible to sign that paper and circumvent Carmen after all.

"I am afraid you have the whip hand of me," he said after a long pause. "The paper!"

From a drawer Carmen produced the document in question. She placed it, together with an inked pen, in Rosalba's hand. He dashed his signature at the foot.

"That is well," said Carmen; "and now I will go and fetch the wherewithal to free you from your pain. I will be no longer than I can help."

So saying, Carmen darted from the room. Immediately outside Colonna was listlessly lounging. With a smile of triumph Carmen placed the paper in his hands.

"Victory," she whispered. "What am I to do now?"

"Carry out the rest of the programme," Colonna replied. "Offer to try and rid Rosalba of his ingenious little Frankenstein. Place your hand in his pocket carefully, and press the stud on the stem of the rose. It is very simple."

With a bright nod of appreciation Carmen returned to the drawing-room. With some little hesitation she carried out Colonna's instructions. A touch of her strong fingers, a little click and the golden rose, apparently simple and harmless, lay in her hand.

"There," she cried, "what surgeon could have done that better?" Something like a sob broke from Rosalba.

"I breathe again," he said hoarsely. "May I look at that instrument of the devil? No, keep it, never do I handle the thing again. And now, madame, having been quite successful in your vile scheme, perhaps you will permit me to depart."

"With pleasure," Carmen replied with the most brilliant of smiles. "I trust that you will bear no malice. I have merely got the better of you in a little financial transaction."

"I bear no malice," Rosalba said grimly, "but if ever you or Colonna come under my thumb, I'll crush you both with the greatest possible pleasure."

After the Baron had at length departed,

Colonna listened with an amused smile to Carmen's graphic description. Then in a carefully careless kind of way he placed the golden rose in a box which he concealed in his pocket.

"Surely you will give me that!" Carmen suggested.

"No," was the firm reply. "There are many reasons against it. And I think you are going to be well paid for your work. Let me compliment you upon it, Carmen. I will see you again sometime in the morning."

* * * * *

Colonna, ruminating over his first matutinal cigarette, was somewhat rudely interrupted by a visitor. Sir William Wallace burst into the room, full of intense excitement.

"Have you seen a morning paper?" he demanded.

"No," Colonna replied. "Is there anything startling?"

"Startling! I should say so indeed, Rosalba has committed suicide. He was found dead in his room early this morning with a bullet in his brains. I hope, Colonna. I hope sincerely that your little scheme——"

"You can make your mind quite easy on that point," Colonna said calmly. "My scheme was quite successful, the concession was duly signed, and if Rosalba committed suicide, beyond question he did it out of mortification. And as long as we have the concession, his representatives, or accomplices, are powerless."

"I must own," Wallace answered, "that you have taken a weight off my mind. Would you mind explaining the *modus operandi*?"

"Delightfully simple. Rosalba was detected in an act of theft in a private house, and he signed the concession as the price of silence. As you are perfectly aware, there is a certain form of hysteria which is part and parcel of the malady called kleptomania. In my formulæ I have a virus which, administered to a person, causes an irresistible desire to pilfer This I administered to Rosalba, designing the poison to produce an effect at a certain time."

"But how could you graduate it to a moment?"

"By personal experiments," Colonna said calmly. "I tried a series of doses on myself, taking care to remain here till the effect had passed. In Rosalba's case the thing acted like clockwork. As to the rest, fate placed in my hands a little instrument that rendered success absolutely certain. When you told me Rosalba had committed suicide, I was as surprised as yourself."

For a long time after his visitor had departed Colonna sat silent and thoughtful in his chair. Then at length he rose.

"There was no occasion to tell Wallace all the truth," he said. "And it was best after all to remove Rosalba. So the formula was right after all, and those poisoned needles in the rose produced the desire for self-destruction, which Lucrezia Borgia claimed for it. To cause your enemy to die by his own hand seems an immense saving of risk and labour."

"He was found dead in his room."

LIQUID AIR.

The Newest Wonder of Science.

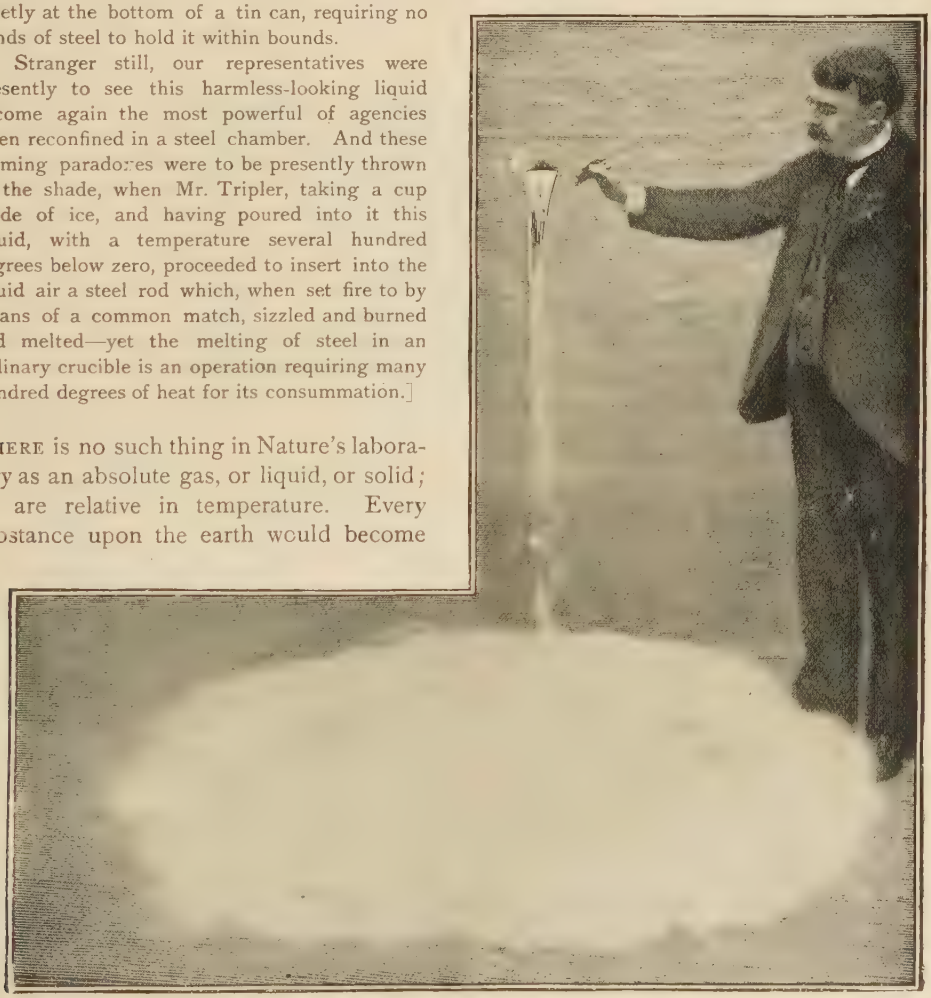
By Charles E. Tripler.

[Editorial Note.—We have been fortunate in obtaining from Mr. Tripler, the famous American scientist, the first authentic account published in this country of his wonderful discovery. Mr. Tripler has succeeded in liquefying air. For the extraordinary properties of this new liquid, and the revolutionising effects of its application to everyday uses, the reader is referred to Mr. Tripler's article and to the wonderful photographs which illustrate it. The experiments for these illustrations were made with a cubic foot of the liquid, which was colourless, except, perhaps—so it seemed to the imagination—a tinge of that blue which one finds in the heavens on a perfectly cloudless day.

Those who witnessed these experiments on behalf of Pearson's Magazine could recall that in the standard natural philosophies, which they had studied as boys, the statement had been laid down that the air which we commonly breathe is not capable of being liquefied. Yet here were eight hundred feet of air compressed into a cubic foot of liquid held in an uncovered ice-cream freezer. Here was a liquid secured by subjecting the air to thousands of pounds pressure; but the liquid which had been under such dangerous pressure now rested quietly at the bottom of a tin can, requiring no bonds of steel to hold it within bounds.

Stranger still, our representatives were presently to see this harmless-looking liquid become again the most powerful of agencies when reconfined in a steel chamber. And these seeming paradoxes were to be presently thrown in the shade, when Mr. Tripler, taking a cup made of ice, and having poured into it this liquid, with a temperature several hundred degrees below zero, proceeded to insert into the liquid air a steel rod which, when set fire to by means of a common match, sizzled and burned and melted—yet the melting of steel in an ordinary crucible is an operation requiring many hundred degrees of heat for its consummation.]

There is no such thing in Nature's laboratory as an absolute gas, or liquid, or solid; all are relative in temperature. Every substance upon the earth would become



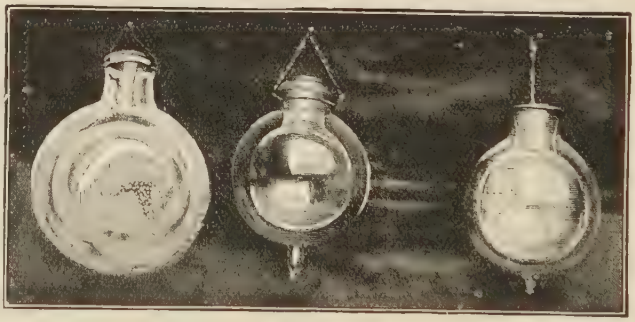
Making billowy clouds of mist without water.

vaporous if subjected to a heat such as prevails in the sun; and there is little doubt that even the most refractory of gases would become congealed into a snowy solid of some sort before reaching that absolute zero of theory which has thus far proved unattainable in practice.

It is an unquestioned fact that all the water upon the earth was once vaporous.

But suppose that the sun's rays should ultimately lose their power—as it is confidently predicted by many physicists—and that the earth should thus become cooled to the temperature indicated above: all the water upon its surface would then appear as a dry, brittle mineral resembling quartz, while the atmosphere would begin to liquefy and fall like dew or rain, forming new lakes and oceans.

To me, after the investigations with which I have been occupied for nearly ten years, such a state of affairs is neither incomprehensible nor incredible. Indeed, the very simplest of my illustrative experiments gives rise to a miniature Niagara of this character. To produce it, I have only to take from the containing vessel about a quart of liquefied air, and slowly pour it out over the flattened edge of the cup, allowing the stream to fall upon the floor—and the cataract appears forthwith, a remarkably perfect representation, with foaming waters and billowy clouds of mist.



A single flask of liquid air instantly covered with frost, and double flasks, with vacuum between, showing no sign of cold.

Liquid air is simply air such as we breathe, from which most of the heat, originally derived from the sun, has been extracted. This I am now able to effect very easily and cheaply, by mechanical means which will be explained later. As a result, some fifteen minutes after the process is started, a clear, frosty-looking liquid begins to pour down from a tube about an inch in diameter, and speedily fills the receptacle placed beneath to receive it. This rate of production can be maintained all day if desired.

Each cubic foot of liquid represents nearly eight hundred cubic feet of ordinary air, and in its expansion as it returns to its gaseous state lies a power of the highest efficiency, easy to control, ready to be harnessed and utilised. Its temperature is about 312 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

If a tumbler be filled with the liquid it boils vigorously, absorbing a portion of the heat around it, and at the end of half-an-hour has completely disappeared, indistinguishably mingled with the air about us, from which it differs only in its greater purity. The tumbler, meanwhile, has become thickly coated with frost. If, however, the liquid be placed in a glass bulb, set inside a larger bulb, with a half-inch space between the two from which the air has been exhausted, it is so protected by this vacuum jacket that it vaporises very slowly, lasting for a number of hours.

In this more quiet state it has the appearance of pure water, except that it shows a pale-blue tint, which intensifies as the evaporation proceeds. There are, in fact, two entirely distinct fluids present—liquefied nitrogen and liquefied oxygen. It is to the latter that the blue tint is due, nitrogen being absolutely limpid.

For transportation — thus far only for experimental use—I place the liquid in a large tin can, or cylinder, holding from three to six gallons. This I wrap with a layer of felt, and, for protection against rough usage, set it inside a slightly larger can of the same sort. Over the top I lay a thick cushion of hair felt, which keeps out heat without preventing free escape of the expanding gases. With this simple arrangement I have kept the liquid for thirty-six hours, and have shipped it

from New York to Washington and to Boston.

There is no difficulty nor danger in handling it, provided reasonable precaution is used and the gases are not confined. It can be ladled up with a tin cup and poured into almost any sort of dish, like so much water. If you chance to drop the cup, however, it will shatter like thin glassware. It is a curious fact that this intensity of cold makes iron and steel extremely brittle. This condition is only temporary, of course.

Copper, gold, silver, aluminium, platinum, and most other metals are not so affected. Neither is leather—luckily, for its use in valves, where it is exposed to great cold, is important; but rubber becomes as friable as so much terra-cotta.

I will now give a brief description of a few of the most interesting of the experiments illustrating the qualities of this extraordinary fluid.

First, I pour a quantity into a basin. Thrust your hand into it. No, I am not joking. You can touch it with perfect impunity, provided you withdraw your hand instantly; you will only experience a slight sensation of coolness. In precisely the same way, you might plunge your finger for a fraction of a second into a pot of molten

Cakes of frozen alcohol.

metal without harm, provided the finger were moist.

In both cases the reason is the same: a thin cushion of vapour is formed next the flesh, which for a moment encases and protects it like a glove—only here the vapour is air, and the heat that liberates it comes from your finger! But do not be too deliberate in your movements, for a pause would mean a frostbite at least. I have received some severe "burns" in consequence of treating liquefied air with undue familiarity, and such injuries heal very slowly.

Dripping alcohol partly frozen.

You will observe that your hand remains perfectly dry; the liquid does not adhere to it. This is as fortunate as it is unexpected—for if it wet your flesh as water does, the slightest contact would be disastrous. If I throw a small portion upon your coat sleeve, the cloth is not moistened, but is so chilled that it becomes white with frost.

An oyster dipped for a moment in a bowl of the liquid becomes as cold as if it had remained in a refrigerator for hours. This makes a very pretty dinner-table experiment; but if you leave the toothsome morsel immersed too long, it becomes as hard as the shell from which it was extracted.

Raw beefsteak may be frozen until it rings, when struck, like a piece of bell-metal. While in this condition, it may be broken in fragments with a hammer and pounded into powder. Butter, similarly treated, may be reduced to a fine, dry dust; fruit and eggs may be pulverised in the same manner.

But these are substances that may be frozen, though not to the same brittle hardness, by the ordinary cold of water. Let us now try something more refractory. Mercury remains liquid at all familiar temperatures, but solidifies at about forty degrees below zero. I place half a pint of it in a paper mould, and pour over the surface a quantity

Boiling tea-kettle filled with ice.

of liquefied air. The "quicksilver," forfeiting all claim to its name, is soon frozen into a rigid bar, resembling a block of tin, but so cold that it would almost blister your flesh to touch it.

In the arctic regions, however, mercury is occasionally frozen by natural cold, and spirit thermometers are used; but these instruments would be quite worthless at the temperatures now attainable by artificial means. This I demonstrate by pouring a pint or so of proof spirits into a vessel containing liquefied air. The alcohol is soon frozen, forming a snowy mass of crystals. By stirring this, I reduce it to the condition of viscid sugar, and easily lift it out with a stick, from which it hangs down in a beautiful icicle seven or eight inches long. By pouring over it a little more liquid air, this may be frozen absolutely rigid.

Meanwhile, the liquid air has been simmering away in its dish, the outer surface of which has become heavily coated with frost. People often say to me: "Why! I thought the stuff was cold, but it is really hot!" In a sense this is true; for it boils while everything about it is frozen solid. And here is the paradox: the harder it boils, the more intense becomes the cold. This fact is well illustrated by the following experiment.

I partly fill a tea-kettle with this anomalous liquid. It promptly boils without fire, but as the metal becomes chilled it appears more quiet. When I place it over the intense heat of a Bunsen burner, it boils rather more vigorously, though without violence—while a sheet of ice gathers on the bottom of the kettle directly over the blaze.

I now drop into the kettle a bit of ice, and the ebullition is greatly accelerated—far more so than by the action of the Bunsen burner. It is as if I had thrown in a hot stone. But when I pour in a few ounces of water the tea-kettle fairly gurgles and boils over, sending up from the spout a long jet of steam, mingled with a spray of spurting drops. The water, however, is almost instantly frozen. I invert the kettle and lumps of ice fall out, stinging cold and as dry as chalk. Power enough has been generated in this process to run an engine.

A somewhat similar experiment is what I am accustomed to call "the geyser." It is quite spectacular, and is one of my favourites.

For this I take a large test-tube (about nine inches long and rather more than an

The geyser.

inch in diameter, and, after pouring in a small portion of liquefied air, close the top with a cork, through which I have passed a slender glass tube; open at both ends and dipping beneath the surface of the inclosed fluid.

When the test-tube thus prepared is immersed in water, the pressure of the "air-steam" generated by its warmth is so great that the cork can hardly be held in place, and the liquid is forced out through the inserted tube in a jet, which rises amid clouds of vapour to a height of several feet, falling in a rain of drops which sprinkle the nearest spectators. And this rain is simply air, "scalding cold." Much the same result is obtained if the test-tube is merely held in the hand; but if contact were maintained for any length of time, the hand would be badly frozen.

Ignition of felt which has been saturated with liquid air.

All the time that we have been engaged in these experiments—indeed, ever since it was drawn from the producing apparatus in my laboratory—our supply of liquid has been slowly boiling away. You will observe that it now appears quite blue, as I pour it out. That is because the nitrogen, being more volatile, has, for the most part, boiled off, leaving a liquid which is nearly 75 per cent. oxygen. The process of separation may be beautifully illustrated in the following manner:

Drops of air, with the nitrogen evaporated, sinking in water.

I set before you a large glass flask, filled with water almost to the neck. Into this I pour an ounce or so of liquid air. At first it floats, the nitrogen being a little lighter than water; but as the nitrogen rapidly vaporises, the oxygen, which is slightly heavier than water, shows a tendency to sink. It gathers in great azure drops, shaped like inverted balloons and as big as marbles, which begin to bob downward, but quickly boil away. As the water chills, however, they dive deeper and deeper, gleaming with iridescent tints; and finally some of them reach the bottom before completely disappearing.

Wool, as you are aware, under ordinary conditions will not burn; it merely scorches and crisps, and gives off unpleasant odours. But when I have saturated a handful of it in liquid oxygen, at the touch of a match it flashes up like so much gunpowder, and is gone in a moment. A mass of felt treated in the same manner burns more like dampened gunpowder, with a series of sputtering flashes, but it also is completely consumed. The next experiment gives a contrast of extremes of cold and heat which is without precedent.

Pouring some of the liquid into a smooth glass tumbler, I dip the bottom into a vessel of water. A thin casing of ice immediately forms about it, but at once begins to crack with the intense cold. By repeated immersions, however, adding coat after coat, I presently get a sort of ice-cup thick enough to bear handling after

the tumbler upon which it has been moulded has been withdrawn.

This ice-cup I partially fill with a liquid now largely oxygen; and when I dip into it the end of a steel wire to which a lighted match is fastened, the hard metal burns explosively, like a fuse, with a brilliant effusion of sparks, so that the chilly crystal about it glows like a lamp. On inspecting the cup after this display of fireworks is ended, you will find that the sizzling metal has covered the bottom with beads and pellets of steel—we have actually melted iron in a crucible of ice!

Steel wire burning in an ice cup.

It remains to show the explosive power of this mysterious liquid under various conditions. I first take a heavy copper tube about a foot long, sealed at the lower end and, having poured in a few drops of liquid air, hammer a closely fitting wooden plug, into the orifice. I have scarcely time to step back before the expanding vapour blows out the plug with a loud explosion, driving it against the ceiling with great force; in the open air I have seen it hurled to a height of three hundred feet. The confined liquid has behaved exactly as water would act in a tube heated white-hot.

Here the action is purely mechanical; but, by taking advantage of the intense chemical activity of oxygen, explosions of far greater violence may be obtained. To illustrate this, I saturate in the azure-tinted liquid a wad of oily cotton waste, and place it in a steel tube of great strength, open at both ends. When a spark is applied—which must be done from a safe distance—the tube is rent in fragments. If the wad were first wet with turpentine, the explosive force would exceed that of gun-cotton.

This compound is well suited for use in shells or torpedoes, and might easily be made a destructive agent of terrible efficiency in war; no thickness of armour-plate could resist its ruthless energy. Moreover, there would be no risk in the handling, as it is not exploded by concussion. It can be discharged only by contact with a spark; the whole effect is produced by rapid—practically instantaneous—combustion.

These experiments are by no means all that could be shown, but must suffice.

It was in 1890 that I discovered some of the principles which I have utilised in liquefying air by a process quite different from any previously employed—a radical departure from the old methods. The process is now so nearly perfected that it is only a step to what is called commercial success. Although my plant is a small one, used only for laboratory purposes, from thirty to forty gallons of liquid air can be produced by it in ten hours.

My aim has been to produce an apparatus which would readily take the heat out of the air and create the most intense cold—a cold so great that the incoming air would liquefy at atmospheric pressure. With steam power and a compressor at the beginning, air is forced into the apparatus, which contains coils, copper pipes and peculiar valves; and the temperature of the air is so reduced that within fifteen minutes from the time the compressor starts, liquid air is pouring out of the faucet. This liquid is then passed into another apparatus to produce a still more intense cold, until such a point is reached that the external air, rushing in through the inlet pipe by its natural pressure to fill the vacuum caused by the condensation, itself becomes liquefied.

"All this is extremely interesting, and more wonderful than magic—but of what use is it?" This question is sure to be asked. To attempt a complete answer now would be premature. Nevertheless, liquid air is no mere curiosity of the laboratory and the lecture-room; its possible uses are manifold, and some of them are of incalculable importance.

Doubtless the most obvious application is for purposes of refrigeration, and to this I have of late been devoting especial attention. Nothing can be imagined better adapted for such a use, since liquid air furnishes a clean, dry cold, easily delivered at any temperature required. With its aid, the transportation of fresh meat, fruits, and the like, to any distance, on either steamships or by rail, becomes a simple matter.

In hotels and other large establishments, the same motive power which is used for running the lifts and driving the dynamos might be turned to account for all kinds of refrigeration; in the heat of summer, it would be no more difficult to cool the air of our apartments than we now find it to warm them in winter—nor would there be any deleterious gases produced, as by combustion, requiring to be carried off through pipes and flues. On the contrary, the incidental product would be like the purest and most bracing mountain air.

The possibilities in medicine and surgery are numerous. By means of this process, air absolutely free from germs could be furnished in any amount; and if the stimulating effect of an excess of oxygen were desired, it could be had without trouble, quite free from the impurities which now often make this gas objectionable. The temperature of hospital wards, even in the tropics, could readily be cooled to any degree prescribed by the physicians in charge; and by keeping the air about yellow fever patients down to the frost point, the nurses would be perfectly protected against contagion and the recovery of the patients themselves facilitated.

Again, the cauterising cold which liquid air is capable of producing might be used in cases of cancer with great advantage, since, while it absolutely destroys the flesh to which it is applied, its action is perfectly under control and can be stopped in an instant.

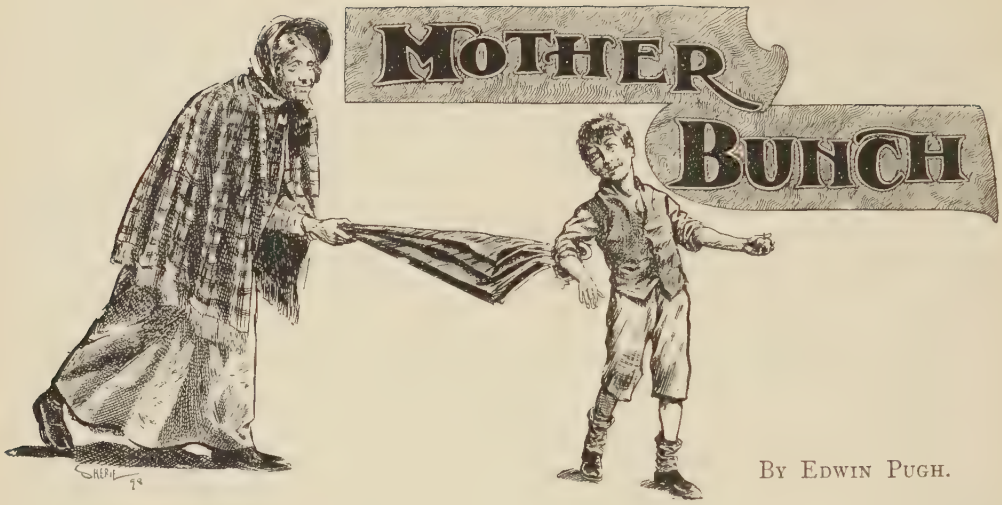
Its possible use as a high explosive in war has already been adverted to. Further, military authorities are already making inquiries as to its application to the cooling of guns when in action; and there is no obvious reason why it should not prove highly efficacious and of great value in this way.

Still more important, however, will be its service as a motive force on warships—or, indeed, on any ships. It can be handled with perfect safety in an ordinary engine, in the same manner as steam but without requiring oppressive heat; for, as we have seen, the ordinary heat of water is quite sufficient. Freed from the necessity of carrying an immense weight of coal, yet furnished with a motor capable of producing any amount of power needed, vessels would be able to make voyages of any length at a speed equalling that of the swiftest torpedo-boats, running at a rate of from forty to forty-five miles per hour. And in submarine boats, the motor itself would supply all the air required for breathing, abundant, cool, and pure, instead of generating overpowering heat and stifling gases, as is the case at present.

It is also worth while considering its application in connection with the difficult problem of aerial navigation, which would probably be solved, since all that is now wanted, practically, is a motor sufficiently light and strong and safe. With liquid air no fire would be needed—the heat of the surrounding atmosphere would be entirely adequate; and for this reason, and because there would be no moisture to affect them, the boilers could be made of paper. Aluminium, scarcely heavier than paper, yet nearly equal to copper in ductility, could be used for the coils, and other necessary parts of the mechanism.

Iron ladle crushed with the fingers after being immersed in liquid air.

The potential applications of liquid air are simply revolutionary; it is probable that even electricity is not destined to be of greater service to mankind. At present, in the best engines, ninety per cent. of the energy theoretically existing in the coal consumed is dissipated. This enormous loss liquid air will enable us to obviate.



By Edwin Pugh.

She passed out through the creaking gates of St. Michael's Workhouse into the dusty, gusty street with a smile of full content upon her wholesome face. It was a bleak day; the sky a scud of leaden clouds; the air wind-bitten and rude.

"Now, I feel sure," said she, within herself, as she gathered her red plaid shawl about her shoulders, and strove to keep her blue cotton gown from flying up over head, "I feel sure as somethink nice is a-goin' to happen to me to-day."

She paused to smile benignly at a grimy little urchin who was grimacing at her from the top of a high post, and began to rummage in her roomy pocket.

"Here, little boy," she said.

The urchin was contrite and ashamed in that instant. He toppled on his post in his agitation.

"What, ma'am?" he faltered.

Mother Bunch produced an apple that had one small brown wound in its smooth green surface, and proffered it to him. The urchin slid down to earth, and ambled toward her shamefacedly. He took the apple from her hand, knuckling his forehead, said: "Thankee, ma'am," and was making off at a high rate of speed, when Mother Bunch hooked him under the arm with the crooked handle of her gingham, and pulled him back, staggering, hand over hand.

"Wait a bit, sonny," she said. "Now, what imp o' mischief made you go an' perch your precious self on top o' that there post?"

"I did it for—jest for fun, ma'am," answered the urchin.

"Fun, was it!" cried Mother Bunch. "Ah, I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear as you've got a mammy over-fond o' you."

"She's not that fond, ma'am," said the urchin. "She do take it out o' me crool sometimes!"

"Dear, dear!" crooned Mother Bunch. "Ah, but she loves you, sonny!"

"I've heerd tell as she do," responded the urchin.

"She loves you tender. An' you a-settin' on a high post that slippery!" She threw up her hands. "Supposin' you had fallen off now, an' bin taken home on a shutter," said Mother Bunch. "That would ha' bin fun for your mother, wouldn't it?"

"She'd ha' bin sorry for them there wallopings as she give me," pondered the urchin.

"It would ha' broke her heart. So don't you go a-doin' of it any more." She tried to compass a look of sternness, and pursed up her mouth to that end, but with meagre success. For Mother Bunch had a face more attuned to mirth than gravity. "Good-bye, sonny," she said, breaking into congenial smiles. "An' don't you go a-settin' on posties again until your poor dear mother is dead."

With that she shook her gingham at him

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and turned and hobbled away, leaving the urchin a perfect Peter of remorse.

Mother Bunch was nigh seventy years old, and very wrinkled and much bent. Her face was of the colour and consistency of a withered Ribstone pippin apple, yellow and red. She had a prying, thin-bridged little nose, a mouth somewhat puckered and indrawn, but still mobile and kind, bright eyes of blue, twinkling and sparkling with fun and good nature, silver hair all ripples and curls, and round bunched cheeks that had thin pink veins, like the lines of a railway map, crossing and recrossing their faded rosiness. Her voice was a thought high toned, and reedy and thin, but instinct with honesty and benevolence. She laughed in a culmination of chuckles. Not many women (and no man, certainly) could have kept that laugh intact through sixty-eight years of trial and vicissitude such as Mother Bunch had seen.

There was never a woman unluckier than Mother Bunch, nor one who complained less of the fickleness of fortune.

Her mother had died when she was a babe. Her father had been a creature inconveniently high spirited, who toiled not, but filled his head with beer-begotten fancies concerning the dignity of the working man. When he died also, Mother Bunch found a second edition of him, newer and in sprucer binding, and she married the Second Edition. And the Second Edition became shabby like the first, and in the fulness of time fuddled himself to death, leaving behind him a Third Edition, brand new and unsoiled. And the Third Edition grew up very weed-like, and got himself into debt, into prison, and finally into a grave, all within twenty-five years.

The end was that Mother Bunch, after battling loyally with adverse circumstance all her days, was forced to seek the troublous calm of the workhouse in the evening of her life. But she wore the pauper clothes as she had worn black eyes in the time of the Three Editions, smiled, and made the best of them.

"Yes," repeated Mother Bunch, as she nimbly plied her faded gingham, and pegged along the dust-blown streets, "I feel sure as somethink nice is a-goin' to happen to me to-day. I've got a sort of presentiment of it."

She had no friends that she knew of with whom to spend this her free day; nowhere to go. But she was not downcast. There were the streets to traverse, old landmarks to observe, the parks to rest in, and, greatest of all, the feeling of emancipation to uphold her. She drew in a deep breath of the untainted air, and plodded on. She turned into a frowsy by-way, and stopped before a drab-coloured, old-fashioned church that stood away back from the pavement. In that church she had been married, and a reminiscent thrill of romance coursed through her old veins at the recollection. She stood peering in between the iron railings at the old stone walls in rapt contemplation. Slowly she became conscious of a small crowd of women and children in her vicinity: a listless, gaping crowd, that stood about the pavement in knots of two or three, kicking out its heels in shivering converse. She turned, and asked a lank, overgrown girl, whose nose and mouth suggested a note of exclamation:

"A weddin', my dear?"

"Yes," said the girl. "A walker, ma'am." She sniffed.

"O," said Mother Bunch. "I s'pose they're inside now?"

The girl nodded. "It's Sue Gates," said she.

"Sue Gates!" echoed Mother Bunch.

"Up at the greengrocery," said the girl.

Then she was suddenly jerked away by a purple-faced matron, and roundly cuffed for talking to a workhouse person.

"Lord bless ye, ma'am!" said Mother Bunch. "You was innocent yourself once." But she said it in an undertone, and the woman did not hear.

"They're coming out!" cried the crowd, and quivered with restless curiosity.

The wedding party issued forth in a hail of rice. First came the bride and bridegroom: she, tremulous in grey and gauze; he, blushing hotly over his inexorable collar, his clenched hands in their white gloves dangling at his sides like pudding-bags; then, the bridesmaids three, self-consciously giggling; last, two old men, fathers of the wedded pair, one stout and ruddy and hale, the other bent and mumbling and mowing and nodding like an aged monkey. They came out at the open gate, still in a gale of

The withered old father cried out: "Mother Bunch!" and broke into a shambling run.

rice and congratulation, and were betaking themselves up the street at a rapid jog, when the withered old father, catching sight of pauper garb in swift flight, cried out shrilly: "Mother Bunch!" and broke into a shambling run.

"Lord bless ye, Mister Gates," panted Mother Bunch, as he caught up with her. "How are you, Mister Gates?"

"Makin' yourself scarce, was you, Mother Bunch," cried Mr. Gates with mock fierceness. "Givin' old friends the go-by, eh! The pride o' the woman! The vanity of 'er!"

"To run away from me on my wedding day," the bride exclaimed pathetically, as the whole party clustered round. "O, Mother Bunch!"

"Why, my dear," exclaimed Mother Bunch, her rosy face dimpling as she bobbed and curtsied among them. "I don't know why I did it, to be sure. For your face is like a glint o' sun in cold weather. It does my heart good to see it. So womanly, an' grow'd up, too. An' I knew you when you was mostly fluff an' flannel, my dear." She shook her head. "My wish is: May you have all the good luck you deserve as a good girl to the core—if that ain't too much to hope for."

"There, there! Trot on," commanded Mr. Gates. "Mother Bunch an' me has got a heap o' love to make to one another." He chuckled as the procession reformed. "Take my arm, Mother Bunch," said he. "Ah, my dear, but it's good to be young again sometimes."

"Young again!" cried Mother Bunch. "I haven't begun yet to leave off being that."

"What age would you put yourself down at now — at this very moment, Mother Bunch?"

"Twenty," she said hardily; "barrin' my legs, which is fifty, nearly. And you?"

"Barrin' my chest, twenty-two," said he. "Why, *we* might be bride and bridegroom, eh!"

"Ah, I'm lookin' high," she gurgled.

"It's lucky we met then," he retorted.

"O, but," cried Mother Bunch, suddenly conscience-stricken, "I'm disgracin' the party. Me—in this dress!"

"I'm sorry you ha' such a bad opinion on us," said he. "I was hopin' as you was a-comin' in to breakfast along o' the rest."

She could not refuse an invitation so delicately offered, and when they came to the greengrocery, she followed him in meek delight to the festive parlour.

It was small, and the large, well-laid table in its mid gave to it a congested aspect. An earthy smell of vegetables filtered in from the adjoining shop, and when the party sat down there seemed to be on a sudden a mild plague of elbows. But these were trifles lighter than the air, and all unheeded.

After the feasting, there were speeches, and a bottle of champagne was opened and poured into a silver mug that Mr. Gates had won in his early yeomanry days. The loving cup was passed and emptied to the health of the newly wed. And stiffly the bridegroom

rose, with the pride of his collar broken and abased, to return thanks.

"A man," said he, "is a man for all that. Come what may, he is a man. And a woman, she's a woman. Come what may, she is a woman. And Sue here, there ain't a better. And may you all do likewise."

Then the party broke up, for the bridegroom, a plumber, had a little job to finish that afternoon, and the bride was all agog to invest her new home. Mother Bunch was departing with the rest, but old Mr. Gates asked her to stay, and when the last visitor had gone, he sat down beside her on the sofa and sighed.

"Cheer up," said Mother Bunch. "Think how happy she's going to be."

"I'm a lonely man, Mother Bunch," said old Mr. Gates.

"Nobody's lonesome, 'cept them as is selfish," said Mother Bunch. "Lord bless ye, Mister Gates, if you only keep your heart warm all the world's your friend."

"You're a good sort, Mother Bunch."

She laughed. "I am a common sort," she replied. "Well! and that is good."

"You're uncommon good," said he.

"You ha' to be bad to be uncommon, Mister Gates. Bless ye! when I think of all the lovingkindness as has bin showered down on me sence I was born, I fairly melt wi' joy at bein' in sech a Christian world."

"You ha' had a hard lot—a hard lot, Mother Bunch," he said.

"Me!" she cried. "Now, there's a thing to say. I've had my ups an' downs, o' course, like the rest, but that's the beauty of it. What's a country-bit now that's all flat — wi' no hills or valleys—but a weariness? Where's the good o' bein' happy if you don't know as you are happy? An' how are you to know if so be you ha'n't got no trouble to set alongside of it? Red's a pretty colour, Mister Gates, but you want another for a change now and then, and to set it off. An' I reckon life is like that, too. An' the best of a real good time is that it never really ends."

"Never ends!" cried Mr. Gates. "An' the wust on it is that it so seldom begins either."

"It never need end if it's properly managed an' bore in mind. It lasts you all your life."

"Has to!" mumbled Mr. Gates. "Sometimes!"

"S'pose things happens to be goin' crooked wi' you, what then? You think o' the last good time you 'ad, an' you say: 'Well, we can't expect to have it *all* roses.' An' that cheers you up, makes you more satisfied. An' if the bad time lasts a bit long you can enjoy your next good time before you get it—an' even if it never comes at all—by thinkin' to yourself: 'Well, somethink nice is bound to happen before long. And it'll be extry nice to make up for this here racketin'.' You see?"

He shook his head dolefully.

"It's all very well to talk," said he, "an' it's kind o' you to try an' cheer me up, but I've lost the best daughter in the world to-day."

The bridegroom rose to return thanks.

"Lost the best daughter in the world, says you. Lost the best daughter. Now, there's reasonin', Mister Gates. Do you think, Mister Gates, as the best daughter in the world is a-goin' to let herself be lost? Why, the ridiculousness o' sech a idea is plain as a pikestaff!"

"Mother Bunch," said he, "you're a old hypocrite. That's what you are."

She was in nowise offended. "Me?" she cried, with a twinkling eye.

"Yes, you," he retorted. "You come to me with all this fandangle about cheerin' up. But tell me, Mother Bunch, what sort of a life 'as yours bin to give *you* any right to expect to be happy?"

He pleated his trousers between his shaking fingers nervously.

"Thank Heaven," said she, "as we poor human creatures don't need to have any right to expect happiness. It's a free gift, given us with our eyes and ears, or we couldn't go on. Right, says you, as if we could ever earn sech a right."

"You've earned it," said he, "if anybody has."

She pursed her mouth in smiling deprecation.

"You have," said he. "Lord, don't I remember! Ain't I know'd you ever since you was a little toddler, an' ain't I seen what a human angel you have always bin? A-givin' of yourself up to others, a-sloggin' an' a-slavin' away from morn to night to make a happy corner somewhere for somebody else. Never for yourself. Ain't I seen you put upon, an' you never once grumbling, but taking everythink as if it was no wuss 'n you deserved, when all the time a million 'arps o' glory would be ridic'lous pay for all you've done an' suffered. Don't I remember your father an' your husband an' your son? The unholy trinity, I calls 'em, I does. The unholy trinity!"

Mother Bunch, with a blanching face, rose suddenly, and began to fumble with her bonnet-strings. Her hands trembled, and her mouth worked weakly. Mr. Gates rose, too, and stared at her.

"What's up?" he gasped.

"You've bin very kind," she quavered, "an' I'm mortal grateful to you for the happy hours I've spent to-day in this here blessed little parlour, but—but I must go now."

"Go!" he cried. "What for?"

"I can't stop," said she, "an' listen to—to——"

"O, Mother Bunch, I'm ever so sorry," he cried. "I never thought! I beg your pardon, Mother Bunch."

"You—you never knew 'em as I did. You—you jedged 'em by the opinions o' wicked slanderers." She began to sob.

Mr. Gates, stricken with remorse, danced about the room.

"Mother Bunch, don't go," he cried. "If you go, I shall think we ain't friends."

"I don't want to go," she faltered; "but——"

"O, don't go," he said. "It'll make me so unhappy. An'—an' I've got somethink

to say to you. It come into my head as we set at breakfast jest now."

She sat down appeased. "What is it?" she asked.

He sat down beside her.

"I'm a lonely old man, Mother Bunch. Yes, I am. An' you're a lonely old woman."

"You've no idea what society there is at Saint Michael's," she protested staunchly. "An' the matron——"

"It's no place for you."

She was silent.

"Now, we've bin very happy together this arternoon, ain't we?"

"Yes."

"You cheer me up. You make me look at the bright side o' life. You make me look at you, Mother Bunch."

"O, Mister Gates!"

He pleated his trousers between his shaking fingers nervously.

"And — and — d'you remember, Mother Bunch—Louie!—ever so long ago when you an' me was sort o' lovers? It never come to nothink, but it might ha' done. For we was fond o' one another. You was fond o' me, eh?"

"I didn't mind you much," faltered she.

"And—and—d'you remember that night when I bought you some steak for your black eye?"

"*I* knew what it was for," she interrupted. "My eye wasn't so big as all that."

"An' you cooked it an' give it to your father instead."

"I don't remember that."

"Mother Bunch—Louie!—why don't you stop here for good wi' me? It ain't up to much, I know, but it's better 'n the workus, and I'm doin' well, and we could coddle one another up in our old age, and it 'd only cost me seven-an'-six, 'cos you got a ring already, an'——"

"O, Mister Gates!" cried she, "how ridic'lous you do talk!"

"Never mind about that. Will you?" he whispered.

"You can't never mean what you say," she replied, and her thoughts strayed to the champagne.

"O, but I do," said he quite soberly, and looking hard into her eyes.

"I'm sixty-nine—a'most."

"I'm seventy-two—quite."

"It's so—so absurd!" murmured Mother Bunch.

He rose with dignity. "I'm not a man wi' the gift o' the gab," said he, "but I mean what I try to say. See here. I'm goin' out to get a breath o' fresh air. If you prefer the workus to me, let me go. If not——"

He kissed her solemnly upon her wrinkled forehead. Then he got up, moved slowly over to the door, opened it, passed out, was closing it——

"Come back!" cried Mother Bunch faintly.

OURSELVES *versus* THE WORLD.

Written and Illustrated by J. Holt Schooling.

The nineteenth century is closing with a clouded sky, and with a troubled sea over which the British Lion stands gazing—alert and expectant, but calm withal. He is not unconscious of approaching danger, but this old beast has been used to danger from the time when he was whelped—and that was a long while ago.

This lion has been badgered somewhat freely of late, and feels he has had enough of it. He is not a Jingo-lion, but he is a lion who has acquired a fair amount of landed property and of vested interests in many parts of the world, and who has a distinctly firm intention to keep what he has got.

* * * * *

The sinister rumours that have been heard during the last few months of an attack upon ourselves by a coalition of other nations suggest that we may make some comparisons between some of our National or Imperial items of strength and those of coalesced nations who might possibly become our active enemies.

Again, the suggestion of alliance with the United States and with Germany that has also been in the public mind points to other comparisons which may be of interest.

Therefore I propose to show some comparisons I have made on the following bases:

I. Ourselves *versus* The World.
II. Anglo-Saxons *versus* The World.
III. Teutons *versus* The World.

This series of three groups of comparisons proceeds symmetrically along a line of ascending strength as regards our side of the comparison, and of descending strength as regards our possible opponents; the Anglo-Saxon Group II. detaches the United States from "The World" of Group I. and adds them to us, while Teuton Group III. detaches Germany from "The World" of Group II. and adds Germany to our side of Group III., thus making up the trio of nations here conveniently termed Teutons, by the use of the broad sense of the word Teuton.

[I may say that several minor nations have, for convenience, been omitted from both sides, and that each of the comparisons which follow is accompanied by a statement of the nations included by each side of the comparison.]

First, we have a comparison of Territory under the respective flags (see No. 1). The nations here compared as regards the area of

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their countries, including their colonies and dependencies, are :

I.

	Square miles.
British Empire	11,371,000
The Rest of the World, viz. :	
Square miles.	
Russia 8,775,000	
France 3,821,000	
United States ... 3,501,000	
Germany 1,229,000	
Spain 603,000	
Italy 299,000	
Austria-Hungary ... 264,000	
	18,492,000

II.

British Empire ...	11,371,000
United States	3,501,000
	14,872,000
The Rest of the World, viz. : Russia, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary	14,991,000

III.

British Empire ...	11,371,000
United States	3,501,000
Germany	1,229,000
	16,101,000
The Rest of the World, viz. : Russia, France, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary	13,762,000

A glance at the flag-staffs in No. 1 shows that while we make a brave show against the seven nations whose combined flags top ours, we have to look at the middle part of No. 1, where the Anglo-Saxon flag stands up against the rest of the world, to see an equality of territory. In the third part of No. 1, the combined Teuton flags top the rest.

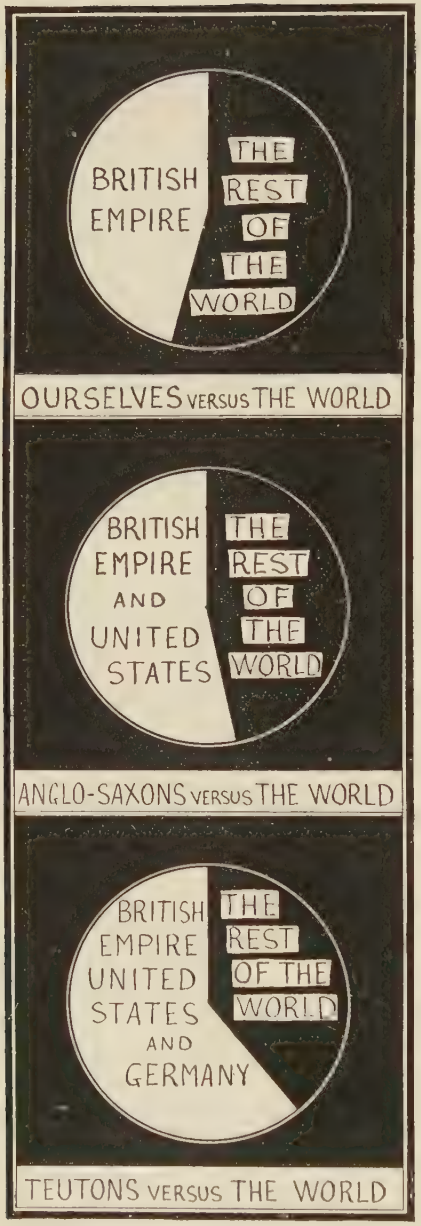
A summary of the above statement gives the following results :—

	Square miles	Share of every 100 square miles.
Ourselves	11,371,000	38 miles.
The Rest of the World...	18,492,000	62 ,,
Total	29,863,000	100 ,,
Anglo-Saxons	14,872,000	50 ,,
The Rest of the World...	14,991,000	50 ,,
Total	29,863,000	100 ,,
Teutons	16,101,000	54 ,,
The Rest of the World...	13,762,000	46 ,,
Total	29,863,000	100 ,,

THE REST OF THE WORLD
BRITISH EMPIRE
OURSELVES VERSUS THE WORLD
BRITISH EMPIRE AND UNITED STATES
THE REST OF THE WORLD
ANGLO-SAXONS VERSUS THE WORLD
BRITISH EMPIRE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY
THE REST OF THE WORLD
TEUTONS VERSUS THE WORLD

No. 1.—A Comparison of Territory, indicated by the varying heights of the flag-staffs.

The most interesting fact brought to light by this comparison of Territory, is that the combined Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes cover territory whose area is equal to


BRITISH EMPIRE
THE REST OF THE WORLD
OURSELVES VERSUS THE WORLD
BRITISH EMPIRE AND UNITED STATES
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ANGLO-SAXONS VERSUS THE WORLD
BRITISH EMPIRE UNITED STATES AND GERMANY
THE REST OF THE WORLD
TEUTONS VERSUS THE WORLD

No. 2.—A Comparison of Population, indicated by the white part and the black part of each of the three discs.

that covered by the combined flags of Russia, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Austria-Hungary.

The superiority as regards Territory of Teutons over the "rest of the world," evidenced by their 54 miles in every 100 square miles of territory set out above, may not improbably be increased at no distant date, for Spain will probably lose her chief colony, Italy is on the down-grade, and Austria-Hungary looks like splitting-up.

After Territory comes Population; this is set out in No. 2. The nations compared are those already mentioned in connection with diagram No. 1, so there is no need to repeat them in detail. I give merely the following summary of populations upon which No. 2 has been based:—

	Millions.	Share of every 100 Persons.
Ourselves	384	46 persons.
The Rest of the World ...	451	54 ,,
Total	835	100 ,,
Anglo-Saxons	447	54 ,,
The Rest of the World ...	388	46 ,,
Total	835	100 ,,
Teutons	510	61 ,,
The Rest of the World ...	325	39 ,,
Total	835	100 ,,

We see from diagram No. 2 that the population of the British Empire is almost equal to that of the rest of the world, which, as already stated, here means Russia, France, United States, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Austria-Hungary—with all their colonies and dependencies; the exact share of the British Empire being 46 persons to 54 persons of the other nationalities mentioned.

Here again, it is the middle part of the diagram which is the most interesting, for it shows that the British Empire and the United States combined are, as regards population, more than equal to the six other nations—Russia, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary.

If we throw in Germany, and so make the trio of Teuton nations illustrated by the bottom part of No. 2, we see that these three nations can show a population of 61 persons to every 39 persons under the combined flags of Russia, France, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary—roughly, 150 persons to their 100.

On this matter of population it may be well to mention that while the British Empire includes, of course, all persons under the British flag—some of whom are rather a nuisance than a help—so also do the figures

for the other nations include "all sorts" that are under their flags.

For example, France is credited above with a colonial population of 53 millions in addition to her home population of 38 millions, and while even Tommy Atkins, after fighting side by side with our dusky soldiers, has been heard to remark that "Fuzzy-Wuzzy *can* fight," one may doubt whether France's colonial population is as useful to her, man for man, as ours is to us. And similarly for the other nations.

We, moreover, have a vastly greater proportion of our own stock scattered about our colonies and dependencies, than is the case with other nations, and, moreover, our colonists make permanent homes where they settle, and in this way are more valuable units in the population of the Empire, than are the colonial units of population that belong to other nations, who have yet to learn the secret of successful colonisation and of turning the native raw material to useful account.

If the old lion has one day to fight for his life against odds, a good deal will depend upon the amount of energy at his command. In this connection one may make a rather useful comparison of the Energy, or daily Working-power, of the nations we are considering.

Whether you are building warships, or houses, or making big guns or bicycles, or tilling land or making cocoa, you are spending energy—and in the event of a war, the more energy that is available the better for those who have it.

If John Bull goes into a really big fight, important as his then existing stock of fighting material will be, yet in the long run of a big fight his stock of energy will, perhaps, be of equal if not of greater value, for a big war against odds would mean large drafts upon the whole available energy and force of this nation, quite apart from the orthodox war-stock of men and material that might be available at any given moment.

By aid of methods commonly used by statisticians it is practicable to measure the Energy, or daily Working-power, of a nation, by reducing to one uniform standard the hand-power, horse-power, steam-power, etc, that is available. For example: "Human energy," says Mulhall, "is by common consent fixed at 300 foot-tons daily for a man, 200 for a woman, 100 for a child between ten and sixteen years of age."

One foot-ton of energy means the energy expended in lifting one ton through the space of one foot. Energy is really moving things about. Human energy, omitting women and children, and including no men above age sixty, works out at about 90 foot-tons daily per head of the population.

As regards horse-power and steam-power, similar methods have been used, thus reducing the daily energy of nations to the common standard of lifting one ton through the space of one foot.

I do not give the actual figures, which are, of course, huge, but merely the respective shares of each group of nations in 100 foot-tons of daily Energy. These are as follow:—

	Share of Energy per 100 foot-tons.
Ourselves *versus* The World	
United Kingdom, Australia, Canada	19
Russia, France, United States, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary	81
Total	100
Anglo-Saxons *versus* The World	
United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, and the United States	50
Russia, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary	50
Total	100
Teutons *versus* The World	
United Kingdom, Australia, Canada, United States, and Germany ...	62
Russia, France, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary	38
Total	100

[Notice here that our Energy includes only that of the United Kingdom, Australia, and Canada—not that of the whole British Empire. The Energy of the other nations includes that of the countries named, not the Energy of their colonies and dependencies.]

We have, roughly, one fifth of the daily working-power, our share being, as shown

above, 19 out of 100: the seven other nations in Ourselves *versus* The World having 81 out of 100 foot-tons of daily Energy.

Is it not curious that the Anglo-Saxon combination keeps working out as equal to the rest of the world? We see that the Energy of Ourselves and the United States combined is equal to that of the six other nations, Russia, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria-Hungary.

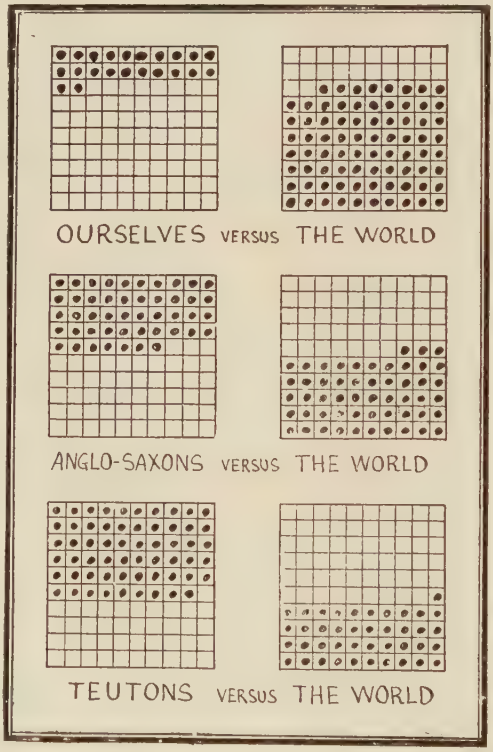
The third part of this statement shows that Teutons beat the rest of the world in daily working-power, the figures being Teutons, 62 per cent., the rest, 38 per cent.

Wealth is another thing that counts in a struggle between nations, although wealth is not so valuable as energy, and this comparison is shown in No. 3. The wealth that is here compared includes the capitalised value of land, cattle, farm implements, houses (capitalised value), furniture, railways, factories, bullion, (uncoined gold and silver), merchandise, etc., etc.; these and other items being estimated by methods employed by statisticians.

Coined money is not included, and the amount of it, although large, is quite small relatively to the great wealth included by the items just mentioned. The coined money of a country is really its small change—useful enough in its way to some of us, but quite too trivial in value to be worth notice in this present comparison of wealth.

The groups of nations compared in No. 3 are identical with those set out in connection with the Energy comparison, and one gets the following summary:—

	Share in every £100 of Wealth.
Ourselves	22
The Rest of the World	78
Total	100
Anglo-Saxons	47
The Rest of the World	53
Total	100
Teutons	59
The Rest of the World	41
Total	100



No. 3.—A Comparison of Wealth, indicated by the black dots which represent the number of pounds sterling in every £100 of wealth (of all sorts) possessed by the above groups of nations.

We, by ourselves—*i.e.*, the United Kingdom, Australia, and Canada—claim £22 in every £100 of this wealth. Add on the United States, and we again reach (nearly) the apparently inevitable equality of Anglo-Saxons *versus* The World: £47 to £53.

This repeated evidence of equality between the combined Anglo-Saxons and the combined six other nations, Russia, France, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Spain, is probably only a remarkable coincidence, but if one did not recognise that coincidence plays an important part in all affairs, one might be persuading one's-self that these comparisons we are looking at are unveiling a natural law—that much abused term—of Anglo-Saxons *versus* The World.

The Yearly Earnings of a nation form another item of comparison that is important when one is comparing strengths. Diagram No. 4 compares the yearly earnings [from agriculture, manufactures, commerce, house

rent, professions, etc.] of the nations we are now considering, the nations in No. 4 being identical with those dealt with in the previous instance. A summary of the amounts earned per annum is as follows:

	Millions sterling.	Share in every £100 earned.
Ourselves	1,821	19
The Rest of the World	8,019	81
Total	9,840	100
Anglo-Saxons ...	4,937	50
The Rest of the World	4,903	50
Total	9,840	100
Teutons	6,221	63
The Rest of the World	3,619	37
Totals	9,840	100

No. 4.—A Comparison of Yearly Earnings, indicated by the varying sizes of the white discs.

We claim about one-fifth of the yearly earnings of the eight nations that here represent the world, and which have already been named. The Anglo-Saxon combination takes just one-half, the yearly earnings of Ourselves *plus* The United States being equal to the combined yearly earnings of Russia, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Austria-Hungary—"Ourselves," including the United Kingdom, Australia, and Canada.

As regards this repeated equality of Anglo-Saxons to the other six nations, I may say that this remarkable series of coincidences was quite unforeseen by me. I decided to compare certain items of strength for the various nations, and the results I am now showing are those that have come out of my investigations. It is perhaps well to say this explicitly, for otherwise some readers might think the series of Anglo-Saxon coincidences now mentioned to be the result of a preconceived design.

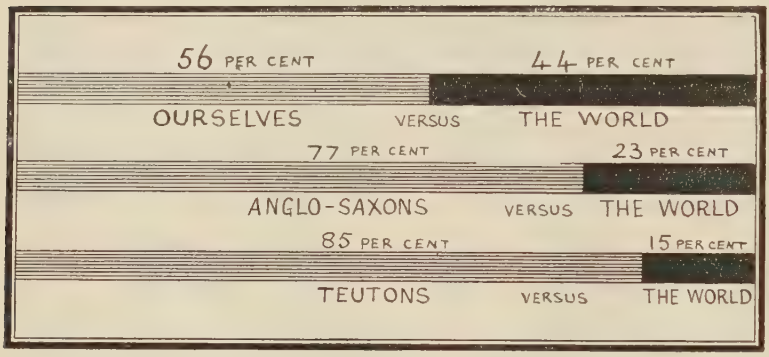
Diagram No. 5 compares the Mercantile Navies of the nations we are contrasting. All small shipping of under 100 tons is omitted, and this No. 5 compares the relative shares of the nations in every 100 tons of Sea-carrying power.

	Share in every 100 tons of sea-carrying power.
Ourselves	56
The Rest of the World ...	44
Total	100
Anglo-Saxons	77
The Rest of the World ...	23
Total	100
Teutons	85
The Rest of the World ...	15
Total	100

The British flag alone is here seen to be more than equal to the combined flags of Russia, France, United States, Germany, Spain, Italy,

and Austria-Hungary. When we combine the United States with ourselves, we take more than three-quarters of the sea-carrying power, and Teutons take 85 per cent. of it, leaving only 15 per cent. for Russia, France, Spain, Italy, and Austria-Hungary combined.

It is not easy to compare the Naval Power of these nations owing to the many differences as regards age, arms, and quality of the battleships, cruisers, torpedo destroyers, torpedo boats, etc., possessed by each nation. But I have attempted this comparison in No. 6 upon the basis of the *tonnage* of the fighting ships built or building on 31st March, 1898, which I have compiled from a 76-page list of Navies recently issued by the Admiralty. This list does not include Spain, but by the light of recent events this omission does not materially affect our comparison. Nor is the Austro-Hungarian navy included—but this is mainly a coast defensive force.



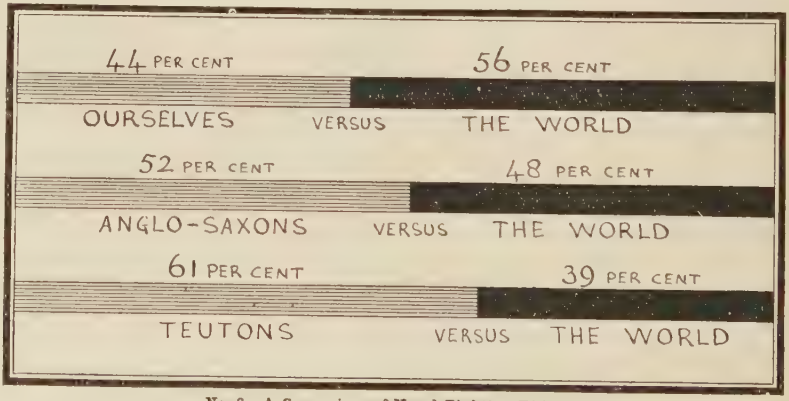
No. 5.—A Comparison of Mercantile Shipping.

We have the following summary :—

	Share in every 100 tons of fighting-ships.
Great Britain	44
Russia, France, United States, Germany, and Italy	56
Total	100

Great Britain and United States ...	52
Russia, France, Germany, and Italy..	48
Total	100
Great Britain, United States, and Germany	61
Russia, France, and Italy	39
Total	100

Anglo-Saxons are here rather more than equal to a combination of Russia, France, Germany, and Italy on this basis of comparing the weight of fighting ships. There are, of course, objections to basing a comparison of Navies on the fighting-weight of the various navies, but so also are there objections to any other basis of comparison I have seen. For even Naval experts differ as to the relative values of big battleships or smaller cruisers, while the practical value of the Torpedo Boat Destroyer is at present unknown.



No. 6.—A Comparison of Naval Fighting Weight.

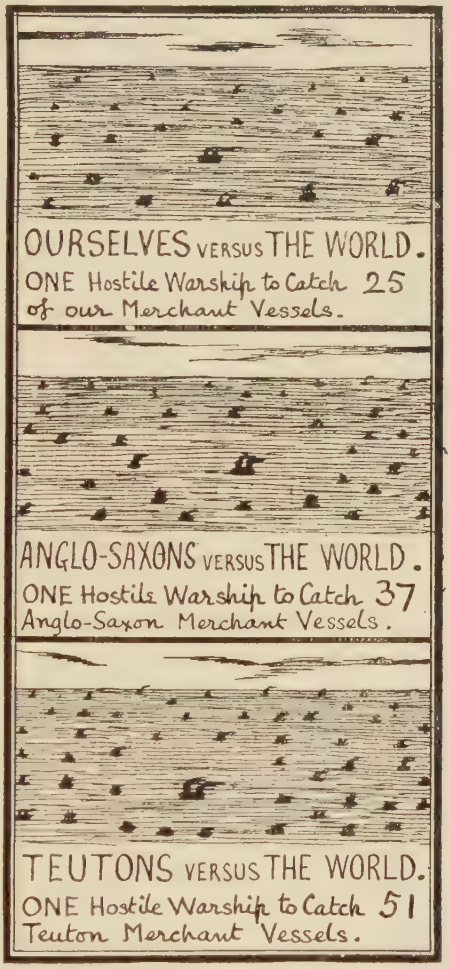
Briefly, in basing my comparison upon the weight of the fighting-ships of all kinds, I have assumed, as likely to be actually true if it comes to a fight, that one ton of British fighting-ship is as good as one ton of somebody-else's fighting-

ship, and diagram No. 6 is the result of this assumption.

If we compare the *numbers* of fighting-ships instead of their *weight*, we get the following result:—

	Share in every 100 Fighting Ships.
Great Britain	28
Russia, France, United States, Germany, and Italy ...	72
Total	100
Great Britain and United States ...	35
Russia, France, Germany, and Italy ...	65
Total	100
Great Britain, United States, and Germany	47
Russia, France, and Italy	53
Total	100

I do not include here any comparison of the Armies of nations. Our Army is simply nowhere by the side of the great land-forces of the other European Powers, and if, in the event of a big war, our Navy failed to give a satisfactory account of the enemy, our regular and auxiliary land-forces would probably be supplemented by the wholesale turning-out of all the able-bodied men in the country—about ten millions of us.


OURSELVES versus THE WORLD.
ONE Hostile Warship to Catch 25
of our Merchant Vessels.
ANGLO-SAXONS versus THE WORLD.
ONE Hostile Warship to Catch 37
Anglo-Saxon Merchant Vessels.
TEUTONS versus THE WORLD.
ONE Hostile Warship to Catch 51
Teuton Merchant Vessels.

No. 7.—The Game of "Catch Who Catch Can," being a rather difficult game for our opponents to play.

(The merchant vessels average 1000 tons each, no small merchant craft being included. The warships include all sorts of warships, even torpedo-boats.)

Finally, I suggest in No. 7 an interesting game of "Catch Who Catch Can." People say that if we went to war we should be unable to obtain food-supplies in this country, as the hostile Navy or Navies would stop our merchant vessels. Would they?

In No. 7 all small merchant shipping of under 100 tons is excluded, and the merchant ships there seen surrounding one solitary hostile warship average 1000 tons each. Moreover, the hostile warship, although shown large in No. 7, might be only a tiny torpedo boat, for in making the comparison shown in No. 7 I have included every warship of a hostile fleet or fleets, from torpedo boats to battleships.

If we stood alone, against the fleets of France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and the United States, each hostile warship would on the average have to stop 25 of our merchant ships (averaging 1000 tons each), and this without leaving to our possible enemies a single warship with which to tackle our Navy. I don't think they could do it, or nearly do it.

But if we and the United States were allies, then the hostile warships of France, Russia, Germany, and Italy would each have to catch 37 Anglo-Saxon merchant ships if they wanted to stop our supplies. And, if Germany made up the trio of Teutons *versus* The World, then each of the hostile warships would have 51 Teuton merchant ships dodging it [or ramming it], and a huge Teuton navy to account for as well.

There are, of course, many other comparisons that might be made; but those I have chosen include, perhaps, some of the most important national stores of strength that would be severely taxed if we had to fight a combination of the other Powers here contrasted with Ourselves.

The Vicomte's Double

E. W. Jennings.

M. de Sartine sat back in his high morocco chair with a perplexed and troubled air. One knee was drawn over the other and clasped nervously in jewelled fingers, while his free hand drummed irritably on the saddle-bag. His sanctum adjoined the royal apartments in the Louvre, and its severe appointments, with rows of iron boxes and disordered litter of official documents, contrasted strangely with the sumptuous hangings and decorations of the walls.

A man of vast capacity was M. de Sartine, and a subtle. Few excelled him in the power of probing human character to its core; none in the art of selecting his instruments for the work to which each was best adapted; and assuredly none in the adroitness with which he subjected a masterful character to the pliant and facile deportment of the courtier. To-day, however, the redoubted Chief of Police was in a strange and restless mood. The frequent glances at the ormolu clock ticking loudly on the chimney piece suggested that he was impatiently awaiting the advent of a visitor and presently his drawn features relaxed somewhat as footsteps were heard without, and a lackey announced the Inspector, Jules Marais. The visitor was a man of medium height, spare and sinewy, with a small hooked nose, and round eyes twinkling with suppressed

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humour; the casual observer saw in Marais a type of official shrewd and alert, whose *bonhomie* discouraged further scrutiny, but M. de Sartine knew that in his most trusted detective lay ready to hand powers of brain and a knowledge, instinctive and acquired, of human nature which excelled his own.

"You are late, Marais," complained the Chief. "This is unwonted in such circumstances."

"Pardon, Monsieur," replied the Inspector calmly, "your clock advances by two minutes and a half. If you will condescend to listen, the hour will sound in eight seconds."

"Well, have you any news?" inquired de Sartine. "Any information to dispel or to increase the suspicion?"

The Inspector's face clouded. "Nothing, truly," replied he; "'tis a most puzzling matter. All that is known is that the young Vicomte de Lamoignac came by his death through a sword thrust dealt with such precision that he can have uttered no word after. Rumour alone has it that M. de Vieuville was seen leaving the house where he was found; an actual witness is not forthcoming."

"The Vicomte de Vieuville," said M. de Sartine, "is the most likely to gain by the death of de Lamoignac, being betrothed to his sister, and that increases the suspicion; but he cannot ultimately benefit while the brother Victor lives."

Marais raised his eyebrows, and glanced round the room in silence, as though his Chief had not spoken.

"Moreover," continued the Lieutenant-Criminel, "it must surely wreck his hopes of alliance with the family, unless everything is cleared in his favour. Have you no other suspicions?"

Still the officer was mute, and a faint smile flickered suddenly in his eyes as he fixed them on the heavy arras hanging from one of the walls.

"What are you doing, Marais?" cried the Chief petulantly. "Why do you gape round the room in that listless fashion? Understand that I cannot, will not, have the murder of a noble in the city go undetected and unavenged. My reputation would crumble to dust. Does de Vieuville give no sign?"

Marais turned quickly. "Nothing, M. le General," he answered; "nothing, though he is shadowed from hour to hour. True, he has behaved strangely of late in strolling disguised through the streets at night, but nothing connects him directly with the crime."

"Disguised—at night!" said de Sartine, startled. "Nay, 'tis suspicious in itself. I am resolved at all events to arrest him. An examination may give some clue—*Sangdieu!* You are wandering again. Attention, I say!"

"Pardon, Monsieur," answered Marais, in a low tone, "I am a great naturalist, as your Excellency is aware, and it interested me that all the flies of Monsieur's apartment should suddenly decide to picnic upon the tapestry."

"*Peste!*" cried the Minister, though with a puzzled look at his subordinate, whose jests he knew were of strange quality. "How dare you trifle thus? I say, have the rumour you speak of traced to its source, and bring me de Vieuville at this hour to-morrow."

"Certainly, M. le General," replied the Inspector, bowing. "It shall be done. Has Monsieur any further instructions?"

"None," replied the Chief slowly, gazing intently into the eyes of the eccentric official. "Stay," he continued sternly. "Marais, your bearing to-day is unaccountable, and if you fail to unravel this mystery I shall suspect your faculties are failing."

"One sense remains to me, at all events," replied Marais—"that of smell. I have discovered that the attraction of your Excellency's flies lies in rosemary." And with these words the official bowed and hastily retired.

His words brought a flash of intelligence to the Minister's eyes. The door was no sooner closed than he rose quietly to his feet, and, darting quickly to the curtain, flung it aside. He was just in time. The door behind was half open, and the parted tapestry revealed a man in the act of precipitate retreat. The General of Police threw back the curtain with a gesture of anger and disgust.

"I will remonstrate with his Majesty," he muttered. "This is the second time the key of his private door has been purloined. To-morrow the lock is changed," and the Minister resumed his seat more irritable and perturbed than ever.

Marais returned to his bureau as vexed and puzzled as his chief.

"Why should the Duke of Chartres take such interest in the affair as to play the eavesdropper?" he muttered to himself. "I would give much to know, for there are hints that a secret duel took place, and that His Highness was not ignorant of some details." The shrewd detective had met with a check for almost the first time in his career. The peculiar nature of his duties had brought him into contact with the whole of the young nobility of Paris. From his character and his renown he was admitted on terms of well nigh intimacy into the exclusive circles of the *haute noblesse*, and he held, or thought he held, the key to all the schemes, intrigues, and secret enmities which permeated these ranks.

He paused and eyed the Inspector proudly.

Now he was nonplussed. A charming youth of magnincent physique and versatile attainments, which held forth promise of the highest career open to one of his ancient house, had a week since been foully stabbed and left to die in a house resorted to by the gilded youth of the capital, and no clue or suspicion had existed save the vague rumour in respect to a young man known to be his devoted friend.

As the officer sat ruminating on the matter a servant announced a visitor, and to his astonishment there entered a youth of stout athletic build, with heavy brows and a huge scar on the left cheek, whom he recognised as the suspected man, Vicomte Henri de Vieuville himself.

The Inspector's features underwent a strange transformation, and to one who was well acquainted with him it was apparent he had suddenly decided on his course of action. He received the Vicomte with a coldness amounting well nigh to discourtesy, and, but half rising, he motioned his visitor to a seat.

The young noble was not slow to remark the churlishness of the reception, unwonted with the popular Inspector, and a crimson flush burst forth upon his brow as he opened the interview.

"I came to you, Marais," he commenced in agitated tones, "as the only man to whom I might turn in my trouble, for you must be aware of the rumours which are abroad; but I see I have miscalculated on your friendship." He paused and eyed the Inspector proudly, while the officer sat unmoved and silent.

"I would learn," the young man continued, "whence these rumours arose. You, at least, know whether I am likely to be guilty. You know my character. You know the Vicomte was my friend, that I—that I love his sister, and that I would have risked my life on his behalf. Speak," he cried, "for God's sake, speak. Why sit with that sphynx-like bearing? Do you doubt me?"

Marais shrugged his shoulders, but remained silent.

"*Sangdieu!*" cried Henri, "this is past bearing. Everywhere I meet with the same treatment. All suspect, none accuse. By the blood! if you do not answer me, I will spit you where you stand."

"If you are dissatisfied at your interview," said the Inspector, "why prolong it?"

"Scoundrel, coward!" cried de Vieuville, beside himself with rage, "dog of a *mouchard!* Why do you not give some reason for your conduct?"

"*Ma foi*, Vicomte," replied Marais, "who calls me a *mouchard* that crawls about at night disguised as a mendicant?"

"And can you not guess my reason?" cried the young noble. "Does it not occur to your clouded brain that I am right in seeking thus to hunt for light on this cursed business?"

"My father was a king's notary," replied Marais, rising and stepping calmly forward; "if I am not a noble by birth, I am noble *de robe*. You will suffer no derogation, Monsieur, in crossing swords with me."

"Then be it so," cried Henri, drawing. "Call your lackeys, and I will write *mouchard* on your face."

Marais touched a bell, and a lackey appeared. "Clear the audience chamber," said the Inspector, "and bring Corbeau and Leuchard as witnesses to a small game this gentleman and I are about to enjoy."

Astounded at the man's coolness, the young noble followed the officer into the large apartment, and in a few minutes each was on his guard. De Vieuville threw himself impetuously upon the Inspector, and for a few minutes the encounter was fierce as though each indeed sought the other's life. Thrust and riposte interchanged, but, though the Vicomte sought furiously to pass the other's blade, he could not find an unguarded spot.

"You wield a passable sword," said the Inspector calmly, "but your work is very unfinished; I note no special botte."

In answer the young man lunged forward fiercer than ever, but as vainly, and at length he saw that in the Inspector he had met a swordsman of a quality rarely found outside a *salle d'armes*.

"That was better," cried Marais, "far better, but the recovery is difficult, and the stroke is rarely now attempted. Let us finish." He passed, and, with a swift parade, disarmed the Vicomte, whose weapon dashed against the wall. Then, throwing his own to the ground, he stepped forward, extending both hands in deprecation of further strife, and his face resumed its wonted *bonhomie* as he dismissed the attendants.

"Bah! Monsieur le Vicomte," he cried, "you could no more have overcome M. de Lamoignac than Guy de Maurevel himself, and I know you still less capable of a foul stroke. Now I will hear you." So saying, he led the Vicomte panting, humiliated, and amazed at the Inspector's bearing, once more to his bureau.

"M. de Vieuville," said he, "I never deemed you guilty of a secret murder, but such affairs as private duels have often occurred, and I wished to satisfy myself. Now tell me, what is your business?"

"I came," said Henri, "to consult with you as to the best means of clearing myself, and at the same time to take steps to find the culprit. You are aware of the vast wealth of the de Lamoignacs, and that I was betrothed to Mlle. Louise; it is from these circumstances foully suggested that I aimed at destroying her brothers. According to this," continued de Vieuville with a bitter smile, "I must also remove Victor, who is as great a swordsman as poor Raoul, and, in addition, must make my peace with the family, my hands dyed in its richest blood. Truly, they set me an heroic task."

"Tell me," said Marais, without answering the bitter effusion of the young noble, "is it or is it not true that you were at the Hotel Malvoisin on the night?"

"It is not," replied de Vieuville, "I was at the Folies Chartres; for a short time, truly, but I was there while the deed was done."

"And it is true that you have been seeking in disguise to find the murderer?"

"Quite true, though 'tis difficult to change my face with these brows, this scar. 'Twould be easier, I think, to imitate my features than to disguise them." And the Vicomte again laughed bitterly.

Marais started. "Fore God!" he cried; "a light word bears oft a strange meaning. Wait."

He paused in his speech and paced the chamber with rapid strides for several minutes, while Henri eyed him in breathless wonder. The Inspector halted in front of the young man and gazed long and earnestly upon his features.

"M. de Vieuville," said he, "you have given me the clue I sought—the clues I should say, for they are many. And moreover, you have uttered a fearful warning. This night—this night I say, unless he is carefully guarded—for counsel will be useless—Victor de Lamoignac will be slain, and by the same hand that slew his brother!"

The young noble blanched, amazed and terrified at the words.

"There is an orgy at the Folies Chartres this night," continued the Inspector; "you must attend."

"I have had no invitation," returned de Vieuville. "Moreover Victor has announced that he will challenge and fight me at our first *rencontre*. I fear not the danger, but——"

"Hold!" cried Marais, "you do not take me. You will go disguised, and, though you cannot warn, you can guard de Lamoignac. You will not see me, but I shall be at hand if danger shows. The servants at the place are sworn to the prince and to no one else—but to me. Polichinelle, the old steward, is bound body and soul to his master's interests—after mine, and, though nothing of the matter will be confided to them, a sister of La Verandole will be accepted if sent from me to take the beldame's place in waiting. I will trouble you to come into this chamber."

Amazed but anxious de Vieuville followed Marais as desired, and, drawing him to a lavatory, the Inspector commenced to lather his heavy brows. Then taking a razor, he skilfully shaved the hair in such fashion that but a thin black arch was left on either side.

"'Tis well," he cried. "If it were not such a weighty matter, you should praise me for my skill in the barber's art. Now take this box and go with all speed to the Folies, well cloaked and unobserved, with this note to La Verandole. The hag was the finest dresser at the Nouveautés thirty years ago, and should still retain her craft. Act the part she will set you, and have your sword at hand, for to-night will happen much of great import to your welfare, or my wits have gone astray."

Uncertain in which alternative to confide his belief, but resolved to follow the counsel of the sagacious inspector, de Vieuville sallied forth.

Night was falling, but many hours must elapse ere the feasting would commence at the Duke's private revel-house. Still there was no reason why Henri should pass the quarter where lay the Château de Lamoignac; rather the reverse, for he had been given to understand in plainest fashion that he was no longer to turn his eyes in the direction of the daughter of the house. Nevertheless, in spite of sager counsel urging him in every way but this, the road he took brought him after a circuitous route to the postern giving on to a remote portion of the grounds, of which he still retained the key. The door yielded easily to his pressure, and a few minutes later he was approaching the shrubbery where he had been wont to meet his love. It was by the merest chance that this was the accustomed hour, and he endeavoured to feign a great surprise when he discerned a white form rise from a seat with a startled cry and make ready to escape.

The lady paused, however, and with questioning eyes scanned intently the vicomte's altered features. Then, as disdaining to enquire the meaning of the change, she first broke silence.

"I am amazed, M. de Vieuville, that you should continue these visits when all intercourse between us has been so sternly forbidden," she said, although the tones were of less harshness than the words.

"I am amazed myself," answered Henri, "though I would but ask why you should seek this spot at such a time alone."

"I am not alone," replied the maiden, "Celestine is within call, and I would have you know that I came but to see—to ask, if you were so indiscreet, that you should restore the key of the postern."

"'Tis for that reason I am come," returned Henri, "and to take a last farewell."

"I am forbidden even to grant that," replied Louise stiffly; "an interview with you on any pretext is to send me to the Filles de Ste. Catherine. I wonder much, Monsieur, that you have forced this painful meeting with such a cloud between us."

"Louise!"

"You are aware of the terrible suspicion, yet your pride will not suffer you to utter one word in your defence."

"It is not necessary, Louise. Would I

believe aught of you in like case? Nay, would you be here if you entertained one idle thought that I could raise my hand against your brother?"

The moon shone out and laved in its silver flood the lovely form that bore itself so coldly before him.

"All this you have said before, Monsieur, and I wonder you have risked your life to repeat it," returned the maiden.

"I am not come for this," replied Henri, "but I am to be arrested to-morrow, and I shall doubtless disappear. I restore to you the key. If I risk death in coming; you say you risk a living tomb in meeting me."

A gentle gasp came from the statue, but it made no further sign.

"Why do you not accept it?" cried the young man passionately. "Take it! I need it no more." And with a fierce sob he cast the key at her feet and turned to fly.

"Henri, Henri!" cried the maid; "stay, I—"

In a moment she was in his arms, his lips on hers, and if indeed a cloud or other matter existed between them, of a truth it occupied but little space.

"I believe nothing," she cried, "nothing, but you do not know all. Learn, then, that after a sacred vow of secrecy I was told—'twas—'twas in a duel, and told by one who swore on holiest relics that he witnessed it."

"*Grand Dieu!*" cried Henri. "Who was the lying hound that slandered me?"

"I dare not break my vow," answered the maid passionately, "I dare not. Suffice to say 'tis one who seeks my hand; but it shall sooner grasp the veil than lie in his. And in spite of this, in spite of all, I believed no word of it. But tell me, Henri, why this mystery? What is it you said but now of your arrest? It is not true?"

"'Tis very truth," answered de Vieuville, "but I have a powerful friend who is assured of my innocence, having tried it in strangest fashion; moreover by to-morrow I may have done much to merit your regard; as you may guess from my disguise, wild doings are afoot, but I will not frighten you, and now—"

A signal sounded, a low cry as of a startled bird, and Louise started back. "Fly," she cried, "'tis Celestine's warning. And, ah, be very wary, for the grounds are patrolled and you may be seen. Adieu."

The Folies Chartres was an edifice constructed in the suburbs by the Duke as a theatre for the entertainment of his friends, and while the outside was of plain and poverty-stricken aspect, the interior was of a garish brilliancy meet for the bacchanalian revels it beheld.

Midnight was near ere the sound of clattering hoofs and rippling laughter heralded the approach of visitors, but a few minutes after the hour had struck the room was swaying with a brilliant crowd of courtly guests. All the *jeunesse dorée* of the capital gathered here, and every courtezan

"Fly," she cried, "'tis Celestine's warning."

who held the valued passport of loveliness or wit.

There was no set performance. Those who chose might dance, for strains of sweetest harmony were ever wafted forth from an unseen orchestra. The gamblers might indulge their passion to the utmost bent. The master genius of the palace, apparelled in a garb of gorgeous satin garnished with English lace, moved gaily through the merry throng smiling a courtly greeting to each guest, and sent the orgie on its way.

"Hither, Polichinelle," he cried to the old steward, "Mlle. la Berryer vows that flames will burst from her throat if you do not at once bring her another flagon. See to it, scoundrel, or I will have that hump of thine tapped with a rougher rod than that of thy Jewish ancestor."

The old man sped off with a swift and silent motion, his huge hooked nose shining, his twinkling eyes alert for signals from the thirsty crowd.

Standing by the fountain at the further end, habited in a darker raiment than his fellows and with a wearied air, was a young man of sombre mien. Few accosted him, and those who did so approached with a sympathetic greeting, for it had been but by special urging from the Prince that he was present; and, although at another time he had been the gayest of the roystering crew, it was plain to all that now a heavy weight of care lay on the heart of the young Vicomte de Lamoignac.

The festival was at its height and the joviality had been increased by a series of mishaps constantly brought about by the maladroit service of a waitress whose ill-performed duties were driving Polichinelle to the verge of madness.

"*Diable emporte la coquine!*" squeaked the little humpback, "what meanest thou by staring at his Highness and listening to every word addressed him? Thou hast more the air of a drunken Swiss than of a servant."

The old man's chiding had been caused by a violent start he had noted in the woman at the announcement of a new arrival. The Prince's attention had however been engrossed by the bearer of the news, to whom he cried in loud tones: "'Tis well, I have expected him these two hours. Let M. de Vieuville enter. He is welcome."

A sudden chill seemed to fall upon the assembly, and an uneasy sentiment arose. Victor de Lamoignac frowned and stepped quickly to his host.

"Nay, then, my friend," cried the Duke, "I know what you would say. But he is my friend. Nothing has been said directly, much less proved against him, and I would not have a man attainted who is innocent. I pray you do not affront him."

The young man moved away without a word, but all around turned to the newcomer with the sense of ill foreboding. The Vicomte de Vieuville entered somewhat nervously, but a quiet hauteur disarmed the sentiment of vague affront with which the guests present regarded his arrival. Nevertheless his reception was not cordial, while as he approached the Duke a loud crash was heard which for the moment distracted all attention.

"*Sacré bleu!*" shrieked little Polichinelle, dancing in a furious rage and forgetful of all decorum, "the *drôlesse* has smashed for a thousand livres of crystal!" For in truth the eyes of the ungainly waitress had no sooner lighted on the visitor than the salver with its flagons and glasses had fallen from her grasp and fragments of broken crystal flew far and wide upon the parquet. However the interruption served to restore the general gaiety, and for a time all continued as before.

A sylvan scene was announced on the stage, and all eyes were turned in that direction. Three nymphs and a shepherd lad, lightly clad in robes of transparent tulle, came forward, and a dance commenced, such as those in which a younger world disported at the *fêtes* of Flora. The dancers, enchanted with the applause, entered fully into the spirit of the revel, and the spectacle was proceeding with the extravagance which gave to these wild scenes their notorious character, when a loud murmuring was heard at the further end of the hall. In a moment all eyes were turned.

The Vicomtes de Vieuville and de Lamoignac stood facing each other, the former with a contemptuous grin.

"*Pardieu!*" cried de Vieuville, "'tis the first time I have heard a man may not raise his eyes to your Lordship. A bee may look at a bull without insult, I take it."

"Aye, provided there be no sting behind his glance," replied de Lamoignac. "You well know the manner of your regard."

"I regard all and any," replied de Vieuville, his heavy brows contracting, "and in what manner I may choose, till I am shown a better."

"That will I do," cried de Lamoignac. "Turn your head, I say!" and at the same moment he seized a huge crystal bowl, and flung the contents full in the face of his enemy.

"Gentlemen, I pray you!" cried the Duke, rushing forward, "I have besought you both not to quarrel. I had hoped this night might prove a lasting peace between you."

But his words were of no avail. Both combatants were at equal heat; neither would hear reason. In a moment they had cleared a space, fiercely repelling all intervention. The ladies shrieked, and fled from the apartment, and the dancers on the stage, unheeded and forgotten, hurriedly retired.

"Gentlemen, I pray you!" cried the Duke, rushing forward.

The Duke shrugged his shoulders in despair. "I can do no more," he cried. "I take you all to witness, gentlemen, that I sought vainly to prevent the encounter, and we can now but insist on fair play."

"*En garde!*" cried de Lamoignac, and, rushing forward, he pressed his antagonist hotly, while the latter stood his ground firmly, repelling the attack with ease. The steel had

no sooner clashed, however, than there came a strange interruption. The old steward stepped forward, and, thrusting a huge salver between the combatants, commanded them to desist.

A loud shout arose, half anger, half derision.

But the man did not flinch, and the duellists having for the moment paused, he stood boldly between them. Something in his demeanour seemed to change! The humble cringing manner was transformed, and his voice from its high falsetto had become a strident bass. But the Duke was in a fury.

"What means this gross impertinence, dog?" he cried. "Hast lost thy wit at seeing an encounter between gentlemen? Or dost wish merely to play the fool? Hence, ere I cane thee to thy kennel!"

"Stay," cried the man, "if you will not regard my word, will this content you?" He drew forth a short ivory staff and held it out. "The game is over, gentlemen," he continued, "perhaps I should also cease my masquerade." With these words he drew away his huge false nose, and, rubbing his face, displayed to the amazed assembly the features of Inspector Marais.

"Dog of a *mouchard!*" cried the Duke, "to the pond with him!"

A dozen rushed forward, but Marais was on the instant a whirl of arms and feet, and three assailants were distributed in as many heaps upon the parquet. Moreover, a strange ally appeared, for the heavy waiting woman stepped quickly to his side, and, with an address and agility equalling the officer's, laid low as many others. Amazement, however, was turned to consternation when the young nobles beheld the Vicomte de Vieuville quickly sheath his sword, leap lightly to the window sill and spring forth.

"Ah!" cried Marais, "the villain has escaped! Way, I say, let me follow." But it was in vain, measures had been taken, and before the Inspector could struggle to the casement the sounds of horses' hoofs were heard galloping out of the courtyard and away into the darkness. Marais drew back panting.

"The curtain is drawn on the first act, gentlemen," said he; "the next scene is in the bureau of M. de Sartine."

"What mean you?" cried the Prince fiercely, though there was a vague tremor in his voice. "Do you dare suggest there has been foul play? Is it my fault that de Vieuville should so play the coward?"

"De Vieuville is no coward," replied Marais. "If you refer to the man who has fled, he is no more the Vicomte than your Highness. He is called Guy de Maurevel, the *maître d'armes* and forger."

"'Tis an ass's lie!" roared the Duke. "I have a mind to spit you where you stand. Let us finish. As you say, the matter shall be cleared before M. de Sartine. Gentlemen, come a half-dozen of you with me, we will seek the General at once. I will teach the cursed *mouchard* to interrupt our pleasure."

A little later a cavalcade set forth from the Folies, and made its way at a swift pace towards the palace of the Louvre.

A cabriolet at the rear of the procession contained two persons—one the Inspector, the other the clumsy waiting woman who had so nearly spoilt her disguise.

"M. le Vicomte," said the officer, "are you aware who seeks the hand of Mlle. de Lamoignac?" Something in his tones seemed to suggest an answer.

Henri started violently. "*Ciel!*" he cried, "you suggest not that it is the Prince?"

"I do suggest it," answered Marais, "and I suggest more. I say that he would never wed a woman who brought him not a famous dower; that the vast wealth of the de Lamoignac would not descend to the maid unless her remaining brother were removed, and that were the lady's lover convicted of the crime the last obstacle would have vanished. It was a pretty scheme and 'twas yourself gave me the first hint. A pity, M. le Vicomte, your face is so easily copied, though you will admit 'twas not a bad resemblance."

De Vieuville answered nothing, but his heart was full, for he knew that ere an hour was passed his fair fame would be restored.

M. de Sartine was not best pleased to be summoned at such an hour, and his ill-humour was apparent as he took his seat and listened to the wrathful plaint of the Duke de Chartres.

"And what have your friends to say?" inquired the Minister gravely, and without conviction, as the recital was brought to a

close, for he knew his Inspector was not prone to fooling. "Can they all swear to de Vieuville's identity? What says M. de Fitz-James?"

"'Twas he beyond a doubt," said the young man; "that is, unless my eyes played me such a trick as I have never known, even at the Folies."

"And M. de Lamoignac?"

"In faith, Monsieur," replied the Vicomte, "I thought 'twas de Vieuville until I crossed swords with him. Then I was puzzled, for 'twas not his style of fence."

Turning to Marais, the General inquired: "Now, Inspector, what is your answer?"

"It is here, your Excellency," answered the officer, "and it requires no words." He motioned to one without, and, to the amazement of all, the waiting woman from the Folies came forward. A few moments sufficed to withdraw her dress, and there stood revealed to the assembled witnesses Henri de Vieuville himself.

There stood revealed Henri de Vieuville himself.

The Duke de Chartres turned livid beneath his powder, and uttered not a syllable. De Sartine's eye detected his emotion, and he signed to all but the Prince to withdraw.

Before the Minister could address the scoundrelly Duke, the arras on the wall parted, and the king, Louis XV. of France, stepped into the room. The Prince fell on his knees, a propitiating look appearing on the bloated face as he turned it towards his royal cousin.

"I understand it all," said his Majesty gravely. "Monsieur le Duc, it is for you to divert public suspicion to the proper quarter as to how young Raoul de Lamoignac came by his death; I will not have de Vieuville longer attainted. Nay, do not speak. I do not say you dealt the blow; you are not arrested, for you are of my blood; but you will remember what the Regent told the Comte de Charolais after a similar event—that the pardon of his murderer was already drawn and signed. Well, I say the same to you." And his Majesty turned and left the apartment without a further sign.

In the ante-chamber of M. de Sartine another scene took place, and the burning joy with which the two young vicomtes embraced amid the congratulations of their friends caused a swelling in the throat even of the tough Inspector.

The patrols ceased in the grounds of de Lamoignac, but, before Henri de Vieuville led to the altar his fair Louise, the brazen Prince was once more the acknowledged master of the revels, and at the Folies Chartres the interrupted duel passed into a famous jest.

How Criminals are Identified

An Account of the Bertillon System and its Introduction into England.

By Tighe Hopkins.

(Illustrated with Photographs taken at Wormwood Scrubbs by W. H. Grove.)

The signal difference between M. Bertillon's system for the identification of criminals and all other systems for that purpose which had preceded it is its scientific basis. The old method adopted in England has worked pretty well in its rather cumbrous way, and it has not yet been discarded; but its use will cease almost entirely when the Bertillon system is completely established and in full working order throughout the English prison service.

M. Bertillon's invention, which was introduced into the penal service of France as long ago as 1882, and which has been applied successfully in Switzerland, Belgium, Bengal, and in parts of the United States and Canada, will be described in detail; but may one ask, first, how many readers know anything of the means ordinarily employed by the English police for the identification of habitual criminals?

From the returns received at the Home Office, two volumes are annually compiled:—

I. *The Habitual Criminals' Register*, containing, among other particulars, the names in alphabetical order and the full descriptions of prisoners at the time of their discharge.

II. *The Register of Distinctive Marks*, in which cases are classified, in nine main divisions, by the position of the marks on the body.

Copies of both these registers are distributed to all police forces throughout the kingdom, but the evidence received by a specially appointed committee in 1893 made it clear (1) that they are not very extensively used, and (2) that even those police forces by whom they are frequently consulted do not by this means make any considerable number of identifications.

Up to the year 1893 the Habitual Criminals' Register was the only agency specially established by Parliament, and intended for general use throughout the country in the work of identifying old offenders. Of the agencies organised by the police themselves the most important is the Convict Supervision Office, which undertakes the task of identifying criminals in the Metropolitan Police District. Here there are alphabetical registers, albums of photographs of all convicts, and a very elaborate register of distinctive marks, with a supplementary record of "tattoo initials and names," for the habitual criminal has a curious weakness for providing the police with this easy means of recognising him.

Apart from the work of the Convict Supervision Office, there is—what is perhaps the most effective method of all—the inspection by prison warders and police of the prisoners remanded to Holloway. The reliance in

this instance is upon the *personal recognition* of the prisoner by some officer through whose hands he may have passed before; and, to be brief, until the year 1893, personal recognition was the basis of the whole of the English system for the identification of habitual criminals.

Clearly, this is not an ideal method. The warder, police officer, or detective, with the memory of a Macaulay, could not possibly keep an exact mental record of all the criminals he had known or seen. Consider, then, the labour involved in ransacking the registers. A smart officer, in his endeavour to identify what he calls a "good" criminal, will spend days in searching the photographic albums at Scotland Yard, and very frequently without result. Chief Inspector Neame has stated in this connection that twenty-one officers searched for twenty-seven prisoners, the time spent being $57\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and made but seven identifications.

It was with a view to securing for the penal service of this country some swifter, more certain, and more scientific method of identification, that Mr. Asquith appointed in 1893 the committee to which reference has been made. It was composed of a capable trio of experts, whose report effected a change little less than revolutionary in the English system, for it was on this recommendation that the "Anthropometric" system of M. Bertillon was introduced into England.

At a first glance the system seems desperately complicated; in practice, it is desperately simple; and it has in addition the conspicuous advantage of a method of classification the most perfect yet devised.

The first essential is a series of correct measurements of your prisoner, measurements which depend on a knowledge of the length and breadth of certain bony parts of the frame, which seldom increase and which seldom diminish after the age of manhood: for practical purposes, in a word, they are invariable in adults. These measurements are never found to coincide in the cases of any two individuals. A.'s head measures at twenty what it will measure at fifty. B.'s head measures at twenty what it will measure at fifty. The figure which represents the size of A.'s head may be, within a shade of difference, the figure which represents the size of B.'s head; but B.'s measurements of finger, foot, forearm, etc., will never so completely coincide with A.'s as to allow of a false identification between the two.

The choice of the measurements to be taken is a special feature of the Bertillon system, and the cards on which these measurements are recorded are so classified that each separate card can be found without the name of the prisoner. He may be included among M. Bertillon's records under any name whatever; if he has once been measured, his identity is traced immediately

Wormwood Scrubbs. Measurement of female prisoner's left forearm.

by the very simple process of measuring him a second time. Wait a moment, and see how quickly it is done: we must note first the measurements which M. Bertillon takes, and their relative importance.

He takes eleven measurements in all:

Height.
Span of arms,
Height of trunk or bust (sitting height),

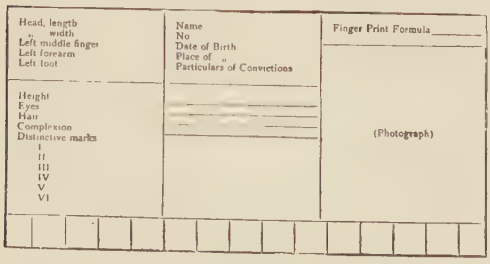
Length of head,
Width of head,
Length of right ear,
Width of right ear,

Length of left foot,
Length of left middle finger,
Length of left little finger, and
Length of left forearm.

In addition to these measurements, M. Bertillon takes particular note of the colour of the eye, and has framed a special category giving seven descriptions of eyes, based on the intensity of the pigmentation of the iris. These are the principal measurements and indications upon which the anthropometric system is founded.

The eleven measurements are not, however, of equal value. There are five of greater importance than the rest, which form the basis of the classification: the length and width of the head, the length of the left middle finger, the length of the left foot, and the length of the left forearm. These are selected as the most constant in each individual, the most varied in different persons, the least correlated to one another, and the easiest to take with accuracy.

The measurements are noted on a card of the following description:—



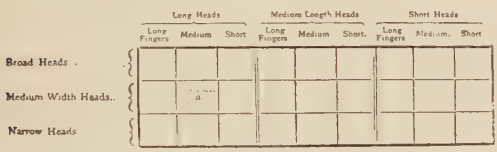
We shall see how simple a task it is to classify almost any number of police photographs, bearing always in mind that, without the anthropometric notifications, a large collection of portraits in the hands of the police is of comparatively small value, for the plain reason that there is no way of reducing it to serviceable order. Unclassified, it means, as we have just seen, that twenty-one detectives may spend $57\frac{1}{2}$ hours searching for twenty-seven prisoners, and consider themselves more or less fortunate in making seven identifications. The assistance which can be rendered by photographs without measurements is casual and fortuitous to a degree, and our own police would probably admit that the camera has not afforded them a hundredth part of the aid which was anticipated from its use.

But now observe with what facility M. Bertillon classifies, let us say, one hundred thousand photographs when the measurements of the prisoners have been noted on the cards. The hundred thousand cartes are divided according to the sexes, casting out twenty thousand portraits of women, and another twenty thousand representing children, who are in a division by themselves. The remaining group of sixty thousand is next divided into three classes of twenty thousand each, according as the prisoners are tall, short, or of medium stature.

Then, taking no further account of height, M. Bertillon goes on to split up each of these primary divisions into three classes; and he has three packets of some six thousand photographs apiece, for the long heads, short heads, and medium heads. Measurement of the heads for width enables the three classes of six thousand to be subdivided into three other classes, and he has three packets of two thousand each, containing respectively the narrow-headed, medium, and wide-headed prisoners. By the measurements of the middle finger these three packets are reduced to a series of six hundred; these in their turn may be reduced to a series of two hundred by the division according to the length of foot; the length of arms reduces these again to about sixty-three; and the division according to the seven classes of eyes gives a final result of nine.

Thus easily has M. Bertillon divided for us his hundred thousand photographs into groups or packets of nine or ten apiece!

In his bureau in the Palais de Justice the classification is carried out in a cabinet of special construction, which is first divided vertically into three compartments for long, medium, and short heads; each of these compartments being divided horizontally into three sections for broad, medium, and narrow heads, and again vertically for long, medium, and short fingers. Thus the whole cabinet is divided into twenty-seven sections in this manner.



Each of the twenty-seven sections is then —as shown by dotted lines at (*a*)—divided into three shelves, in which the cards are arranged according to the length of the foot. Finally, in each shelf there are three drawers, containing respectively the cards in which the forearm is long, medium, and short. There are thus 243 drawers, each containing one class of cards numbering about 400, and, when the five measurements of any prisoner are ascertained, the drawer in which his card will be found can at once be determined.

Yet another sub-division of the cards in each drawer is needed, and this is furnished by the height, the length of the little finger, and the colour of the eye. By the height, the cards in each drawer are separated in three divisions of about 140 each; by the measurement of the little finger each set of 140 is divided into three groups, which are not quite equal—the length of the little finger being too closely related to that of the middle finger to allow of perfect equality between the three divisions. Finally, each of these groups, the largest of which contains about sixty cards, is divided by the colour of the eye into parcels containing on the average seven cards each, but varying in actual number from three or four to fifteen or twenty.

If the reader has still the vestige of a doubt as to the beautiful simplicity of the *système* Bertillon, he shall see it in working. We will take as our subject the prisoner who is being confronted with his own likeness in the photograph on page 310, sent me by M. Bertillon. Who the man is I do not know; we will suppose, however, that he has just been arrested in the Department of the Seine on some unimportant charge and brought to M. Bertillon's bureau for measurement. He gives the name of Joseph Préville, and asserts that he has never before been measured. The police have reason to suspect that both these statements are false.

Now, there are two classifications in the Bertillon system—the alphabetical and the anthropometrical. The alphabetical collection is searched, but no Joseph Préville is there. This, then, is either his first arrest, as he insists, or he is hiding his identity under an assumed name. The business of identifying him might be a troublesome one if M. Bertillon's staff had nothing to help them except their huge bundle of photographs, but the

Wormwood Scrubbs. Head measurement.

anthropometrical classification is at hand, and the next step accordingly is to take the measurements of the self-styled Joseph Préville.

The measurer finds that he has a head of medium length, so the long-headed and the short-headed photographs are cast out. The photographs of criminals with heads of medium length are themselves divided into three classes, according to breadth. Joseph's head is wide, the classes of narrow and medium size are rejected, and the number of photographs is getting smaller and smaller. Joseph's middle finger is measured next, his left forearm, and his left foot.

Wormwood Scrubbs. Measurement of the index finger.

Few photographs remain in the cabinet, the fate of Joseph Préville begins to tremble in the balance. Here, now, is the very last packet, which contains but seven or eight portraits.

Whose photograph is this? If it is not Joseph's it is the portrait of his double: the features are identical, and the measurements tally throughout, but the name is another's. Can Joseph have forgotten his proper name? The photograph in the clerk's hand represents a notorious offender whom the police have long sought for. A little conversation follows:

"You still say that you are Joseph Préville?"

"Yes."

"Born at Toulon?"

"Yes."

"Quite certain you are not Jean François Clairon, born at Calais, twice condemned for housebreaking and once for arson?"

"Quite certain."

"H'm! Open your shirt. I think you have the scar of a burn an inch and a quarter in length on your left shoulder."

Nemesis! The scar is there indeed, and "Joseph Préville" resumes his proper identity as Jean François Clairon.* Compliments to M. Bertillon!

This is the system which we recently took over from France. Mr. Anderson, the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, controls it from New Scotland Yard, and the

Palais de Justice. Crowning proof! The suspect is confronted with an old photograph of himself.

* A case very like the foregoing was traced by M. Bertillon some years ago.

instructor is Dr. Garson, a vice-president of the Anthropological Institute. With certain modifications, the system is worked here as it is worked in Paris, the instruments used in measuring the prisoners being nearly, though not precisely, the same as those of M. Bertillon's invention. As at the Palais de Justice, the measurements are stated in millimètres, which give exactly the degree of accuracy required.

It would, of course, be possible to take the measurements in inches, and in twentieth parts of an inch; but this, as the Committee pointed out, would give awkward and complex figures, while in millimètres a single

Wormwood Scrubbs. The Governor, Captain Price, superintending foot measurements.

number represents each result. No knowledge of the metric system is required on the part of the operator, who has merely to read off the figures from the instrument.

The warders selected for the purpose come up from the provincial prisons to London for instruction — the men to Pentonville, the women to Holloway; and a course of about ten days suffices.

The reader will notice in the upper right-hand corner of the specimen card the words "Finger Print Formula." This represents yet another improvement in our system of identification, which also dates from the introduction of the Bertillon method. The finger prints are taken upon the plan associated with the name of Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., which Mr. Troup's committee considered a more *certain* means of proving identity than any other.

In the space which remains to me it is impossible to give the details of Mr. Galton's reasoning as to the number of possible variations in a single finger print, but the conclusion he arrives at is that the chance of two finger prints being identical is less than one in sixty-four thousand millions.

Reckoning the human race at sixteen hundred millions, there is, therefore, a smaller chance than forty to one that the print of one finger of any person should be exactly like that of any finger of any other person. If, then, in the words of the committee, two finger prints are compared, and are found to coincide exactly, it is practically certain that they are prints of the same finger of the same person; if they differ, the inference is equally certain that they are made by different fingers. The prints of one finger, if clearly taken, are therefore enough to decide the question of identity or non-identity, and if the prints of three or more fingers be taken and compared, all possibility of error is absolutely eliminated.

It was suggested that it would be easy to

alter or remove the finger prints, but they cannot, in fact, be so altered as to render mis-identification possible, while to destroy them altogether would be to create at once a new personal mark of a most distinctive character. The Committee took at Pentonville the finger prints of a hundred prisoners, among whom were stokers, bakers, and tailors; and obtained in every case "perfectly clear and complete finger prints, the only exceptions being a prisoner who had lost a hand, and another who had lost one of his fingers."

Whereas, however, one of the strongest points in favour of M. Bertillon's system is the incomparable method of classification, serious difficulties are found in the attempt to classify finger marks on a very extensive scale. For a small collection of cards, Mr. Galton's system is, in all respects, excellent, but when applied to a collection of many thousands, the difficulty arising from the inequality of the classes is considerable. One class alone includes six per cent. of the whole number of imprints, and several other classes include two or three per cent. each.

I believe Mr. Galton's own impression is that the finger print scheme is not the best for use in connection with a very large quantity of cards, but in association with the Bertillon system it cannot fail to be of good result, for these prints being an absolute impression taken from the body itself, are essentially and indisputably and inevitably correct.

A TELEPHONE RONDEL

THE telephone at your address
Is oft connected with my own—
A handy thing, I must confess,
The telephone!

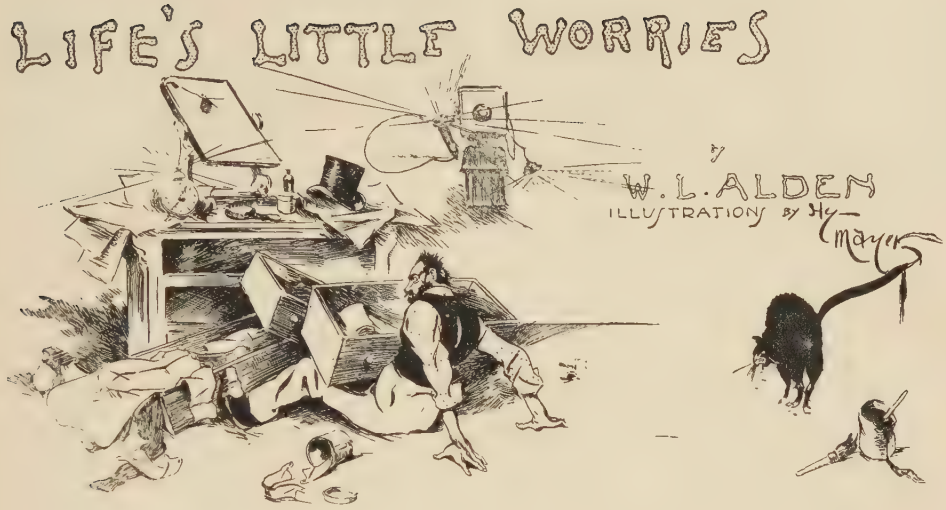
Thro' miles of streets of senseless stone,
I hear your voice a little less
In strength, but true and sweet in tone—

"Hillo! is that you, Jim?"—"Why, yes,
"My dear, and very much alone!"
(And here I tap with tenderness
The telephone.)

"Next week? Oh, what an age!" I groan;
And then I sigh in sore distress
Until along the wire is thrown—

"To-night!" But ere I can express
A thousand blessings, you are flown.
So, "ringing off," I smile, and bless
The telephone!

J. J. BELL.



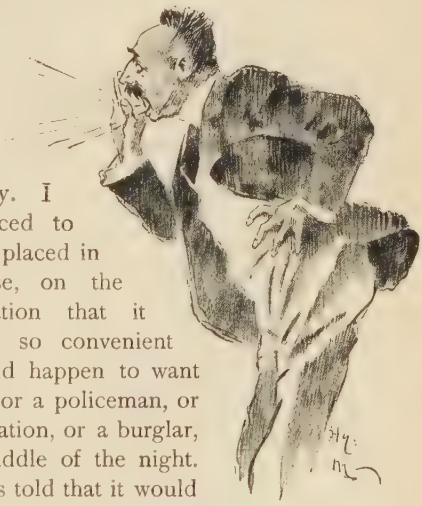
Telephones—Chests of Drawers—Clocks.

For a long time I believed that the telephone was merely a device for misleading innocent persons. You go into an office and ask a man a question which he does not wish to answer. He says that he will telephone to some person of his acquaintance, who will give you the desired answer. Thereupon he goes into an adjoining room and howls a series of questions to the blank wall, or, if the game is played in your presence, he howls into a small mahogany box which is fixed to the wall.

Usually he finds great pretended difficulty in attracting the attention of the person to whom he pretends to speak. Of course, the alleged answers which he receives you cannot hear, and when he has played the game long enough he turns to you and says that the information he has received over the telephone is just the sort of information which you do not want.

All this has to the careful observer the air of a game played for the purpose of deceit, and as I have said, I refused for a long time to believe that any such instrument as the pretended telephone really existed. When Smith yelled "Hullo!" at the wall, and afterwards remarked at intervals, "What?" "Certainly!" "Yes!" "About an hour ago!" "Tell him to go to Halifax!" and like incoherent things, I used to smile, and wonder how men could be so simple as to believe in such transparent trickery.

But within the last year I have learned that the telephone is a reality. I was induced to have one placed in my house, on the representation that it would be so convenient if I should happen to want a doctor or a policeman, or a conflagration, or a burglar, in the middle of the night. Also I was told that it would be a great saving of time and labour for me to communicate with persons by means of the telephone, instead of writing, wiring, or calling upon them. I have had that telephone for nearly four months, and am fully convinced of the existence of a personal Devil, and that his master-piece of iniquity is the invention of the telephone.



About a week after the telephone was installed—any electrical device is always

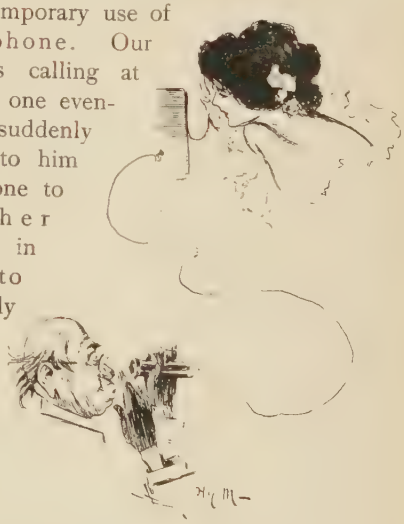
"installed" when it is brought into a house —the cook was suddenly taken ill in the middle of the night, and I was requested to telephone for the doctor. It took me fully ten minutes of prolonged ringing and yelling before I could induce the central office to put me into communication with the doctor. Then I sent an agonised howl through the telephone begging the doctor to come at once.

In the course of the following hour six different persons carried on brief conversations with me, but no one of them was the doctor. In the case of each person it took about ten minutes of hard labour to induce him to say anything intelligible, and when the intelligible remark arrived it was to the effect that the speaker was Brown, or Jones, or Robinson; that he was not a doctor, and that he would inflict personal chastisement on the man who had called him out of bed if he could find the criminal in the morning.

At last, however, my efforts were apparently crowned with success. A wretch, who said he was the person of whom I was in search, promised to call at my house at once. Accordingly, one hour and a quarter after I had first rung the telephone, I received a hurried call from the local undertaker, who insisted that I had telephoned to him to bring a coffin without a moment's delay. I got rid of him at the expense of five shillings and a glass of wine, and I am happy to say that the shock of his visit cured the cook without the aid of any other medicine.

Naturally I was not pleased with this first experience of the telephone, but I cannot say that it has given me any real assistance at any time since it was placed in my house. I never try to use it without finding that the wires are "crossed," and that I am in communication with the wrong persons. Usually such persons wait until I have said all I have to say before informing me that I have made a mistake. This, to a modest man who does not wish to open his private affairs to the general public, is a source of serious worry. If I telephone to an editor asking him the fate of a manuscript, I generally find that instead of talking with an editor I am talking with a fishmonger, or a publican, who tells me that he will send a dozen dry manuscripts at sixty-four shillings to my address, or who swears that the fish was perfectly fresh.

Even worse things happen when friends beg the temporary use of the telephone. Our vicar was calling at my house one evening, and it suddenly occurred to him to telephone to a brother clergyman in regard to some strictly ecclesiastical matter. He placed himself, as he supposed, in communication with his clerical friend, but of course the wires were "crossed," and his answer, couched in language which made the vicar pale with thought, came from a young lady attached to the Alhambra ballet.



After that I disconnected the telephone. It was not worth while to have it taken out of the house, for I had paid the quarter's rent in advance. Members of my family still try to talk through it, not being aware that it has no connection with anything or anybody, and they receive no answers. They have already lost all confidence in a number of their friends for the reason that the latter have, as it is alleged, refused to answer simple and civil questions through the telephone. But this is much preferable to receiving the

wrong answers from the wrong people. I still hear the telephone spoken of, by people who do not use it, as the most ingenious and useful invention of the century; but I know it to be an unmitigated worry, and I have not the slightest doubt that it is filling our asylums, and driving thousands of once respectable men to drink and homicide.

Now that nearly every civilised nation has adopted government by chatter—or, as it is more commonly styled, Parliamentary government—there is a use to which the telephone could be put which would in a measure justify its existence. The members of legislative bodies, instead of meeting together and boring one another, might stop at home, and carry on their debates by telephone. Of course, the telephone wires would constantly become "crossed," but that would add variety and interest to the debates. If the French Chamber, for example, should conduct its daily squabbles by telephone, and if, in consequence of the "crossing" of the wires, every member should be understood by every other member to advocate principles directly opposite to those which he is supposed to hold, the result would be to give a degree of coherence and intelligibility to a French debate which has hitherto never been attained.

Furthermore, if Parliamentary debates were to be conducted exclusively by telephone, the public would not be compelled either to listen to them, or to read the reports of them in the newspapers, for the sufficient reason that it would be physically impossible to report them. Thus the nation would no longer be exasperated by the spectacle of members of Parliament wasting the public time in public. The telephone could not, of course, make Parliamentary government efficient, but it could make it much less of a nuisance than it now is.

* * * * *

In America a chest of drawers is called a bureau. It might, with equal appropriateness, be called an office or a studio. Still the name bureau is short and convenient, and the American shows his practical good sense in declining to waste time by using such an inexcusably clumsy collection of words as "chest of drawers."

Now the bureau, as we will call it, is a very useful article of furniture when the drawers can be pulled out or pushed back with ease. A bureau of this sort is, however, comparatively rare. The drawers of the average bureau refuse to be moved except by sudden jerks, which are trying both to the muscles and the temper. Women have a curious belief that a bureau can be appeased with soap, and therefore they carefully rub soap on the edges of the drawers. The only result of this treatment is that the drawers will pull out with such unexpected suddenness that the person who pulls them out usually sits hastily down on the floor, with a heavy drawer resting on his or her lap.

When the attempt to replace that drawer is made the real fiendishness of the bureau manifests itself. The drawer will refuse to enter into its proper place except to the extent of two inches. It may then be pushed and even kicked for the next half hour before its unwillingness to resume its place can be conquered. The soap with which its edges are covered renders it as unsteady in its proper grooves as a skater making his first attempt to skate. Men who have been called by their wives to wrestle with soaped drawers have been known to swear never again to use soap in any form; and women who have been compelled to suffer without the aid of husbands or brothers have gone to the length of trying to drive the drawer in with a hammer, and have then fallen into strong hysterics at the contemplation of their crushed fingers.

Some years ago a Continental demon invented the drawer without knobs. This form of drawer, which can be operated only with the help of a key, has invaded even this happy land to some extent, and has had its effect

in worrying men and women into early graves. When you wish to open a drawer of this kind you usually find that the key has been mislaid. You then try in vain to open the drawer with scissors or hairpins, and, of course, succeed only in damaging the surface of the bureau. When, after a prolonged search, you do find a key it is usually a key that does not fit, and, although it is in most cases possible to open the drawer with such a key, it invariably damages the keyhole and the patience of the operator.

In hotel bedrooms on the Continent these knobless bureaus are invariably found. They were invented expressly for use in hotels, doubtless by a more than usually diabolical Swiss hotel-keeper. The object of the inventor was to induce travellers to shut up valuable articles in the drawers, and then to be unable to open them and regain their property. It often happens that a lady who merely intends to stop in a hotel during the night, places her jewellery and other valuable articles in the drawer of the bureau, and carefully closes it. When on the following morning she wishes to pack these articles in her bag, she discovers that the bureau drawer has no knobs, and that the key is missing. She labours frantically to open the drawer with her paper cutter, which breaks in the process; with her scissors, which simply bend; and with her comb, which sheds its teeth in vain.

The moment for leaving the hotel and catching her train finds her still trying to open the drawer, and when she finally decides that she can spare no more time, but must start for the train at once, she prays the landlord to find her property and send it after her. Of course, he promises to do so, but equally of course he appropriates whatever he finds when the drawer is opened. The so-called perquisites, which the Continental hotel-keeper derives from keyless drawers, amount in the course of the year to a very considerable sum, and in his view completely justify the ingenuity of the man who invented the keyless drawer.

* * * * *

No clock ever kept accurate time. I say this boldly, and, in proof of the assertion, call for evidence that any two clocks situated in the same house ever kept precisely the same time. You may fill your house with clocks—I knew a man who had ninety—but every one of them will differ from every other by at least thirty seconds. This alone is sufficient proof that no clock is ever right. If such a phenomenon ever did occur, it is at least highly probable that it would occur more than once, in which case at least two clocks could be found to agree. As this has never yet occurred it follows beyond the possibility of doubt that no clock ever tells the exact truth.

It is one of the most dangerous of things to yield to a passion for clocks. It grows on the victim until he becomes a burden to himself and a disgrace to his friends. If a clock would consent to be governed by any possible rule, it would, perhaps, be a useful as well as an innocuous thing; but the clock disdains all rules, and has no fixed habits. It will sometimes gain and sometimes lose, but it evidently gains or loses precisely as the whim takes it.

If you once undertake to tamper with a clock in order to improve it you are lost. There are thousands of men who, in their youth, undertook to regulate clocks, and thereby worried themselves into the condition known as nervous exhaustion among doctors, but styled bad temper among laymen. If you turn the regulator so as to make the clock abandon its habit of losing time, it promptly proceeds to gain at least ten minutes a day. If, on the contrary, you turn it so as to slow the clock, it will invariably lose at least ten minutes a day. You can never induce the clock to avoid running too fast or

too slow. Moderation is a word unknown among clocks. They must either run far too fast or far too slow. To do otherwise

would be to please their owners, which is something a clock will never do.

After running its erratic career for a few months a clock usually strikes work and refuses to run at all, no matter how much you stir up the works with lead pencils, or deluge them with paraffin or salad oil. You thereupon take the clock to the repairer, who keeps it a week, and does nothing to it worth mentioning. A clock will always run of its own accord in a clock maker's shop. Its conduct is analogous to that of the tooth which ceases to ache when you enter the dentist's office. Fearing to be taken to pieces the clock decides to run the moment it is brought to the clockmaker's, and after it has run a week he sends it home with a bill of five shillings for cleaning and regulating.

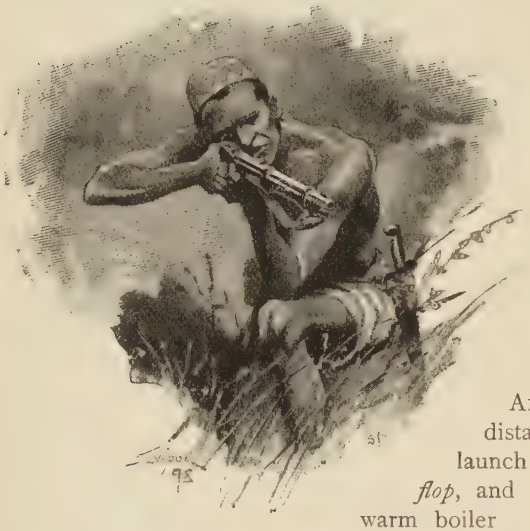
Sanguine men sometimes attempt to save five shillings by cleaning and oiling their own clocks. It is comparatively easy to take a clock out of its case, though it is not so easy to replace it. When the works of the clock are exposed the amateur repairer wipes them carefully with his pocket handkerchief, thereby tangling bits of cotton thread around the wheels. He then pours oil out of his bicycle oil-can into every crevice, and about every joint and axle of the works. Then he replaces the clock in its case, rubs the carpet with a towel to conceal from his wife the oil that he has spilled, and waits for the clock to resume operations.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the clock refuses to do anything of the kind. It considers itself to have been insulted by being cleaned and oiled by an unprofessional hand, and it persists in sulking. Then the amateur repairer angrily takes the clock out of its case again, and scrubs the wheels and axles with an old toothbrush. More oil is applied, and once more the clock is asked to go. Its persistent refusal exasperates its owner to the point of sending it at once to the clockmaker, where it remains for weeks on the plea that it is in a wretched condition, and finally comes home accompanied by a bill for fifteen shillings.

I say nothing of the clock that strikes the hours, and, of course, strikes them wrongly. It is a curious thing that if your clock has a striking arrangement somebody invariably winds it up no matter how anxious you may be to prevent the clock from striking. I know a nervous man who detests a striking clock, and in order to prevent his clock from striking always winds it up himself. Now that clock has two holes in its face. The key is inserted in one of these when the clock is to be wound, and in the other when the striking apparatus is to be wound.

The nervous man never fails to wind his clock, as he supposes, every eight days, but he uniformly forgets which is the hole for winding the clock, and so winds up the striking apparatus. Once wound that clock, of course, continues to strike for eight more days, at the expiration of which time the nervous man again makes the same mistake, and again winds up the striking part. A friend of mine has been doing this to my certain knowledge for more than three years, and the striking of that clock is worrying him to a skeleton, but he will probably continue to make the mistake of winding it in the wrong place so long as the clock is in his house.

The Adventures of Capt. Kettle



By Cutcliffe Hyne.

No. XV.—A QUICK WAY WITH REBELS.

(A Complete Story.)

Another bullet came silently up out of the distance, and the nigger second engineer of the launch gave a queer little whimper and fell down *flop*, and lay with his flat nose snuzzling the still warm boiler A hole, which showed up red and angry against the black wool just underneath his grass cap, made the diagnosis of his injury an easy matter.

The noise of the shot came to them quite a long time afterwards, when the little puff of smoke which had spirted up from the distant sand-bank had already begun to thin under the sunshine; but it was that gun-crack, and not the sight of the dead engineer, which gave the working negroes this final scare. With loud children's cries, and queer dodgings of fear, they pitched down their working tools and fled to where the other black soldiers and passengers were lying on the iron floor plates of the launch, in security below her water line.

The Belgian Commandant from his shelter at the other side of the boiler swore volubly, and Clay, the English doctor, laughed and twanged out a music-hall tune on his banjo. Kettle, intent on getting his vessel once more under command, was for driving the negro crew back to their work by the simple methods peculiar to the British merchant officer. But this Commandant Balliot forbade, and, as he was Kettle's superior in the Congo Free State service, that small mariner had (very much against the grain) to obey.

"We shall have these fellows rebelling next," said the Commandant, "if you push them too hard; and if they join the rest, where shall we be?"

"There are a thousand of your troops in the mutiny already, according to your tally," said Kettle stiffly, "and I don't see that if this hundred joined them it would make much difference to us, one way or the other. Besides," he added, almost persuasively, "if I had the handling of them, they would not join the others. They would stay here and do as they were told."

"Captain Kettle," snapped the Commandant, "you have heard my orders. If I have any more of this hectoring spirit from you, I shall report your conduct when we get back to Stanley Pool."

"You may report till you're black in the face," said Kettle truculently; "but if you don't put a bit more backbone into things, you'll do it as a ghost and not as a live man. Look at your record up to date. You come up here at the head of a fine expedition; you set your soldiers to squeeze the tribes for rubber and ivory; they don't bring in enough niggers' ears to show that they've used their cartridges successfully, and so you shoot them down in batches; and then you aren't man enough to keep your grip on them, but when

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they've had enough of your treatment, they just start in and rebel."

"One man can't fight a thousand."

"You can't, anyway. If the Doc and I had turned up with this launch half-an-hour later, your excellent troops would have knocked you on the head and chopped you afterwards. But I'd like to remind you that we ran in-shore and took you away in spite of their teeth."

"You are very brave," sneered the Commandant, "you and Monsieur le Docteur."

"Well, you see," said Kettle with cheerful insult, "our grandfathers didn't run away at Waterloo, and that gives us something to go upon."

"I put you under arrest," screamed the Belgian. "I will have satisfaction for this later. I——"

"Steady on," said Clay with a yawn. He put down his banjo, stretched, and stood up. Behind him the bullets pattered merrily against the iron plating. "Why on earth do you two keep on nagging? Look at me—I'm half drunk as usual, and I'm as happy as a lord. Take a peg each of you, and sweeten your tempers."

They glared at him from each side.

"Now it's not the least use either of you trying to quarrel with me. We might as well all be friends together for the little time we've got. We've a good deal in common: we're all bad eggs, and we're none of us fit for our billets. Monsieur le Commandant, you were a sous-officier in Belgium who made Brussels too hot to hold you; you come out here with other *ámes damnées*; and you're sent to govern a district the size of Russia, which is a lot beyond your weight.

"Friend Kettle, you put a steamer on the ground in the lower Congo; you probably had a bad record elsewhere, or you'd never have drifted to the Congo service at all; and now you're up here on the Haut Congo skippering a rubbishy fourpenny stern-wheel launch, which of course is a lot beneath your precious dignity.

"And I—well, I once had a practice at home; and got into a row over a woman; and when the row was through, well, where was the practice? I came out here because no one will look at me in any other quarter of the globe. I get wretched pay, and I do as little as I possibly can for it. I'm half-seas over every day of the week, and I'm liked because I can play the banjo."

"I don't see what good you're getting by abuse like this," said Kettle.

"I'm trying to make you both forget your silly naggling. We may just as well be cheerful for the bit of time we've got."

"Bit of time!"

"Well, it won't be much anyway. Here's the launch with a hole shot in her boiler, and no steam, drifted hard and fast on to a sand-bank. On another bank eight hundred yards away are half a regiment of rebel troops with plenty of good rifles and plenty of cartridges, browning us for all they're worth. Their friends are off up stream to collect canoes from those villages which have been raided, and canoes they'll get—likewise help from the recently raided. When dark comes away they'll attack us, and personally, I mean to see it out fighting, and they'll probably chop me afterwards, and the odds are I give some of them bad dyspepsia. About that I don't care two pins. But I don't intend to be caught alive. That means torture, and no error about it." He shivered. "I've seen their subjects after they've played their torture games on them. My aunt, but they were a beastly sight!"

The Commandant shivered also. He, too, knew what torture from the hands of those savage Central African blacks meant.

"I should blow up the launch with every soul on board of her," he said, "if I thought there was any chance of their boarding with canoes."

"Well, you can bet your life they'll try it," said Kettle, "if we stay here."

"But how can we move? We can't make steam. And if we do push the launch off this bank, she will drift on to the next bank down stream."

"That's your idea," said Kettle. "Haven't you got a better?"

"You must not speak to me like that," said Balliot with another little snap of dignity and passion. "I'm your senior officer."

"At the present rate you'll continue to be that till about nightfall," said Kettle unpleasantly. "after which time we shall be

"Now, you two," said Clay, "don't start wrangling again."

killed, one way or another, and our ranks sorted out afresh."

"Now, you two," said Clay, "don't start wrangling again." He turned round and reached for a bottle out of a square green case, and passed it. "Here, have some gin."

"For God's sake, Doc, dry up," said Kettle, "and pull yourself together, and remember you're a blooming Englishman."

Clay's thin yellow cheeks flushed. "What's the use?" he said with a forced laugh. "'Tisn't as if anybody wanted to see any of us home again."

"I'm wanted," said Kettle sharply, "by my wife and kids. I've got them to provide for, and I'm not going to shirk doing it. Let me have my own way, and I can get out of this mess; yes, and out of a dozen worse messes on beyond it. The thing's nothing if only it's tackled the right way."

"How shall you set about it?" asked the Commandant.

"By giving orders, and taking mighty big care that everybody on this ship carries them out."

Commandant Balliot rubbed at his close, scrubby beard, and bared his teeth viciously. Behind him, from the distant sandbank, the rebel bullets rapped unceasingly at the launch's iron plating. "But I am the senior in rank," he repeated again. "Officially I could not resign the command in your favour."

"Yes, I know. But here's the situation packed small: if you climb up, and do the large, and perch on your blessed rank, we shall probably see this day out, but we certainly shan't see another in. You're at the end of your string, and you can't deny it."

"But if you've a suggestion to make which will save us, make it, and I will act."

"No," snapped Kettle. "I'll either be boss and carry out my schemes my own way; or else, if we stay on as we are, I hold my tongue, and you can go on and arrange the funeral."

"If you can get us out of this mess——"

"I've said I can."

"Then I will let you take the command."

"Well and good. In the first place——"

"Wait a minute. I resign to you temporarily; but, understand, even if I wished to, I could not do this officially. When we get down to Leopoldville—when we get down to the next post even——"

"Oh, you can collar the blooming credit," said Kettle contemptuously, "when we do get clear away to any of your own headquarters. I'm not looking for gratitude

either from a Belgian or from the Congo Free State. They don't like Englishmen."

"You are not a lovable nation," said Commandant Balliot spitefully.

"Now," said Kettle, thrusting his fierce little face close down to the other, "understand once and for all that I will not have England abused, neither do I take any more of your lip for myself. I'm Captain of the whole of this show now, by your making, and I intend to be respected as such, and hold a full captain's ticket. You'll call me 'sir,' when you speak, and you'll take orders civilly and carry them out quick, or, by James, you'll find your teeth rammed down your throat in two twinkles of a handspike. Savvy that?"

The man of the weaker nation subsided. There was no law and order here to fall back upon. There was nothing but unnerving savagery and vastness. The sand bar where their wrecked launch lay was out in the middle of the Congo, perhaps eight miles from the park-like lands which stretched indefinitely beyond either bank. The great river astern of her glared like a mirror under the intolerable sunshine; came up and swirled around her flanks in yellow, marigold-smelling waves; and then joined up into mirror shape again till the eye ached in regarding it. The baking sky above was desolate even of clouds; there was no help anywhere; and on another distant sandbank, where here and there little bushes of powder smoke sprouted up like gauzy foliage, a horde of barbarous blacks lusted to tear out his life.

In Commandant Balliot's own heart, hope was dead. But it seemed that this detestable Englishman had schemes in his head by which their lives might yet be saved.

He had been given a sample of the Englishman's brazen daring already. After his troops mutinied, and pandemonium reigned in the village where he was quartered, the Englishman had steamed up with his paltry stern-wheel launch, and by sheer dash and recklessness had carried him and his last parcel of faithful men away in spite of the mutineers' teeth.

It was an insane thing to do, and when he had (as senior officer) complimented Kettle on the achievement, the little sailor had coldly replied that he was only carrying out his duty and earning his pay. And he had further mentioned that it was lucky for Commandant Balliot that he was a common, low-down Britisher, and not a fancy Belgian, or he would have thought of his own skin first, and steamed on comfortably down river and just contented himself with making a report. The white engineer of the launch—a drunken Scot—had, it seemed, been killed in the sortie, which, of course, was regretable, but Balliot (who disliked the Scot personally) had omitted to make the proper condolences, and it was at this that Kettle had taken umbrage and turned the nasty edge of his tongue outwards.

"Now," said Captain Kettle, "enough time's been wasted. We will start business at once, please. That boiler's got to be mended, first."

"But," said Balliot, "it's under fire all the time."

"I can see that for myself," said the little sailor, "without being reminded by a subordinate who wasn't asked to speak. We take things as we find them, and so it's got to be mended under fire. Moreover, as the chief engineer of this vessel was killed ashore, and the second engineer was shot just now on board, there's others that will have to take rating as engine-room artificers. Commandant Balliot, have you any mechanics amongst your lot?"

"I have one man who acted as armourer-sergeant. He is very inefficient."

"He must do his best. Can you handle a drill or a monkey wrench, yourself?"

"No."

"Then I shall find you a labourer's job. Doc, are you handy with tools?"

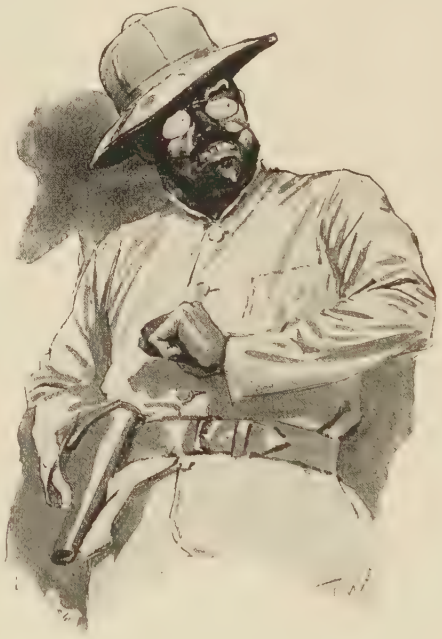
"Only with those of my own trade," said Clay. "I'm pretty inefficient all round," he added, with a shrug, "or else I shouldn't be here."

"Very well," said Kettle, "then I'll rate myself chief engineer." He got up, and walked round to where the black second engineer, the last man shot, still nuzzled the boiler plates exactly in the same position where he had first fallen. He lifted one of

the man's arms, and let it go. It jerked back again like a spring.

"Well, Daddy," he said, "you didn't take long to get stiff. They shot you nice and clean anyway. I guess we'll let the river and the crocodiles bury you." With a sharp heave, he jerked the rigid body on to the rail, and even for the short second it poised there the poor dead clay managed to stop another of those bullets which flew up in such deadly silence from that distant sandbank.

"Good-bye," said Kettle, as he toppled the corpse over, and it fell with a splash stiff-limbed into the yellow water. He watched the body as it bobbed up again to the surface, and floated with the stream out into the silvery sunshine. "Good-bye, cocky," said he. "You've been a good nigger, and, as you were shot doing your duty, they'll set you on the place where you've gone to, at one of the lightest jobs they've got suitable for a black pagan. That's a theological fact. You'll probably turn to, and stoke; I'll be sending you down presently another batch of heathen to shovel on the fire. I've got a biggish bill against those beggars on that sandbank yonder for the mischief they've done."



Commandant Balliot

But it was no place there to waste much time on sentiment. The woodwork of the shabby little steamer was riddled with splintered holes; the rusted iron plating was starred with grey lead-splashes; and every minute more bullets ploughed furrows in the yellow waters of the river, or whisped through the air overhead, or hit the vessel herself with peremptory knocks. It is all very well to affect a contempt for a straggling, ill-aimed fire such as this; but, given a long enough exposure to it, one is bound to be hit; and so, if the work was to be attempted, the quicker it was set about the more chance there was of getting it finished.

They use wood fuel on these small, ungainly steamers which do their business up in the savage heart of Africa on the waters of the Haut Congo, and because every man with a gun for many reasons feels himself to be an enemy of the Free State, the steamers carry their firing-logs stacked in ramparts round their boilers and other vital parts. But wood, as compared with coal, is bulky stuff to carry, and as the stowage capacity of these stern-wheelers is small, they have to make frequent calls to rebunker.

Indeed, it was for this purpose that Kettle had originally put in at the village where Commandant Balliot had his headquarters; and, as other events happened there which he had not calculated upon, he had steamed out into the broad river again without a chance of taking any logs on board, and, in fact, with his stock of fuel down very near to the vanishing point.

On this account, therefore, after the fatal shot into the boiler, and the subsequent disablement and drifting on to the sandbank, all repairing work had to be done under full exposure to the fire of the mutineers. The Central African negro is a fairly stolid person, and as the sight of a little slaughter does not in the least upset his nerves, he can stand bullet hail for a good long time without emotion, especially if there is no noise and bustle attached to it. But once let a scare get rubbed home into his stupid brain, and let him get started off on the run, and he is an awkward person to stop.

But Kettle did not start to hustle his black labourers back to work at once. He knew

that there would be heavy mortality amongst them once they were exposed to fire, and he wanted to lose as few of them as possible. He had got use for them afterwards. So for long enough he worked alone, and the bullets spattered around him gaily. He hammered out a lead templet to cover the wound on the boiler, which, of course, as bad luck would have it, was situated at a place where three plates met; and then whilst Balliot's armourer with fire and hammer beat out a plate of iron the exact counterpart of this, he rigged a ratchet drill and bored holes through the boiler's skin to carry the necessary bolts.

Clay volunteered assistance once, but as he was told he would be asked for help when it was needed, he squatted down under the sheltered side of the boiler again, and smoked, and played more music-hall ditties on the banjo. Commandant Balliot held to a sullen silence. He was growing to have a poisonous hatred for this contemptuous little Englishman who by sheer superiority had made him give up his treasured dictatorship, and he formed schemes for the Englishman's discomfiture in the near future.

But for the present he hoped very much that the man would not be killed: he recognised, with fresh spasms of anger every time he thought about it, that without Captain Kettle there would be no future—at any rate on this earth—for any of them.

And meanwhile Captain Owen Kettle, stripped to shoes and trousers, sweated over his work in the baking heat. Twice had a bullet grazed him, once on the neck, and once on the round of a shoulder, and red stains grew over the white satin of his skin. The work was strange to him certainly, but he set about it with more than an amateur's skill. All sailors have been handy with their fingers from time immemorial, but the modern steamer-sailor, during his apprenticeship as mate, has to turn his hand to a vast variety of trades. He is painter, carpenter, stevedore, crew-driver, all in one day; and on the next he is doctor, navigator, clerk, tailor, and engineer. And especially he is engineer. He must be able to drive winch, windlass, or crane like an artist; he must have a good aptitude for using hand tools; and if he can work machine tools also, it is so much the better for him.

Yes, Captain Kettle put the patch on that boiler like a workman. He fitted his bolts, and made his joints; then luted the manhole and bolted that back in place; and then stepped down whilst a couple of negroes sluiced him with water from gourds, and rubbed him clean and dry with handfuls of wild cotton waste. So far, although the incessant hail of bullets had pitted the boiler's skin in a hundred places, no second shot had found a spot sufficiently soft to make a puncture. The range of the bombardment was long, perhaps, and though a bullet at seven hundred yards may with convenience kill a man, it will not pierce seven-eighths boiler plate. And so, theoretically, the boiler was safe for the time being.

But practically it was otherwise. The boiler was by no means new. It was corroded with years, and incapacity and neglect, as is the custom with all parts of boats and machinery on the Haut Congo. But it had been brought up to that water-way by carriers at vast expense from Matadi, the highest steamer port on the Lower Congo, probably costing three months and a dozen lives in transit, so that it was debited in the books of the Free State as being worth its weight in silver, and destined to be used on without replacement till it saw fit to burst.

So Kettle knew that in places the boiler's shell would be not much thicker than stout brown paper, and was quite aware that if any of the pattering bullets investigated one of these patches, he would have to do his work over again. He had a strong — and, I think, natural — disinclination for this. He had come through terrific risks during the last four hours, and could not expect to do so a second time with equal immunity; his two wounds smarted; and (although it sounds ludicrous that such a thing should have weight) the dirt inseparable from such employment jarred against his neat and cleanly habits, and filled him with unutterable disgust.

The moment, he conceived, was one for hurry. He told off four of the negroes as trimmers and stokers, and set Commandant Balliot over them to see that they pressed on

with their work; he sent Clay with a strong gang of helpers overboard on the lee side to risk the crocodiles, and dig away the sand; and he himself, with a dozen paddlers, got into the dug-out canoe, which was his only boat, and set to carrying out a kedge and line astern. All of these occupations took time, and when at last steam had mounted to a working pressure in the battered gauge, and they got on board again, two of his canoe men had been shot, and one of Clay's party had been dragged away into deep water by a prowling crocodile.

As no one else was competent, Kettle himself took charge of the engines, and roared his commands with one hand on the throttle and the other on the reversing gear; Clay, for the moment, was quartermaster, and stood to the wheel on the upper deck; and Balliot, under the tuition of curses and revilings, drove the winch, which heaved and slacked on the line made fast to the kedge.

The little steamer rolled and squeaked and coughed, and the paddle wheel at her stern kicked up a compost of sand and mud and yellow water that almost choked them with its crushed marigold scent. The helm swung over alternately from hard-a-starboard to hard-a-port; the stern wheel ground savagely into the sand, first one way and then the other; and the gutter, which she had delved for herself in the bank, grew gradually wider and more deep. Then slowly she began to make real progress astern.

"Now, heave on that kedge," Kettle yelled, and the winch bucked and clattered under a greater head of steam, and the warp sung to the strain; and presently the little vessel slid off the bank, picked up her anchor, and was free to go where she pleased.

"Hurrah," cried Balliot, "we are saved. You are a brave man, Captain."

"I didn't ask you to speak," retorted Kettle. "We aren't out of the wood by a long chalk yet."

"But we are out of their fire now. We shall be disturbed no further."

"No, my lad, but we've got a precious heap of disturbing to do on our own account before we've squared up for this tea party. I'm going to drop down stream to somewhere quiet where we can fill up with wood, and then I'm coming back again to give your late Tommies bad fits."

"But I don't authorise this. I didn't foresee——"

"Very likely not. But a fat lot I care for that. Fact remains that I'm skipper here, and I'm going to do as I think best. I've got it in mind that my two engineers and a lot of good niggers have been shot by those disgusting savages over yonder, and I don't permit that sort of thing without making somebody pay a pretty steep bill for the amusement. So I'm going down stream to wood up, and then we'll come back and make them pay for the tea party."

"You are exceeding your powers. I warn you."

"If any of my inferiors on board ship don't keep their heads shut when they aren't spoken to," said Kettle unpleasantly, "I always disarrange their front teeth. If I have any more palaver from you, you'll get to know what it feels like." He shouted up the companion way—"On top there, quartermaster?"

"Hullo?" said Clay.

"Keep her down river to M'barri-m'barri. That's a twelve mile run from here. There are two big cotton-woods in a line which will bring you to the landing. You know the channel?"

"I ought to. I've been up and down it times enough. But I guess I don't—at least, not now."

"Fuddled again, are you? Then I'll con you from here. You see three trees growing on that island bang ahead? Keep her on those." He turned to a couple of stalwart niggers at his side—"Say, you boys, you lib for top, one-time. You take dem Doctor's gin-bottle, and you throw him overboard, one-time. If dem Doctor he make palaver, you throw him overboard, too. Away with you now. By James, we got to get discipline in this ship somehow, and I'm a man that can teach it. Here, you black swine at that furnace, go slow with those logs, or we won't be able to steam her half-way."

He bustled about the little vessel, turning every soul on board to some employment or other; and those of the newcomers who did not know his wishes, and were not quick enough for his taste, received instruction in

a manner which is understood by men all the world over, be their skins black, or white, or yellow.

The process might not be very pleasant for those who came in contact with it, but it was very effective for the purpose aimed at. In sea parlance Kettle had to "break up" some half-dozen of them before all hands acquiesced to his dictatorship; but they were quick to see there was a Man over them this time, and involuntarily they admired his virility even whilst they rubbed ruefully at their bumps; and during the times of stress that came afterwards, none of these Africans were so smart to obey as those on whom their taskmaster's hand had originally come heaviest.

The period of instruction was short. It began when the little stern-wheeler slipped off the bank and got under way. It was completed satisfactorily during the twelve mile run down the river. The boat was steered into M'barri-m'barri creek, made hastily fast to trees on the bank, and exuded her people in an armed rush. They had possession of the place almost before the villagers knew of their arrival, and proceeded to the object of their call.

There was no especial show of violence. The women and the children were imprisoned in the huts; the men were given Hamburg axes, and sent off into the forest to cut and gather fuel; and, meanwhile, the landing party set themselves to eat what they fancied, and to carry off any store of ivory and rubber that they might chance upon. There was nothing remarkable in the manœuvre. It is the authorised course of proceedings when a Free State launch goes into the bank for wood and supplies.

The villagers brought down the logs smartly enough, and waxed quite friendly on finding that none of the hostage women and children had been killed or maltreated during their absence. They duly gave up the German axes which had been loaned to them, and carried the wood aboard. Kettle arranged its disposition. He had solid defences built up all round the vulnerable boiler and engines. He had a stout breastwork built all round inside the rail of the lower deck, quite stout enough to absorb a bullet even if fired at point blank range. And he had another breastwork built on the third deck, above the cabins, so that he turned the flimsy little steamer into a very staunch, if somewhat ungainly, floating fort.

He got on board the rubber and ivory he had collected, and had it struck down below—the dividends of the State have to be remembered first, even at moments of trouble like these—and then he gave orders, and the vessel set off again up stream. On the lower deck he stayed himself during the journey back, and gave instructions to Commandant Balliot in the art of engine-driving.

Balliot was sullen at first, and showed little inclination to acquire so warm and grimy a craft, and fenced himself behind his dignity. But Kettle put forth his persuasive powers; he did not hit the man, he merely talked; and under the merciless lash of that vinegary little tongue, Balliot repented him of his stubbornness, and set himself to acquire the elementary knack of engine nursing and feeding and driving.

"And now," said Kettle cheerfully, when the pupil had mastered the vague outlines of his business, "you see what can be done by kindness. I haven't hit you once, and you know enough already not to blow her up if only you're careful. Don't you ever sham stupid again; and, see here, don't you grit your teeth at me when you think I'm not looking, or I'll beat you into butcher's meat when I've hammered these rebels, and have a bit of spare time. You want to learn a lot of manners yet, Mr. Commandant Balliot, and where I come from we teach these to foreigners free of charge. Just you remember that I'm your better, my man, and give me proper respect, or I'll lead you a life a nigger's yellow dog wouldn't fancy."

Now the revolted troops, when they saw the launch wriggle off the bank where she was stuck, and steam away down stream, were filled with exasperation, because they had confidently anticipated making a barbecue out of Commandant Balliot in return for many cruelties received, and doing the same by any other European whom they might catch on the steamer, because, being white, they would be presumably relatives of Balliot. It never occurred to their simple minds that the launch

would return, much less that she would offer them battle; so when indeed she did appear again, they were in the midst of a big consultation about their future movements.

However, the African, who owns a gun, be he revolted soldier or mere peaceful farmer, never lets that weapon go far away from his hand, for fear that his neighbour should send him away into the land of shadows in order to possess it. And so a fusillade was soon commenced. But the launch, armed with her fine rampart of logs, bore it unflinchingly, and steamed up within a hundred yards of the thick of them, and just held there in her place, with her wheel gently flapping against the stream, and opened a vicious fire from fifty muzzles.

Of modern rifles Kettle had only twenty on board, but he had an abundance of those beautiful instruments known as "trade guns," and at short range a man can be killed just as definitely by a dose of pot-leg out of a gas-pipe barrel as he can by a dum-dum bullet sent through scientific rifling. Indeed, for close-quarter fighting, pot-leg is far more comprehensive, and far less likely to miss than the lonely modern bullet. Moreover, his crew had quite as much dread for him as they had for the enemy, and as a consequence they fought with a briskness which made even their grim little chief approve.

The crowd of mutineers did not, however, offer themselves to be browned like a pack of helpless sheep for long. They were Africans who had been born in an atmosphere of scuffle and skirmish, and death had no especial terrors for them. Moreover, they had learnt certain elements of the modern art of war from white officers; and now, in the moment of trial, their dull brains worked, and the crafty knowledge came back to them. They were a thousand strong; they had friends all round — cannibal friends — who would come to help in the fight and share in the loot; and, moreover, they had canoes. Other well-manned canoes also were fast coming to their help down stream.

In the canoes then they put off, and Kettle smiled grimly as he saw the move. He had thought of this before, but it was greater luck than he dared hope for. But now the enemy had given itself over into his hand. The one strong portion of the stern-wheel launch was her forward part. The Congo is full of snags and floating logs which cannot always be avoided, and so all steamers are strengthened to stand contact with them; and he could give them the stem now without risk to himself.

He pretended flight when the canoes first came out, standing across towards the further bank of the river, which was some dozen miles away. The rebels fell into the lure, and paddled frantically after him. Canoe after canoe put out, as fast as they could be manned. The white men on the steamer were running away; they were frightened; there was spoil and revenge to be got for the taking. And from unseen villages on the islands, and on the banks, other canoes shot out to get their share.

In the meanwhile Kettle consolidated his defences. Frantically he worked, and, like Trojans, Clay and the negroes laboured under him. All that drunken doctor's limp *laissez faire* was gone now. The blood of some fighting ancestor had warmed up inside him. He might be physically weak and unhandy, but the lust of battle filled him up like new drink, and he forgot his disgraceful past, and lived only for the thrill of the present moment.

The log barricades had to be lashed and strutted so that no collision could unship them, and all hands sweated and strained in that tropical heat, till the job could not be bettered. And at the after part of the lower deck, Commandant Balliot, driven on also by the strong-willed man whom nobody on board could resist, tended the engines with all his brain and nerve, and did his best to make the fighting machine perfect.

"Now," said Kettle at last, "as we have got those fool Tommies nicely tailed out about the river, we'll quit this running away game, and get to business. Mr. Chief Engineer, open that throttle all it'll go, and let her rip, and mind you're standing by for my next order. Doc, you keep your musketry class well in hand. Don't waste shots. But when you see me going to run down a canoe, stand by to give them eternal ginger when they're ten yards from the stem. I'll whistle when you're to fire."

Captain Kettle went on to the upper deck, and took over the wheel, and screwed it over hard-a-port. The little top-heavy steamer swung round in a quick circle, lurching over dangerously to the outside edge. She ran for half a mile up stream, and then turned again and came back at the top of her gait. She was aiming at one particular canoe, which for awhile came on pluckily enough to meet her.

But African nerve has its limits, and the sight of this strange, uncouth steamer, which followed so unflinchingly their every movement, was too much for the sweating paddlers. They turned their ponderous dug-out's head, and tried to escape.

Kettle watched them like a cat. He had the whistle string in his teeth, so as to leave him both hands free for the steering wheel, and when the moment came he threw back his head, and drew the string. The scream of the steam whistle was swamped instantly in the roar of a blasting volley. Not many of the shots hit—for the African is not a marksman—but the right effect was gained. The blacks in the canoe ducked and flinched; they were for the moment quite demoralised; and before they could man their paddles again, the stern-wheeler's stem had crunched into their vessel, had cut a great gash from one side, had rolled it over, and then mounted the wreck, and drove down stream across the top of it.

A few more angry shots snapped out at the black bodies swimming in the yellow water. "Hold up, there," Kettle ordered, "and let them swim if they can, and chance the crocodiles. They've got their gruel. Load up now, and get ready for the next."

He turned the launch again, and stood across the stream down the strung out line of canoes, occasionally making feints at them, but ramming no more for the present. They all fired at him as he passed them; indeed, a wild, scattered fire was general from all the fleet; but his log armour protected him from this, and he steamed grimly on without returning a shot.

At the furthermost end of the line he turned sharply again and ran down the last canoe, just as he had run down the other; and then he deliberately started to drive the

The sight of the strange, uncouth steamer was too much for the sweating paddlers.

whole fleet together into one solid flock. He had the speed of them, and with rifle fire they could not damage him; but for all that it was not easy work. They expected the worst, and made desperate efforts to scatter and escape. Two more he had to sink, as examples to the rest; but, finally, he drove them altogether in one hopeless huddle—cowed, scared, and tired out; and then he brought the stern-wheeler to a sudden stop just above them, and made Clay shout out terms in the native tongue.

They were to throw all their weapons overboard into the river. They did it without question.

They were to throw their paddles overboard. They did that also.

They were to tie all their canoes together into one big raft. They obeyed him there, too, with frenzied quickness.

He took the raft in tow and steamed off down river to the headquarters Free State post of the Upper River. He was feeling almost complacent at the time. He had shown Commandant Balliot what he was pleased to term a quick way with rebels.

But Commandant Balliot, whose life had been saved, and army disarmed and brought back from rebellion in spite of himself, was not the man to let any vague feeling of gratitude overweigh his own deep sense of injury. He was incompetent, and he knew it, but Kettle had been tactless enough to tell him so; and, moreover, Kettle had thrown out the national gibe about Waterloo, which no Belgian can ever forgive. Commandant Balliot gritted his teeth, and rubbed at his scrubby beard, and melodramatically vowed revenge.

He said nothing about it then; he even sat at meat with the two Englishmen, and shared the ship duties with them without so much as a murmur. He could not but notice, too, that Kettle said nothing more now about being supreme chief, and had, in fact, tacitly dropped back to his old position as skipper of the launch. But Balliot brooded over the injuries he had received at the hands of this truculent little sailor, and they grew none the smaller from being held in memory.

Kettle's own method of reporting his doings, too, was not calculated to endear him to the authorities. He steamed down to headquarters at Leopoldville, went ashore, and swung into the Commandant's house with easy contempt and assurance. He gave an arid account of the launch's voyage up the great river to the centre of Africa and back, and then in ten words described Balliot's disaster, his rescue, and its cost. "And so," he wound up, "as the contract was outside Mr. Balliot's size, I took it in my own hands, and carried it through. I've brought back your blooming army down here. It's quite tame now."

The Commandant of Leopoldville nodded stiffly, and said he would confer with Captain Kettle's senior officer, Commandant Balliot, after which Kettle would probably hear something further.

"All right," said the little man. "I should tell you, too, that Mr. Balliot's not without his uses. With a bit of teaching I got him to handle my engines quite decently for an amateur." He turned to go, but stopped again in the glare of the doorway. "Oh, there's one other thing. I want to recommend to you Doctor Clay. He's a good man, Clay. He stood by me well in the trouble we had after he got roused up. I'd like to recommend him for promotion."

"I will see if Commandant Balliot—as senior officer—adds his recommendation to yours," said the other drily. "Good morning to you for the present."

Captain Kettle went down to the beach, and stepped along the gangway on to the stern-wheel launch. The working negroes on the lower deck stopped their chatter for the moment as he passed, and looked up at him with a queer mixture of awe and admiration. From above came the tinkle of a banjo, and the roar of an English song. The Doctor was free, and was amusing himself according to his fashion.

Kettle got his accordion, and went up on the hurricane deck and joined him, and till near on sundown the pair of them sat there giving forth music alternately. There was a fine contrast between them. The disreputable doctor deliberately forgot everything of the past, and lived only for the reckless present; the shipmaster had got wife and children

The pair of them sat there giving forth music alternately.

always filling half his memory, and was in a constant agony lest he should fail to properly provide for them. And as a consequence Clay's music was always of the lighter sort, and was often more than impolite; whilst Kettle's was, for the most part, devotional, and all of it sober, staid, and thoughtful. They were a strong contrast these two, but they pulled together for all that wonderfully. Kettle used sometimes to wonder why it was, and came to the conclusion that it was the tie of music which did it. But Clay never worried about the matter at all. He was not the man to fill his head with useless problems.

But on this afternoon, their concert was cut short before its finish. Commandant Balliot came back to the launch with satisfaction on his streaming face, and two armed black soldiers plodding at his heels.

"Well," said Kettle, "have they made you a colonel yet, or are they only going to give you the Congo medal?"

"You sacred pig," said Balliot, "you talked to M. le Commandant here of rebels. What are you but a rebel? I have told him all, and he has sent me to arrest you."

"Good old Waterloo," said Kettle cheerfully. "I bet you lied, and because you are both Belgians, I suppose he believed you."

The fat man gritted his teeth. "You talked of having a short way with rebels yourself.

Kettle was ready first, and covered him.

You will find that we have a short way here, too. You are under arrest."

"So you've said."

Balliot said a couple of words in the native tongue to one of his followers, and the man produced a pair of rusty handcuffs, and held them out alluringly.

Kettle's pale cheeks flushed darkly. "No," he said, "by James! no. That's not the way for a thing like you to set about it." He jumped to his feet, and thrust his savage little face close to the black soldier's eyes. "Give me dem handcuffs." The man surrendered them limply, and Kettle flung them overboard. Balliot was trying to get a revolver from the leather holster at his waist, but Kettle, who had his weapon in a hip pocket, was ready first, and covered him.

"Throw up your hands!"

Commandant Balliot did so. He knew enough about Captain Kettle to understand that he meant business.

"Tell your soldiers to drop their guns, or I'll spread their brains on the deck."

Balliot obeyed that order also.

"Now, Doc," said Kettle in a different tone, "pack your traps and go ashore."

"What for?" asked Clay.

"Because I'm going to take this steamer for a cruise up river. I don't mind getting the sack; I'd reckoned on that. But, by James, I'm not going to be arrested by these Belgian brutes, and that's final."

"Well, I suppose they would string you up, or shoot you, to sooth their precious dignity, from what His Whiskers here says."

"They're not going to get the chance," snapped Kettle. "Handcuffs, by James! Here, clear out, Doc, and let me get this ship under way."

"No," said Clay. "I fancy I've had about enough of the Congo Free State service, too. I'll come, too."

"Don't be an idiot."

Dr. Clay gave a whimsical laugh. "Have I ever been anything else all my life?"—He went across and took the revolver out of Balliot's holster—"Now, there, I've burnt my boats. I've disarmed His Whiskers here, and defied authority, and that gives them a *casus belli* against me. You'll have to take me along now out of sheer pity."

"Very well," said Kettle, "help me to shove the three of them in one of the empty rooms below, and then mount guard on them

to see they don't make a row. We mustn't have them giving the alarm of this new game till we've got a start on us. You're a good soul, Doc. I'll never forget this of you."

And so Captain Owen Kettle finally severed his connection with the Congo Free State service, and set off at once again as his own master. He had no trouble with the black crew of the launch. The men half adored, half dreaded him; and, anyway, were prepared to take his orders before any others. They got the little vessel under way again, and just before the gang plank was pulled in, Commandant Balliot and his disarmed escort were driven on to the beach.

The Belgian was half wild with mortification and anger. "You have won now," he screamed. "But you will be fetched back, and I myself will see that you are disgracefully hanged."

"If you come after me and worry me," said Kettle coolly, "I'll give you to my men to chop. Just you remember that, Mr. Waterloo. I think you know already that I am a fellow that never lies, and I'm sure you understand their eating capacity."

SWEET EILEEN.

I.

She is the sweetest maiden,
And loveliest I ween;
She is the sweetest maiden
That ever man has seen.
No skies are drear
When she is near,
When tender words of love I hear
From sweet Eileen.

II.

Her pretty lips are rosy,
The rosiest ever seen;
Her pretty lips are rosy
With gleaming pearls between.
There is no bliss
Can equal this—
One long and clinging loving kiss
From sweet Eileen.

III.

How tender are the glances,
Aglow with Cupid's sheen;
How tender are the glances
That beam from eyes serene.
With sweet surprise
There sudden rise,
Such melting glances from the eyes
Of sweet Eileen.

IV.

She is the sweetest maiden,
And loveliest I ween;
She is the sweetest maiden
That ever man has seen.
I'll ne'er resign
This maiden mine,
But worship ever at the shrine
Of sweet Eileen.

A. de Freitas.

Skating on the wire.

Wire-Walking

By Austin Fryers.

Balancing on a tight rope is a feat of considerable difficulty, but wire-walking, by reason of its infinitely more hazardous nature, must always retain a greater amount of fascination for the spectator. Most people have a preference for a firm footing, and it is with an involuntary shudder that one steps hastily off any support which appears to be at all insecure, be it a springing board or shifting sand, a quaking ice-crust or a quagmire.

When watching the practised performer, the spectator is apt to think that wire-walking, like everything that has attained perfection, is easy of accomplishment, and yet, on the other hand, when one only contemplates for a moment the notion of imitating his example, there is nothing one can well conceive which at the first glance seems more strikingly impossible than to balance one's body on a wire of such thinness that it is practically invisible at most of the altitudes at which it is used.

Among the performers who have attained distinction as a wire-walker at the present day, Mr. Otto Menotti is one of the best known and most skilful. There is very little that has ever been accomplished on the wire which is not included in his performances, and some of the tricks which he does are of his own invention, and remain unique.

Mr. Menotti is a naturalised British subject, but he was born some thirty-five years ago at Oranienbaum, by Anhalt Dessau. He did not become a wire-walker when the first fever of a desire to appear before the public grew on him. As a matter of fact, he went in for general gymnastic exercises, such as tumbling, somersaulting, and trapeze work, and he attributes his early proficiency in a great measure to the gymnastic exercises which are such a recognised part of the school programme throughout Germany.

Fired by a desire to do something more ambitious than performances for the gratifications of his school-fellows, he ran away from home and joined a small travelling circus, where he had the pleasure of tumbling in public, and of tumbling and being tumbled a great deal in the rough-and-ready method of private practice and rehearsal which obtains in such companies.

But his position in this nomadic community was more as an errand boy than as a qualified performer. His public career on this occasion was destined to be a short one, as his parents soon discovered his whereabouts, and took him home, rewarding him

with a few good, sound thrashings, which it was hoped would put out of his head all desire to appear as a public gymnast.

A little later he was sent to Berlin to school, and the desire for physical exercises having in no degree abated, he availed himself to the full of the splendid opportunity for practice which obtained there, as some of the finest gymnasiums in the world are in that city. Nor was he long in meeting with an incentive which greatly influenced his choice of a career.

The occasion was a visit to the Circus Renz, where, on seeing performers who, as compared with those he had been associated with in the travelling circus, were as an Irving compared to the strolling player, fairly fired him with the ambition to emulate them. What especially took his fancy was some remarkably clever wire-walking, which was executed by a Japanese artiste.

Carrying a man across the wire.

Young Menotti at once set to work to construct a means of practising in private, and the first wire on which he attempted the difficult art of balancing on this very hazardous support, was erected in his bedroom, a couple of windows on opposite sides of the room affording the necessary fixtures. The falls which were unavoidable were not in any degree dangerous to one who was already a fairly expert gymnast, as the wire was elevated but a few feet from the ground.

Mr. Menotti also asserts that the mere act of balancing on such a short wire as he had there erected is by no means difficult to anyone who is naturally gifted with the power of adjusting the physical balance, and so in a very short time he was able to walk from end to end of his private wire without any difficulty. His success thus attained was quite sufficient to drive all parental admonitions out of his mind, and so he determined to adopt wire-walking as a profession, and was successful in obtaining an engagement with the Merkel Troup at Berlin.

Then he joined the Wagner Troup, and was fortunate in having attracted some public attention at this period — 1881-1882 — when wire-walking became as great a craze with the public as feats of strength were with us a short while back. Mr. Menotti from this time forward was accepted as an expert wire-walker, and, always bent on improving his performances, he immediately set to work to introduce new feats of dexterity and trick actions, nor can it be said that he has ever desisted.

He was the first wire-walker to perform in the open air, and this feat was accomplished at different altitudes of from fifty to seventy feet in the Schweitzer Gardens. Shortly afterwards he left Germany, for, being fully determined to pursue his calling as a public performer, he thought that military exercises

Reclining on the wire.

might not be conducive to maintaining his skill and dexterity on the wire, and they have a short method of recruiting in Germany.

The longest wire that Mr. Menotti uses is seventy-five feet, and it would be quite impossible for him to walk on this if he were not a man of powerful physique, weighing close on thirteen stone. A lighter man could not possibly perform on the same length of wire. The difference between wire-walking and rope-walking is so considerable, that Mr. Menotti firmly declares that the merest novice might quite readily walk across a rope if he only had the nerve, and were provided with a balancing pole, but that this feat would be quite impossible on a wire.

The reason of this is that a rope can be pulled perfectly taut, and can be strengthened at intervals by the support of guy lines. With a wire it is quite impossible to draw it taut, as it would not stand the tension. The consequence is that there is always a considerable swaying motion on a wire, the vibrations of which require weight and physical dexterity, and a good deal of experience to contend with and overcome.

Open-air performances on wire are next

View of an outdoor performance.

to impossible, as the vibration which is inseparable to a wire at all times must be considerably increased when the pressure of the atmosphere has also to be reckoned with. This vibration makes some of his tricks exceedingly difficult. Take, for instance, the riding across on a bicycle.

In the first place the journey has to be commenced from a dead start, and the instant the weight of the performer rests on the wire, a violent vibration is set up, which in itself is almost enough to throw off the machine ; but when the journey has to be commenced by a pressure on the pedal communicated to such a dead weight as that of the performer and machine combined, it is obvious that the wire is driven on one side, while at the next moment the pressure on the other pedal sends it in a contrary direction, so that a series of vibrations are set up which act in violent opposition. Mr. Menotti declares that during the journey on his bicycle across the wire it moves from side to side almost like the wriggling of a snake.

The dangerous parts of the journey are at either end, where the vibrations are short and sharp, and are calculated to throw off any weight pressing on the wire. In the centre it is possible, by using a balancing pole, to remain perfectly still until the wire becomes motionless, but the instant the journey is resumed, and the pedal is pressed, the snake-like motion is once more communicated to the wire.

Crossing the wire on a bicycle.

Crossing the wire on road skates.

Mr. Menotti rides an ordinary "R. & P." machine, such as is made for use on the road, differing only in the fact that it has grooved wooden rims, but in all other respects it is similar to the ordinary "R. & P." machines.

Another risky performance is that of skating on the wire, which he executes with an ordinary pair of roller skates, and also with a specially constructed pair of road skates, the wheels of which are, of course, as in the case of the bicycle, grooved.

In executing this feat he places one foot behind the other so that the extended grip may keep the wire steadier ; but as in this

instance he is unable to use a balancing pole, or, indeed, to stop himself while skating, he has to trust to the perfection of his balance at the outset.

Notwithstanding the dangerous character of his performances, he has not, during the whole period he has been before the public, had more than four accidents, and on three of these occasions he has managed to grasp the wire, so that no injury resulted. On the other occasion—it was his first accident—he was performing in a circus, and, owing to one of the supports to which the wire was attached giving way, he fell on to a grand piano and went right through it, completely destroying its power of discoursing such music as had been its wont, but, curiously enough, without injuring himself in the slightest degree.

Among other feats that he performs successfully is standing on a chair while it rests on the wire—a much more difficult feat than when performed on a rope, owing to the continuous and sharper vibrations, which are all the more powerful owing to the length and weight of the wire. He also carries a man across; lies on his back on the wire; and hangs from it by his toes. In fact, it seems impossible to effect a balance of the body in any manner which Mr. Menotti does not resort to, apparently finding the wire as sufficient a support for exercises which most other people would think difficult even on *terra firma*.

A startling feat, which is one of his stock tricks, and never fails to thrill his audience, is to make the wire oscillate violently from side to side. During this feat his legs sway on either side with great rapidity, and his body appears from the hips upwards to be suspended in mid-air. During the performance of this feat it is necessary for its safe accomplishment that his body should remain perfectly rigid and poised accurately above the centre of gravity.

Mr. Menotti speaks English with fluency, and has nothing in looks or manners of the typical German about him. Indeed, he almost forgets sometimes that he is not an Englishman, he has lived so long amongst us, and has become so accustomed to his present associations.

I cannot close without a word of acknowledgment to Messrs. Brown, Barnes, and Bell, of Liverpool, for the remarkable photographs which illustrate this article.

A difficult feat of balancing.

GOD AND THE PAGAN.

By W. A. Fraser.

Father Lacombe was as broad in the chest as a buffalo bull is deep. That was because of the great heart that had thumped and thumped at the ribs, and driven them far out to make room for the working. Of the same build was the great dome-shaped head, and because of that was all narrowness not therein. Broad and free was the thought, and strong was the heart; therefore was the love of his people, the copper-coloured Crees, great and enduring. Even the whites, they who preached from without the pale, were wont to forget all else but that Father Lacombe was human—intensely human.

So when John Bernard, the Rev. John Bernard, came to Father Lacombe with his heart's sorrow tugging at the tendrils of his brain until it was numb, it was only natural.

"Six months have gone by, Father Lacombe," he said, "and they have done nothing. No one has seen or heard of Ruth Asquith since the Blackfoot swept our post from the face of the plain. It is six months to-day since Assiniboia was burned and Ruth carried off, and we are no nearer her rescue now than we were.

"Now, Father, you alone of all the whites can go far out among the people of this land; Cree or Blackfoot you pass unharmed; and to you I have come to ask, in the name of humanity, if you will lift this load from our hearts, will find for us this sister who laboured as one of us for the good of these poor peoples."

Thus the one paid tribute to the other. Creed stepped to one side, and man spoke to man in his trouble.

Deeply the priest pondered for a little, and then he spoke again. "My time is not my own; I work for my Master, and I can but go where many call."

The young minister interrupted him with a pleading gesture. "Many hearts are sad because of Ruth's fate. It is not I alone, but all who are Christians ask this of you."

Father Lacombe held up his hand as though he would stay the impatience of the younger man, and continued, his dreamy blue eyes looking far out across the shoreless sea of buffalo meadow towards the South:

"Where many call me I go: and these poor people, the Blackfoot, have been calling me in every wind that blows up from across their lodges. Sometime I must go: I will go now," he added simply, still looking across the stretch of grass land.

When Father Lacombe faced about, the dreamy look was gone; the blue eyes were greyer—grey with the light of resolve. Two days later he was on his way to Mountain House, near the foothills of the Rockies, with "Stony Jack" his sole companion. Jack, being a Stony Indian, might also go among the Blackfoot, as the two tribes were allied. Jack believed in Father Lacombe in the main, and the Christian religion as a side issue. His code was very simple—Father Lacombe.

At Mountain House, as the priest anticipated, they found a party of Blackfoot warriors trading buffalo hides at the Hudson's Bay Company's post. A few presents obtained for him permission to return with them to the Blackfoot camping grounds.

But before they started there were many Bacchanalian days. A place where for a single buffalo skin one could obtain bottled happiness enough to blot out the memory of months of cold and hunger was not to be lightly left. The skins were so easily got, too: a tightly drawn cord, a twang, and, with a feathered arrow piercing from side to side, the carrier of the skin lay there in the dust—that was all.

Only sometimes, when the buffalo were scarce and ammunition plenty, the guns spoke, and the killing was speedier and more murderous. They had many skins, and that was the rate—a soda-water bottle full of the liquid fire for one skin. It took days to trade

The outfit dragged slowly its snail-like course over the white bosom of the plain.

on that basis; also when they started out was the commissariat light, because of the liquid payments.

An Indian will share his food with a hungry stranger always; with equal avidity will he share the stranger's food when *he* is hungry. So, at the end of two days, Father Lacombe's provisions were being carried jauntily along in twenty Blackfoot stomachs. After that came the hunger, for the buffalo they had confidently expected to find had wandered afield. For three days they lived on the remembrance of that ecclesiastical meal, tracking their way to the south and east over the snow which was steadily falling.

"It is because of the little pale-face medicine-man," said Man-who-dreams; "because of his coming with the forked tongue have the buffalo been driven away by Manitou, who is angry."

Man-who-dreams was a great medicine-man among the Blackfoot; so the braves listened and grunted approval.

On the fourth day one of two things was destined to happen, though the priest did not quite know it: either the buffalo would be encountered, or Father Lacombe's mission would cease on that date. Half of the fourth day the outfit dragged slowly its snail-like course over the white bosom of the plain. Eagerly the hunger-strained eyes scanned the ever-rising horizon for the cluster of little brown specks, for the herd of buffalo their medicine-man had promised them.

"Manitou is surely angry," Man-who-dreams said. "because of the forked-tongued pale-face we have taken to tell us of a false God. If we destroy him the buffalo will come."

Then Father Lacombe knew, for this was said openly, so that he might hear.

Perhaps it was the prayer, perhaps it was only chance; but away on the distant snow-line there appeared a little jagged edge—an edge that vibrated like dried grass stirred by the wind. "My Master has not forgotten me," murmured the priest; and he pointed towards the spot that was now a little darker.

Then came the mad racing, and the spitting of bullets into the black maw of the muzzle-loading guns, as the Indians loaded while they galloped. After that the feasting, and the softening of hearts, and respite for the priest.

And the Master remembered Father Lacombe still a little again; or was it only chance that Three Bulls cut an artery in his leg with his hunting-knife? Chance or the other, the life was going fast out with the red blood spurting and crimsoning the white snow; going out so fast that Three Bulls' friends were already clamouring for him to divide his worldly goods among them before it was too late.

Man-who-dreams could arrange matters with Manitou, but he could not stem that crimson tide. Father Lacombe's surgical knowledge was great—almost as great as his spiritual. "Through their bodies I reach their souls," he had often said of his people; and now he brought Three Bulls back from the foothills of the Happy Hunting-Ground, and made him whole again—closed the little leak in the dyke. And because of this chance were the blue eyes more hopeful, and many thorns withdrawn from his crown.

"Ugh! the pale-face medicine-man is good," grunted Three Bulls stoically.

When they came to the banks of the Bow River, where the smoke-tanned buffalo-skin tepees of the Blackfoot nestled their pyramid shapes in hundreds on the russet earth—for the snow had not travelled so far south yet—Father Lacombe tarried for many days. He saw that Ruth Asquith was not there. While he laboured, hopelessly, bravely, for some spiritual awakening among the Indians, he was ever listening, watching for news of the white captive.

At every turn he was thwarted by Man-who-dreams. He knew that what Stony Jack said was true: that Man-who-dreams only waited a chance to discredit him and have him driven forth or tied to the stake. But that made no real difference to Father Lacombe; all his life it had been that way; it made his work more difficult, that was all.

Round and round the camp swung the medicine-man.

Then, when the moon was full, the crash came. The plots that Man-who-dreams had been hatching sprang into life. The moon was still chiding the laggard winter's sun in the dull grey, when Man-who-dreams mounted his powerful blue-roan and started on his crusade. Round and round the camp swung the medicine-man in all his barbaric plumage, his deep, bull throat sending forth in bellowing tones the summons to all to come and hear the pale-face prophet speak of Manitou.

Roused from their morning slumbers, tall, gaunt Indians streamed from their lodges, their blanket coats lapping at the prairie wind like the tongues of thirsty dogs beating the running water. Squaws and children and dogs all hurried to gather in front of the tepee wherein rested Father Lacombe. Next to the running of buffalo, the baiting of the pale-face priest would be glorious sport.

When they had gathered, the blue-roan was led away; Man-who-dreams strode forth from among the braves, and stood tall, majestic, an imposing, sinister figure. When Father Lacombe came from his lodge Man-who-dreams addressed him with savage courtesy. "Will the pale-face priest speak first of Manitou; or shall Man-who-dreams speak to his brothers, and after the pale-face has heard, will he answer?"

Wondering what trap the other had laid for him, Father Lacombe expressed his willingness to listen to the words of wisdom that might fall from the lips of the Blackfoot.

Drawing himself up to his full height, so that he towered above the tallest of the warriors there, the medicine-man began his address.

"Brothers, warriors, Blackfoot, ye who have driven the Crees from the face of the buffalo plains until they cower and hide among the trees beyond the waters of the Red Deer, have ye now come to sit at the feet of this pale-face prophet who speaks with the forked tongue—he who is the friend of your enemies, the Crees, who come in the night and steal your horses? He says Manitou has sent him here—the pale-face God, the Great Spirit."

He turned fiercely towards Father Lacombe, his black eyes flashing with fanatic fury, and asked: "Have you seen the Great Spirit? Did your God speak to you and tell you to come here? Were you with the Great Spirit, or did the Great Spirit come to earth and speak to you?"

The priest remained silent, and Man-who-dreams turned again to his warriors.

"See, the forked tongue is still. He cannot answer these simple questions. We know that all the pale-faces are liars, that their tongue is forked, that their life is sin; that they have brought no good to us; that their guns, which speak loud, are for destruction; and their firewater destroys our bodies, and makes our hearts bad.

"Is it their Manitou that teaches them this—gives them strength to take many lives with their loud-speaking guns, and makes the firewater which turns us to beasts? And the pale-face prophet who is sent here by their Manitou will teach us these things. Will my brothers learn to worship this spirit, who is the spirit of the pale-face?

"Listen, Blackfoot braves, and Man-who-dreams will tell you of the chief of the Kootenay, White Eagle. The pale-face medicine-man spoke to him with a forked tongue until he forgot the Great Spirit of his forefathers; forgot the Manitou of the Indians, and became even as a pale-face. When he died he journeyed over the trail which leads to the Happy Hunting-Ground. Soon he came to where the trail forked, and he stopped to consider which was the path to the pale-face Hunting-Ground. He saw his white brethren going to the right; he followed that trail.

"When he came to the gates—for it was closed in with a great stockade, like the Company's fort—the gate opened and he stepped in. The pale-faces were playing on the fiddles, and dancing and singing, all together, men and women, and drinking the firewater, and doing even as you have seen them at the time of their great gathering when the winter is half gone. And beyond was their Great Spirit, their Manitou, sitting on a seat that was of gold, even the yellow iron that they dig up out of the river sands.

"The great chief stood there, and no pale-face said to him: 'Come here, brother, and eat;' and his heart was sad, for he saw none of his own people—all the faces were white. Then he stepped in among them; and one

white warrior asked him why he came there —one red man among all those that were white. He answered: 'I am your brother, and the prophet of your Manitou was sent to bring me here.'

"Then they laughed, and made to drive him forth with curses; even as you have been driven from the Company's fort when your skins were all gone. 'Oh, Manitou,' he cried, 'pity me? When I was among my own people the medicine-man you sent made me give up the Great Spirit of my tribe, and I worshipped you.'

"Then the God of the pale-faces spoke in anger. 'Some one has spoken to you with a forked tongue. I sent no one to your people. They have their Happy Hunting-Ground, and their own Great Spirit; the pale-face people are my people.'

"Then they drove him forth in anger, and he stood again where the trail forks. He turned to the left, and journeyed along until the smell of the sweet grass smote upon his nostrils, and he knew that he was coming to the Happy Hunting-Ground of his own people, the Indians.

"Like the noise of the wings of the great birds that make the thunder was the sound of the hoofs of the buffalo, that were even as the sands in the river, as the spirits in the Happy Hunting-Ground ran them in the chase. When he had come a little way into the plain, which is the Happy Hunting-Ground, he saw the buffalo plentiful as the leaves of the trees, and the braves were riding horses faster than the grey-winged birds which fly over our heads when the summer fades.

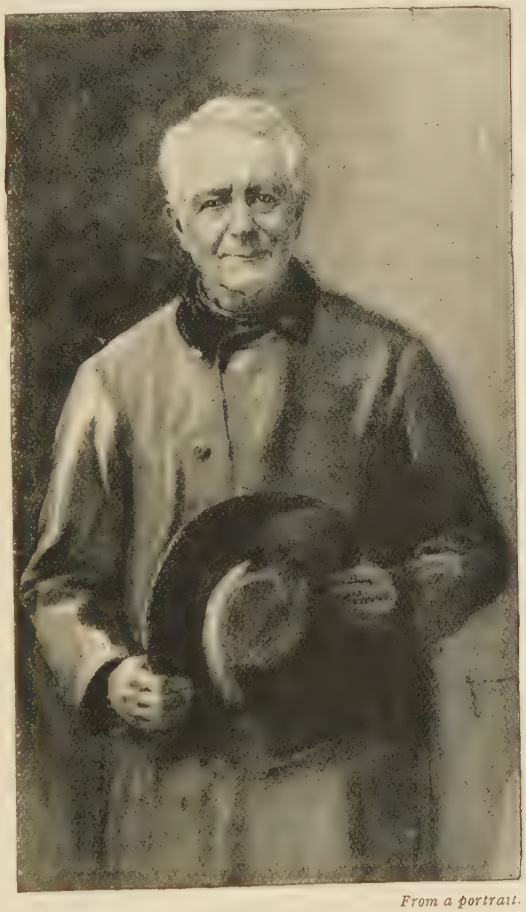
"But no one spoke to the Kootenay chief, nor said: 'Come and eat, brother;' and he was hungry. Then he spoke to one he knew, who had been of his own tribe.

"The brave said: 'Who are you?'

"'I am White Eagle, chief of the Kootenay,' he answered.

"'Then why do you come here? White Eagle has listened to the pale-face medicine-man, and must go to their Happy Hunting-Ground.'

"And he who had been a chief, the chief of a tribe whose children are as plentiful as the birds of the air, stood alone on the outside of the Happy Hunting-Ground like a hungry wolf hovering near a camp that is filled with fresh meat. Then he fell down on his face, and cried to the Great Spirit: 'Father, I am of your people. The false prophet spoke to me with lies, and I did not know.'



From a portrait.

Father Lacombe.

"The heart of the Great Spirit, which is good, went out a little towards this desolate man, for he had been a great warrior, and he said: 'I will give you life again. You may go back to your people, the Kootenay; and if you live as your forefathers have lived, when I call you again your lodge will be prepared here.'

"Now, brothers," continued Man-who-

dreams, "the chief of the Kootenay lives among his people beyond the snow-covered hills, and he has driven the pale-face prophet forth from the lodges of his tribe. Will you be like this, and listen to the voice of the pale-face who says that God has sent him here, and stand like hungry wolves on the outside of the Happy Hunting-Ground when the Great Spirit calls you away?"

When the impassioned voice of the speaker died away, there was a moment's silence. Then a murmuring sound of approving grunts issued from their deep throats, as this Seneca of the Blackfoot stepped to one side to make room for Father Lacombe to answer.

The mighty heart of the good priest faltered for once in its many years of striving. The language and the gestures of this high priest of paganism had brought the whole scene so close to the understanding of the simple-minded savages, that anything Father Lacombe could say now would be unreal and visionary. Inwardly he prayed: "O God, my Master, help me now! This is the hour of my trial. Help me, my Master."

He stepped forward, and facing the throng of dark-browed listeners and meeting the triumphant eye of Man-who-dreams with a calm, steady look, said: "I cannot answer now. Your words of eloquence require much pondering over. In two weeks I will prepare my answer."

A derisive shout of triumph went up from the disciples of Man-who-dreams.

"The forked tongue is stilled now; the lying mouth is closed," was heard on every side; and in the hour of his defeat Father Lacombe went sadly back into the hut the chief had set apart for his use. That night Stony Jack disappeared, and also the pony the priest had bought for him when they started out on their journey.

Day after day the priest suffered a humiliating persecution: the squaws spat at him, and the boys stoned him; the very dogs of the camp snarled at him and snapped at his heels as he passed.

"Even the Stony, who has listened to his voice before, has left him—has slunk away like a coyote from a dry-picked skeleton," sneered Man-who-dreams.

Day after day the great heart kept the face smooth and untroubled; day after day the deep, sweet voice called to his Master for strength to bear it all. On the night of the eleventh day, Father Lacombe's cayuse, which was picketed close to his hut there on the outer rim of the encampment, neighed joyfully. The priest threw ashes over the little blazing camp-fire, and stole out into the darkness. After a little he returned. In the morning, before the sun had yet roused the sleepy Indians, he mounted his pony and galloped in and out among the tepees, as Man-who-dreams had on that other day.

Strong and clear was the voice of the priest calling: "Hi, hi! Ho-o-o, brothers! Come forth and hear the answer I have prepared for Man-who-dreams!"

Lazily the Indians turned out from their tepees, cursing the white priest for disturbing them; and many a grim resolve was made in the discomfort of the cold morning—resolves that boded ill for Father Lacombe if his answer was not a good one. When the Indians had all gathered Father Lacombe spoke:

"Brothers, you who are children of my Master, you have heard your medicine-man tell how White Eagle, chief of the Kootenay, died and went to the Happy Hunting-Ground. If that is true, I have no answer to make. If it is not true, then *he* speaks with a forked tongue. He is a liar, and has deceived you."

As these words dropped from his lips there was a rustle at the opening to his hut, and three Indians stepped forth. The first one was Stony Jack; the other two, as could be seen by their dress and mode of wearing their hair, were from the land of the Kootenay. Father Lacombe, with true theatrical genius, professed to be surprised.

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" he asked.

The one who wore the eagle feathers of a minor chief spoke and said: "We are from the Kootenay. I am son of the great chief, and this is his nephew."

Father Lacombe turned to the astonished Indians. "The Great Spirit has sent these men here. Now we shall have confirmation of what Man-who-dreams has told you."

"How long since your father died and

went to the Happy Hunting-Ground?" he asked of the Kootenay chief.

A smile parted the thin lips of the Indian as he answered: "My father did not die; he did not go to the Happy Hunting-Ground; he has been with us always."

"What the chief says is true," answered the other Indian, when Father Lacombe questioned him. "His father, our chief, has been with us always."

Then Father Lacombe preached to those Blackfoot as he had never preached before. Great as had been the eloquence of Man-who-dreams, it was not more powerful than the impassioned utterances of the priest, who had lain twelve days sore at heart.

"If my Master has not sent me among you," he asked, "why have I come? Why have I given up the luxury of a comfortable home, where there is warmth, and plenty to eat and to drink, and friends and brothers and sisters, and father and mother, and people who worship the same God that I do? For what have I given all these up? Is it to share your cold and your hunger, to be abused even as one of your dogs? Is it for this—to lie on the ground? Is this better than the other life—the life among my friends? If my Master, God, who is the Great Spirit, had not sent me, should I be here? It is because He loves you that He has sent me."

For twenty years Father Lacombe had studied the alphabet which is writ in the face of the red man, and when, exhausted with the vehemence of his eloquence, he ceased to speak, he read that which was solace to his tired heart. An Indian would demand truth even of their gods, and their medicine-man had lied to them. Not that they flocked to Father Lacombe's standard; but he had run the gauntlet, and now they took him as a friend, as their enemies, the Crees, had done.

In his frenzy Old Sun grabbed the priest by the scalp.

The first fruits of his conquest came to him that night, when Crowfoot's brother, whose life he had saved, lifted the flap of his tepee, and stood before the fire.

"The white medicine-man seeks for the pale-face captive. She is with Old Sun's band, and they are camped on the Battle River. If the father wishes, one of my braves will show the trail."

It was four days to Battle River, and on the fifth night Father Lacombe sat in Old Sun's lodge.

He did not speak of Ruth to the chief; it was best not. If she was there, he would see her next day.

The priest folded his cassock and made a pillow of it. Just across the fire slept Old Sun and his squaw. It seemed to Father Lacombe that he had been sleeping but a minute, when he was awakened by something. A dog was smelling about the fire. He saw Old Sun raise himself on his elbow, and heard him hiss: "A Cree dog! A Cree dog! We are betrayed. Hi-hi!" his shrill voice rang out. "Up, braves, the Crees are here!"

There was an answering yell of defiance from three sides of the threatened camp—the Cree war-cry; but not a rifle spoke yet. They were waiting for the Blackfoot to get on their feet, so that their bullets might find a better target. With savage cunning they knew that shooting at men lying down and in the dark is waste of ammunition.

In his frenzy Old Sun reached over and grabbed the priest by the scalp, dragging him out after him as he brandished his gun and yelled defiance to the Crees. Then a volley rang out from the guns, and a shower of arrows came hurtling among the tepees.

It was an unequal fight fifty against four hundred; but they stood them off all night.

Just before daylight, Stony Jack came rushing up to Father Lacombe, and said: "Come quick, father! I have found her, but I am afraid she is dying."

The priest followed his guide among the trees, and into a darkened tepee. As he entered, he stepped on something round and slippery; it glided from beneath him, bringing him to his knees. His hand touched the something; it was wet. As he hastily pulled his hand away, a mass of soft, silky hair passed through his fingers.

"My God," he cried, "it is she! At last I have found her, and God is good, for she still lives."

Intermittently the battle was still raging outside; and at daylight, when he had done all he could for the wounded girl, he went out on a mission of peace. Tying his handkerchief to a small stick, he marched straight through the lines of the Blackfoot, paying no attention to bullets and arrows, till he came to the top of a hillock, from which his voice could reach the Crees.

Holding his flag of peace high up, he called with his deep, strong voice: "Ho, brothers! Why do you shed blood? Why do you make your children fatherless, and your mothers to weep for the braves who will not return again to their lodges? Ho, my children! It is I, your friend, Father Lacombe, who asks you to go away in peace."

For an instant the Crees hesitated; but blood had been shed; many of their number lay dead and dying. And were not the Blackfoot caught there in a trap between them and the river, like a herd of buffalo driven into a corral? Silently the priest stood, beseeching his Master again to help him and to avert the slaughter.

Meanwhile, a dark body had been moving up over the white expanse of snow; but the fighting warriors, occupied with the battle, had not noticed it. Suddenly with demoniac yells it swept down on their flank. It was a party of Blackfoot hunters who had been attracted by the firing. From every side the lurid war blazed forth with increased fury. A bullet struck the priest in the shoulder. Stony Jack, seeing his master fall, rushed out and carried him bodily back into the shelter of the trees. Soon he revived, for the wound was not a serious one.

There was fighting all that day, for the two parties of Blackfoot had united, and together they held the Crees in check. That night the Crees silently crossed the frozen river and got away. Much horse-stealing and little fighting was more in their line.

When the Blackfoot got back to Crowfoot's camp, Old Sun told how Father Lacombe had gone out where the bullets were thick, and tried to get their enemy to retire. "The pale-face medicine-man is a warrior," said old Crowfoot. "What present does the little warrior ask, for Crowfoot's heart is glad?"

"Only a woman?" said the chief, when Father Lacombe asked for Ruth Asquith. "Only a woman, when I would have given a horse? And you'll bring Crowfoot a pair of blankets when you come back, you say? Surely the little priest is not as wise as he is brave." But it was that way nevertheless.

Night.

From the Painting by V. Tojetti. Copyright by E. W. Gustin and Co., New York.

For a full appreciation of this picture, which was designed for the decoration of a ceiling, the Magazine should be held above the head.

Art Forgeries—Vergilio Tojetti—Picture Restoring.

Art Forgeries. THE forging of pictures and works of art has been largely practised by unscrupulous dealers from time immemorial. The modern Egyptians have grown skilful in making sham mummies, mummy cases, and other curios and relics, and many of these objects just now coming so frequently into the auction rooms are of more than doubtful authenticity.

In Paris there is a large factory run expressly for the production of forged *objets d'art*, and by giving due notice anything in the way of art from bronzes, pictures, and china, to furniture and armour can be supplied. The collector cannot, therefore, be too much on his guard, for even experts are often taken in.

I strongly suspect that these "early English" masters, now so popular, are many of them of questionable authenticity, for the temptation to make large profits is too much to be resisted by an impecunious dealer.

One of the tricks played at sales is to have a genuine master put up from which to obtain biddings, and then when it has been knocked down to substitute a copy for the one put up.

There was recently, and for all I know there still exists, a manufactory of spurious pictures in London. No fewer than six painters were employed upon copies of a picture the principal had acquired with the copyright. A number of canvasses lay ready at hand, with the outlines traced upon each; the first man put in the skies, the second the mountains, the next the middle distance, after that the tree artist and the foreground artist took up the painting, and last of all the cattle man put in the sheep and cows. Each picture could be completed in about six hours.

A Shower of Roses.

From the Painting by V. Tojetti. Copyright by E. W. Gustin and Co., New York.

Mr. Leslie, the academician, whose father wrote the life of Constable, frequently has pictures of that great landscape painter brought to him for verification, and they are invariably forgeries, so sought after have been Constable's pictures since his death, though while he lived many of them remained on his hands unsold.

On one occasion an American dealer brought a picture all the way to England to obtain this artist's opinion. The picture was spurious, and the dealer, equal to the occasion, catching sight of Mr. Leslie's pet dog, at once made an offer for it. The owner declined, whereupon the dealer raised his offer to £5. The dog was *not* for sale was the reply. "Come, Mr. Leslie, I've railed all this way to find out I've a sham Constable; let's do a deal of some sort. I like your dog, so what do you say to £10? I'll throw the picture in."

The love of getting a bargain is strong in most of us. Mr. Leslie told me of an old gentleman who had made a collection of old masters, and among them was what he called a Claude. With pride he took the painter, who had been dining with him, up to the picture, and said: "What do you think of that?" to which query the artist, wishing to be polite, said: "Very good." "Picked that up for 2*s.* 6*d.* It wasn't complete, so I put the sky in myself. It matches very well, too, doesn't it?"

Of living painters none have been more forged than the veteran T. Sydney Cooper, the animal painter. So often have pictures been brought to him for verification, that he now charges a fee for giving his opinion.

Vergilio Tojetti.

America is not slow to recognise talent, nor averse to rewarding it handsomely when that talent is associated with any degree of novelty. Vergilio Tojetti, the young Italian painter who has for some years past attained the highest distinction in American artistic circles, is an

The Morning Breeze.

From the Painting by V. Tojetti. Copyright by E. W. Gustin and Co., New York.

instance. Fourteen years ago Tojetti, then merely a visitor to America, exhibited his picture "Richelieu" at the National Gallery of Design. It was an immediate success, attracted the greatest attention while on exhibition, and finally sold for $4000 (£800), which was a larger sum than any picture had ever previously fetched from that Academy.

Tojetti did not again exhibit in America until some eight years later, and his second canvas, although equally successful, was very different in conception and treatment. It was a fancy portrait of a young Greek girl, blue-eyed, and laurel-wreathed, and labelled "Galatea." Indeed there is nothing more remarkable in Tojetti's fame, as founded on his works, than the varying characteristics of the pictures he has painted. He made his first great hit in America with a purely dramatic subject; afterwards he attained distinction in the portrayal of classic subjects, such as have glorified Versailles, and further he excels as a portrait painter.

V. Tojetti.

In decoration, too, Signor Tojetti has been very successful, and many of his best examples adorn the millionaires' palaces and the great metropolitan hotels of New York. Some of his finest decorative work we are enabled to reproduce in these pages.

His talent is inherited, for his father, Domenico Tojetti, was one of the decorators of the Vatican during the pontificate of Pius X., and was rewarded by His Holiness by two papal orders. But, though the younger Tojetti has won so distinguished a name for himself in decorative work, he prefers the *rôle* of portrait painter.

In his early years he studied at the *atelier* of Bougereau in Paris. Indeed he is essentially a French painter, but he certainly possesses a striking individuality and style.

Picture Restoring.

A PICTURE has really a great many enemies and very few friends. And perhaps its most dangerous enemy is the picture restorer so-called. For, though there

are a good many claimants to the title, there are scarcely a dozen men in England with a right to it. In fact, the true picture restorer, like the poet, is born, not made.

Many people think that a picture and the canvas it is painted on are one, and that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Clear away this preliminary misunderstanding and you have the art of restoring in a nutshell. Between the layers of colour and the canvas or panel, the painter first of all puts on a ground of chalk or plaster. This makes it possible for a fresco even to be transferred from a wall to a canvas However, though the secret is out, it is work which requires special aptitude, long training, and infinite patience.

Several of the old masters have been transferred from the oak panels on which they were originally painted. Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," in the cathedral at Antwerp, has been so treated; Raphael's "Madonna" in the Louvre, and Sebastian del Piombo's "Resurrection of Lazarus" in our own National Gallery. The method is simplicity itself; but the amateur is hereby solemnly warned against attempting it on anything he values.

You paste a sheet of gauze to the front of the picture, and lay it face downwards on the table. The rotten old canvas is then moistened with hot water and removed bit by bit. In the case of a panel painting the wood is first planed away and then scraped with a razor until every particle has been removed and the ground of the painting is reached. All that remains to be done is to mount the picture on a new canvas or panel, and remove the gauze.

Spring.

From the Painting by V. Tojetti. Copyright by E. W. Gustin and Co., New York.

Cleaning, which is an important part of restoring, is another matter. The beauties of a picture may be all but hidden under a coat of dirt, or the varnish may have lost its transparency through age. There are a great many ways of removing the old varnish, but only one that is safe. The surface of the picture must be chafed patiently with the fingers—inch by inch, hour by hour—till the whole of the varnish has been removed in the form of dry powder. It is the simplest matter in the world to dissolve off the varnish with spirits of wine—and to spoil the picture

Copyright Photographische Gesellschaft.

The Witch.

From the Painting by Ludwig Knaus. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, N.W.

at the same time. The touch of a master may be easily destroyed; it can never be restored.

As for mere surface dirt, all sorts of solvents are recommended, but the one which is the safest, cheapest, and most generally used, is crumb of bread. When the old coat of varnish has been removed, a new one must be applied, coloured with a little dragon's blood, to give to it the mellow tint of age.

Rents are mended by glueing small pieces of canvas at the back of them; and even a hole, if in an unimportant place, may be filled with a piece taken from another painting of the same age. Defects of this kind can be so cunningly made good, that one restorer has successfully defied another to discover any trace of his work. Even a panel which has split through the wood becoming dry can be made as good as ever. The back is damped, and pressure applied until the edges are brought together, and the fissure disappears.

New panels, by the way, are made from the finest oak, cedar, or hazel, felled in the winter, and kept till autumn, then dried and finally prepared in the following spring. Strange as it may seem, canvas, in spite of its liability to injury and decay, is much more durable than wood: it does not crack and warp or become worm-eaten.

The rewards of the picture restorer are by no means large. Ten pounds is not an exorbitant charge for endowing a work of art with another lease of life. And the fee is often less than that. Still, there is really little competition: all the best work passes through the hands of a few men, and they undoubtedly make an extremely good living for themselves.

There is another class of picture "restorers," in constant demand, who use their skill for quite another end. Most of them are to be found in the purlieus of Soho. Their speciality is the supply of signatures of Old Masters for pictures of doubtful authenticity. They are, too, admirable copyists, though their work is generally restricted to retouching and filling in missing details.

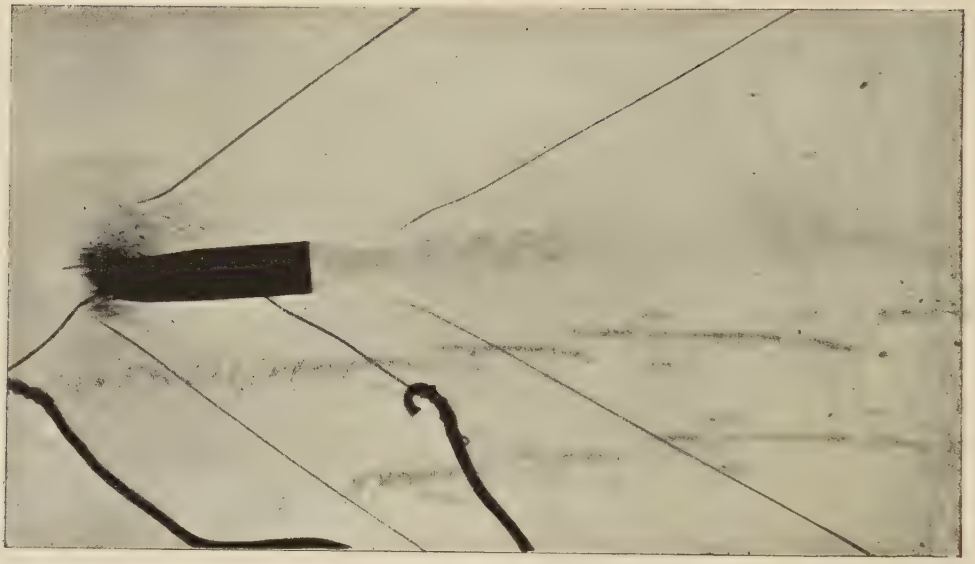
Winter.

From the Painting by V. Tojetti. Copyright by E. W. Gustin and Co., New York.

Copyright by Braun, Clement and Co.

Ho, for the Harlequinade!

From the Painting by Paul Tillier.



No. 1.—This bullet is travelling at the rate of 1600 miles an hour.

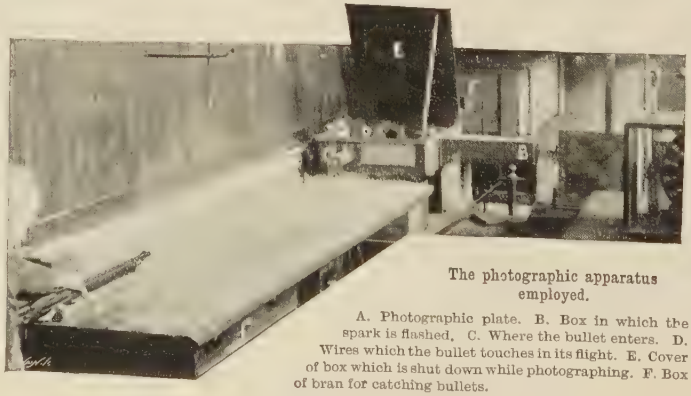
PHOTOGRAPHING FLYING BULLETS.

By Herbert C. Fyfe.

The effect of a flying bullet upon the air, invisible as it is to the naked eye, has been proved by science to be very similar to the effect of a boat upon the surface of a placid lake, or of a needle being drawn through a basin of water.

In the case of a boat sailing over a lake, little waves and ripples, and sometimes quite a "troubling of the waters" is observed. When a needle, again, is drawn through a basin of water, a similar effect on a smaller scale is obtained—little trails and waves follow behind the needle, and sometimes a wave will be seen to advance before it. If the needle is moved very slowly, not a ripple will be formed on the surface of the water, but as the needle is moved more quickly, waves of a swallow-tail pattern appear, the angle between the two tails becoming less as the velocity becomes higher.

Such is the visible effect of an object moving through water, and such is the invisible effect of an object moving through air, the conditions in the two cases being almost similar. If a bullet is travelling at a low rate of speed no waves are formed. A bullet moving at the rate of 750 feet a second makes no air-waves. If, however, it is travelling at the speed of 1100 feet a second waves are formed which include sharper angles as the speed increases. Immediately in front of the flying bullet the air is compressed to so great an extent that



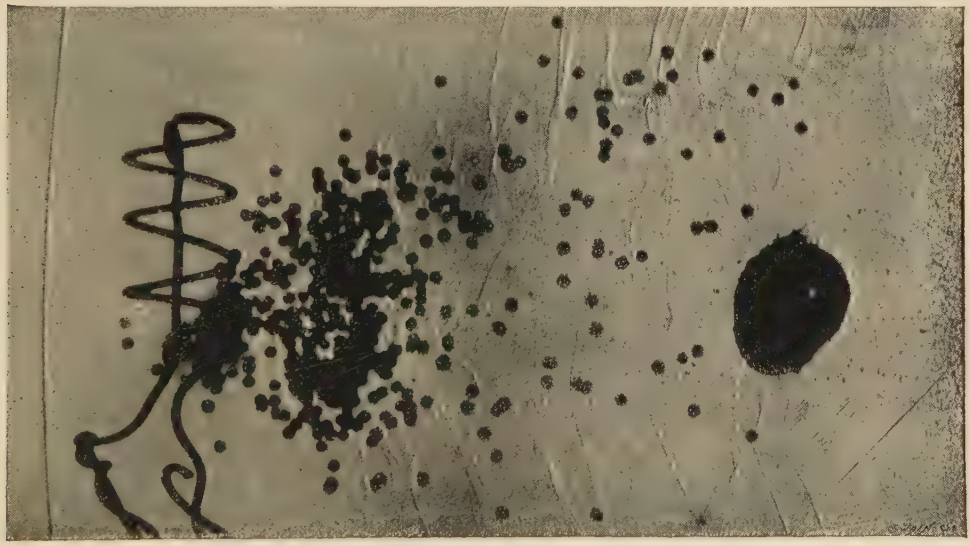
The photographic apparatus employed.

A. Photographic plate. B. Box in which the spark is flashed. C. Where the bullet enters. D. Wires which the bullet touches in its flight. E. Cover of box which is shut down while photographing. F. Box of bran for catching bullets.

the wave at this part can travel at the speed of the bullet itself.

All this, and a great deal more besides, has been discovered by an examination of photographs of bullets taken in full flight. Among the workers in this field is Professor C. V. Boys, F.R.S., late assistant professor of physics at the Royal College of Science, London, who has recently been investigating the question of flying bullets, and has succeeded in taking some of the most marvellous photographs of moving projectiles which have ever been produced. These photographs are reproduced herewith, and the reader will be able to observe the exact effect which a flying bullet has upon the air—the commotion which

There are two ways of photographing or observing objects travelling at a high speed; one is by means of an apparatus, such as the rapid shutter, which is opened for a moment as the body passes by; the other is by suddenly illuminating the object with a flash of light. Rapid shutters, however, are not nearly quick enough to photograph the bullet in its flight, although, by this means, it is possible to obtain a good picture of an object moving at the rate of 100 miles an hour. A bullet, however, when fired from a magazine rifle, is moving at the rate of about 1400 miles an hour. An impression can only be obtained of the effect it has upon the air by means of the electric spark, the duration of which can



No. 2.—A photograph of flying shot.

is caused by a bullet in its flight is indicated by the blurred and dotted trail in its rear, while the waves it creates are indicated by the lines drawn across the pictures, forming the sharpest angle when the bullet is travelling at its highest speed.

Professor Boys photographs the flying bullet in a somewhat complicated apparatus. No camera is used, but the shadow of the bullet is sharply defined on a sensitive plate. The bullet in its flight touches against a system of carefully arranged wires (to be observed in the photographs), making an electrical connection, and causing a brilliant spark, which casts the bullet's shadow on to the plate.

be made (under certain conditions, not necessarily employed when a flying bullet is to be photographed) as low as *one 25-millionth part of a second of time*, and still be bright enough to do its work; that is to say, the spark is about the same fraction of one second as one second is of a year.

It will be seen, therefore, that the rifle bullet has not time to move an appreciable distance whilst its photograph is being taken, although it may be travelling at the rate of 1400 miles an hour. As a matter of fact, while the spark lasts it cannot certainly travel more than one four-hundredth part of an inch.

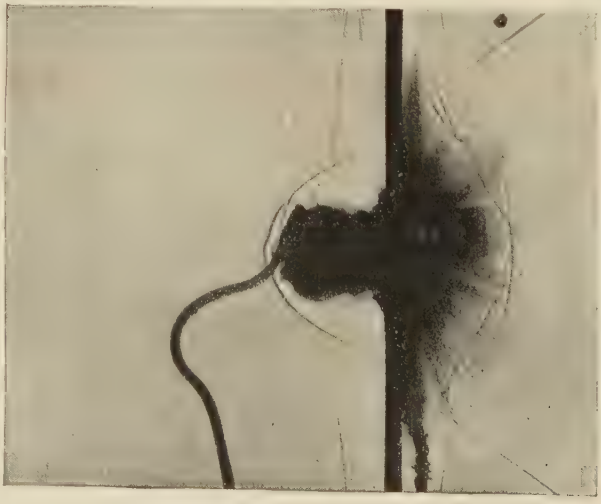
Having thus given a general idea of the

No. 3.—A bullet entering a plate of glass.

manner in which Professor Boys obtains his results, the photographs must now be looked at. No. 1 is an explanatory picture. It shows a bullet after it has just left a Martini-Henri rifle. It is taken with the apparatus in its latest form, and the bullet appears perfectly sharp. There is no sign of any movement whatever as far as the bullet is concerned. By means of this photograph the reader will be able to observe the precise effect which a flying bullet has upon the air. The bullet has just touched the wires, indicated by the black shadows at the left-hand bottom corner; the electric spark has flashed out, leaving an impression of the long trail of air following the projectile, of the commotion it causes at its apex whilst plunging onward, and, most important of all, of the distinct waves of air shown by the four almost parallel lines which are drawn from the head and tail of the bullet.

Photograph No. 2 is of a more interesting character. It shows how shot travels, and is of special meaning to sportsmen. Every shot is clearly defined, and it is even easy to see on the negative where they have collided with each other and become dented. The velocity is now so low that individual waves are no longer formed by each separate shot. The whole space, however, it will be observed, is filled with air waves of the greatest complexity. These waves are caused by the imperfect mixture of the air with powder gases still accompanying the shot.

The remaining photographs illustrate an extremely interesting experiment carried out by Professor Boys. He writes: "I thought I should like to watch the progress of the piercing of a glass plate by a bullet, from the first shot, step by step, until the bullet at last emerges from the confusion it creates. In this photograph (No. 3) the glass plate is seen edgewise just after the bullet has struck it. It is clear at once that the splash of glass dust backwards is already *four or five times as rapid* as the motion of the bullet forwards. A new air wave is just beginning to be created in front of the glass-coated head of



No. 4.—The bullet half way through.

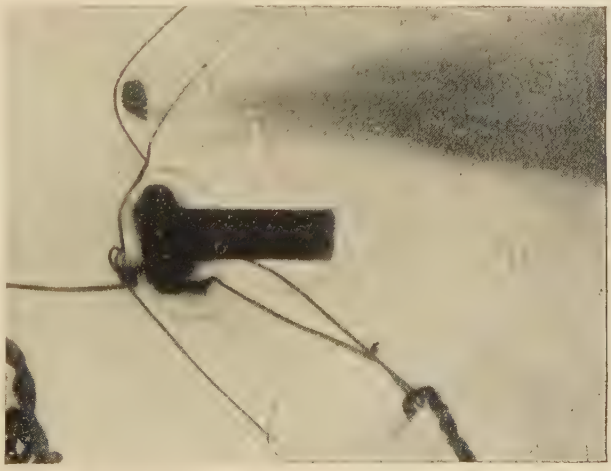
No. 5.—The bullet surrounded by a cloud of glass dust.

the bullet, and two highly-inclined waves, one on either side of the glass, reaching about three-quarters of the way to the edge, have sprung into existence."

In Photograph No. 4 it will be seen that the bullet has struggled half way through the plate. The waves on either side of the plate have now reached the edge, and are on their way back towards the centre again. In the next photograph, No. 5, the bullet has travelled about five inches from the plate. It has not yet emerged from the cloud of glass dust, and the new air-wave is very conspicuous.

The glass plate is now completely broken up by the shock of the bullet. In the photograph, it is true, it is still seen standing, and the stern air wave will be seen reflected from the upper part of it. This is accounted for, however, by the fact that the different parts, although completely shattered, have not yet had time to fall away. The little particles which are to be seen over the whole surface have been cast off by the grinding edges of the still standing, though in reality shattered, glass plate.

Photograph No. 6 shows the bullet now quite clear of the cloud of dust after having travelled fifteen inches; one piece of glass only—the piece no doubt which was first struck—has been punched out, and is travelling along above the bullet at a speed practically equal to its own. In a few seconds the bullet will outpace this particle and will continue its flight uninterruptedly.



No. 6.—The bullet clear of the dust.

Mr. Boys' marvellous photographs are reproduced in these pages by kind permission of Messrs. Newton and Co.

Signors of the Night.

By Max Pemberton.

Author of "Queen of the Jesters," "A Woman of Kronstadt," etc.

No. IV.—"THE WOLF OF CISMON."

(A Complete Story.)

I.

Leopardi, the bandit, was to die. Venice heard the news, incredulously, on the second day of March, in the year 1704. Throughout the city no other name was on the people's lips. "He dies at sunset." The very gondoliers took up the cry and repeated it mockingly, as they sent their black boats merrily across the dancing waters of the lagoon. Men gathered together near the ducal palace and discussed the story in muted whispers. Women stopped their gondolas beneath the Bridge of Sighs, and showed each other, morbidly, the wall of the dungeon behind which the "Wolf of Cismon" lay. For Leopardi had been the handsomest, the most daring bandit that ever ruled the mountains above Vicenza.

Leopardi was to die. Men shook their heads doubtingly; the more knowing among them scoffed openly at the suggestion.

"He has ten lives, *amici;* I will believe your story when I see his body. There is no rope in Italy which will strangle Leopardi of Cismon. Besides, has not the great friar promised him——?"

"Pah, what can our father Giovanni do when the Three have willed it? They say that Leopardi is to die at sunset, and his body is to be cast into the lagoon. The friar interceded for him, but he was not listened to, my friends. It is a black day for him to take a second place in the Council."

A girl, who had overheard the boatmen's talk, chimed in with her defending word.

"Believe it not," she said, "let Mocenigo, who condemned him, look to himself. I would sooner wear the shoes of Leopardi of the mountains than the golden slippers of the Pope. God send such a man to the altar with me."

She spoke as though the "Wolf of Cismon" had been her own lover; and many a woman in Venice uttered a secret prayer that day for the robber upon whom the iron hand of justice at length had fallen. For ten years

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Leopardi had been the terror of the mountain towns from Iseo to Mestre. In all her lists of bandits, Italy had never known one bolder or more beloved by the common people.

"The Wolf of Cismon" they called him in the mountains. "The Devil of the Hills" was the title the Police of Venice gave to him. And these police had him caged at last in the dungeons of the ducal palace. He had sworn a rash oath that he would steal the gold chain from the neck of Mocenigo, the judge, and he had kept his word. But the Signors of the Night, the guards of Venice. He had forgotten to reckon with them!

The police arrested him at the house of one of his kinsmen in Torcello, and promised him a short shrift. By some means, none knew how, he had earned the friendship of the powerful Giovanni, who had interceded with the Council for him. But Venice could not pardon a rogue who had robbed one of her senators; and the decree went out that he was to be strangled by the executioner, and his body to be cast into the lagoon. In spite of this, there was plenty in the city to declare that Leopardi would cheat the executioner even yet—aye, would cheat the very devil with a rope in his hand.

"We will believe it when he is dead," they cried.

But others said:

"He is to die at sunset."

II.

Leopardi, the bandit was sleeping on his bed of straw when Pietro, the gaoler, awoke him. They said in the prison that he had done little but sleep and eat since the Supreme Court condemned him. In his waking hours he sang the strophes of Tasso, or amused his captors with wondrous stories of the great women who had been his patrons—of the villages he had raided, and the treasure he had stored up. A merrier prisoner had never been caged in the dungeons of the palace.

His tuneful voice could quicken his gaolers' steps as they went down to the cells, or up again to the blessed light of day. His laughter was infectious, and not to be resisted. The very guards learnt to love him, and to smuggle in the presents which his friends in the city carried every day to the door of the prison. "A pity, indeed, that such as he must die," was the saying in every mouth.

Pietro, the gaoler, touched his prisoner upon the shoulder, and Leopardi sat up at once. He still wore the suit of grey velvet in which they had arrested him; and his magnificent black cloak, with the trimming of bear skin, served well for a blanket. Though there was but the pitiful light of a lantern in the cell, it could not hide altogether the superb figure and the pleasing face of the bandit.

There were few handsomer men in all Italy, as the people said; few with such well-shaped limbs, or such a fine carriage, or such irresistible, merry eyes. Peril had not warred with that figure, nor danger put out the light of jest which had showed the ruler of the mountains so good a way to riches and to victory. Standing, as it seemed, on the very threshold of death, he could yet greet as a friend the very man who came to tell him that the end was at hand.

"*Eccoli!* it is thou, Pietro. There is news then."

Pietro hung his head.

"There is very bad news, my friend."

Leopardi rubbed his eyes as though the garish light troubled them: then he dusted the straw from his fine clothes.

"Name of the devil!" he said. "I am devoured, Pietro—devoured! You hear that! Then tell his Excellency, your master, that if he would not shake himself here every morning——"

Pietro raised his hands as though against a blasphemy.

"Hush, hush!" he said. "You are speaking of the Serene Prince, Leopardi."

Leopardi laughed lightly.

"The news, the news—what of the news, Pietro?" he exclaimed, as he adjusted the dirty lace about his throat, and felt for the sword which should have been at his side.

Pietro hung his head again.

"The priest is here," he said humbly.

"How, the priest?"

"As I say. He comes to tell you that it is to-day."

"To-day! What is to-day? Would you have it to-morrow, Pietro?"

"Do not jest, I beg of you, comrade. The priest who comes is here to speak of your death."

Leopardi looked at the gaoler in a dazed way for a moment. Then he laughed until the cell rang again.

"Ho, ho!" he said; "it needs a priest for that. There is no one else in Venice with the courage. Saint John! When your Doge comes to Cismon, Pietro, I will show him a like courtesy. I will send him a Bishop to say that he shall hang at dawn."

Pietro shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "When that day comes, Leopardi, there will be horses on the Canallazzo."

The bandit slapped him on the back with a great hand which shook every bone in old Pietro's body.

"*Per Bacco!*" said he; "what news I shall have for your ear when the sun sets again, Pietro! Bring in your priest. I would prefer a flask of Armagnac, but, since your master plays the host so scurvily, we will even be content with this flask of divinity—which, I'll wager, shall be as dry as the lips of a councillor's wife. The priest, the priest, Pietro! Am I a heretic that you delay so?"

He thrust the other from the cell, and stood for a moment with his hands twitching curiously, and a drooping of the curves of the mouth, which spoke of nerves at high tension and of a tremendous effort to conceal the emotion he felt. But when, presently, an old friar came shuffling into the place, the smile was on his face again, the laughter in his eyes.

"Your blessing, brother," he asked, dropping on his knee with an air of great humility.

The priest raised his fingers and blessed him.

"My son," he said, "open your heart to me for you are to die in an hour."

Leopardi sighed, but did not rise from his knees.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "God give me a good memory, for there is much on my soul, brother."

The friar seated himself upon the wooden stool, the single ornament of the cell, and bent his ear to listen. Leopardi, meanwhile, curled himself up in the straw and began to pick at the ears of it.

"Brother," said he, "yours is a mission of charity. If you would do me a service, the last I shall ever ask of you, I beg you remember that there is one in Cismon dear to me beyond all that have been my friends. I speak of little Beatrice, the daughter of Gianotti, the vintner. You will tell her how I died, brother?"

The priest nodded his head.

"I will not forget her," he said, "yet think rather of your sins, my son, for assuredly—"

Leopardi cut him short.

"It is of my sins I am thinking, brother. Help me to that, I beseech you. There is in the mountain town of Valdagno a young woman whose memory can fill my eyes with tears. I speak of little Marietta, the daughter of Colleoni, the miller."

The priest raised his hands in a gesture of despair.

"Another!" he exclaimed.

"Ay, as you say, brother, there is another. She is Susanna, the daughter of Villani of Lugo. Hasten to her, I beg of you—"

The friar rose from his seat and turned to the door angrily.

"You shall die with the jest upon your lips," he exclaimed sternly. "The Church has no word for such as you."

Leopardi made a grimace and ceased to pluck at the straw.

"Ah," he said, "if you would have listened, I would have told you of the twenty men whose throats we cut at Cittadella. Come again to-morrow, brother, and you shall hear of little Elena—"

"To-morrow," said the priest in a low voice, "to-morrow the police will be looking for your body in the lagoon, my son."

He quitted the cell, covering his ears with his cowl that they might be deaf to such blasphemies. When he was gone, Leopardi stood up and the smile left his face again. The doubt which had troubled him ten minutes ago returned with new intensity. "How if this friar speaks the truth?" he asked himself. Of all those he had known and served in Venice, but one remained to be his friend. He thought of another friar, of

the great Fra Giovanni, who had promised that he should not die.

"Saint John," he said, "the Capuchin has never lied yet. He will save me even now. It will be time enough to ask myself how when the rope is about my neck."

III.

The common method of executing criminals in Venice at that day was to strangle them in the corridor of the prison, and to throw their bodies through an open trap into the narrow canal which separated the dungeons from the palace. Police boats subsequently dragged the bodies from the water and buried them in the cemetery of one of the smaller islands lying to the north of the city. Such a sentence had been passed upon the "Wolf of Cismon" by Mocenigo, the President of the Criminal Court; and such a sentence the executioner of Venice hastened to carry out so soon as the friar had left the cell of the condemned.

Whatever fear of this terrible death haunted Leopardi at the moment when the gaolers came to him, as they thought for the last time, they found him, as ever, indifferent apparently both to their presence and its meaning. And there was not a single servant of the prison who did not regret the errand, or treasure up a genuine sympathy for this "Devil of the Hills," who had ever been the friend of the poor and the friendless.

"Courage, Leopardi—they will not hurt you. It is an easy death as I live. A moment with the rope about your neck and after that nothing."

So spoke Pietro, the gaoler, as he endeavoured to slip a cord over the hands of the condemned. But Leopardi was too quick for him.

"One moment, good Pietro," cried he. "What! you would truss me like a fowl! Out on you for a scurvy friend. How shall I kiss my hand to the pretty women on the other side of the way if there is a cord upon my wrists?"

Pietro sighed.

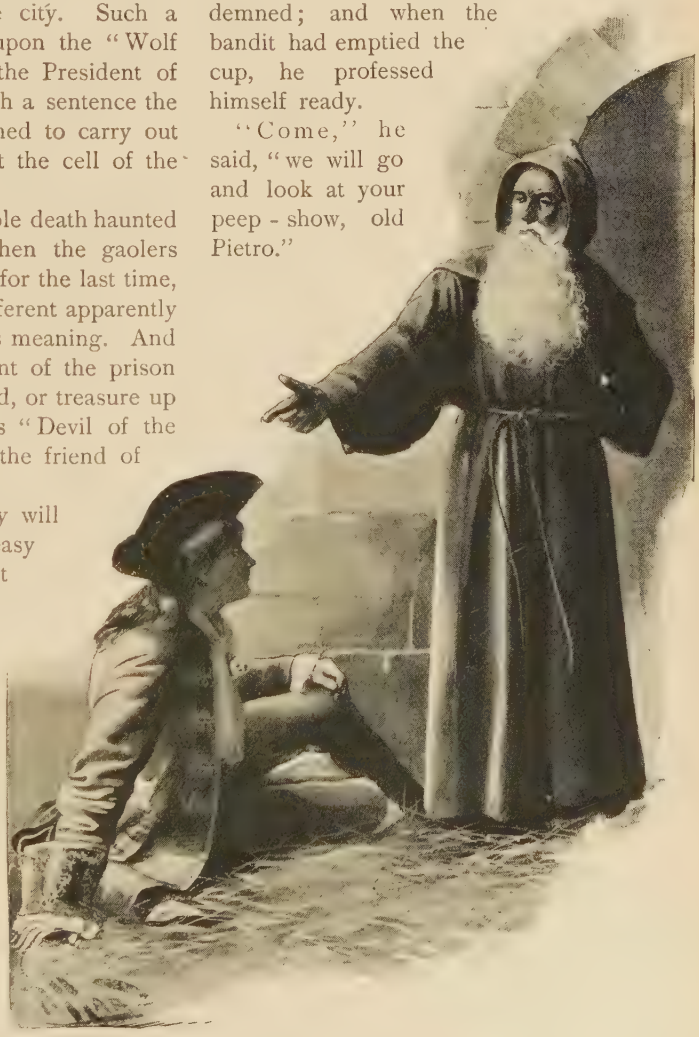
"When next you kiss your hand, signore, it will be in purgatory," said he.

Leopardi pinched him on the cheek good humouredly.

"Then I will make a cool place for thee, old Pietro. Come, a cup of wine in charity Would you send me up yonder with lips of sand? Ho, ho, a thirsty saint would never do. Bring in the wine, rascal, and to the devil with the rest."

The old gaoler shook his head sadly. But he fetched a flask of wine, for this was permitted to the condemned; and when the bandit had emptied the cup, he professed himself ready.

"Come," he said, "we will go and look at your peep-show, old Pietro."



To-morrow the police will be looking for your body in the lagoon, my son.'

Pietro flung the door of the cell wide open.

"God have mercy on your soul, Leopardi of Cismon," he said devoutly.

There were half-a-dozen soldiers in the corridor of the prison, and they stood with drawn swords while the condemned passed from his cell. Leopardi, playing his *rôle* to the last, was singing the old proverb:

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia,

when he caught sight of them; but he stopped suddenly as he beheld the shining blades; and a quick eye would have seen him stagger against the wall.

"Courage," whispered the gaoler.

"A true word, old Pietro," he said, recovering himself by a great effort; "when last I had the pleasure of seeing these gentlemen in the mountains, it was a word their officer addressed to them. 'Courage,' he said—and he ran, old Pietro. Holy Virgin, how he ran! Give me but the chance, and I will show thee here and now——"

An officer of the guard, appearing suddenly in the corridor, cried "Silence!" and the troop presented arms. The condemned man ceased to jest, for he saw the open trap through which his body was to be cast into the waters; and a black rope hung loosely before it. There came to him in that instant the thought that Fra Giovanni had betrayed him after all. He was to die then, he who had been the king of the mountains and the terror of the cities; he, who had known no other master than his own will, whose word had been a terrible law—this Venice would not spare him. Young in years, the love of his life surged up for a moment and became an agony. He looked round about him wistfully, as though the priest, who had promised to save him, lurked somewhere in the shadows. He was as brave as any in Italy, but this bitterness of death, after he had told himself that he was not to die, was a torture passing words.

"He must come," he said to himself, "he has never been known to lie—he will not desert me."

The assurance permitted him to remember his courage, in spite of the place and the scene. And it was a scene grim enough to have affrighted even the "Wolf of Cismon." Death seemed written on every wall, on every face. Light of dim lanterns struck the vaulted ceiling, and shone back from the dark water of the canal without. The soldiers themselves were as figures of stone. The air was hot, and breathed the pestilence of dungeons.

When the masked executioner stepped forward and touched the condemned, he started as one aroused from a fitful sleep. The priest had deserted him, he said. There could be no pardon now; no pardon as he stood beneath that rope and looked through the narrow trap-door whereby they would cast out his body presently. He had lived his life. He would never see the mountains again. But, at least, he would die without shame.

"Signore," said the executioner, as he slipped a cord lightly over the prisoner's ankles and another about his wrists, "I ask your forgiveness."

The robber watched the operation with curious eyes. He stifled the horror which gripped at his heart and remembered that he was Leopardi of Cismon.

"You are forgiven, signore," he said, with the air of a prince. "Do your work quickly, and my friends shall pay you more money than there is in this cursed city."

"Silence!" cried the Captain of the Guard. "If you have no prayer to say, hold your tongue, rogue."

"My prayer, signore, is for Venice, that she may always find soldiers who can run like your Excellency."

It was the last word he spoke in the dungeons of the city. Scarcely had it left his lips when the rope tightened about his neck with a horrid jerk, and he was hauled from his feet upward to the roof of the corridor. For long minutes, as it seemed to him, his very heart threatened to burst. Thunderous noises rang in his ears; his eyes showed him a crimson vision of woeful shapes and forms as the blood went leaping to his brain.

He struggled madly to touch with his feet any place that should, if it were but for an instant, release the agonising grip of the cord about his throat. Strange voices cried to him as with the greeting of the doomed. He felt himself sinking down, down to some un-

fathomed abyss far below the earth. Then there was a rush of water in his ears——

"Was he dead?" asked the Captain of the Guard, as the body of the robber fell heavily into the dark water of the canal. "You were quick to-night, Gerardo."

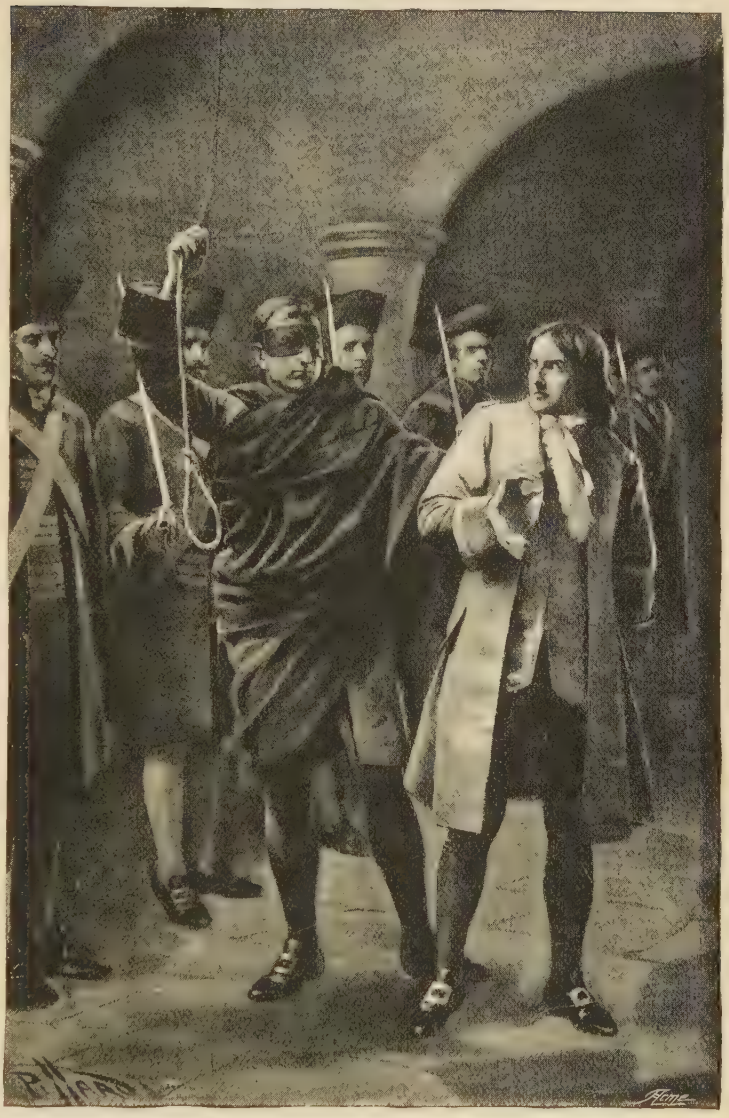
The executioner answered evasively.

"When he comes back, Venice will see a miracle, Excellency."

The Captain turned away, glad to leave that place of pestilent odours and of darkness. And through all the city there went the word that Leopardi of Cismon was dead.

IV.

There was a rush of water in Leopardi's ears, the sensation as of a cascade pouring over his very brain. He opened his eyes and beheld strange green lights flashing before him; he stretched out his arms and the half-tied cords fell from them. A mighty effort, instinctive, the effort of one who had been a swimmer since his childhood, brought him to the surface of the canal; but the half of his senses were yet lacking, and he sank again, deep down to the very mud and slime in the bed of the waters.



The masked executioner stepped forward and touched the condemned.

It was a terrible struggle, a battle with death waged by one whom the finger of death had touched already. Minutes passed and still the drowning man knew nothing of that which was happening to him; nothing of the circumstances which had sent him down there to the darkness of the river's bed. All that he did was done upon an impulse of habit. His agonising struggles to come up again and breathe the cold air of the night were the dictates of his nature crying out for breath.

When he rose to the surface of the water for the second time, nature gained a little strength and began to befriend him. He saw great buildings above him and lights flashing from those buildings. He heard the voices of men and the splash of oars. Reason returned to him—he cried aloud with the joy of life given back, of death defeated.

"Great God—I live, I live," he said, "the priest has saved me after all; I shall see my home again, Heaven give me strength."

It was all clear to him now, both the plan of his escape and the outcome of it. He knew that the executioner had but half strangled him that he might fight for his life out there in the darkness of the waters. He understood that he must make one supreme effort to cheat Venice and his enemies. He would rule in the mountains again; would live the old life. Fra Giovanni had been his friend. He vowed that he would repay with an offering such as priest had never dreamed of.

It was almost dark at this hour, and the lamps were beginning to shine as stars in the windows of the palaces. Leopardi lay with his head thrown back, washed like a dead thing by the ebbing water. Though a great pain hurt his lungs, and noises were still ringing in his brain, he paid no heed to his own condition; but reflected rather on the peril which still hovered about him. For all that he knew, the Signors of the Night might be already seeking his body. He listened for the splash of oars as a deer listens for the dogs.

He gained the shelter of the prison walls.

Far away, the notes of a guitar rang out musically on the night air. Venice was beginning her watch of pleasure. Here and there upon the great Canalazzo a gondola passed, carrying its owner to some *fête* or carnival. Leopardi said that if he could swim to one of those boats and cast himself upon the mercy of the barcarollo, he would fear his enemies no more. He took courage of the thought, and striking out with a gentle stroke, he gained the shelter of the prison wall and pulled himself hand over hand by it. A splash, he imagined, might betray him. A new executioner would be found—and then.

The stones of the wall were rough to his hands; green slime, revolting and clammy, marked the line of waters. The bandit might have been some vampire creeping away from the prison as he dragged himself toward the open lagoon and the place of safety. Often he paused with a little tremor of fear as he thought that he heard the dip of an oar or the whisper of a voice behind him. Then he would snatch a few yards and cast back his head so that the green waves ran almost to his mouth.

"I will cheat them yet," he muttered, as though in self-encouragement. "When next the Wolf of Cismon barks, let Venice take care of her judges."

Half-an-hour must have passed in this alternation of hope and fear. When, at last, he had crept the whole length of the prison wall and had turned the corner of it, he beheld the great lagoon, the silent sea above which Venice towers. The spectacle was as of some haven of promise to reward him for his hour of suffering. All the courage of his nature, all his reckless contempt of authority and those who stood for authority, returned to him as he gazed across the limpid waters to the

distant islands and the remote sea whose breezes gave him life. The good fight was waged then, the battle was done. He beheld a gondola passing to some house of pleasure, and the figure of the boatman was as the figure of a friend sent by destiny to his aid. And so he hesitated no more, but cast himself from the wall and struck boldly for the ship which should be his haven.

"Signore, for the love of God help a drowning man."

The gondolier heard him at the first cry.

"Who is it—who is there?" he cried, ceasing to dip his oar and letting the long black boat float lazily with the current. Leopardi, notwithstanding the failing light, could see that it was a very handsome gondola. It might even belong to one of the nobles of Venice, he thought. And a noble would grant a short shrift to the "Wolf of Cismon."

"Signore," he said, clutching the gunwale of the boat and breathing heavily, "a thousand pardons for the liberty. I am a stranger in this city and have been robbed here. They threw me from the quay yonder. For the love of God let me find a moment's shelter on your boat."

He thought that the gondolier would answer him: but before the fellow could speak, the door of the cabin was opened, and Leopardi saw the most exquisite vision his eyes had ever looked upon in that city or in any other. It was the vision of a young girl clad from head to foot in a robe of gold brocade; a girl whose dress was a blaze of glittering diamonds; whose mask, in her agitation, had been turned aside to show him a face so beautiful that he knew, upon the instant, he would never forget it.

"Oh, signorina," he cried, thanking Heaven for a turn of fortune so amazing, "you will not refuse a drowning man. I am the Count of Vicenza, and I have fallen into the hands of my enemies. Give me passage to Rialto and I will remember your name until my dying day."

There was a light in the cabin of the gondola, and it stood so that the rays of the lamp fell full upon the upturned face of the bandit. Whether this face appealed to the girl, or the pleasing voice of the man attracted her, Leopardi could but surmise. But certain it is that she stood quite still, nor did she protest when he, quick to act upon a

Leopardi saw the most exquisite vision his eyes had ever looked upon.

resolution, dragged himself out of the water and sank down exhausted almost at her feet.

"Signorina," he said, "I kiss the hand of my benefactress. Believe me, the hour will come when you will not regret this night."

He touched her hand with his cold lips, but she drew it back at once, and seated herself again upon the cushions of the cabin. She could see the striking face of the unknown now, with the long fair hair hanging limp over the forehead. Wet and bedraggled and cold as the "Wolf of Cismon" was, the strange fascination the man could exercise upon women was not lost to him. He held the girl, as in the grip of his will, almost from the first word he spoke to her.

"I will set you down at Rialto, signore," she said quietly; "meanwhile, I fear that the cold——"

"Not so, signorina—when I am near you. A man could suffer a great deal of cold to be taken to his home under such circumstances. And I owe you yet another apology for the water I bring into your boat."

She laughed, for this strange creature, risen so strangely from the waters, had begun to amuse her.

"It will save Dominici washing the gondola to-morrow, signore."

Leopardi sighed. He was asking himself which was the shortest way to learn the name of his benefactress.

"Do not speak of to-morrow, signorina," he said; "to-night will be a memory then. I shall have only the name——"

"The name!" she exclaimed.

"Exactly—the name of my benefactress."

She toyed with her fan, watching the bedraggled figure curiously. Her corselet shone with a blaze of precious stones. He could see the pretty white throat tuned to her rapid breathing.

"You do not know my name?" she asked.

"I am a stranger in the city, signorina."

"And you have not heard of Gabriella, of the Opera?"

Leopardi suppressed an exclamation. The name of Gabriella, the singer of Milano, was known from one end of Europe to the other. He could have danced for joy when he heard it.

"Oh! signorina," he cried, "had you but sung a single note, I would never have asked you the question."

She was pleased at the compliment, for she believed that some noble uttered it. Neither the straw of the prison nor the water of the canal had ruined altogether the splendid clothes in which Leopardi had been arrested. The gold lace still flashed on his vest, the fine embroidery was still to be seen upon his coat. He would be some noble of Vicenza come to Venice for the pleasures of Carnival, she thought. It pleased her, being a woman, to think that she was helping a man who obviously had succumbed already to her beauty and her fame.

"Lord Count," she said, "I was on my way to the opera of San Samuele. Nevertheless, if I might set you down at your own lodging."

The bandit bowed with the grace of a prince.

"Signorina," he said gaily, "my way is your way. It could not be otherwise. Give me but ten minutes to call at the house of one of my friends where I can make good my misfortunes, and I will even crave leave to follow you to the opera. It is my good luck that Venice has kept this, the greatest of her pleasures, until my last night in the city."

"You quit Venice to-morrow?" she asked.

"At dawn, signorina, I shall be on my way to the mountains."

He sighed as though to say "you could turn me from that purpose." She, on her part, had long practised all the arts which equip the successful coquette. Many a noble in Venice had laid his fortune at her feet, but this man pleased her as no other had done.

"Signore," she said, "I will sing to-night as I have never sung before."

Leopardi answered her by entering the cabin and bending once more to kiss her hand.

"Signorina," said he, "this night will be my dying memory. We are now at Rialto. In an hour I shall hear your voice at the opera of San Samuele."

The gondola touched the quay as he spoke. Leopardi looked about him for an instant to see if he were followed; but observing no boat upon the water, he bowed again to

the mistress of the boat and darted into the shadows of the narrow streets by the bridge.

"Gabriella, the singer," he said to himself, as he went. "Saint John—but my star shines to-night. Let me but get out of this cursed Venice, and she shall sing to-morrow in the camp at Cismon."

The idea pleased him. He ran on quickly down a narrow alley, and into a gloomy casino.

"Quick," he said to the man who challenged him at the door. "A message to Fra Giovanni, the Capuchin monk—and for me the best suit in your wardrobe, old—Paolo. It is I, Leopardi."

The man let the lamp fall from his hand with a loud crash.

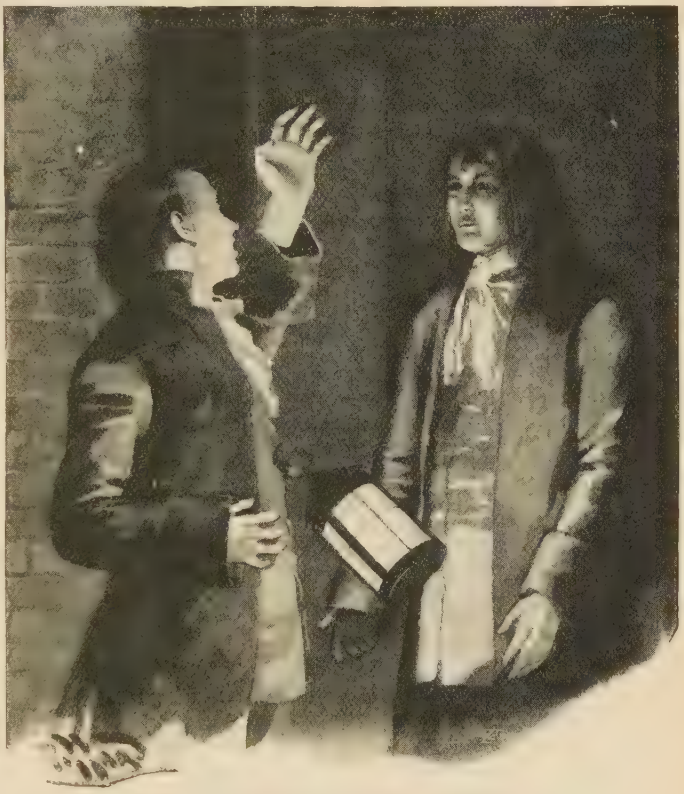
"Great God!" he said; "the dead come to life, then."

V.

The "Wolf of Cismon" quitted the gloomy casino when twenty minutes had passed. Those who had seen the wet and bedraggled man as he entered would not have recognised the superbly dressed noble who passed out. For Leopardi wore the smirched grey coat no more: no more lacked a cloak for his back, nor a sword for his hand. Rich breeches and stockings of scarlet showed the fine proportions of his magnificent limbs. His doublet was of black velvet. The richest lace adorned his throat and wrists. He carried the stola of a Venetian prince over his shoulder; his vest was pinned by a diamond buckle which many a noble might have envied.

He left the casino furtively. He knew that he could not cheat Venice twice: knew that the Signors of the Night patrolled even that haunt of thieves and outcasts. Narrow passages, winding alleys, carried him to the water's edge. A gondola waited for him; and the barcarollo who steered it greeted him as a friend.

"Leopardi—as I live! Well met, on my word. I am here to take you to Mestre, comrade, as the master commands."



"Great God!" he said; "the dead come to life, then."

Leopardi leapt lightly into the boat.

"Well met, indeed, Beppo, my friend. You have a message for me?"

"Who sups with the wolf should breakfast with the birds. That is my message, *amico*. The master cannot save you a second time. The life you gave to the poor in the hills of Cismon, that is the life he gives you here in Venice."

Leopardi answered him earnestly.

"I will remember the name of Fra Giovanni when I have forgotten that of the mother who bore me," said he.

Old Beppo began to ply his oar, and to steer the black boat toward the Canalazzo.

"He gave you your life because you have honoured women and fed the poor, Leopardi. Remember that when you think of him in

the mountains. I would sooner be the servant of Fra Giovanni than the brother of a king. He has been your friend, and has not forgotten his promises. You will be at Mestre before midnight—the city thinks you dead, and the road is open."

The bandit, squatting on the gunwale at old Beppo's feet, sighed as one upon whom deep content has come.

"Oh!" he said, "I have something yet to say to this Venice of yours, old Beppo. There is Mocenigo, the judge, too. Give thanks this night that you do not wear his shoes. We go to the opera at San Samuele; there lies a better road than the course to Mestre, my friend."

Beppo ceased to row.

"To San Samuele!" he cried. "But you are mad, Leopardi! The police are there—perchance Mocenigo, the judge."

Leopardi encouraged him with a merry laugh.

"Name of the devil!" he said. "It is just because Mocenigo is there that I am going to the opera. As he judged me, so will I judge him, old Beppo. And the girl I am to marry at dawn is even now waiting for me. Would you keep me from her side, rogue?"

Beppo took up his oar.

"You will hang after all," said he.

VI.

It had been a brilliant night at the opera of San Samuele, for this was the zenith of Carnival, and all the nobles of Venice hurried to the seats of pleasure before the stern hand of Lent should restrain them. In the foyer of the theatre the spectacle was such as even Venice, grown old in pageantry and display, had rarely known.

Princes and nobles in dazzling dresses of velvet and of silk; great dames whose very shoes were powdered with diamonds; cocottes, senators, merchants, the prettiest women in the city—all these swelled the glittering throng which promenaded the vestibules in the light of countless chandeliers depending from the ceilings which the great masters had painted. The wonders of the jewels, the superb gold and silver ornaments of the brocades, the lights of countless diamonds, were such as blinded eyes accustomed to the wealth of Venice and to the extravagance of her aristocrats. Strangers stood to tell themselves that they had come upon some palace of fables. Women hung upon their lovers' arms, and gave themselves up to a very delirium of pleasure. The babble of tongues was deafening; the laughter unceasing.

A bewildering scene, in truth, it was; a scene of folly running riot, of love grown hysterical, of that complete abandonment to pleasure which was characteristic of Venice in the first years of the eighteenth century. And this, perhaps, was even more remarkable that, in spite of the spirit of laughter and of jest, one name was ever on the tongue of the masqueraders. It was the name of Leopardi, the "Wolf of Cismon."

"He is dead," men said; "we shall remember his name no more when we cross the mountains. The 'Wolf of Cismon' barked at Venice, and she has answered him."

So they spoke, and many paused to congratulate Mocenigo, the judge, who had helped the city to reckon so well with the bandit who had mocked her. On his part, until they told him that Leopardi was no more, Mocenigo neither slept nor ate. Impossible as the bandit's threats had seemed, they frightened this man who had willed his death. Perchance he believed the old women's tales, when they said that the rope had yet to be spun which would strangle Leopardi of the mountains. But when he knew the executioner had done his work, when he knew that the body of the robber had been cast into the lagoon, it was as though a great burden had been lifted from his mind. None laughed louder in that house of laughter. None jested with such relish.

"The Wolf is dead, my friends," he said boastingly; "to-morrow the police will have found his body, and it will hang between the columns of the Piazzetta."

Leopardi, masked closely and moving as a flash of light from place to place in the theatre, heard the words and laughed at them. Never had a reckless adventure appealed to him as this adventure did. His courage rose from minute to minute. He felt that he

could look death in the face now and laugh at his menaces. He ventured even to touch the judge upon the shoulder.

"My lord," he said in a low whisper, "have you heard the news?"

Mocenigo turned quickly.

"Signore," he exclaimed, "the news is that Leopardi of Cismon is dead."

"Not so," answered the robber; "he has fled the prison and is now in the hills. They await you at the palace, my lord, for this man has threatened that you shall not be living at dawn to-morrow."

Mocenigo began to tremble in spite of himself. He stared at the masked man as though the sound of his voice were familiar.

"Not so," answered the robber; "he has fled the prison and is now in the hills."

"Who are you that knows the secrets of the palace?" he asked.

"I am one who is under a great obligation to Mocenigo, the judge, my lord."

He bowed at the words, and was lost to view instantly in the press of people. The judge stared after him as though his ears had heard a voice of miracles.

"The man has fled," he muttered, "impossible. I have the word of the Captain."

He would not believe it, yet doubting, and with curiosity awakened irresistibly, he passed from the theatre and came out upon the quay, whereby the gondolas waited. A boatman, who seemed to be looking for him, sprang up at once, and touched him on the arm.

"My lord," he said, "I am sent from the palace."

"You!"

"There was no other near, my lord—and the Council waits."

Mocenigo hesitated no more. He stepped into the gondola, and it was steered instantly to the shadows. Leopardi, who watched it go, from a place upon the steps, laughed softly and returned to the theatre.

"One," he said to himself grimly; and then he thought of pretty Gabriella.

The music had begun again when he reentered the theatre. He heard the voice of the first singer in all Italy, Gabriella of Milano, and it thrilled him as with an ecstasy of pleasures anticipated. For a little while he listened to it, and then, turning from the corridor, he entered a box, where sat one of the first noblewomen in the city.

The music had swelled out now to a superb crescendo. Every ear was strained, every eye fascinated. Gabriella held the entranced audience as by a power more than human. Yet even as she rose to the supreme moment of her triumph, a terrible scream rang out in the theatre, and being repeated again and again, broke the note upon the lips of the singer, and brought the people leaping to their feet.

"The 'Wolf of Cismon'—he is not dead. He is here, here!"

A woman uttered the words, a woman standing at the front of her box, and stretching out her arms as though for help against the apparition which terrified her. For a long minute she stood swaying there. Then she swooned and fell; and in the moment of of her fall, a second cry, loud and terrible, from a box upon the opposite side, drew all eyes toward the place, and sent men's swords leaping from their scabbards.

"The 'Wolf of Cismon' is in the theatre. He is here, here. There are a hundred with him. He will cut us to pieces."

A young man, white with excitement and passion, roared the words from the front of his box. Five hundred throats took up the cry. Women began to rush into the corridors. Flight—a flight where the strong trampled down the weak, where fathers forgot their children, a panic uncontrollable seized upon the people.

"Leopardi of Cismon is here. God help us all this night. Leopardi is here. He is not dead."

Louder and louder grew the cries. The screams of women mingled with them. The drawn swords cut the faces of the struggling people. The doors crashed down and barred the narrow corridors. The knife of the bandit might have been at the throat of the people who fled from him. Panic had fallen upon the house and had passed the bounds of reason. Ever outward towards the crashing doors the frenzied mob poured. Jewels were scattered upon the path, fine clothes were rent to shreds, the weak fell swooning, the strong shouted as men possessed: "Leopardi—Leopardi is here!" Their voices were hoarse as they cried the warning. The hand of death was at their throats.

Leopardi watched the scene from a balcony on the second floor. A curious smile played upon his handsome face. Those cries were his answer spoken to Venice which had condemned him. They were sweeter to his ears than the music little Gabriella made. And she—she had swooned upon the stage. For a moment he hesitated, uncertain what to do. Then he lowered himself, with the daring of the born mountaineer, from pillar to pillar, and stood beside her. He picked her up in his arms; the actors had already fled the place; he slipped through the wings with his pretty burden, and passed unmolested to the players' door.

"Signorina," he said, when she opened her eyes. "The police are looking for you because you took Leopardi, the bandit of Cismon, into your gondola and helped him to escape."

"You—you are Leopardi, signore?"

"I am Leopardi, signorina, who has come here to save you from the police."

She shuddered. He held her more closely in his strong embrace.

"Come," he said; "the gondola of Giovanni, the monk, is waiting for me. There will be none to stop that, signorina."

She left the theatre with him and was in his camp at Cismon on the dawn of the next day.

VII.

The story of the escape of Leopardi, the bandit, was believed by none of the common people of Venice, who went next morning to look for his body hanging, as it should have been, between the columns of the Piazzetta. But when they came to the place a great cry of wonder escaped them.

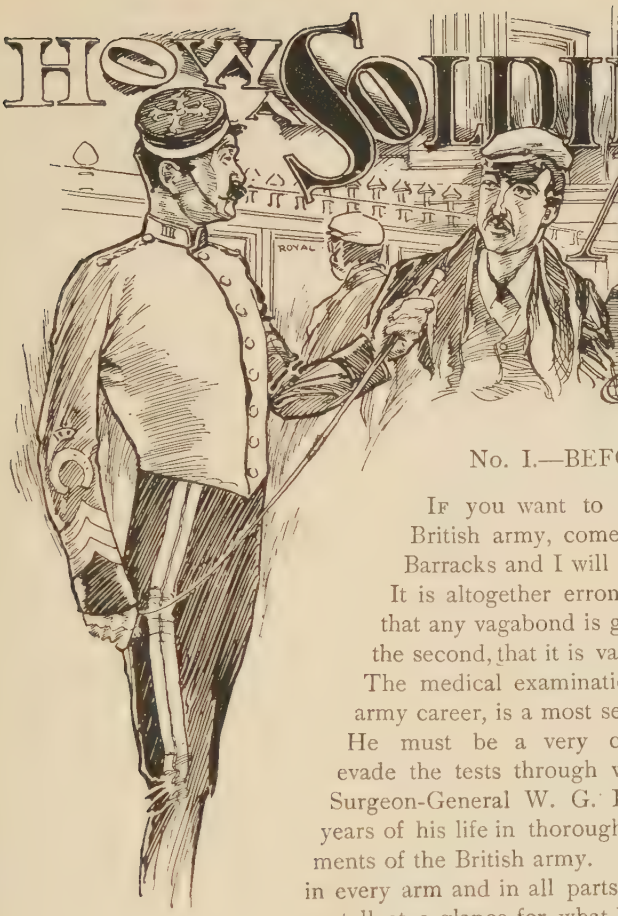
"God save us," they said; "there hangs Mocenigo the judge!"

It was a true word. The body of the judge swung there, limp and cold, in the wind of morning. And to it was pinned a paper with the words:—

"The answer of Leopardi to the city of Venice."

HOW A SOLDIER IS MADE

BY B. BURGIN



No. I.—BEFORE THE DOCTOR.

If you want to know how a man enlists for the British army, come round with me to St. George's Barracks and I will show you.

It is altogether erroneous, in the first place, to suppose that any vagabond is good enough for the army; and, in the second, that it is vagabonds only who desire to join it. The medical examination, which is the initial step to an army career, is a most searching and comprehensive one. He must be a very clever would-be recruit, who can evade the tests through which he is put by genial Deputy-Surgeon-General W. G. Don, who has spent a good many years of his life in thoroughly studying the recruiting requirements of the British army. This gallant officer has seen service in every arm and in all parts of the world forty years back, and can tell at a glance for what branch of the Service the intending recruit is best fitted. Now for the recruit.

The recruit may have come up from the country to enlist, or he may be a Cockney—the son of a duke, or the offspring of a chimney sweep; his callings range from a costermonger's to that of a boy waiter at the National Liberal Club. Indeed, a young gentleman from that stately edifice was recently rejected on account of his deficiency in chest measurement, and tearfully declared his intention of going back to the club and eating his way through it until he came up to the proper size.

Outside the somewhat dingy entrance to St. George's Barracks, and "contagious thereto," you will find a number of very smartly set-up recruiting sergeants, some pensioners, and some belonging to the representative branches of the Service. For every recruit who passes the doctor, and is sworn in, the sergeant gets a fee. The smallest fee is for a militiaman, who, in most cases, on account of his extreme youth, represents about two-thirds of a man. A recruit for a line regiment comes next in value, then a cavalry or artilleryman; and if a sergeant succeeds in landing a man who can pass the examination for the Life Guards, that sergeant is very well satisfied with his day's work.

When the would-be recruit has made overtures to the sergeant, he is taken inside the barracks and fills up the short service "notice" form for seven years with the colours and five years in the reserve, or, if the man completes his seven years' service while beyond the seas, then for a further period not exceeding one year with the colours, and the remainder of the twelve years in the reserve.

Before the recruit is brought to the doctor, the sergeant measures him, weighs him, and

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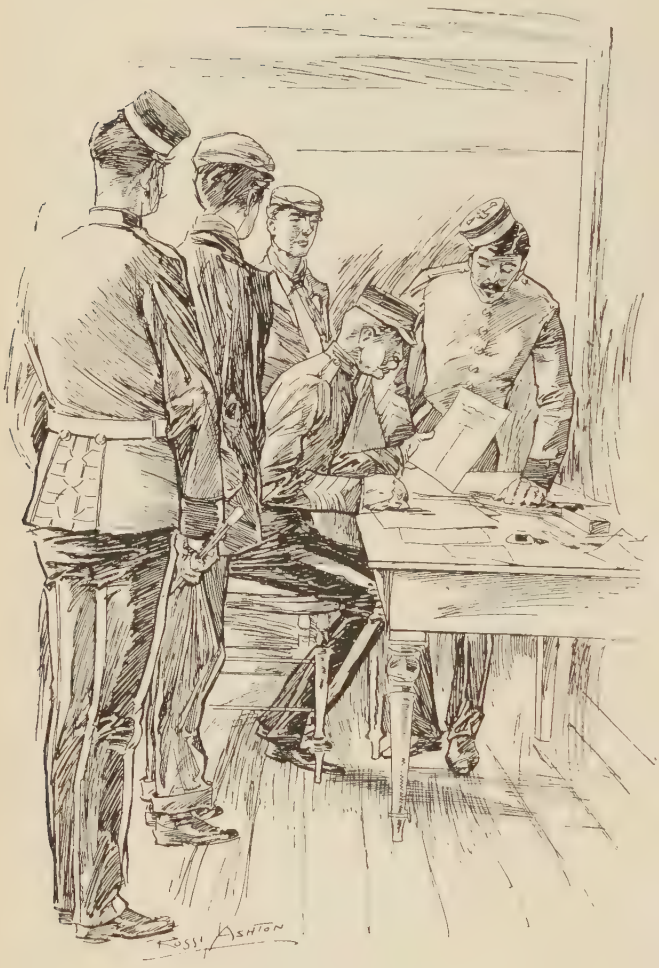


Preparing for the doctor.

takes his height. If these apparently come up to the standard, John Smith (the recruit) is provided with a bath at Her Majesty's expense. After the bath, he puts on his shirt and is taken behind a screen in the medical officer's room.

This barrack room is very curiously furnished. As you enter, the screen is on the right-hand. Half-way along the wall to the left, is another screen, behind which sits Deputy-Surgeon-General Don at a table covered with "notice" papers and the Recruits' Register before him. In the same position on the other side is a beautifully scrubbed deal form running out into the room. A little beyond this form is a table, at which sits a man who takes down the measurements of the recruit, in a register, very much in the same way that a tailor's assistant records the measurements for a suit of clothes. The walls of the room are whitewashed, and the frosted window-panes look out on to the barrack square. The floor is covered with linoleum.

Close to the medical officer's desk is a thick, padded carpet about a yard square. A machine for measuring the height stands in the left-hand window, and a weighing machine is about a couple of yards from this. When the soldier in charge of the door sees that the nicely-scrubbed form is empty, he orders John Smith to strip. John Smith coyly sidles into the room and gingerly sits down on the form, followed by several other recruits in the same primeval costume, who perch beside him like shivering fowls.

As soon as the recruit is comfortably seated, the medical officer takes up the printed "notice" paper and calls out "John Smith." The sergeant in charge of the height machine shouts with military brevity: "On to the mat, John Smith," and John Smith, trying to look as big as possible, and blushing at this ruthless inquiry into his physical peculiarities, walks to the mat and tickles the calf of his left leg with the toe of his right foot in a hangdog way.

"Stand up," says the sergeant, as the medical officer approaches the recruit with a tape. "Don't be trying to spread yourself out like a goose, but put your shoulders down."

"Draw a long breath—up, up," says the medical officer; and John Smith nearly bursts a blood-vessel in his desire to meet the doctor's wish.

"Thirty-four-six round the chest," says the doctor, marking the figures in a register and going back to the table.

"Come here," says the sergeant, putting his victim on the height machine, and jamming what looks like a small board down on his

head. "Put your heels together and keep your head straight." "Sixty-eight" (5ft. 8in.), he calls to the man at the table.

When this is recorded, the sergeant takes the passive recruit by the arm and leads him to the weighing machine with an overwhelming courtesy from which there is no escape. "Stand on there," he says; and John Smith, looking more than ever like a bedraggled fowl that has just finished moulting, stands on the machine, a heap of abject misery, and apparently wishes that he had stopped quietly at home. "One hundred and twenty-five pounds," says the sergeant, and the weight is duly recorded. Then his vision is tested.

"Stand up straight and put your hands to your sides," says the sergeant, suddenly clapping a huge hand over John Smith's right eye, as the medical officer walks back to the table.

The medical officer holds up a small card on which are some black spots. With a perfectly plain card he covers over some of the spots. "How many?" he asks briefly.

"Three, sir."

"How many?" again asks the doctor, shifting the card.

"Five, sir."

The sergeant moves his hand to John Smith's left eye, and the same process is repeated.

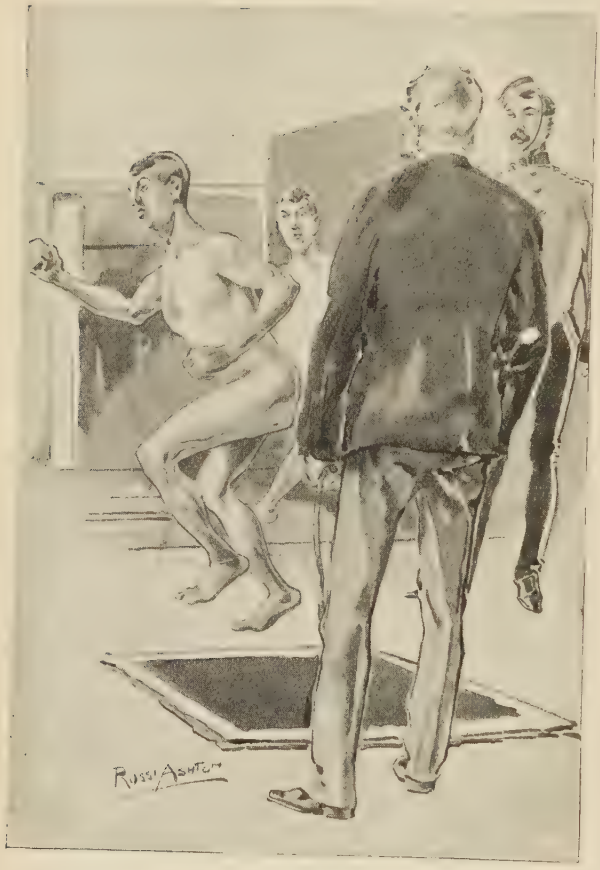
But his troubles are not yet over. The sergeant takes him back close to the height machine. "Hop on one foot to the window at the end of the room, then hop back on the other foot to the mat. Hop on your toes—I didn't tell you to be taking a walk," he says, as his victim shambles along the ground.

John Smith hops ponderously to the end of the room and comes back on the same foot, apparently labouring under the impression that unless he makes the floor shake it is all up with his chances of ever becoming a member of the British army. The sergeant tells him to remember that he has two feet, and starts him off again. Breathless with this unusual exercise, the recruit hops on to the mat, which is the only thing in the room that he does not distrust. The medical officer suddenly stands in front of him and says:

"Kneel down—both knees at the same time. Spring up on your toes. Put out your hands. Open them out. Clench your fist. Turn round. Touch your toes with your fingers. Get up."

The recruit performs all these evolutions

"Now, stand up!"



"Now, hop!"

with the exception of springing up on his toes. "That's the result of bad boots," the doctor whispers to me. He sounds John Smith's heart and lungs, opens his mouth to see what kind of teeth he has, and suddenly asks him whether he has ever had fits.

"Not till that cove give 'em to 'im just now," whispers one naked recruit to another. "Ain't 'e gittin' a gruellin'? Crule, I calls it. Crule!"

Then the sergeant turns John Smith round and back again and looks at him carefully. "Dark blue—brown complexion; scar over left eye; dots left forearm, etc." That finishes his description and marks. He turns the lad round until he faces the door. "Go and dress," he says severely, as if pained by John Smith's lack of costume.

"If you please, sir, they made me come in this way, sir," says John Smith blushingly. "It wasn't me, sir."

"Go and dress," says the sergeant, still more severely, and the victim departs.

Presently someone comes in for the medical officer's report, written on a "medical history sheet," and the "attestation" document, and, if it is satisfactory, John Smith is taken upstairs to undergo a further ordeal by the approving staff officer as to his character and antecedents. If the report is not satisfactory, nobody takes any further interest in him except the recruiting sergeant who has brought him in, and he surveys John Smith with an air which plainly implies that a good deal of valuable time has been wasted by somebody.

After the recruit has stated to what branch of the Service he wishes to belong, and is "sworn in," he is sent off to one of the great depôts in order to acquire the rudiments of his military training. Of course, there are large recruiting centres in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but fully two-fifths of the recruits for the British army come from London and the adjacent counties. During the last twelve years, over a hundred thousand recruits have been examined for the army by indefatigable Deputy-Surgeon-General Don. Of these about sixty per cent. passed.

It is perfectly marvellous to watch the manner in which the intending recruits are tested. Everything moves like clockwork, and the greatest care is taken to have the documents of those who pass absolutely correct in every particular. The last resource of all for growing lads who are not quite up to the standard required is to join the Militia. In the course of a few months, the steady drill, the regular life, and good food develop a growing lad and bring him up to the standard, and so smarten him that his own mother would hardly know him.

The medical officer frequently examines a

The finished article.

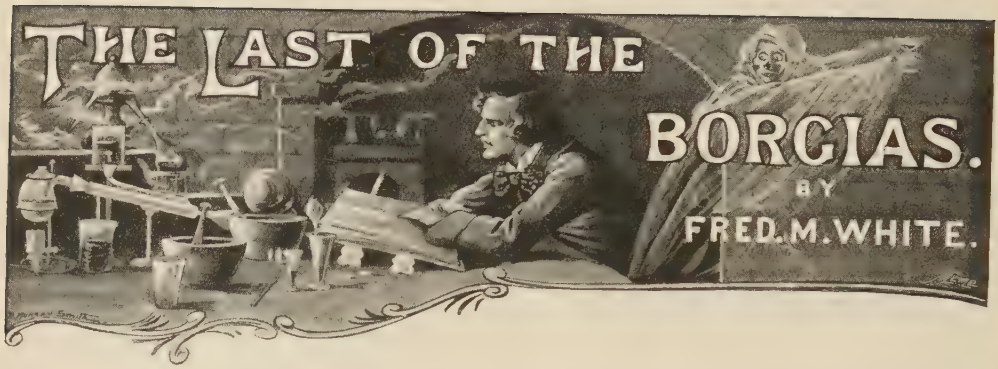
hundred men a day. This in itself is a feat of great endurance. In fact, every officer and man connected with recruiting is picked out owing to some special qualification which he possesses. It is utterly impossible to tell the secret of success in recruiting, but a sergeant who apparently possesses every qualification for the post is often a failure at this special work, and has to be sent back to his regiment.

The medical officer's experiences with regard to frauds are many and various. A great hulking fellow, six feet in height and broad in proportion, finally changed his mind after he had been formally sworn in. His parents made a declaration that he was only fifteen, although he had a beard, and was really over twenty. Anxious mothers, too, who wish to get their sons home again, will stick at nothing in order to attain their purpose.

It is satisfactory to note the enormous improvement during the last twenty years in the raw material for the British army. The reasons for enlisting are very various, and may be summed up under three heads: Liking for a soldier's life; necessity from want of work; desire to escape from scrapes at home. Many lads with a keen desire for military life enlist as soon as possible. Now and then a man who has "gone under" also enlists, but the proportion of these cases is very slight.

For instance, the intending recruits who were examined on the occasion of my visit to St. George's Barracks were clerks, grooms, indoor servants (these generally make very good servants for officers), one coster, one labourer, a shopman, a carman, and an ex-Sunday school teacher. The officers assured me that the recruits were exceedingly well behaved, and it is rarely necessary to check one for impudence or misconduct. They are very kindly treated at the recruiting office, and everything possible is done to lessen the severity of the ordeal of the "Recruit before the Doctor."

Now,— and then.



(Being the Strange History of Victor Colonna, Professor of Science, and his Experiments in the Lost Art of Poisoning.)

No. IV.—THE SAVING OF SERENA.

(A Complete Story.)

I.

As the Eastern Grand Express sped on winding like a fiery snake into the heart of Europe, Colonna sat reading the foreign news in his *Times*. "Our special correspondent" was more interesting and less ponderous than usual. And the news from Zeidfort, the capital of Serena, was, to say the least of it, disturbing. As Colonna was proceeding to Zeidfort, he felt the spur of curiosity.

"What will become of our reigning families in another hundred years," he pondered, "if this insane system of intermarriage continues? The criminal folly of it! There is hardly an imperial race in Europe without its taint of insanity, and here is a great nation being destroyed by a hot-headed fanatic who ought to be in an asylum instead of on a throne."

Colonna did not exaggerate. When the young Emperor Ferdinand had come to the purple two years before, he had found Serena one of the most powerful States in Europe. The Empire had not been long in the making, for blood, and brains, and brass were at the front, and a nobler heritage it would be hard to imagine. And then Ferdinand had developed those traces of mingled genius and insanity which promised to change the map of Europe as far as Serena was concerned.

From the most rigid martial tyranny, Ferdinand had gradually drifted into a contrary direction. Serena had been carved out by the sword, her frontiers were scientific ones, and the most peaceful of statesmen could not fail to recognise that Serena depended for her vital breath upon her army.

Therefore, when Ferdinand had come out with a hare-brained scheme for disbanding the army, and beating swords into reaping hooks, thoughtful Serenans stood aghast. They learnt with uneasiness that their Sovereign laboured under the delusion that the millennium was at hand, and that he was the instrument designed by Providence to usher in the new era. And Serena was an absolute monarchy.

There were but two political parties in the State—practically those for peace, and those for armed neutrality. A standing army is no cheap toy; the taxes were heavy, and the peace party was an exceedingly strong one. More than once had they carried measures fraught with extreme danger, but, fortunately, the veto of the Senate had rendered them null and void. Therefore, with the cunning of the madman, Ferdinand had set to work to circumvent the *fiat* of his House of Lords.

For some time past honours and titles had been falling thick and fast in certain quarters. People wondered, but said nothing. And then the point of the plot was revealed. Ferdinand came out as the real leader of the

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peace-at-any-price party, and his new nominees in the Upper House rendered the passing of the sweeping measure lately introduced in the House of Assembly not only possible, but extremely probable.

Serena thrilled with apprehension. They were a loyal people, and were loth to turn upon one of the loved and revered race which, in fifty years, had made the nation. There was only one man to whom they could look with any hope of rolling back the tide of madness, and he lay slowly dying, worn out with empire-making and the weight of years.

Had Prince Frederickshal been in the prime of life, he had crushed this thing out under his iron heel. The old war-horse would have carried the Senate with him despite themselves, as he had carried the conquering eagles in the days of yore. In the eyes of Serena, Frederickshal was a god to worship and to follow.

The old man's death-bed promised to be a bitter one. But in vain did he send his manifesto far and wide. The commanding presence, the ringing voice, and the flashing eye were missing. Without them all the rest was as nothing.

All this Colonna pondered over as the train panted at length into the Great Eastern terminus at Zeidfort. As he drove along to his hotel he could detect signs of repressed excitement on either side. It only wanted three days more to the time when the Disarmament Bill went up to the Senate for approval. In a few hours more Serena would set the seal to her own undoing.

Once arrived at his hotel, Colonna dismissed the matter from his mind. He was in Zeidfort on business of importance—nothing less than to attend a conference of scientists gathered from all parts of Europe. A great *savant* was to open the proceedings that evening with a lecture prior to the more serious business of the gathering.

There entered the room a man of tall, commanding figure.

It was late that night before Colonna, tired and sleepy, was back in his own sitting-room again. The sullen roar of the streets subsided to a murmur, the hotel had grown singularly quiet. Therefore Colonna was somewhat surprised when a waiter entered with the information that a gentleman, who refused his name, had called to see the Doctor on a matter of urgency.

"Show him up," said Colonna wondering.

There entered the room a man of tall, commanding figure, perfectly disguised by a long cloak and a soft hat pulled low over the forehead. These he removed directly the waiter had closed the door behind him.

"You will pardon this intrusion," said the stranger, "but it is absolutely necessary. Your name is well known in Europe, Dr. Colonna, and that is why I am here. Let me

introduce myself. You have probably heard of Count Escassel?"

Colonna bowed. The name was perfectly well known to him as a statesman of power and influence in Serena—indeed, Escassel was practically the head of the party who had made Serena what it was.

"I am, indeed, pleased to make your acquaintance," said Colonna. "If I can be of any service to you, pray command me."

Escassel gazed sternly and earnestly at the speaker.

"If you really mean that," he said with grave emphasis, "you can save Serena."

"You are complimentary, Count, if somewhat extravagant."

"Indeed, I mean to be nothing of the kind. If there is one man on the face of the universe who can save my country from internal rupture, it is yourself. You know the danger that threatens us. An enthusiastic, utterly misguided party ruling the State, and a lunatic on the throne. We have tried in vain to stem the tide, and when in my despair I saw your name in the papers as an arrival here, I came to you."

"But why should you come to me, Count?"

"Because that epoch-making lecture of yours in London last year was read by myself with intense interest. You can work wonders and commit wholesale crimes with the greatest immunity. You take me?"

"To a certain extent. Would you have me poison all your opposition in the Senate?"

"I could view that calamity with a vast amount of equanimity," Escassel said with a smile. "But I don't propose to do anything so drastic. Let me get to the pith of the matter. Suppose some lingering disease had reduced me to the last stage of physical decay—could you give me something that would make a *man* of me say for an hour?"

Colonna pondered the question before he replied.

"I could," he said. "There is a certain poison known to me, the effect of which is peculiar; it braces up the whole system in a marvellous fashion for a time. I could take the most hopeless paralytic and convert him into a resistless Hercules. But I may say that afterwards——"

A loud triumphal laugh escaped Escassel's lips.

"Never mind the afterward," he said; "it matters nothing. Dr. Colonna, will you place the next two hours at my disposal?"

"Most willingly, if you so desire it."

"A thousand thanks. Your statement fills me with new hope and happiness. We are going to attempt a thing that will thrill Europe from end to end. And if you can do what you claim, Serena is saved. Meanwhile, will you be good enough to put on your hat and accompany me some way beyond the city?"

At the corner of the street a carriage was waiting, and into this Colonna entered, followed by Escassel, after giving the driver some directions inaudible to the doctor. Half-an-hour's drive brought them to an imposing house standing in extensive grounds, and through these grounds Colonna was ushered by the Count.

Colonna found himself presently passing through suites of magnificent apartments, all of which were lighted, though no servants were to be seen. Then moving more quietly, Escassel entered a bedroom in marked contrast with the other chambers.

There was no carpet on the floor, no curtains to the windows. For furniture the place boasted a truckle-bed in one corner, three chairs, and a desk. Maps were on the walls, together with models of ships and fortifications.

An aged man, whose dark, penetrating eyes were widely opened, lay on the bed. As he turned at the sound made by the newcomers, Colonna had no difficulty in recognising that wonderful face. The eagle features, the stern yet flexible lips, the commanding look of power could belong only to Prince Frederickshal.

"This is Dr. Colonna, Prince," whispered Escassel.

With a smile upon his face, the Prince extended a wasted hand.

"It is extremely kind of you to come," he said. "It is but the wreck of what once was a man who lies before you, Dr. Colonna. When the child of my creation was strong enough to shift for itself it seemed to me that my life's work was done. And yet Serena

never had more need of me than at the present moment."

In another man the remark would have savoured of boundless egotism. From Frederickshal it seemed perfectly natural.

"I quite appreciate the situation," said Colonna.

"A man of your intellect would," said the Prince. "And yet I could save the situation. If I could be in my place in the Senate on Friday, if I could be myself for an hour, I would lash those unruly hounds into obedience. They would not dare to do other than I commanded them. Even now the Emperor is fearful to come near lest I should turn him from his purpose."

"This is Dr. Colonna, Prince," whispered Escassel.

The words rang out clear as a trumpet call. Colonna could quite understand how this man had swayed a whole nation to his will. But the passion was transient; it left the Prince white and motionless for some time.

"But I am past all that," he resumed, presently. "You see the condition I am in. This cancer may take me off at any time—once the root touches my heart, I am done. But I am babbling like some selfish hypochondriac. Doctor, suppose my time is ordered for to-night. Could you give me some cordial, to keep life in me for three days?"

"I have a drug that would insure life for such a space," Colonna replied.

Frederickshal's face brightened marvellously.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "then the first step is gained. Escassel, would you mind leaving the Doctor and myself alone for a time?"

Escassel nodded, and withdrew. The Prince turned eagerly to Colonna.

"You assure my life for three days," he said. "So far, so good. Now, you are a wonderful man, Colonna, and can do wonderful things. Doubtless, Escassel has given you some hint of what I require. That you have answered his questions in a satisfactory manner, I could see by his face as he came in. You can give me something which, for a time at least, will render me my old self again."

"I can, but the reverse of the medal is a terrible one."

"Speak on; few things have any terrors for me."

"Well, my secret cordial is a powerful and malignant poison. For two hours, say, you would feel a clearness, a power, and determination such as you never experienced in your life before. And then comes the awful reaction. Pains like the tortures of hell, an iron going into the heart, seconds like hours, until, finally, the blood, rushing to the heart, bursts that organ, and death comes."

Frederickshal smiled placidly.

"Is that all?" he asked. "I am not frightened by that picture. I am used to pain, and my end is near in any case. You will give me both those cordials, Doctor?"

"The first, certainly," said Colonna, "be-

cause it is a good and useful thing. But, as to the other, I quite fail to see——"

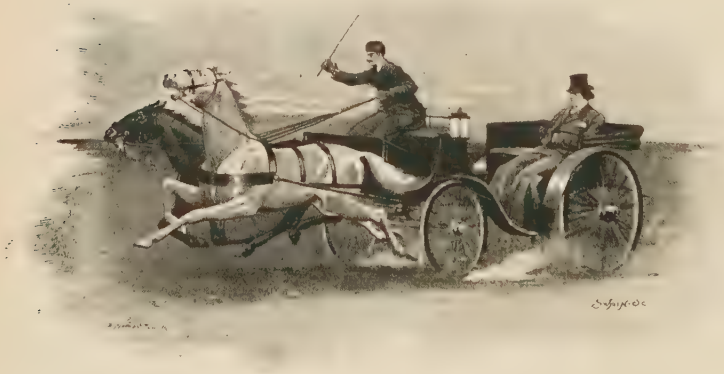
Frederickshal laughed low and pleasantly.

"Then I will tell you," he said. "I am going to make one last effort for my country. I shall be in my place once more, and I shall drive those fools to obey my will, as their fathers did before them. Doctor, shall Serena be saved? It shall! I can see the answer in your eyes."

II.

There was nothing further to be done in the direction required by Frederickshal for the present beyond the administering of the potion necessary to insure life for a few days, which Colonna carried out without delay. He had his business to attend to, but he finally departed, with a promise to return at noon on the eventful Friday and give the poison destined to be fruitful of such dramatic results.

The second day was mapped out by the scientific congress for a country excursion, the programme being to return to Zeidfort by a special train at midnight. With no thought of any catastrophe in his mind, Colonna joined his party. The day was a pleasant one, and the company congenial, so that when the time to return arrived regrets were heard on every hand.



Colonna did not readily forget that drive.

The special train steamed into the small roadside station at length for the return journey, and the party went aboard. They dozed in the luxurious and brilliantly lighted carriages, dreaming of no evil—then there was a grinding shock, followed by an electric thrill, then a noise like thunder, and total darkness.

When Colonna came to himself again he was lying on his back on the grass, and someone was bending over him with a lantern. Fortunately the party had no lack of medical men amongst them.

"An accident, of course," Colonna murmured; "anybody killed?"

"No fatality," responded the other, "but several very badly shaken. There does not seem to be anything the matter with you beyond a shock. Fortunately, there is a hotel yonder, where most of our party are gone. The stationmaster tells me that we cannot possibly proceed till morning."

Colonna did not feel particularly interested. There was a racking pain in his head, and he was conscious of a desire to sleep. In a kind of daze he flung himself dressed upon a bed, and when he opened his eyes again the sun was riding high in the heavens. Colonna looked at his watch. It was nearly eleven.

He bounded from the bed with a startled cry. He was ten miles from Zeidfort, and at twelve o'clock he had an engagement with Frederickshal. Would it be possible to get there in time?

Not by rail, certainly, for the line was not yet clear. It was just a chance that a pair of fleet horses might be secured.

"Twenty crowns if you can procure what I require and get me into Zeidfort within the hour," Colonna said to the bowing landlord.

Boniface protested that the thing should be done. Had he not a neighbour whose breed of horses was well-known to all Serena? The good man bustled out, and presently returned with the information that the carriage was at the door.

"The horses are a little fresh, Excellency,"

said the landlord, "but your driver is a man of experience. You will be safe in his hands."

Colonna did not readily forget that drive. A reckless coachman, and a pair of raw, half-broken animals stamped it on his memory. In the excitement of that adventure even Frederickshal was forgotten.

Aching in every limb and trembling with fatigue, Colonna reached his hotel at length. A dose of brandy hastily gulped down restored him somewhat. Then Colonna began to be dimly aware that something unusual had happened.

Most of the hotel blinds were down, people crept quietly along the streets. The handsome row of shops opposite the hotel was closely shuttered, over the municipal buildings a flag drooped at half-mast.

"What is wrong?" Colonna demanded of a waiter.

The man regarded his questioner in respectful astonishment.

"Is it possible you do not know, Excellency?" he exclaimed. "Serena is in mourning; at the time when she needs him most, her hero is no more. Frederickshal is dead."

"Impossible!" Colonna cried. "Why, when I saw—tell me everything."

"There is nothing to tell the gentleman. Yesterday afternoon at five o'clock the Prince passed away. Count Escassel was with him at the last."

Colonna walked down the steps of the hotel in a kind of dream. Surely his informant must have been mistaken. But here were the signs of woe on every hand.

"It must, it *must* be impossible," Colonna murmured. "That potion would have kept life in a corpse almost for the desired time. I shall not be satisfied until I have seen for myself. I can't believe that I have failed."

A minute later and Colonna was driving along in the direction of the palace Frederickshal had recently inhabited. It was a work of no small difficulty to get inside, but the desired end was attained at length, and an interview with Escassel obtained.

The latter greeted Colonna half sadly, half reproachfully.

"I am not surprised," he said. "I was foolish to believe that any living man could defy the laws of Nature. We called you in too late. Your past successes have rendered you a little too sanguine, Doctor."

"I quite understand your feelings," Colonna said quietly. "But I am not prepared yet to admit that I am a failure."

"But, man alive, the Prince is dead!"

"In that case there is no more to be said. May I see him?"

"If you please. Frederickshal is already in his coffin. Like all great men, he had his striking peculiarities, and to have his coffin and graveclothes ready was one of them. Also, the Prince desired to be buried on the third day in strict privacy here. The chapel grounds are consecrated."

"Quite so. Now how did the Prince die?"

"Suddenly at the end. I was talking to him as he lay in bed. Without the slightest warning, he stopped in the middle of a sentence, and then I saw he had passed away, as if a dagger had been driven into his heart."

Colonna's eyes gleamed.

"Will you take me to the Prince without delay?" he demanded curtly.

Escassel complied, a little touched by the tone. On the truckle-bed in the meanly-furnished room lay all that remained of Frederickshal coffined and looking like some white statue in his ghostly cerements. As Colonna laid a finger reverently on the broad forehead he found it strangely cold.

"Give me some bright steel surface," he asked. "A sword blade will do."

Escassel took from the walls one of Frederickshal's many presentation swords. The face shone like liquid moonlight. For fully five minutes Colonna held the blade across the Prince's mouth. As he examined it carefully, his face grew bright.

"What do you see there?" he asked Escassel.

"A slight beady moisture," said the Count. "That steel is cold."

"Colder than the Prince," Colonna said significantly. "There is still breath in his body. I felt sure there was some strange error here."

"But the pulse is still, the heart does not beat, and two doctors—"

Colonna waved the suggestion impatiently aside.

"Have I not proved to you that there is

life in that body?" he demanded. "When I administered that cordial, dissolution must have been very near at hand. Death and my potion are fighting for the mastery in that unconscious form, and between them have produced a form of catalepsy. The cordial will win yet, but we must assist it. Is there an electric battery here?"

"There are several in the laboratory," Escassel replied. "Shall I get one?"

Colonna nodded curtly. Escassel returned presently with the instrument and the doctor got swiftly to work. The limp form was lifted from the coffin and laid upon the bed. For over an hour, with compressed lips and knitted brow, Colonna slaved on. At the end of that time his patience was rewarded.

Across Frederickshal's face a twitching spasm passed. Then the chest heaved, and a long quivering sigh came from the white lips. Frederickshal opened his eyes and smiled.

"You were only just in time, Doctor," he whispered.

"You knew what was going on?" Colonna asked.

"Yes, yes. Something yesterday seemed to take me suddenly and turn me to ice. I was powerless to move a muscle, or even to breathe, and yet I heard everything and knew everything that was going on around me."

Colonna explained once more the cause of the cataclysm. Then in his sternest manner he bade Frederickshal to be silent.

"You are at the lowest ebb," he said, "the slightest exertion may undo everything. We have ample time yet to bring about the end you have in view. You will lie perfectly still there till the Count and myself return."

The Prince signified obedience, and Colonna, followed by Escassel, hurried from the room. The latter no longer troubled to conceal his anxiety.

"We shall be too late," he said. "It is now past two, and by four o'clock the division must be taken in the Senate. In view of the supposed death of the Prince, the proceedings will of necessity be brief."

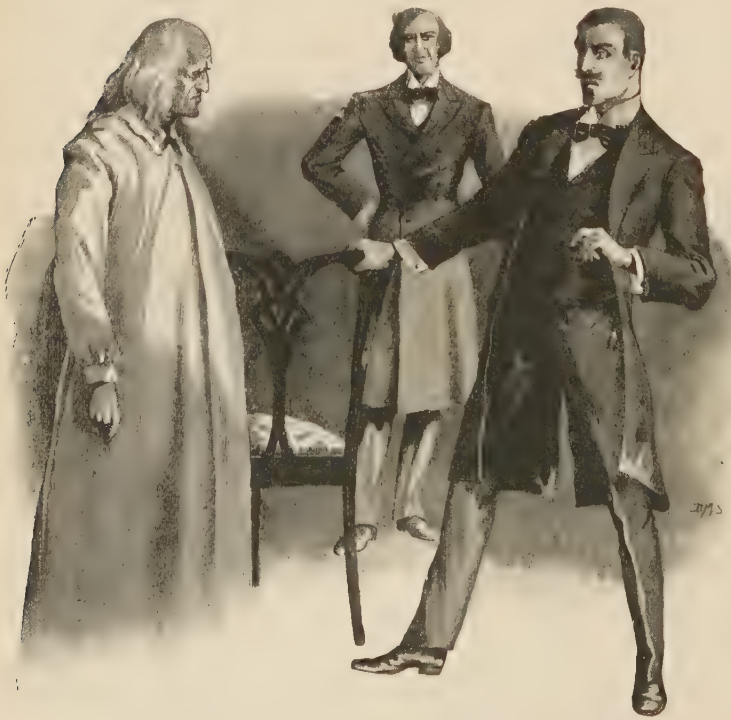
"You will see the old Frederickshal in an hour," said Colonna. "Procure me a glass of boiling water without delay."

The liquor was procured, and into it Colonna proceeded to drop three spots of some liquid, which immediately turned the liquor in the tumbler to something like blood. With his own hands he placed it to the lips of Frederickshal, until the last drop was exhausted. The tumbler he literally smashed into a thousand pieces.

"Lie there till you feel ready to rise," he commanded, "it is best for you to be alone."

In the outer room Escassel stood by the wall, his ear to the telephone receiver. His face was given over to restless anxiety.

"The Senate is



Frederickshal stood there tall and erect in his clinging cerements.

sitting," he said. "Count Artem is summing up for the peace party, and Prince Zanoff will reply for us. The Emperor is present. A little less than an hour will decide the future of Serena."

Colonna smiled as one does who humours a child. "You are naturally very anxious?" he asked.

"You put it mildly," Escassel exclaimed. "There are no tortures like those of a mind upon the rack. And a whole hour to wait."

The minutes passed slowly as Escassel paced the floor. The hands of the clock crept round, five minutes only remained. At that moment the telephone bell jangled. Escassel listened eagerly for a minute.

"By Heaven," he cried, "Artem has finished and Zanoff is not there. He has been tampered with. I have suspected his fidelity for some time past. They have adjourned for a quarter of an hour, failing Zanoff's presence. We are lost."

A loud cry came from the doorway. Escassel staggered and clutched the back of a chair as his eyes fell upon the striking spectacle. Frederickshal stood there tall and erect in his clinging cerements. He was the same, and yet so wonderfully different. The white mane and bushy eyebrows, the innumerable lines on the parchment face remained, but the eye flashed with all the latent fire of youth, there was an easy motion of the limbs, the mouth was firm and hard.

"Frederickshal come back to his prime!" Escassel cried.

"I am myself and more than myself," the Prince replied. "I have heard what has happened. Escassel, a long cloak, my shoes and a hat at once. A carriage quickly."

Escassel clattered like a flash down the stone stairs.

III.

There was but scant sympathy with the peace party in Zeidfort itself. In that centre of education and thought the people were more enlightened; and add to this Zeidfort was the home of those industries that depend upon things military for prosperity.

A vast, sullen crowd had gathered about the Senate House on that eventful Friday afternoon. The ultimate issue of that mad measure was practically decided already, but hope ever springs eternal in the human breast, and after all there was just a chance that some stroke of fate might fall for Serena.

As the Senators arrived they were greeted either with loud cheers or passed along in chill silence cut with a hiss or two here and there until the Chamber was filled. Presently a brilliant equipage with outriders flashed through the crowd. It was the Emperor Ferdinand smiling in anticipation of his welcome.

But no cheer arose. Every hat there was doffed with cold politeness amidst a silence that, like the darkness of Egypt, could be felt. A sudden wave of colour swept over the Emperor's sensitive features. Vanity and egotism formed no small part of his nature, and their reception cut him to the quick. Then he smiled bitterly. These disloyal people should suffer for this in the time to come.

Still the crowd lingered on there, increasing in density as time passed. They could catch now and then the rise and swell of cheers in the Senate Chamber, and as a hired vehicle with the blinds down passed through them, and deposited a cloaked form on the steps, they took no heed.

Meanwhile, followed by Escassel and Colonna, Frederickshal passed into the Chamber. The place was dimly lighted so that the entrance of the party passed notice. The Prince, still cloaked and hatted, stepped into a seat, while Escassel conducted Colonna to a balcony where he could witness the crux of the drama.

"I will come back to you afterwards," whispered the Count. "Meanwhile, my place is there. As I feared, Zanoff has betrayed us."

Indeed, it looked as if the militant party had been abandoned. Impatient cries for Zanoff rose from the Left, but no Zanoff responded. With a smile upon his lips, Artem rose to move that the Chancellor put the question.

"Our opponents have recognised the hopelessness of their position, and abandoned it," he said. "This is a striking example of the saying that Peace has her victories no less renowned than War. I will be brief, sir,

and all the more so because the great champion of an effete party is no more. His voice will nevermore be heard——"

"You are mistaken. I am here to save my country," and Frederickshal's voice rang out loud and clear. Artem dropped, as if shot, into his seat. A sudden burst of sunshine filled the chamber. Frederickshal threw off his cloak and hat, and stood there with his grave clothes still about him.

Just for an instant the audience seemed to be petrified. Then a painful thrill of horror and amazement filled the chamber. A shout went up from the assembly. Was it a spirit standing there before them?

"On behalf of my party," Frederickshal said, "I demand to be heard."

The Chancellor signified assent. He could not have spoken for a king's ransom. Artem was the first to recover himself.

"What means this mummery?" he said. "Who are you who dare to come here in the guise of the distinguished dead?"

"It is seven years since I last sat here," the Prince replied, "and there are many here who can remember me in those days."

"The Prince," came an impatient chorus. "Let the Prince speak." Artem collapsed into his seat again. Then Frederickshal commenced his oration.

"Your way lies *there*."

He was cold, dispassionate, and full of argument at first, afterwards he warmed to his work. For a full hour he spoke; he held the audience in the hollow of his hand. As he rose to heights of contemptuous scorn, it was easy to see that victory would follow. He made no appeal; he simply tore the flimsy sophistry to pieces; he bade the rebels bend to his will, and they cowered in sheep-like obedience.

"I have finished," he said at length; "my day is done, my sun has set. By this time to-morrow I shall have passed away. But not before I have seen you obedient to those who know better than yourselves. And as to yonder poor puppet who feebly holds the reins of government, this so-called Emperor, had I time before me I would give him such a lesson——"

Frederickshal paused. A terrible spasm

crossed his face. The Emperor, hidden behind the pillar, made no sign. Then Frederickshal concluded:

"Go," he said, "go every poor creature of you and do my bidding. Your way lies *there*."

He pointed to his own side of the House. Presently a bell rang somewhere, and the two parties streamed out to return later. Someone passed a piece of paper up to the Chancellor, who read the fateful figures to the House:

For the Bill...	89
Against	481
Majority	392

Frederickshal had conquered. His marvellous personality had swayed the human cattle before him. The elections were near, and Serena would never permit such a danger to threaten her again. A faithful few gathered round the Prince, but he saw them not—their congratulations fell on dead ears. Already the eagle eye was glazing; the aged body was racked with awful pain.

Colonna and Escassel stood one on either side of the sufferer. Despite the agony he was enduring, he had a smile for the former.

"Give me your hand," he said. "What a debt of gratitude my country owes you! Doctor, you are a far greater man than I ever could have been. I thank——"

He stopped. The paroxysm of pain gave place to a placid calm. A thin stream of blood trickled from the rigid lips, the grey head fell back.

"Is this the end?" Escassel whispered.

"Yes," said Colonna, "thus has the hero died."

"A SONG OF A DAY."

(A Rondel.)

SONG of a day is the best I can sing—
A trifle in April forgotten in May,
A lilt for the least of the birds in the Spring—
A song of a day.

The sage will have none of it—"Idle to play
With words for the sake of their rhythm and ring!"
And the fool will look wise at the cost of my lay.

And the man of the city will cornerwards fling
The page that has honoured my poor little say.
And the critic, most kindly, will e'en have his sling—
"A song of a day!"

Perchance there's a lover whose heart is so gay,
That he may remark: "Not a bad little thing;
But *I* could have put it a prettier way."

Yet, still I have one or two verses to string—
A fig for the fame, and a pip for the pay!—
There's someone who thinks I am great when I sing
My song of a day!

J. J. Bell.

The Daily Life of the Pope.

From Photo by Cané, Rome.

By Mary Spencer Warren.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author, recently taken and now first reproduced in England.

It is a little more than twenty years ago since Leo XIII., the two hundred and fifty-eighth Roman Pontiff, was elected Pope, he being at that period sixty-eight years of age. Just previously, and quite near the end of his predecessor's life, the temporal power had passed from the head of the Catholic Church, and ancient Rome had become the capital of the Kingdom of Italy, His Holiness retaining absolute power over only the Vatican and its precincts. This is actually a kingdom, of which the Pope is not only the spiritual head, but also the temporal ruler and Commander-in-Chief of its Army.

Often spoken of as the "Prisoner of the Vatican," it is a fact that Leo has never once left its precincts since his elevation; but this from choice, and not compulsion. To say that he has an interesting and remarkable personality is to say little; and there is scarcely a personage in Europe whose words and actions claim greater attention. Modern history has given a few instances of sustained intellectual powers at an advanced age, but the Pope is a conspicuous example amongst them all, for, notwithstanding the weight of his eighty-eight years, he was still able, at the time I visited the Vatican a few months ago, to spend fifteen hours per day in business which calls for the highest intellectual qualities.

The education of the Pope, who was the son of Count Ludovico Pecci, began at a very early age, and he took with avidity to studies of every variety; at the age of twelve he wrote Latin verse and prose with ease, afterwards having a brilliant career in the different colleges through which he passed. The Cardinals—always ready to see merit—began to patronise him, and he rose step by step until he became himself a Cardinal, which position he filled for twenty-five years.

On the occasion of my recent visit to Rome, I had the opportunity of seeing His Holiness, and had I not been assured otherwise, I should certainly not at the first glance have deemed him capable of the extreme and untiring mental activity which he displays, so very aged and feeble was his appearance. That he cannot walk much is, however, more the result of the rheumatism from which he has suffered than from any other cause; but his intellectual vigour is an undoubted fact, and when one is in his immediate proximity it is visible on every feature and with every word that he utters.

The trembling of one hand, which is extremely noticeable, is likewise not due to his age, but is the after-consequence of a typhoid fever which he contracted many years ago when Bishop of Perugia. Many of his flock were stricken with the complaint, and the good bishop was most assiduous in his ministrations, untiringly administering the consolations and sacraments of his Church, until he in turn succumbed to the malady.

Leo XIII. is of a generous, kindly disposition, very charitable to the poor, contributing large sums for their welfare, and is also a most liberal-minded man. It seems as though one ought to apologise for saying that His Holiness is fastidiously precise as regards his habits, abhorring to an intense degree anything that is not the essence of cleanliness; and it is only in the light of statements to the contrary that I am including such an assertion; on that ground I cannot too strongly maintain it. As regards dress, Leo is always attired in spotless white, with red hat and shoes, every detail of his appearance speaking of an exactness almost amounting to formality.

The income of the Pope is enormous, something like £480,000 per annum. Apart from this, the great treasures of the Vatican are practically his personal estate. In addition to the vast number of art treasures stored therein, the worth by weight of the gold objects alone is estimated at a value of upwards of £4,000,000!

This wonderful Palace of the Vatican—founded about sixteen hundred years ago—contains upwards of eleven thousand apartments, comprising a large number of halls, galleries, chapels, and corridors; eight grand staircases and two hundred smaller ones; an immense library of about 130,000 volumes; and within its walls is a beautiful garden with twenty courtyards.

To reach the private apartments of His Holiness, one can proceed by divers ways, but the best of all is by the Royal staircase built by Bernini, and thence to the Sala Regia—the scene of the consistories held by the Pope—taking *en route* the chapel of St. Lorenzo, and then the entire suite of private apartments is directly opposite. These, of course, are only entered by the immediate suite, or anyone who is specially favoured with an audience, or permitted to be present when the Pope celebrates mass in the small private chapel which adjoins the Throne-Room, the latter being used almost exclusively on Sundays and feast days. On ordinary days His Holiness says Mass in a small chapel or oratory near to his sleeping apartment, only a few of his attendants being with him.

Leo XIII. is still—as he has ever been—a very early riser, and often when his chief valet enters his room at six o'clock in the morning he finds His Holiness up and dressed. The bedroom is extremely plain—a long narrow room hung in gold, and divided in two by a curtain, on the other side of which is a praying desk and the bed only.

When the Mass is said in the larger chapel of the two, still more space can be given by opening the door of the adjoining room. Although the service is at an abnormally early hour, the favour of being present is much solicited, as there are really few opportunities of approaching so near to His Holiness. He has some little difficulty in ascending and descending the steps of the altar, but his voice is clear and resonant, and his countenance much animated. Frequently he gives the communion with his own hands to those who have had permission to attend.

No breakfast is taken until after the service, and then it consists of coffee with goat's milk supplied from goats kept in the Vatican gardens, and bread and butter. Immediately after, letters and telegrams are read, then the private secretaries—of whom there are a number—are received, and instructed as to their duties. At ten o'clock His Holiness takes a cup of broth, and at a quarter past the audiences commence, when Cardinals, Bishops, Ambassadors, Princes, Nobles, or distinguished foreigners, are received either in the Secret Consistory or in a smaller room hung in red damask bearing the Pontiff's arms, and almost devoid of furniture, having, in fact, little beyond a chair for His Holiness and a table strewn with papers.

The appearance of the Consistory or Throne-Room is much more elaborate, for here it is that the most distinguished visitors are received, and here also His Holiness holds counsel with the Cardinals respecting

The Pope's Recreation Saloon.

the most important matters of the Church. The throne and its canopy are covered with red velvet, with the Papal arms at the angles.

His Holiness is most pleasant and affable with his visitors, but the presentations are of necessity somewhat formal, of course, differing in accordance with the rank of those presented. Kingly and princely visitors bend low and kiss the proffered hand of the Pope, although one or two reigning monarchs have introduced a variety in this respect. King Oscar of Sweden was the first, I believe, to make the innovation. He was received at the Vatican with much pomp and ceremony, and as he entered the Throne-Room the venerable Pontiff moved to meet him and extended his hand in greeting.

A monarch of a Catholic country would, under the circumstances, have bent his knee and kissed the extended hand—while Protestant monarchs had hitherto bowed low; but King Oscar—who is well over 6ft. in height—advanced with his head well in the air, seized hold of the Pope's hand, and shook it with the greatest heartiness; then, stooping down, he threw his arms round the fragile form before him and imprinted in rapid succession three sounding kisses on his face, in just the same manner that he is accustomed to when visiting temporal monarchs. The horror manifested by the prelates and courtiers cannot well be described, but the Pontiff himself was much amused, and from thenceforth took a great liking to the Swedish king. His Imperial Majesty of Germany has since followed suit, greeting the head of the Roman Catholic Church in exactly the same fashion.

Personages of lower degree are, in accordance with custom, invited to kiss the slipper of the Pope when presented; but however well instructed these may previously have been, occasionally a little variety may occur in this direction also. It is not so very long ago since an English lady—having obtained the promise of an audience—repaired to the Vatican, taking with her her little boy. The Pope is extremely fond of children, and in no wise adverse to receiving them with their parents or friends. In accordance with the etiquette prescribed, the little boy was invited to kiss the Papal slipper.

"Oh," said the youngster, "we don't kiss people's feet in England, but he seems to be a nice old gentleman, and so I'll kiss his hand if he likes." His Holiness was delighted with the child's answer, and conversed in a kindly manner with him for some minutes.

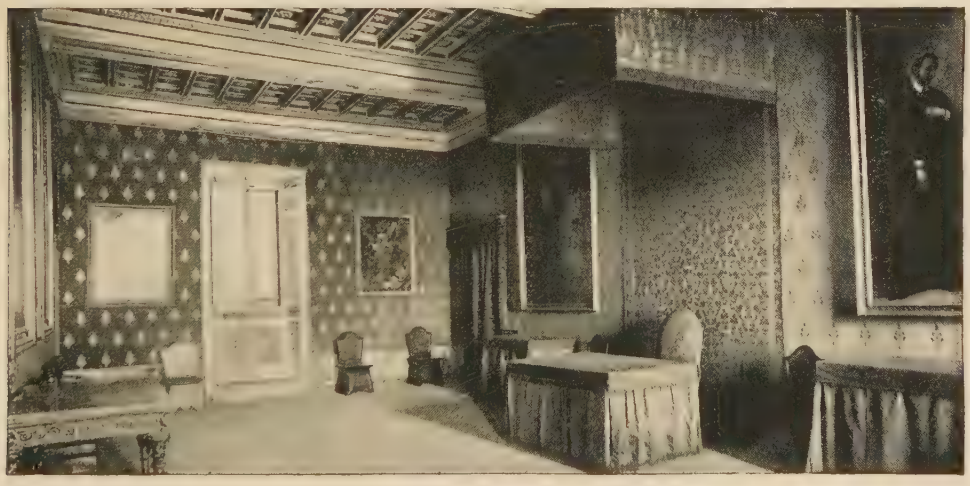
During these receptions, the ante-rooms present a most animated appearance; the uniforms of the Noble Guard, the soldiers, the Papal attendants, and the dress of the dignitaries of the Church, forming

very picturesque groups. I may here say that the entire court and retinue of the Pope comprises nearly twelve hundred personages, including chamberlains, house prelates, private secretaries, valets, door-keepers, etc., and also the Papal army—to the existence of which I have before alluded.

This is now on a small scale to that existing when the Pontiff held the dual power, and consists of five small corps, the Noble Guard numbering about fifty, and every member of noble birth; the Swiss Guard, the Guard of the Palace, the Gendarmes, and the Vatican Firemen—these also being under military organisation. Occasionally there are general audiences, when the visitors being more numerous are not presented singly; those who have obtained admission kneel round the room in a semi-circle; the Pope enters, and, slowly traversing the inner circle, he extends his hand to each one to be kissed, and addresses to them a few pleasant words in Italian.

The audiences over, recreation is sought. Should the weather be unfavourable, the Pontiff will take walking exercise in a noble picture gallery, known as the Recreation Saloon; its walls are covered with some of the finest works of the Italian painters, the magnificent scenery for which the country is so noted predominating. Should the weather permit, Leo repairs to the Vatican gardens. He is carried by some of his liveried attendants from his apartments to the doors in a Sedan chair, and then enters his brougham, which is quite neat and plain, having nothing specially to distinguish it save the Papal Arms on the panels. On either side rides a member of the Noble Guard.

There are many winding avenues in the gardens, so that an extensive drive can be taken without coming out of the grounds. Some of these avenues have been made for the express purpose. The Pope will often alight and walk for a short time, generally in the neighbourhood of the observatory and the Chinese pavilion. There is also an aviary, in which he takes great delight, having, moreover, many feathered songsters in his apartments.



The Pope's Dining-Room.

Vine-culture is another thing in which he is immensely interested, quite a considerable space of the Vatican gardens being set apart for that purpose. Truth to tell, the situation is not particularly favourable, and so the wine obtained is of such inferior quality that His Holiness drinks very little of it. All the same, its production is thoroughly remunerative, for privileged visitors will give almost any amount for it, seeing that the fruit was produced under the actual superintendence of His Holiness.

Then comes the dinner hour, 2.30, this meal, like all others, being particularly frugal, and consisting generally of soup, poultry or meat, bread, fruit, and wine. It is.

partaken of quite in private, in a room which, although beautiful in itself, is furnished with extreme simplicity, its chief attractions being the painted portraits of dignitaries of the Church and the elaborate ceiling. There are two small tables, one standing in front of a canopy beneath which is the Pope's chair. After dinner, His Holiness invariably takes an afternoon nap, in a small room containing nothing but a lounge and an antique easy chair. The lounge is exactly opposite the window, and thus Leo reclines facing the broad light, and goes comfortably off to sleep.

The Pope's Private Cabinet.

The private study or cabinet has a thoroughly businesslike appearance. The table and chair used by the Pope stand upon a carpeted platform; there is also a very handsome, but excessively uncomfortable straight-backed chair, presented to him, I believe, on the occasion of the Episcopal Jubilee. The private library is a spacious apartment containing a number of well-lined shelves, some of which are curtained over, for the volumes are in many instances most rare. A profound scholar himself, His Holiness will always be remembered with the greatest esteem in the literary world for having opened up the priceless archives of the Vatican for historical research.

The Pontiff attends vespers with his *famigliari*, as his household is called, in the evening, any leisure time which he may have being spent either in the gardens, in receiving friends, or in playing chess. He is reputed to be one of the finest players in the world, and his opponent is a priest who has played with him for upwards of thirty years. Report has it that the priest occasionally loses his temper a little, and that His Holiness then improves the occasion with a little homily on the virtues of resignation and self-control.

The Pope's Summer Villa

In the hottest time of the year Leo spends

almost his entire day in the garden, retiring immediately after Mass to a large pavilion, where he receives everyone in the same way as in the palace. His nights are also spent in this summer villa. He is an omnivorous reader, and takes a keen interest in reading from the newspapers what is going on in the world; to save time, however, special passages are previously marked for him by one of the secretaries. His classical studies still go on, and, after retiring apparently to rest, he will often read and write far into the night, never spending more than five hours in bed; in fact, he *has* been found asleep in his chair, not having retired at all. His favourite poets are Dante and Virgil; he knows them nearly by heart, and often quotes from them.

Needless to say, the expenses of the Vatican are tremendously heavy, running into nearly one thousand pounds per day. Of course, all the world is familiar with the Easter festivals at Rome, how that the Pope then visits St. Peter's to perform High Mass. On these occasions he is generally carried through the Vatican gardens in a Sedan chair of scarlet and gold entirely cased with glass.

His Holiness celebrates the Mass from the high altar immediately over the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul; this is turned towards the east, and is supported by four beautiful spiral columns of bronze taken from the portico of the Pantheon. It is specially noteworthy as none but the Pope can celebrate Mass on this altar.

The Pope comes of a family who all live to a great age; a brother who died a few years ago was, for instance, nearly ninety-three. Since His Holiness was elevated he has already seen upwards of one hundred and twenty Cardinals die, and of those who elected him in 1878, only two survive.

At the death of a Pontiff there is a striking ceremonial by which the dignitaries of the Vatican assure themselves that he has actually passed away. The Cardinal Chamberlain approaches the bed whereon reclines the dead form, bearing in his hand a little silver hammer; kneeling beside the bed, he calls the dead man three distinct times, using the name that was given to him at baptism. Then he touches him three distinct times lightly on the head with the silver hammer. The silence which follows this appeal is proof that he who makes no answer is actually dead.

I may add that the tomb of His Holiness is already in course of preparation, and is being executed in accordance with his own design. It will be of white Carrara marble in the form of a sarcophagus, on which will repose a lion with its forepaws resting on the papal tiara. The only inscription on the tomb will be "Hic Leo XIII. P. M. pulvis est."

The Exterior of the Vatican

Dogs in Dresses

The Latest Craze of Parisian Dames.

By Robert H. Sherard.

Some time ago an account was given in a fashionable society paper of the dresses in which a couple of pet dogs of opposite sexes had been wedded at the house of a lady of great social standing in Paris, and, I fancy in common with many others, my soul revolted against a development of luxury which seemed to me almost criminal.

There is, however, to every question another side, and as to this particular form of extravagance, namely, the expenditure of large sums of money on the clothing of pet dogs, no one in Paris is better able to expound the other side than the gentleman who claims, not without pride, to be the Worth of dogs, Monsieur Vivier, namely, of the Galerie d'Orleans, successor to the Monsieur Ledouble, who was the founder of this curious industry. The firm has been in existence now for thirty years, and for twenty years its principal "line" has been tailoring and outfitting for pet dogs.

"It was my predecessor," said Monsieur Vivier, "who invented the trade. Previously dogs were dressed anyhow, without reference either to taste, fit, or current fashion. A simple cloth strapped round the neck was all that was done in this way."

There are three or four shops in Paris which exist exclusively for the furnishing of pet dogs, but it is Monsieur Vivier's establishment which is the pioneer of the trade, and which has the fashionable custom of Paris, London and New York. And be it noted that it is to Paris that the *grandes dames*, dog-fanciers of England and America, address themselves for the latest styles in shirtings, linen and overcoats which may be required by their pets.

"The rich," said Monsieur Vivier, "must spend their money in some way. This way, the dressing of their pet dogs, is as good a way as any other. If they did not spend their money on luxuries, they would not spend it at all, and trade would suffer. Half Paris lives on the caprices of the very rich."

Just as the human race may be divided into those who wear clothes and those who do not, so also the canine species divides itself. There are many kinds of dogs for whom no tailor caters; his art extends itself mainly to toy terriers, to greyhounds, and the griffon species. I have not yet heard of a bull-dog being put to bed in a silk nightshirt, and I fancy that he would strongly object to any such proceeding. And I must say that I was very much surprised when Monsieur Vivier told me that he has amongst his customers a very large number of fox-terriers.

"Fox-terriers," I cried, "why there is no dog in England which has a greater reputation for hardiness."

Dogs' wedding costume.

"That may be so," said Monsieur Vivier. "The fact remains that we dress as many fox-terriers as any other kind of dog. Look here," he added, taking up a warm silk-lined overcoat of peculiar cut. "This is one of our latest creations, which is largely used for our fox-terrier *clientèle*. It is the overcoat which our customers wear when driving out with their masters or mistresses on an autocar. You see, when the autocar is driven at a high rate of speed there is always much wind, and the object of these coats is to protect the lungs of the dogs against the air. We call it the *couverture pour automobiles*. It is a stylish article which we turn out in fashionable stuffs at two pounds made to measure."

It is due, however, to Monsieur Vivier to remark, that at his establishment—and this he claims for it—only what is practical is turned out. In an adjoining shop, which was founded a year or two ago in view of the spread of the craze, there may be seen such extravagances in the way of articles of attire as tiny top-hats for male, and fashionable bonnets for female, dogs. Also elegant little straw hats, marked "Bébé" for puppies. Here, also, good taste seems absent in the selection of the stuffs. There are shot-silk pyjamas and gaudy coats of a style and material which seem intended to appeal rather to the parvenus amongst dogs. Monsieur Vivier only works for the canine aristocracy.

Indeed, as he told me, his customers are

Dog's night- and day-shirt and sleeping basket.

mainly the dogs of the *grandes dames* of the world. "You can see these ladies with the pet-dogs which we have dressed for them, during the season, in such places as the Parc Monceau, in the Bois de Boulogne, and on the terraces of the Tuileries. We do not go in for extravagances."

"But was it not at your establishment that a couple of dogs were dressed for their own marriage? All Paris talked about it at the time."

"Here is the happy couple," answered the dogs' tailor, handing me two large photographs, "or rather here are the pictures of the clothes they wore on that festive occasion, for the photographs had to be taken from stuffed dogs. It is, by the way, quite impossible to photograph a living dog in his clothes. We have tried it over and over again, as well for the preparation of our fashion-plates as for the satisfaction of customers. The dogs, however, will not lend themselves to the operation. One might fancy that they are ashamed to be seen in such attire.

"For the happy couple represented in these photographs," he continued, "the costumes were made as follows:—The male dog had a pair of pearl grey trousers, a white satin waistcoat striped with yellow stripes, and a blue silk coat. The bride was in white silk with little flowers on the pattern, and wore over this an apron of pale pink trimmed with black velvet. She had a wreath of orange blossoms on her head."

"Then there are fashions for dogs?"

"Exactly as there are fashions for ladies and gentlemen. We follow the ladies' fashions. Thus, this winter what will be mainly worn is pearl grey and a peculiar shade of green known as 'gros vert,' and our clothes for dogs will be made in these colours, as well as in the materials which may ultimately be fixed upon by the great dress-makers as 'the correct thing.' The fashions for dogs are definitely settled upon in October, after I have had time to go round the big dress-makers' shops to examine the models for the coming winter season, and to see what is being worn. Thus I have to ascertain whether during the ensuing season the collars of ladies' jackets will be turned down or in the Medicis style. This year the Medicis collar has been in great favour."

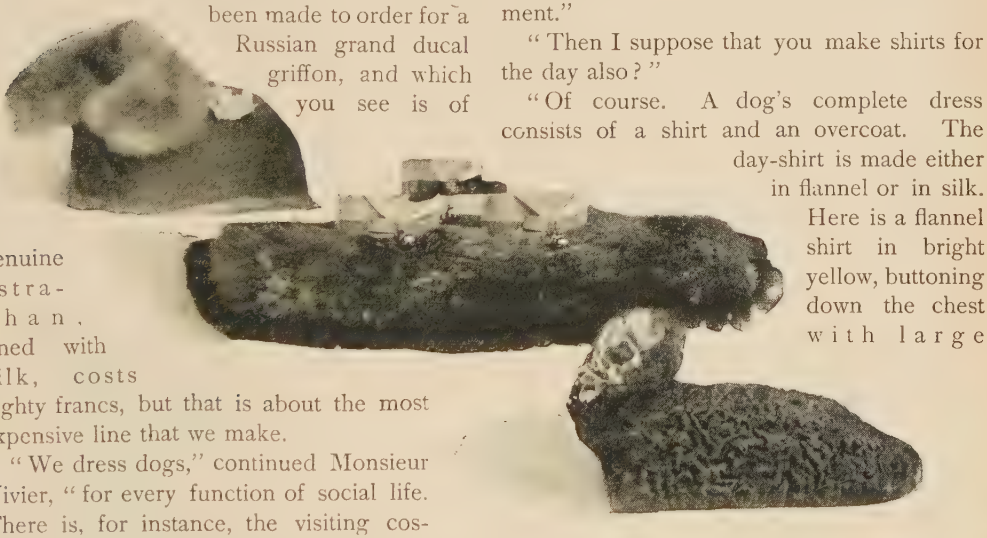
"You always make to measure? The fashionable dog spurns a ready-made article, no doubt."

"Ready-made goods would be quite useless for dogs," said Monsieur Vivier, "and all our customers are dressed to measure. See there," and he pointed to the walls of his workshop, against which numerous pieces of stout paper cut out in weird forms were hanging on files, "those are the patterns of our various customers. Each dog, that is to say, each customer has his own pattern. We have to measure the length of his back, then we go round his neck, and then round the loins.

"A dog is more difficult to dress than a lady, however capricious she may be. We

always guarantee a perfect fit, and this is very difficult to obtain, because no one dog's back has the same shape as any other dog's back, and the cut has to vary in each case. We try the things on several times, and each time a fresh difficulty presents itself. You never can get a dog to stand in any given position. One day he stands so, and the next in a different way, so that what may seem to fit to-day is a misfit on the morrow. It is rather on account of this difficulty than because of the costliness of the materials employed that the prices for dog's clothes are comparatively high.

"Not that they are by any means as high as the journalists who wish to ridicule our trade try to make out. For instance, a fashionable overcoat in good materials can be turned out at twenty-five francs. Of course, if it is lined with fur it will cost more. This little coat, which has been made to order for a Russian grand ducal griffon, and which you see is of genuine astrachan, lined with silk, costs eighty francs, but that is about the most expensive line that we make.



"We dress dogs," continued Monsieur Vivier, "for every function of social life. There is, for instance, the visiting costume, which this year has been largely made in box cloth, with leather trimmings, and the dog's initials, name, or coat-of-arms in gold lettering in one of the corners. A little bunch of artificial flowers, by preference cat's-eyes or forget-me-nots, is placed behind the Medicis collar. Then there is the 'at home' suiting, made for the most part of silk, warmly lined; the yachting costume, which is made chiefly in blue serge; and the travelling costume, which is made of Scotch tartan, fitted with two little pockets, one for the dog's handkerchief and the other for his railway ticket."

"The dog's handkerchief," I cried, "and what is that for?"

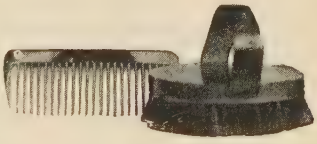
"What is a handkerchief for?" answered Monsieur Vivier in some surprise. "To wipe his eyes with, if not to wipe his nose. All our coats are fitted with little pockets for handkerchiefs, and no fashionable dog ever goes out without a handkerchief in his pocket. It is a very good line in the outfitting trade. The handkerchiefs are often very luxurious articles, made of fine cambric trimmed with lace and worked in silk with the dog's name or crest. Most dogs take three or four dozen handkerchiefs at a time."

"Is that the only lingerie which you make for dogs?"

"No; dogs' night-shirts are usually made of linen, though some of our customers prefer silk. Here you have the latest thing in night-shirts. You see it covers almost the entire body. It is a very comfortable garment."

"Then I suppose that you make shirts for the day also?"

"Of course. A dog's complete dress consists of a shirt and an overcoat. The day-shirt is made either in flannel or in silk. Here is a flannel shirt in bright yellow, buttoning down the chest with large mother-o'-pearl buttons. Here is a stylish article in black silk. Customers take their shirts by sixes or dozens at a time."



Society dog's winter outfit.

There seems no limit to the list of articles which are manufactured for

Winter travelling-case.

this peculiar and unique trade. The dog has his own jeweller. Indeed, I have heard of dogs who take their walks abroad with small fortunes in this form on their little bodies. Monsieur Vivier could not, however, show me any articles of such great costliness. True, he has a large stock of jewelled collars and bracelets; but, as he was careful to explain, they were of plated metal only, with imitation stones.

There are dentists for dogs also, and there are houses in Paris where a "complete set," in the latest styles of American dentistry, can be provided for toothless favourites. It is needless to say that amongst the articles of *toilette* which the wealthy amongst dogs possess figure specially manufactured toothbrushes. Monsieur Vivier had none to show me, but on the other hand was able to allow me to inspect a large assortment of other brushes, combs, and sundries.

In the matter of shoes and stockings also, Monsieur Vivier has restricted himself to what is practical only. I saw at his house a variety of gutta-percha top-boots, fastening with tiny black buttons, which are worn by his customers on rainy days, as also mackintoshes of very elegant cut for delicate females.

In another quarter I had previously seen umbrellas, or parasols, which, fastened above the dog's back, protect him from rain or sun.

There is less novelty, perhaps, in the travelling baskets, the drawing-room kennels, the pagodas in which the dogs of the rich take their ease of nights or are carried on long journeys, but here also ingenuity exercises itself. The latest thing in kennels represents a little cottage with windows, behind which red silk curtains are elegantly draped, and an illustration is here given of a particularly neat travelling-case for the use of pet dogs in the cold weather.

It is, indeed, a very curious trade, and suggests much for thought. Thus, whilst, not unbewildered, I was looking at the luxurious articles spread out before me on the "cutting-out table"—jewelled collars, silks, satins, furs, ribbons, cambrics and laces—an errant, starving, haggard, lamentable cur came slouching into the shop. His fur was torn in places, one bitten ear hung pitifully; his tongue was out, he was splashed with mud. His whole presence spoke of homeless nights, of prowling hungry days.

"I fancy," I said, "that he wishes to be measured for an astrachan overcoat for the coming winter."

The dog's outfitter smiled. What can one do in face of the great social question, but smile? Like Figaro, one makes haste to laugh, lest one be forced to tears.

Costume for a rainy day; mackintosh and goloshes all complete.

By George Griffith.

We were walking slowly up and down the promenade deck of a Union liner—I and a grizzled, world-worn "knock-about," who was returning from the Diamond Fields with a very comfortable balance awaiting him at one of the London banks—and, as is not by any means infrequent among male wanderers on shipboard, our conversation had turned on the Superior Sex and its devious ways in relation to our own.

"Ah, women!" said my companion, blowing with pregnant emphasis a long, blue stream of cigar smoke from his pursed-up lips: "They are, as you say, the most complicated pieces of unaccountable cussedness that you can find from one end of Creation to the other. Why, I remember how one of the prettiest little incarnations of innocence and all-round sweetness that ever swished a petticoat over a pavement scooped a whole mining camp for all it was worth, and did it single-handed, too, while all the boys were watching her and dreaming of anything else than what happened."

"That sounds interesting," said I. "Would you mind telling me the story?"

"Not a bit; in fact, I like to tell it, for it does me good. It's a warning to me which I can never rub in hard enough. It happened at a rather out-of-the-way camp over the Free State Border that was worked by about four dozen of as hard cases as you ever saw outside a gaol.

"We called the camp Blue Mud Hole, and it was just about as homeless a spot as a bad-natured man would like to send his worst enemy to do penal servitude for life in. There were about a score of shanties chucked round the holes as if they'd been thrown down by accident, and there was one saloon and general store, kept by a sharp-nosed, red-headed, flinty-souled Scotchman, who was as mean a wretch as ever traded off bad liquor for good money, or filled his slate faster than his customers emptied their glasses.

"It was after we had knocked off work for the day and were making hay of our earnings in this miserable whiskey-mill on drinks at a shilling a tot, half-crown nap, and similar luxuries, when Monkey Joe, a little chap with a twisted spine and arms like a gorilla, who had been on a three-weeks' burst in Kimberley, rode up to the door and began firing both his pistols at the tin roof to fetch us out.

"'What cheer, boys? Glad to see me back, of course. You ain't? Well, you will be when you've heard the news, the rosiest, daisiest bit of news that has ever set this camp hustling as you chaps'll be hustling before you're an hour older.'

"'You'll never be an hour older, Monkey, ef you don't shet down sharp on that skyooting,

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and say why you've hawked this crowd out from its liquors,' said a long, leather-faced Yankee that we called Uncle Sam, because he happened to be the only American in the camp. As he spoke, he reached round to the back of his belt, and Joe thought he'd better reel his news off right away, so he put on the most solemn face he could, and said, as though he was announcing the Day of Judgment:

"'Boys, there's a woman coming to the camp, and she'll be here with the mail inside this blessed hour.'

"If he had told us that the British Royal Family were coming to dig diamonds at Blue Mud Hole, he couldn't have given us a bigger facer. With one mind and voice the crowd shouted:

"'Who is she? What's she like?'

"'About as young as a fairly old hoss, and as pretty as an English daisy,' said Joe with gusto that left no room for doubt, and then he added briskly: 'Now, my nobles, I've had a scorching good time yonder, and, thanks to four queens against a full house last night, I've come back better off than I went. We've just got time to set 'em up once and have a spell at fixing things a bit before she comes, so name your poisons, and we'll drink long life and a good husband to the Daisy of Blue Mud Hole.'

"Joe owned that he'd made that little bit up as he came along, but it chimed in very well, and we drank the toast with a howl that made Sandy Sam's glasses ring again.

"He began firing both his pistols at the tin roof to fetch us out."

"Inside the next half-hour there was one of the funniest scenes going on in that camp that the oldest inhabitant could remember. Men who hadn't fixed their hair for three weeks were pulling it out in combfuls, and letting off language that would sink this ship if I could repeat it. The only two razors in the camp were hunted up and sharpened on boot-tops; and 'Ackney 'Arry, a cockney who had been a barber in Whitechapel, nearly got shot by three different men for doing his best with the tools.

"By the time the stage drove up to the door of the Koh-i-Noor Saloon, as Sandy Sam had the cheek to call his poison-factory, there was as queerly-dressed and sheepish-looking a crowd standing around to welcome the Daisy as you'd have found between Natal and the Congo.

"We'd agreed, after an uneasy sort of discussion, that Monkey Joe, as being the one to bring the news, should have the honour of handing her out and bidding her welcome in the name of the camp. Joe, for all his queer shape, was, or had been, a bit of a gentleman, and we'd made him cook up and repeat five or six times to us as neat a little howdydo as a duchess could have expected. It missed fire when the time came, and if there hadn't been a lady present, Joe would have had to fight the crowd before he'd have been forgiven, supposing he'd survived. But the way the Daisy took the few bits he did manage to get out warmed us up

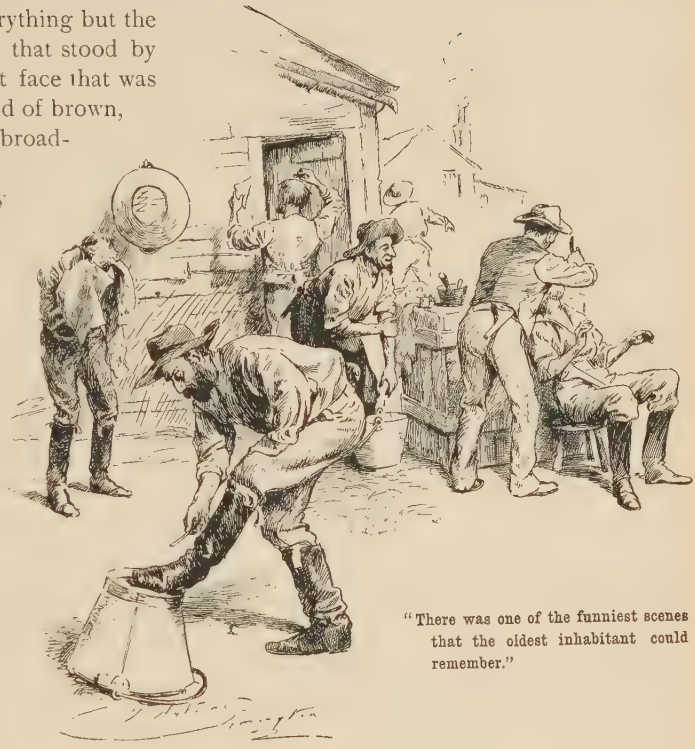
so that we forgot all about everything but the slim, straight grey-clad figure that stood by the coach-wheel, and the sweet face that was looking at us out of a little cloud of brown, shiny hair under a wavy, broad-brimmed hat.

"We waited like so many lackeys for her to speak, and when she did her voice seemed to us to come from away back out of the years we had mostly forgotten. It didn't seem to belong to that brown, dry wilderness at all, but to somewhere much nearer what we used to call home. When she spoke she said something like this as near as I can remember:

"'Thank you so much, gentlemen, for your kindness. Please don't trouble about my box (two of the boys were just getting out their knives over it), but I should be so much obliged if you would tell me where Mr. Draper, Frank Draper his name is, lives in the—the village. I'm his sister, and he wrote to Grahamstown a month ago to tell me to come and keep house for him. I was a governess there, and didn't like it, so I came.'

"Now there had been no Frank Draper in the camp so far as any of us knew, but there had been a good-looking, dissipated, broken-up sort of half gentleman, half jockey, that we called Lord Jones, because of the airs he put on, and this chap had been run out of camp and told to keep away for the good of his health a month before for holding five aces at poker, when there wasn't a joker in the pack. This might have been her Frank and it might not.

"Anyhow, we didn't like to risk hurting her feelings on the chance, so, after looking round awkwardly for a minute or so, we tipped the wink to Billy Ballarat, the best liar in the crowd, and he told her, without a twist in his voice, that her lamented brother had been eaten up body and boots by a lion during a hunting spell that he had taken a fortnight before.



"There was one of the funniest scenes that the oldest inhabitant could remember."

"When we saw the Daisy's pretty brown eyes swim over with tears at the news, we felt like blowing holes in Billy, but it didn't seem right to shoot before a lady in trouble, so we passed it over, and started out to console her for all we were worth.

"As soon as she had got her first cry over, she told us in her sweet, pitiful voice that she didn't know what to do, for she had spent nearly all her money in coming up country, expecting to find her brother all right, and hadn't anything like enough to take her back to Grahamstown. In two minutes she had enough offered her to have bought the coach and team, and didn't we feel good when she refused it all in the sweetest of ways and said if we'd allow her she'd sooner stop in camp, and earn her passage back than accept charity 'even from us,' as she put it.

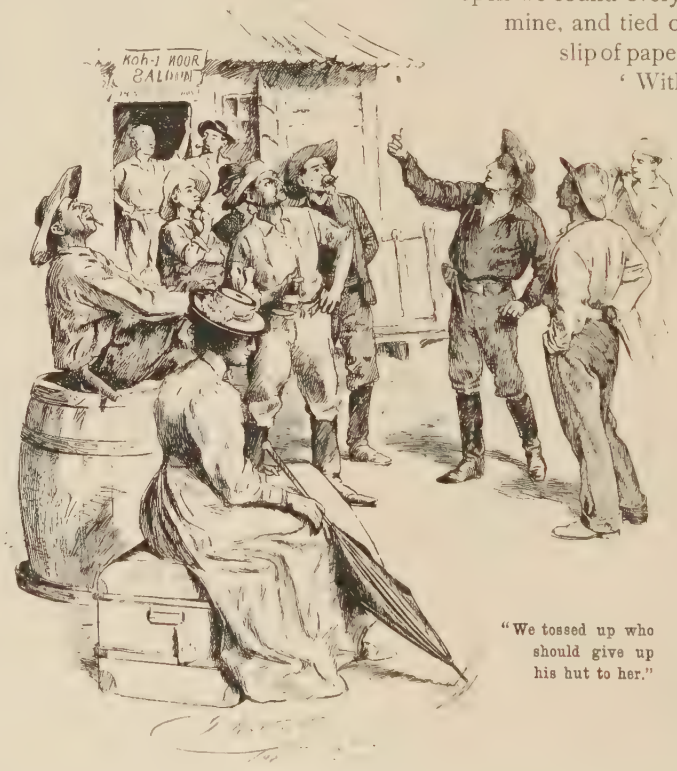
"She said she could cook and sew and make things, and sing to us a bit of an evening if we liked, and we could pay her what we thought right for her services, and she would trust to our honour as gentlemen to see her right through her difficulty. After that speech the man who dared to look at

her except as he'd look at his own mother would have been buried in little pieces.

"Well, we tossed up who should give up his hut to her, but we knew too much about tossing, and gave it up after four rounds. At last she offered to settle it by calling out a lot of Christian names, and taking the hut of the man whose name she hit off first. She came to mine first, and in half-an-hour the cabin was as fit for her to take up her quarters as hard work could make it, and then she shook hands with us all round and retired for the night.

"Inside an hour a new state of things had started on in the camp. A vigilance committee of three was formed to look after manners and language, and bye-laws were written down to regulate drinking and fights, so that she shouldn't see or hear anything unpleasant.

"The way that girl queened it over us all was a perfect masterpiece. She never put on any airs or graces, or was anything but gentle and civil to everybody; and yet every day that passed strengthened her hold over us. She was a splendid worker, too, and we never had such meals in our lives as she made out of the rough tack that we were able to get for her. And then she fixed up our clothes and looked after our shirts and tidied our shanties, and altogether made us feel so respectable that we thought of bringing a parson up country and building a church for him.



"We tossed up who should give up his hut to her."

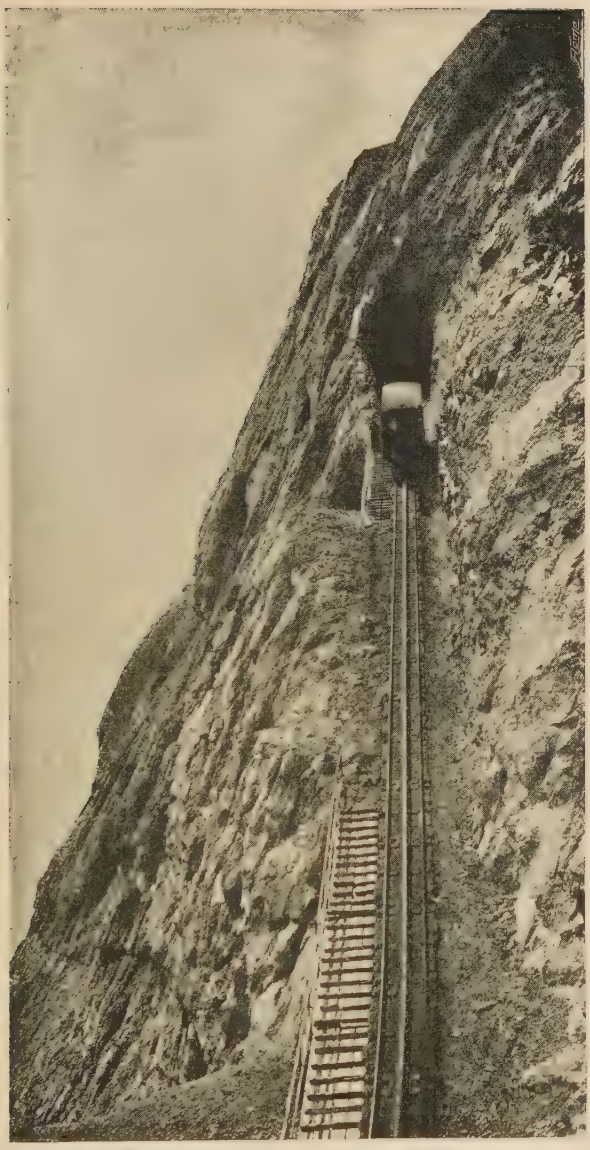
"At last we got to look upon her so much as the good angel of the camp that we decided to put the diamond safe in her hut, believing that neither man nor spirit would ever think of stealing it out of there.

"I was the one to propose this, and the boys deputed me to ask her to take charge of it for us. After a lot of pretty refusals she said 'Yes,' and we carted it in and delivered it over to her.

"Three nights later she vanished like a ghost into a fog, and when we at last broke the hut open we found every bag empty but mine, and tied on to that was a slip of paper with the words: 'With Mrs. Frank Draper's compliments to Sober Tim (that's me), in return for his chivalrous but misplaced confidence and the use of his hut.'

"I'm not going to try and tell you what we thought or said about ourselves when we got down to the fact that it was real and not a nightmare. Anyhow, when the language did get loose it brought along the only thunderstorm we'd had for seven months. And yet somehow no one cussed *her*—funny, wasn't it?

"We never got a stone back, though we hunted far and wide. I whacked up with the boys as far as they'd let me, and we went to work again and swore off good angels in petticoats for ever—leastways, till we'd made our pile and were getting safe home," concluded Sober Tim, with a yearning glance towards a certain most daintily filled deck-chair a few yards away.



Up the edge of a precipice.

RACK RAILWAYS.

By Robert Machray.

Those who have ascended a long, steep, and high rack railway for the first time will recall with what a mixture of feelings they began their journey. Although assured on all sides of the entire absence of any danger, and, indeed, convinced in their own minds that there is absolutely no risk whatever, otherwise they would not make the attempt at all, yet their predominant impression is that they are about to undertake something which has about it a not unpleasant touch of peril.

As the train moves away from the station, the traveller is at once assailed and startled by the novel jar and sound of the pinions as they bite, as it were, the iron lips or steps of the rack, and there is an almost involuntary tendency to clutch with firm hold the arms of the seats, or any other portions of the carriage which afford a good grip.

But once the upward climb really begins, and views of surpassing loveliness gradually unfold themselves to the delighted eye—views which gain a new and fresh charm from their being seen without an effort, and at one's ease—seen, too, through an atmosphere of crystalline clearness, all sense of terror disappears, and the traveller abandons himself to the most exquisite emotions.

As he proceeds upon his way, sun and cloud combine in wondrous harmonies of light and shade to cause him to realise a new-found sense of the Joy of Life. Here and there, perhaps, as he crosses over some dark, deep abyss, he will hold his breath; again, as he marks how on one edge of the track, but a few inches away from where he sits, the mountain side is sheer precipice for hundreds of feet, he may wish himself well out of his adventure. But such qualms dissipate themselves quite naturally as the journey proceeds; a magnificent feeling of exhilaration drives away all fears.

I think that most people will agree with me that when the summit is gained one obtains a reward out of all proportion to the comparatively small cost of the trip.

But it must not for one moment be supposed that rack railways have been brought into existence merely for the benefit of the pleasure seeker. Nothing is more remarkable in

its way than the development which has taken place during the last twenty years with regard to the economic or commercial value of such undertakings, although this is a matter which is almost unknown to the general public. Still less is it understood that several of these railways have been built on the Continent for strategic reasons, or what may be described as war purposes.

There are nearly eighty of these railways in operation at the present time, although some of them, as is particularly the case in Switzerland, are open for the summer only. Most of them may be described as tourist lines, as they are only for passengers, but there are not a few which carry freight as well.

Switzerland, as may be readily supposed, has more of these railways than any other country, but they are to be found in Germany, Austria, Hungary, France, Italy, and Portugal. Going outside of Europe, rack railways are to be seen in Syria, Sumatra, and Japan; in Mexico, Brazil, Chile, and Venezuela; in Madeira and the West Indies. The only specimen of the rack railway in England of any importance is that known as the Snowdon Mountain Railway. The total mileage of all the rack railways in the world, including those portions of the railways in which the rack principle is employed for a part only of their systems, is somewhere about fifteen hundred miles.

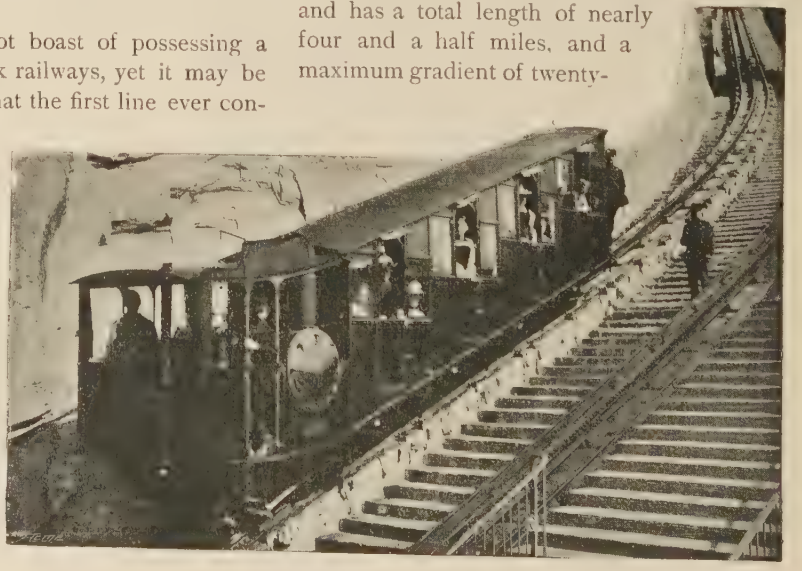
If England cannot boast of possessing a great number of rack railways, yet it may be noticed in passing that the first line ever constructed with the idea of using a rack to help an engine to climb an ascent, was built by an Englishman called Blenkinsop as far back as 1811, long before there were in truth what might be called railways at all. He designed and carried out a genuine rack-bar railroad, but it did not work satisfactorily. And so the idea was for the time being abandoned.

It was not till nearly sixty years afterwards that a native of New England, Sylvester Marsh by name, succeeded in making a railway to the top of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, 6268ft. above the level of the sea. It is practically to this man that we are indebted for rack railways as we now know them.

When Marsh applied to the Legislature of the State for a charter for his railway he was regarded as a lunatic. His first, second, and third applications were contemptuously refused any consideration whatever; his fourth was as contemptuously entertained and agreed to. I have read that one of the New Hampshire representatives, in supporting Marsh's petition, said: "Do not let us waste time in this discussion. If the man wishes a charter to build a railway to the moon, let us give it to him."

The weight of the engine used on this line was about six tons, and, when all was going well, it was able to push a load of equal weight to a height of some four thousand feet above the starting-point. Rack-railway engines are now in use which weigh eighty tons.

It was probably the success of Marsh's much-derided experiment which led to the construction of what is undoubtedly the best-known rack railway—that up the Rigi. It was built by Riggenbach in 1871, and has a total length of nearly four and a half miles, and a maximum gradient of twenty-



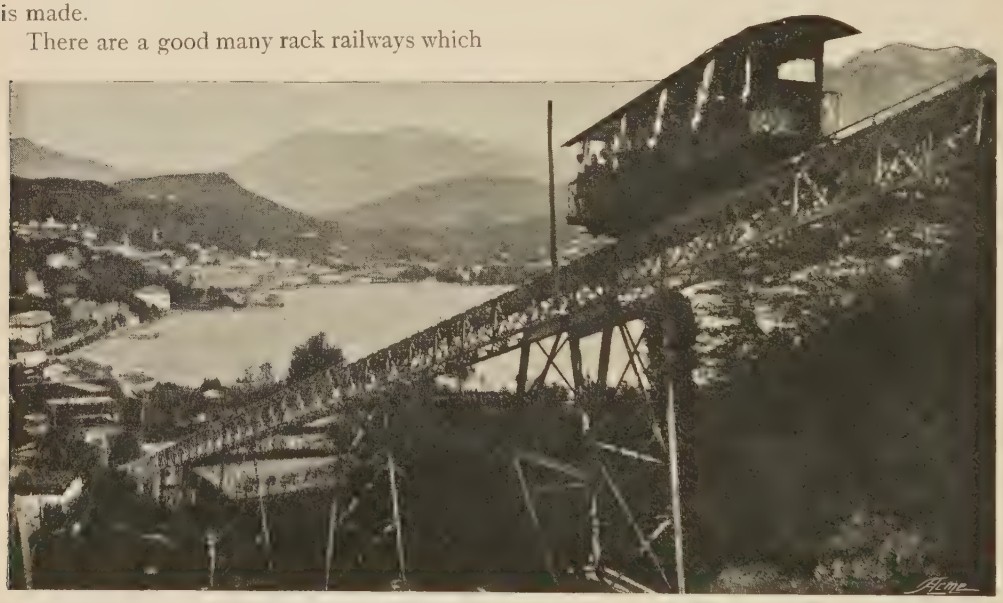
Engine and car on the Pilatus railway, showing the peculiar construction of the engine.

A stiff climb on the Pilatus railway.

five per cent. It was at first regarded as a great wonder, but it has been far surpassed by that on Mount Pilatus, a neighbouring Alp, and also by the Pike's Peak Railway in Colorado.

Since the opening of the Rigi-Kulm Railway all the others have been built. The highest in the world is that which ascends Pike's Peak—the station at the summit being no less than 14,196ft. above sea level. The steepest, or rather that which has the steepest portions in its length, is the railway on Mount Pilatus, which has the amazing gradient of forty-eight per cent.—what this exactly means can scarcely be realised until the ascent itself is made.

There are a good many rack railways which



Trimala railway at San Salvatore.

From a Photo by the Photochrome Co., Cheapside, London.

are under a mile in length, but there is one in Syria, combining the rack and the adhesive principles, which is eighty-six miles long, and another in Sumatra, thirty-three miles long.

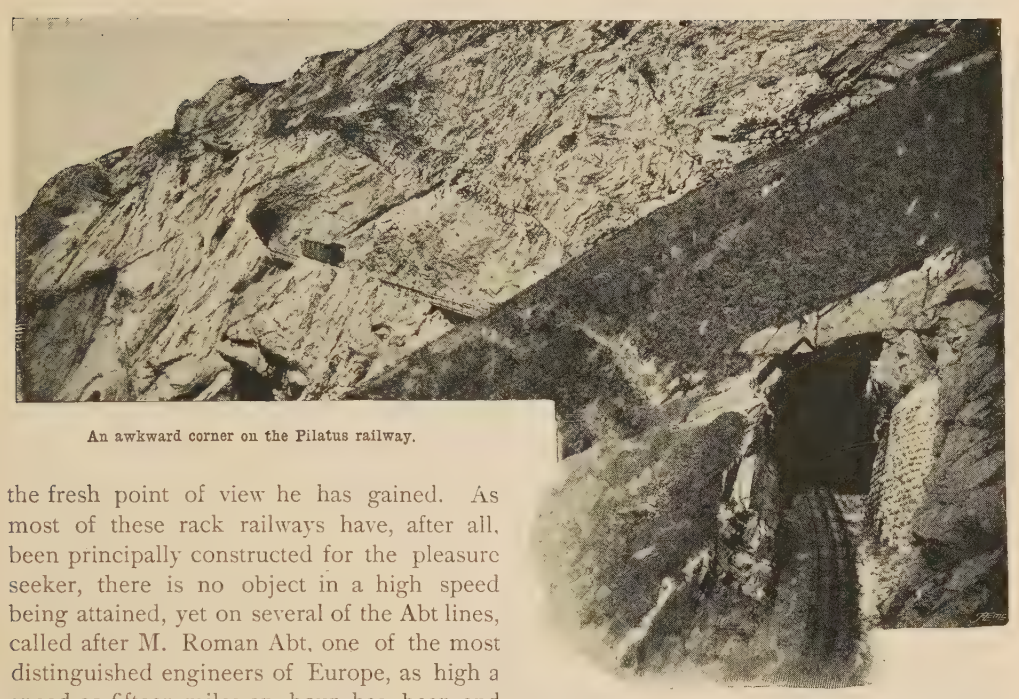
The engines used on the various rack railways have many peculiarities which separate them sharply from other locomotives. In the illustration given of an engine built for the Pilatus Railway the slant of the structure will be immediately noticed, the object of this being to keep what may be described as its top surface as nearly horizontal as possible when it is climbing up a steep gradient.

It would naturally be supposed that the friction which is brought into play between the cogged wheel and the rack would result in the tolerably speedy destruction of both wheel and rack, but it is a very remarkable fact that almost exactly the opposite is the case. For instance, experience of working on the Hartz Mountain Railway has demonstrated that the contact of the teeth of the rack and the pinion gear of the locomotive is so nearly perfect that the wear on the teeth of the rack is practically too slight for calculation, while that on the cogs of the wheel is exceedingly small.

I am informed that the wear on the teeth has been estimated approximately; it will take about a hundred and fifty years to wear away the twenty-fifth part of an inch from the teeth of the rack, and the cog-wheels can be continuously used for twelve years without there being any necessity for replacement.

So far as the cost of the maintenance of the rack itself is concerned, it has been practically eliminated from the accounts of the best rack railways.

A man who is climbing a mountain side is not usually in any hurry. Quite apart from physical reasons, he desires to stop every now and again to behold the prospect from



An awkward corner on the Pilatus railway.

the fresh point of view he has gained. As most of these rack railways have, after all, been principally constructed for the pleasure seeker, there is no object in a high speed being attained, yet on several of the Abt lines, called after M. Roman Abt, one of the most distinguished engineers of Europe, as high a speed as fifteen miles an hour has been and can be obtained.

The speed both in ascending and descend- the double-side rack on Mount Pilatus is about sixty-five yards a minute. This leisurely movement is just what is required in the circumstances. On the Snowdon Mountain Railway the usual rate of speed is four miles an hour.

Another surprising fact about these railways is their comparatively small cost considering the difficulties that surround their construction. Thus, the Mount Pilatus Railway, which is nearly three miles long, was built for the very moderate sum of £76,000, and this amount included rolling-stock, station buildings, and workshops.

Indeed, from almost every point of view, the Mount Pilatus Railway may perhaps be termed the most remarkable rack railway in existence.

Mount Pilatus, as everybody knows, is the rugged, serrated mountain that looks down upon the beautiful shores of Lucerne. It is not by any means the loftiest of the Alps, but its great sides of naked rock, its terrible precipices, its cliffs which rise so grandly into the air, give it a character all its own—a character at once so striking and yet so sombre that it is little wonder it has been the chosen scene of legendary stories without number, culminating in that which saw in it the last burial place of Pontius Pilate. So gloomy was the reputation, if I may so speak of it, of this mountain that its ascent was forbidden for many generations. The Locher Rack Railway has made it open to all the world.

The station from which the start is made is 1447ft. above sea level; the station at the top is 6791ft. From the lake shore upwards, the foundation of the railway—that is, its road-bed—consists of a continuous wall of solid masonry of the most massive character, immense slabs of granite being used. The torrent beds and ravines are spanned by arches of stone, no iron bridges having been erected. The superstructure of iron and steel is fastened and braced to the road-bed from yard to yard with strong screws.

The rack-rail runs midway between the two smooth rails, but at a somewhat higher level. It is made of wrought steel, and has a double row of vertical cogs milled out of solid steel bars. Every engine and carriage has two horizontal cogged wheels which grip this raised rack-rail from either side. Movement can be instantly checked by the application of a break.

The locomotive and the carriage together

form one piece of rolling stock on this railway. On other railways of the same character the engine and the carriage are usually separated from each other. In ascending, the carriage goes first, the engine pushing behind; in descending, the locomotive goes in front.

Where there are so many striking points, as is the case on the Mount Pilatus Railway, it is somewhat difficult to make a choice between them for purposes of description. The Wolfort Ravine, 860 yards from the starting point, with what is known as the "Risleten" above it, certainly makes a wonderful picture. At the bridge over the ravine is a stopping place for water, so that the traveller is able to thoroughly appreciate the glorious view spread out before him. One glances across the Bay of Alpnach to the pleasant shores of Nidwalden, while

The greatest rack railway project of the age is undoubtedly the Jungfrau road, which is being built at the present time from its lower terminus at Scheidegg, the summit of the existing rack railways from Lauterbrunnen and Gründelwald, into the region of snow and glaciers at the top of the Jungfrau, to ultimately reach a height of 13,668ft.

The engineering difficulties to be overcome are very great. The new road is laid in the open for a distance of one and a half miles, but at this point it strikes into the mountain, the face of which is nearly vertical, and continues there for nearly a mile by a gallery—that is, a tunnel with numerous slight openings into the air, and, in some places, lateral tunnels leading out on the mountain's brow.

The rack railway on the summit of Snowdon.

From a Photo by J. Maclardy, Oswestry.

high overhead the railway line pencils itself against a slope of such steepness that one is tempted to ask if it is possible for the train to surmount it. The actual gradient is 48 in 100.

The rack railway which climbs Pike's Peak in Colorado is another remarkable feat in engineering. It was built in 1890 from designs furnished by Roman Abt.

The train starts from the town of Manitou, from a station which is already over 6000ft. above sea level—it will be remembered that the whole State of Colorado is one great plateau, most of it being several thousand feet above the sea. The line winds up and around this vast solitary pillar of stone—for such this mountain is—for nearly 8000ft., the steepest gradients being 25 per cent.

Several of these tunnels are to be made into comfortable apartments with luxurious divans, armchairs, windows to open and shut as required, and everything else with which the business of seeing Switzerland can be accomplished with the greatest "comfort, celerity, and dispatch."

The cost of this new railway and its equipment is estimated at about £400,000, and it is expected that it will be in operation in a couple of years.

Some idea of the number of people who take advantage of rack railways for the purposes of pleasure only may be gathered from the fact that last year the Rigi Railway carried about 120,000 passengers, and the Mount Pilatus Road 50,000.

"Hullo! Ajmere Lodge. Isn't that where Colonel Devereux hangs out? Suppose we drop in upon him and get a drink?"

"I don't know him well enough," said I. "Besides, he never asked us to call. And the hotel is close by, if you are thirsty."

The reply of my companion, Ned Wyndham, Assistant Commissioner for some district in India with an unpronounceable name, was to seize me by the arm and drag me within the gate.

"Hospitality is one of the few virtues we Anglo-Indians have got left," quoth Wyndham. "To give Devereux an opportunity of exercising it is a work of charity."

My hesitation was due to the fact that our acqua ntance with Colonel Devereux was but slight. We had met him a few times in the smoking-room of the Studley Royal Hotel, Harrogate, where Wyndham and I were staying. He lived near the town—in fact the grounds of Ajmere Lodge marched with those of our hotel. He was a bit of an eccentric, his chief hobby, I had been told, being zoo'ogy, and he was very well known in the neighbourhood.

We went up to the bungalow and rang the bell. The hall door stood hospitably open; and no sooner was the sound of the bell heard, than a terrifying roar rang through the house, and a huge tiger that had been lying in a corner of the hall rose, stretched himself out, and came slowly towards us.

We darted off, but the voice of the Colonel, calling after us, reassured us.

"He is perfectly harmless," bawled the Colonel. "Teeth and claws both gone. Couldn't hurt you if he wanted to!"

At this we came back, and we found Devereux rating his Malay servant for allowing the animal to be at large in front of the house. The Malay stood in an attitude of humble deprecation in a corner of the hall, and beside him stood a baboon, glancing from the master to the servant, and imitating in its attitude the bearing of the Malay in the most comical way imaginable. One would have thought that the creature was taking all the blame to itself.

We preferred to have our liquid refreshment on the lawn, for I confess that to me, at least, our host's assurances concerning the tiger were not wholly satisfactory. However, we saw no more of it, and, after sitting there

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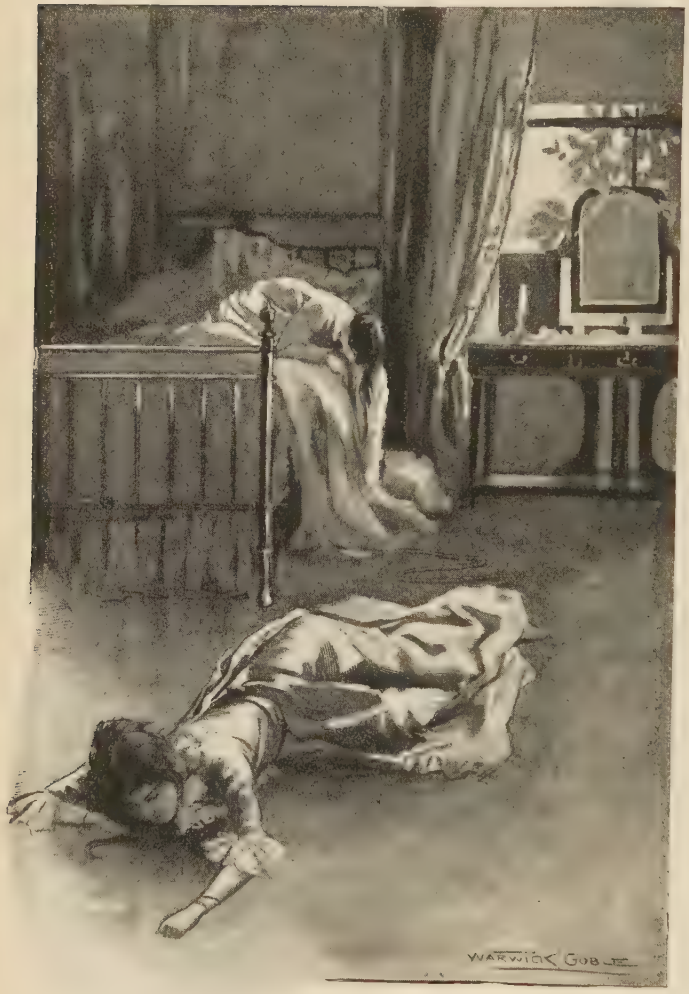


On the floor lay Miss Lee in a deathlike swoon.

for half-an-hour, my companion became impatient to be off, and we took our leave.

Wyndham's impatience, I knew very well, was due to the fact that he wanted to be at hand when Miss Lee returned to the hotel from an excursion she and her aunt had taken that day. Margaret Lee was an uncommonly pretty girl, who had apparently inflicted an incurable wound on the heart of the Assistant Commissioner. She and her aunt, Miss Patterdale, an original old lady who came to the *table d'hôte* every night sparkling all over with diamonds, had been at Harrogate about a week. They returned to the hotel just as we came up, and seeing that Wyndham had now totally forgotten my existence, I went up to my room.

One incident of the evening that I remembered afterwards may be mentioned in this place. Having occasion to go up to my bedroom for my cigar-case, I was surprised to meet Colonel Devereux's Malay servant on the stairs. He passed me so swiftly that I had no time to do more than note the general appearance of the man, but I felt sure that it was he, though I might have hesitated to swear to him. What he wanted in that part of the house at that hour, I could not imagine.

Miss Patterdale and her niece sat out of doors for some little time that evening, duly attended by Wyndham. About half-past nine they came indoors, and shortly after went up to their rooms.

About eight o'clock next morning there was a terrible commotion in the hotel. Everybody rushed half-dressed into the corridor, asking his neighbour what was wrong. Nobody seemed to know anything, except that frightful shrieks had been heard coming from one of the upper floors. I happened to be dressed, and I bounded upstairs, closely followed by Wyndham.

On the third floor people were running in one direction to a room at the back of the house. We came to the door and read the number—No. 90.

"Miss Patterdale's number!" muttered Wyndham to himself. "What on earth can have happened?"

A group of men and women looking at one another with scared eyes hung about the threshold, not daring to go in. Wyndham

pushed his way through them, and I followed him.

I shall never forget, if I live to be eighty, the sight that met my eyes. On the floor lay Miss Lee, dead, or in a deathlike swoon. On the bed, leaning half out of it, was the body of her aunt. Of her death there could be no doubt, nor—poor lady!—of the manner of it. She had been strangled!

I remember the rest but dimly. I helped to carry Miss Lee into an adjoining room, her own bedroom, and to lay her poor senseless body on the bed.

Wyndham hung over her in an agony of dread. He feared that the shock might have injured her brain. But as soon as his fear on that head had been relieved, I drew him aside and whispered in his ear:—

"Wyndham, if you want to have a look at the next room in private, you had better come now. In a few minutes the police will be here, and we shall have no chance of getting in."

Wyndham had had a great deal of experience of crime in his capacity of an Indian magistrate, and I thought it possible that his acuteness might put us on the trail of the murderer. In an instant his eye brightened, he stood upright as a dart, and throwing one look on the girl lying half-conscious on the bed, he followed me into room Number 90, through a door which opened from one room into the other. The door leading into the corridor had been locked by the hotel manager.

"I don't see Miss Patterdale's watch or any of her jewels," said Wyndham, glancing hastily round the apartment, "nor her dressing-bag. I think we may assume that the murder had robbery for its motive. The poor lady was awakened, and the thief, fearing that she would give the alarm, strangled her with a bit of cord he had brought with him on purpose—see!"

And he picked up from the floor, to which it had slipped, a piece of stout brown cord, about two yards long.

"The question is, how he got into the room," went on Wyndham. "I know Miss Patterdale locked her door religiously every night. She has told me so more than once. As for the window——"

We crossed over to it. It was closed, but not bolted. This, however, was of little consequence, as the window-sill was thirty-five or forty feet from the ground. It looked out upon the lawn at the back of the hotel, and one could see, through the branches of a great horse-chestnut which grew nearly opposite, the chimneys of Ajmere Lodge, about half-a-mile distant.

"Nothing but a cat could make an entrance here," said my friend, going close to the window, and looking all round him with an attentive eye—"nor even a cat, for there isn't so much as a water-pipe to climb up by. The tree, do you say? It is too far off. No man could possibly get from those branches in at the window, even if it were open. Hallo!"

He was staring at the window-sill. I went up to him and looked down too. The stone outside had been newly painted, and, although the paint was dry, the hot summer sun had softened it a little. It was spotlessly clean, except in three places. Two of these, which measured four or five inches long by two and a half or three across, were merely blurred dirty marks. But the third certainly resembled the print of *part of the sole of a woman's shoe*. If one can imagine a maid cleaning her mistress's shoe at the open window, and leaning out of the window to speak to an acquaintance below, resting her hand with the shoe upon it, meantime, upon the outer window-sill, one may imagine just the kind of mark I saw on the window-sill of room No. 90.

But of other traces of the murderer—supposing that these marks were such a trace, which seemed well nigh impossible—there was not a sign or a shadow. Stay—it did occur to me once or twice, in passing hither and thither as we searched the apartment, that I noticed a very faint and very peculiar odour. It might have been due to some scent that the dead lady had been in the habit of using. Wyndham could not perceive it, nor, I fancy, could I have done so, had it not been that my sense of smell is unusually delicate.

However, we found nothing by which the murderers could be traced, and the police were no more successful than we had been. As we had guessed, Miss Patterdale had kept

her jewels in her dressing-bag, and that had disappeared. A verdict of "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown" was returned at the inquest; and there, so far as I was concerned, the matter ended.

Wyndham and I separated soon afterwards, and I was not much surprised to see one day in October a notice in the *Morning Post* of the marriage of the Assistant Commissioner and Margaret Lee.

It was in the following June that I got one day a telegram from Wyndham dated from Harrogate. It said :—

"Please come here as quickly as possible."

I was a bit surprised, as he and I had not kept up any correspondence, but I guessed that he had found out something about the murder of his wife's aunt, and that he wanted to be supported by my remembrance of the circumstances.

Being curious to know what had happened, I went down to Harrogate at once. Wyndham met me at the station. He told me that he had obtained additional leave of absence on account of his marriage, and that he had come to Harrogate to see a man on business, leaving his wife in London.

"And what have you brought me down here for?" I asked. "Have you found out anything about the murder?"

"Not exactly; but I think you will find that I have not brought you down from town for nothing, if your brains have not softened since I saw you last. Listen. A very curious thing happened here last night.

"There is (or was) a commercial traveller staying at the hotel, named Simmons. He is travelling for a large firm of wholesale jewellers, and he had with him a small portmanteau filled with valuable specimens of his goods. This bag he had placed in the hands of the hotel manager for safe custody; but last night, as he wished to leave by a very early train this morning, he asked for his bag, and it was duly given up to him."

"Stop a moment. Did the people about the hotel—the men in the smoking-room, the servants, or anyone else—have an opportunity of knowing what the portmanteau contained?"

"Yes, unfortunately. He had been showing some of his trinkets to somebody in the smoking-room a day or two before."

"Well?"

"Well, this morning the portmanteau and its contents have vanished. And yet the man swears that he not only locked, but bolted his door before he went to bed; and the only other door in the room was boarded up some time ago. The strange thing is, that the room was the very room in which poor Miss Patterdale was murdered."

I started. The coincidence was surely a singular one.

"And what is more," Wyndham went on, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "the manager told me in confidence that there have been two more similar robberies in that room since they began to use it again, about six months ago."

"The room must have a secret entrance!" I exclaimed.

"So one would say, but I assure you it is not so. The walls, floor, and ceiling have been most carefully examined. I saw it done this forenoon with my own eyes."

By this time we had reached the hotel.

"We may as well have a look at the room," said Wyndham, as we passed into the hall. "There is something there which I think will surprise you."

He got the key from the manager, and we went up in the lift. As we walked along the corridor, I asked how it was that no notice of these robberies had appeared in the papers; and my companion told me that, although the victims had no legal claim for compensation, as they had chosen to keep their valuables in the bedroom rather than hand them over to the manager for safe custody, the proprietors had arranged to make good the loss in part, under the promise of secrecy, lest the report of so many robberies should give the hotel a bad name.

We went into the room, locked the door behind us, and looked about us carefully. Nothing was to be seen that suggested in the faintest way the possibility of a crime. There was no cupboard or corner in which a criminal could hide. The furniture was of the usual plain description, and was in perfect order.

I strolled over to the window, while

Wyndham, producing a key which the manager had no doubt given him, unlocked one of the drawers in the little chest of drawers that stood in a corner, and took out something, which he brought up to me.

"Have you ever seen anything like that before?" said he.

It was a piece of brown cord.

"Why," I cried, starting back, "that is the cord with which Miss Patterdale was strangled!"

"Not so. *That* cord is locked up in a drawer in the chief constable's office. *This* was found early this morning lying *here*," and he put his foot on a spot at the side of the bed.

I could not help shuddering.

"Then, if the man who was robbed had happened to wake——"

"He would not have been alive now," said Wyndham.

"But this is terrible!"

"Terrible, indeed! But I have resolved to solve the mystery, if it occupies every moment of my time before I sail for India."

I went to the window, threw it open, and stood looking at the chestnut tree outside, which was once again in full vigour of leaf.

"Do you think it is possible," said I, "that an active man might leap from that tree to the window?"

Wyndham measured the distance critically with his eye.

"I do not," said he, with an accent of decision. "Not unless the window were open, at all events, and Simmons tells me he is certain it was not open when he went to bed. And yet, what other way of entering the room could there be? Stop a moment—"

He had been gazing fixedly at the tree. He now left the room, and came back in a few minutes with an opera-glass in his hand. After looking at the tree through it very closely for a full minute, he handed the glass to me.

"Do you see anything?" he said.

I looked, and thought I could distinguish something like scratches on two or three of the branches—places where the bark had apparently been rubbed. And I saw two broken twigs, but that might have been caused by the wind. I told Wyndham the result of my inspection, and he said that it corresponded exactly with what he had made out himself. But the traces were so slight, that it was impossible to be certain that they had been made by a human being.

We closed the window and went downstairs.

After dinner we went into the smoking-room, and there, among some other residents, we found Colonel Devereux.

My friend went over to the couch where he was sitting, and engaged him in conversation. I guessed, from the start of surprise on the Colonel's face, that Wyndham was telling him about the extraordinary occurrences that had happened at the hotel. I watched Devereux's face closely, and became convinced that I was right. Wyndham seemed to me to be pressing upon the Colonel some request which he was unwilling to grant. Astonishment, annoyance, indignation, and finally a proud reserve, were visible by turns on the countenance of the ex-soldier. At length some arrangement seemed to be made between them. The Colonel spoke some sentences in a quick, authoritative manner, and then, rising suddenly, he bowed stiffly to Wyndham, and walked abruptly out of the room.

I expected that Wyndham would tell me what had passed, but he was unusually reticent, and I forbore to ask any questions.

Next day neither of us stirred out of the hotel.

Towards evening a note was handed to Wyndham, which he took impatiently, as if he had been expecting it, and having read it, he thrust it into his pocket, and turned to me saying—"Come; let us go."

I put on my hat, and went after him out of the hotel, not knowing whither we were bound.

In silence we walked on till we came to the gate of Ajmere Lodge.

I stopped, and looked inquiringly at my companion.

"Yes," said he. "Last night I became certain that the solution of the mystery must be looked for in this house. Devereux promised me that the place should be left empty of servants, and open to our inspection, this afternoon, and I mean to have as

thorough a search as the time will allow.—Ah! there he is," pointing to a tall figure that was disappearing round the corner of the house. "I daresay he won't speak to us, for he was rather offended at me for pressing him as I did. But I can't help that. Come along."

"But, Wyndham, you can't possibly imagine that Colonel Devereux, a distinguished soldier, and a man of unblemished honour, can have had anything to do with crimes—horrible crimes, such as these?"

"I don't know whom or what to suspect," answered Wyndham. "The man may be secretly a madman. That would account for something, perhaps."

"But, good Heavens! if you thought that, why tell him your suspicions? Why ask him for leave to search the house?"

"I didn't think of it. The idea never occurred to me till just now, and I don't say it is the right one. Certainly I do not believe that Colonel Devereux wilfully and consciously committed these crimes. I don't know what to think. But I hope to find out something in this house. Come along."

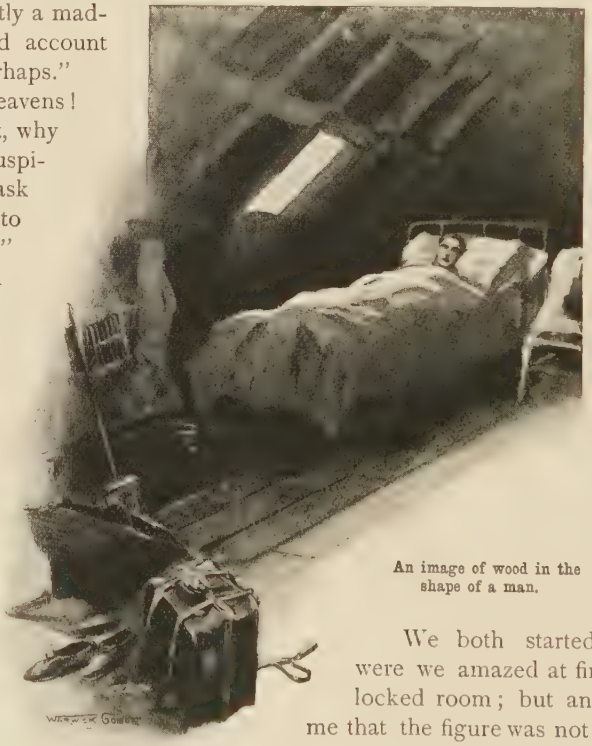
"Why in this house?" I persisted, as we walked up the short avenue side by side.

"Because, while you were all at dinner last night, I examined the grass on the hotel grounds beyond the lawn. I found it tall and strong, almost like hay; and there were the marks, very slight, but perceptible enough, of someone having walked across it very lately. I followed the footsteps, and soon saw that they ended at the thick hedge that separates the hotel grounds from those of this house. And what is more, there were signs in the hedge that some one had recently passed through it."

I said no more, for by this time we had reached the house. The front door stood wide open, inviting us to enter. We went in without knocking, and our search of the house began.

The two lower floors did not in any way repay our trouble. But in the attics the first door we came to was locked.

"Hullo!" cried Wyndham. "Luckily I came prepared for this." He took a long-handled instrument from his coat pocket, and in less than two minutes he had the door open.



An image of wood in the shape of a man.

We stepped into a room which seemed to be used as a lumber room, but in one corner there was a bed, and in the bed the figure of a man stretched at full length, apparently asleep.

We both started back, so much were we amazed at finding any one in a locked room; but another look showed me that the figure was not that of a live man, but an image of wood in the shape of a man, which had at one time, apparently, been part of the figure-head of a ship.

"This is curious," said Wyndham, stepping forward and peering into the bed. "What the mischief is this image doing here?"

We stepped up to examine it more closely, and as we moved across the floor a scent so faint as to be almost imperceptible, yet the same scent as that I had been sensible of in Room No. 90, on the morning of the murder, could be distinguished. But I had no time to attend to that just then.

"Look here," said Wyndham. "This

image has got a hook under its left shoulder, and—yes, another under the right shoulder, as well as one at the back of its head. Now I wonder what these are for?"

"They may have been used to fix the figure to the ship, or to a wall," I suggested.

"No, they are not nearly strong enough for that."

"What is the thing doing in a bed?" I asked, but neither of us could answer the question. There was a hook in the ceiling just over the head of the figure, quite a little thing, not more than half an inch in diameter; and at the side of the bed Wyndham found an old ragged nightshirt. The body of the wooden image was bare, and I ought to say that it was wooden only to the waist—in fact, it was in two distinct pieces, a wooden bust being loosely joined to a dummy figure stuffed with straw. The face of the image had that horrid unmeaning stare which seems to be inseparable from those figure-head affairs; and in several places the paint, with which it had been liberally daubed, was worn away. Round the neck there was a mark as if someone had tied a string to it, and had dragged it by that means for some distance.

So much for the image. It told us no more than what I have here set down. But as we stood and looked at it, I could not help fancying that its queer, mis-shapen features wore a half-concealed smile, as if it would say: "What would you give to know as much as I know?"

Among the rubbish at one end of the attic I found a pair of woman's shoes, which seemed to have been lately worn. They were not covered with dust, as one would have expected to find them in such a place. But what so common as to find an old pair of shoes in a lumber-room?

We visited the rest of the rooms on that floor—servants' bedrooms, most of them. They disclosed nothing of any importance, and indeed I saw by my companion's face that he did not anticipate finding anything of interest in them. In the last of them, however, I suddenly stood still. Once more that curious penetrating odour, or rather the ghost of it, had reached my nostrils. I spoke of it to Wyndham, and he took some pains to ascertain before we left the house which of the servants it was that slept in that room. Whoever the man might be, Wyndham assured me, he was not an Englishman. It turned out that my companion was right. The room belonged to the Colonel's Malay servant.

After descending by a back staircase, we left the house by a side entrance, and found ourselves all at once in the centre of the Colonel's menagerie. I had had no idea that he possessed so many animals. They were kept in cells or stalls arranged in a quadrangle, of which the house formed one side; and the instant we made our appearance, we were saluted by a tempest of cries, from the savage growl of the old tiger to the shrieking of a baby monkey and the scream of a caged parrot. All sorts of creatures were there—the tiger that had startled us on the occasion of our former visit, the baboon that had followed the servant into the hall, a pair of huge wild cats, a jackal, a kangaroo, and several serpents. The stench and the noise were alike dreadful. I was glad to escape to the front part of the house.

From the moment of our leaving Ajmere Lodge my companion fell into a brown study, from which nothing seemed to have power to wake him. It was in vain that I questioned him as to his suspicions, his conjectures, or his intentions. He roused himself once so far as to ask me if *I* had formed any opinion on the matter, and when I told him that I had not—that my ideas were vague and formless, incapable of combining into an intelligible whole, he asked me for goodness sake to leave him alone, that he might have a chance of formulating an idea that should not be a mere shadowy chimera. Upon this I said, in that case I had better go back to town; and he replied that it was plainly the best thing I could do.

Thereupon I lost my temper, and told him that it was a piece of confounded impertinence on his part to summon me from town, and then refuse to give me his confidence, and that I would take very good care not to be such a fool a second time.

To my intense annoyance Wyndham turned on me a pair of lack-lustre eyes, and said: "I beg your pardon?" in a tone which showed that my indignant harangue had been quite

lost upon him. His attention had wandered off, as soon as he had stopped speaking, to the problem which was filling his mind. He had forgotten my existence, and had evidently not the smallest notion that he had offended me in any way. I burst out laughing, gave him my hand, and took the next train to King's Cross.

* * * * *

For six weeks I heard no more of Wyndham, and then one day I received a telegram from him. It ran to this effect:—

"The last act of the tragedy of Room No. 90 may be played to-morrow night. If you would like to be present, I shall be glad to see you."

For some time I sent no answer. I thought I had been somewhat scurvily treated on the last occasion when I took a journey north at Wyndham's invitation, and I had no desire to waste my time and money a second time. But when, two hours later, a second telegram arrived, saying: "Don't fail to be here by to-morrow afternoon, and bring your revolver," my love of adventure overcame every other feeling, and I sent a curt message to Wyndham to say that he might expect me.

Next day I arrived at Harrogate.

Somewhat to my surprise, Wyndham met me at the station. He was pre-occupied in manner, but much more civil than he had been the last time I had seen him. I took care, however, to ask no questions; I was too proud to do that. And polite as Wyndham was, he offered no explanation beyond telling me that he meant to sleep that night in Room No. 90, and asking me whether I cared to keep him company.

Of course I said that I would do so with pleasure, and he then told me that he had persuaded the manager to let him have the room, which had been kept locked up since the date of the last robbery, on purpose to try whether an attack would be made upon him there. In order to attract the thieves, he had bought some paste diamonds, and had talked of them and shown them to some of his acquaintances at the hotel, so that, if one of the hotel servants was in collusion with the robbers (as we had all along suspected must be the case), news of the supposed wealth of the new occupant of Room No. 90 might be sure to reach the ears of the miscreants. In fact, my friend had set an elaborate trap, and he had invited me to bear him company and see the *dénouement*, for which I could not help feeling grateful.

We dined at the *table d'hôte*, but I took care to drink very little wine, and Wyndham, I saw, was equally abstemious.

After an hour spent in the smoking-room, where the sham diamonds were again exhibited and commented on, Wyndham and I went to our rooms, mine being No. 98, just across the passage from No. 90.

About twelve o'clock I put on an ulster I had borrowed from the hotel manager, loaded my revolver carefully, and crossed over to Wyndham's room, taking care to close the door of my own room behind me.

Wyndham answered my knock at once. He let me in, and shut and locked the door. The moment I entered the room I was conscious of the peculiar odour I had perceived there on the morning when Miss Patterdale was found murdered in her bed, and again in the room occupied by the Malay servant in Ajmere Lodge, and it was now much stronger than it had been on either of these occasions. Even Wyndham could distinguish it now, though he said it was so faint as to be barely perceptible. We looked about, but could not imagine what caused it.

On the dressing-table was the canvas bag in which Wyndham kept the paste diamonds that were to act as a bait for the thief.

I settled myself in a corner of the floor, in the angle formed by the foot of the bedstead and the wall. From that position I could watch the window without so much as turning my head, and yet I was so well concealed that I might reasonably hope to escape the observation of anyone entering the room. Wyndham got into bed, but we both promised to keep awake. I had my revolver lying ready to my hand, and my companion slipped his under his pillow as he lay down.

Never in my life have I had so tiresome a watch. The stillness was so profound, and my position was so conducive to slumber, that I had the greatest difficulty to prevent myself from falling asleep. Short as the summer night was, I found it dismally long. It had been part of our understanding that we

should not speak to each other, and should move as little as possible, but the keeping awake under these conditions was irksome in the extreme.

I fear that at last I must have fallen into a half doze, for suddenly I found myself more wide awake than I had been, and the room was lighter than it had been (apparently) an instant before.

As I say, if I had been asleep, I was in a moment wide awake, and listening with both my ears. A soft thud came against the window, exactly as if someone had thrown a pillow at it. It trembled with the gentle shock, but there was hardly any noise.

Then I was conscious of a moving — I can hardly describe it otherwise—outside the window, as if some one were standing on the sill, and trying to find a way to come in. Then I knew that very softly, inch by inch, the sash was being lifted.

I blew out its brains.

All this time Wyndham made no sound. He lay so still that I did not know whether he was awake or asleep. I seized my revolver, which was already cocked, and lay perfectly mute with my finger on the trigger.

The summer dawn was not strong enough as yet to illuminate the room, but the window was clearly outlined, and there was a certain glimmering round the side of the blind.

The window had now been raised to its full height, and the blind shook. My heart was in my mouth.

Slowly, very slowly, a hand—a dark-coloured hand or a hand covered with a dark glove—stole round the edge of the blind. Heavens! what a long hand it was! The wrist was like a snake. Then quickly, but with hardly any noise, the blind was pushed or lifted aside, and a black shape leapt down into the room.

The figure moved swiftly to the dressing-table, and bent down its head, as though it were smelling here and there. And then it was that I recognised it. It was a huge baboon!

There was to me a horror in the sight that I cannot express, and that I cannot hope to convey to another. All I can say is, that I lay like a man in a nightmare, unable to move, unable to utter a cry. I lay and watched the monster as a fascinated bird watches a snake.

Over one arm the brute carried a kind of net satchel, as it seemed to me, and from the other arm there dangled a short piece of brown cord in a noose. With a swift eager motion, the baboon *nosed out*, if I may so

express it, the bag which contained the false diamonds, and swept it into its satchel.

At that moment Wyndham uttered a heavy sigh, which showed that he had been asleep, stirred, and raising himself on his elbow, gazed at the midnight thief with a face of surprise and horror. I could see that amazement, and an indescribable feeling of repugnance, as if he had been in the presence of some unclean reptile from the pit, had mastered him as they had mastered me.

Before he could have uttered a cry—supposing that he had had the power to do it—the baboon had sprung on the bed, and sitting astride of him, had seized him by the throat, and with incredible rapidity whipped the noose over his head.

And in that moment of dread and horror, I remembered with a keen vision that seemed vivid as a lightning flash, that wooden image with the black mark round its throat.

The murder was being done before my eyes, and yet I had actually to force myself to my feet. Once in an upright position the strange, horrible numbness left me. I walked as steadily up to the creature as if I had been walking across the hall of the hotel, and putting the muzzle of my revolver to its hideous face, I blew out its brains. Quick as I had been, the cord had already made a livid mark round my friend's neck.

* * * * *

Before the sun had risen we were knocking at the Colonel's door. But already we were too late. The Malay was not in his room, nor in the house. Some hours later Colonel Devereux sent for us, and told us the Malay had been found. It seemed that in order to while away the time when waiting for the baboon to return from its work of murder and theft, the Malay had strolled into the inclosure in which were the cages of the various creatures kept by the Colonel.

Then he had entered the den of the tiger, and had apparently with reckless cruelty begun to amuse himself by tormenting the animal with the end of his lighted cigar. At all events, the old tiger was found lying in one corner of his cage, crouched as if in the act to spring, and never taking his eyes off the body of a man that lay stretched on the ground, with his arms thrown out beyond his head, cold and dead. It was the Malay. The half of an unfinished Indian cheroot lay on the asphalt floor between him and the tiger. His forehead had sustained a frightful injury, and it was plain that the wild beast had, with one blow of his mighty paw, dashed him to the ground, and he had been killed by his forehead being smashed upon the floor of the cage.

When we came to clear up the mystery of Room No. 90, it was evident that the baboon had been carefully trained to enter the room by leaping from the tree to the window; and we found underneath the stone window-sill a nail, with two or three links of iron chain hanging to it, which the Malay, or his accomplice, had no doubt fixed there, to assist the creature in its perilous leap. It turned out that three years before, when Colonel Devereux first came to Harrogate, he had stayed at the Studley Royal Hotel; and the Malay, who had accompanied him, had occupied room No. 90, and had been accustomed to take the ape to visit him there; so that not only the room, but the mode of entering and leaving it by the tree, had been familiar to the brute before its unhallowed training had begun.

A small box of ointment, impregnated with the peculiar odour I had noticed in the room, was found on the body of the Malay. It had been the practice for him, or his confederate, to touch with this ointment whatever objects he wished the baboon to remove from the room, and no doubt the trick had been practised scores of times in the attic, so that the strange scent lingered in the air of the apartment.

When the body of the baboon was removed, it was found that it wore on its feet a pair of woman's shoes. This precaution had obviously been adopted by the cunning Oriental to prevent his emissary being traced by its footprints. The use of the wooden image in the bed was now explained. It had been used as the material of the object lessons which the ape had to go through before its training had been completed.

The creature, we conjectured, had been taught to enter the attic room by the window, and to sweep into its satchel whatever objects had been touched with the strong scented

The wild beast had, with one blow of his mighty paw, dashed him to the ground.

ointment. And it had also been trained to pay no attention to the manlike image so long as it remained quiet, but to spring on it and strangle it with the cord directly it moved. A string had been passed through the hooks at the back of the image, and through the hook in the ceiling, so that on the Malay jerking the string, the figure would sit up, exactly as a man would who had been startled in his sleep by a thief entering his room. Then the ape had only to put in practice the lesson it had learned, in order to close for ever the lips of the witness of the crime.

It was certain that the Malay must have had a confederate in the hotel to keep him informed as to the time when there was a good chance of plunder being obtained, and to undo the hasp of the window, so that the ape might enter without any noise. Who this confederate might be, we could not at first guess, but next morning it was found that one of the chambermaids was missing. She had taken the night train to London, and, having reached that paradise of evil-doers, she finally disappeared.

When I next returned to Harrogate, some time after Wyndham had sailed for India with his young wife, I was told that Colonel Devereux had broken up his establishment, sold or otherwise disposed of his wild animals, and had gone to live in Clapham. Ajmere Lodge had been turned into a high-class seminary for young ladies.

By

Marcus Tindal.

In the case of M. de Bessell the amusing work of the showman is combined with the fine art of the sculptor in a way which is extraordinary and certainly unique.

M. de Bessell is an artist to the tips of his delicate slender fingers; but he is, at the same time, a showman, as is clearly evidenced by his velvet cap, his brilliant jacket, his red tights, and his patent leather shoes. He has an artist's way of posing in picturesque attitudes, with his head thrown back, one hand extended, and a dreamy look in his grey eyes. The artist merges in the showman, however, as he jumps back with a kick in the air, and makes a bow to the audience. He is an enigma — and whether he is more artist than showman, or more showman than artist, it would be difficult to say. The combination is so unusual that it may well be puzzling.

M. de Bessell's claims as a sculptor are not alone founded on such specimens of his work as illustrate these pages. In his early days he was filled with great aspirations, some of which have been successfully carried out in the form of monuments and statues of no little fame. He studied for five years in Rome under the best masters, and afterwards in Paris, where great things were prophesied of his future. As time went on, people came to his studio to buy, or at least, to admire his work.

The last touch.

Then M. de Bessell set out to conquer the world, and naturally went to America first. Here the Corsican sculptor—M. de Bessell is a Corsican by birth—soon made his genius appreciated, and at the Chicago Exhibition exhibited two figures, each 22ft. in height, which attracted the attention of everyone. Then the idea came to him of making a popular show of his talent.

His requirements were simple in the extreme: a stand, an ordinary artist's board, an

easel for support, and a lump of clay. For himself, all that was necessary was a showman's outfit—and an engagement. This was soon procured in London, and the show was put on the boards.

The novel performance which was thus so successfully launched before the public may be briefly described as follows: M. de Bessell, arrayed in loose silk blouse and red tights, takes up a position several yards away from a clean artist's-board, draped befittingly. On a table at hand lie some lumps of modelling clay, carefully kept in a moist condition, so as to be soft and pliable to the fingers. The curtain rises: with both hands M. de Bessell seizes a large lump of clay, and hurls it at the board, with sufficient force to make it adhere to the very centre.

Then he makes a dash towards the board, grabs the clay, pulls a piece away here, makes a dent there, adds a little, contracts a little, then passes his hands swiftly over the whole, "lining" and "touching-up" generally, and lo! in the twinkling of an eye, M. de Bessell is bowing to the audience, and a marvellously modelled face is laughing or scowling at you, as the case may be.

It is the work of a few moments, done, apparently, in a tremendous hurry, yet the expression is perfect every line is clearly marked. Granted a reasonable amount of time, this wonderful sculptor will even go so far as to portray the eyes of his image. That, above everything, proves the artist, for there is probably not another man living who could successfully perform this delicate task without the aid of a tool.

Under these conditions, no reader will question the excellence of his art; but the beauties of his showman's talent must be seen to be appreciated. Every act and movement impresses itself upon the audience, and nothing more so than the wonderful manner in which he judges the quantity of clay that will be required for each portrait he designs. He never takes up a piece of clay and carefully adjusts it; his method is the true showman's, for to make his performance appear more marvellous, when more clay is required, he runs to his main supply several yards away from the stand, and seizing a

Three of M. de Bessell's masterpieces.

piece, hurls it at the board with such unerring aim that it invariably strikes at precisely the required spot. This, in itself, is a feat of skill which few could rival.

Take, for example, the first photograph. In modelling the ribbons on the old lady's bonnet, the sculptor discovers that he has not enough clay to make up into the form of a knot. Accordingly, he hurls a piece which strikes the board precisely at the juncture of the two tags, and then, after a few passes of the fingers, the knot is tied.

In order to vary his performance, M. de Bessell sometimes adopts another method of supplying his board with clay upon which to work. He will place a number of little clay dumplings on the table, and taking them up one after the other, he will throw them with incredible swiftness at the board, so that by the time his cannonade has ceased, there is a mass of clay in the form of a roughly-outlined head.

Making a smile.

Another photograph represents a Chinaman, and is one of the simplest of M. de Bessell's feats. The oval face is easily formed, only the almond-shaped eyes giving trouble. The pigtail requires a little skilful manipulation if it is to be true to Nature—and unless it were so, M. de Bessell would certainly discard the whole as unsatisfactory.

Two other photographs, apart from portraying the most lifelike Irishmen imaginable, demonstrate with what ease the sculptor can change the expression of a face. He designs a laughing Irishman, with gaping mouth and elevated eyebrows. When this has been sufficiently admired, and has received the usual round of applause which greets his efforts, the sculptor gives the effigy two hits with his fist, one on the hat and another beneath the chin. The effect is magical—the Irishman is now scowling, his mouth closed, his eyebrows drawn together, and his hat awry. It is just what would happen if you were to strike a laughing Irishman in real life.

The last photograph represents the face of a feather-adorned Indian chieftain. The three feathers have been drawn out from three little balls of clay, thrown so as to strike the board just above the Indian's head. The lines are drawn in with a few passes of the fingers, occupying only two or three seconds. The expression on the face is perfectly delightful; but the artist is evidently dissatisfied, for our snap-shot portrays him denting the chin with his thumb, in order to broaden the smile on the lips.

This extraordinary clay-modelling show has been well received wherever shown in this country. So greatly was it appreciated in London, that at the conclusion of the performance M. de Bessell was induced to sign an agreement not to perform again in this country until a year had passed. Such an agreement as this is looked upon, somewhat paradoxically, as one of the highest honours a variety artist can obtain.

Such, then, is the wonderful work of M. de Bessell, the Corsican modeller, who humorously combines the art of the trained sculptor with the popular burlesque of the showman: who, if shown a portrait, can bring it to life-like perfection, in clay, within five minutes, and who is prepared to produce at a moment's notice any one of more than two hundred types of nations, tribes, and characters with which he is familiar.

The photographs which illustrate this article were taken by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

The Expectation (dark) and The Reality (light).

England has only produced six-sevenths of her proper share of famous people; Scotland has produced 70 per cent. more than her proper share; Ireland has produced nearly 50 per cent. more than her proper share; and Wales about two-thirds less than her proper share.

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, OR WALES?

Which Country has Played the most Prominent Part in the History of our Empire?

By George A. Wade.

The above question is not only one which has been asked by many persons, but its answer has been for a long time a bone of contention amongst the representatives of the four countries which go to form what we call "The British Isles," viz.: England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Some facts on this subject, therefore, based on exact information, cannot prove otherwise than interesting, whilst at the same time doing much to aid in settling this long debated point.

The first thing to be done in considering such a subject was to get a list of the many famous men who have lived, or are living, and were born in one of these four countries. In order to arrive at an exact idea, too, one must set a time from which our examination shall begin. Now the English—or rather the British—people, as a first-class power in Europe, may be said to date from the reign of Elizabeth, and as that great Queen died in 1603, and most of the famous men of her reign were still living at her death, I have chosen the year 1600 as the starting point for our researches. From that year up to the present (1898) gives us very nearly three hundred years covered by our survey, so that the statistics in this article cannot by any means be accused of being too restricted or too local.

Next it was necessary to determine who should be included in the survey. Evidently all who had in any way done anything towards extending, improving, aiding, or benefitting the Empire, and whose names had thereby become famous, had a right to be placed in our list of worthies. For this purpose, then, women as well as men were included.

But the most difficult question to decide

was: "What is meant by *famous?*" Because certainly many people would claim some names to be "famous" which others would totally ignore, and *vice versâ*. Well, by the word "famous," in this sense, I have understood (1) all those who, in the past or present, have made their names or works of daily use or common knowledge, such as Shakespeare, Livingstone, and O'Connell; (2) all those whose names may not be known to the mass of the people, but who are regarded by their several professions as the acknowledged authorities in various branches, *e.g.*, Sir Wm. Blackstone (law), Jenner (medicine), etc.; and (3) those people who, as heads of immense trading firms, though unknown individually, have made their names known in commerce over all the world, such as Whiteley (London), Cammell (Sheffield), Armstrong (Newcastle).

Acting on this basis, from a consultation of recognised and standard biographical works, I made out a list of 354 names of famous British men and women.

After going very severely and strictly through this list of names, crossing out all who did not thoroughly satisfy me as being famous under one of the above three definitions, I found I had 287 names left of notabilities, past and present, about whose claim there could not be the slightest question whatever.

I then divided the whole into ten classes, as follows:

1. Statesmen, Politicians, Reformers, and Orators.
2. Literary Men (including also Scholars and Historians).
3. Leaders of Art (Painting, Music, Drama, Sculpture, and Architecture).
4. Lawyers.
5. Scientific Men (including Doctors, Philosophers, and Inventors).
6. Commercial Men.
7. Explorers and Travellers.
8. Soldiers and Sailors.
9. Clergymen (including Theologians, Schoolmasters, and Preachers).
10. Miscellaneous (Royalty, Nurses, Philanthropists, etc.).

In apportioning the country to which each person in the list belonged, though most cases offered no difficulty, yet here and there a necessity for close scrutiny arose. But, generally speaking, the known nationality of the parents, and the place of birth, settled the matter. There were, however, a few cases where a man born in one country was, from family or connections, to be certainly credited to another. But in nearly every such instance no difficulty presented itself, and the long list may be considered practically accurate, both as regards the fame of the persons themselves, and as regards their nationality.

Having thus made out all my names in classes as above, I arranged the latter in a table, with the following significant results:—

Class.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Wales.	Total.
1	31	8	7	—	46
2	41	9	14	1	65
3	17	3	2	1	23
4	7	3	3	2	15
5	23	10	9	1	43
6	13	4	4	1	22
7	11	6	1	1	19
8	15	6	6	—	27
9	15	1	5	—	21
10	6	—	—	—	6
	179	50	51	7	287

Now, on consulting the returns of the last Census of 1891, I find that the population of the British Islands, as shown by the official figures, was made up as follows:

England	27,501,362
Scotland	4,025,647
Ireland	4,704,750
Wales	1,501,163

giving a total of 37,732,922.

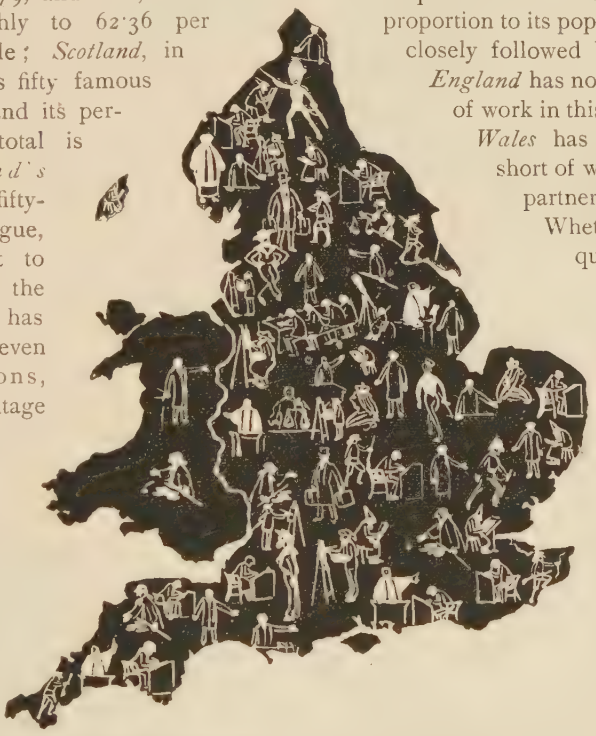
Taking, therefore, the percentage of each country separately, with regard to the total population, we shall find that England contributes about 72·88 per cent.; Scotland, about 10·66 per cent; Ireland, about 12·46 per cent.; and Wales very nearly 4 per cent. (to be precise 3·97) of the whole number of inhabitants. Hence, this is the proportion in which one would expect to find their respective contributions of "prominent" men in the affairs, past and present, of this great Empire.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the population of each country varies with each census, and that whilst England, Scotland, and Wales show a more or less general increase, of late years, Ireland's population has gradually decreased; yet, though this fact

must be recorded, and would doubtless somewhat affect the results obtained, were some other earlier census than that of 1891 used in this calculation, yet I have thought it best for all purposes, to use the latest figures obtainable.

It has been shown then what we should *expect* each country to have done for the Empire. Now let us see what each country *has* done.

Of the total number of 287 famous men and women whose names come in my list, *England* claims 179, and this, worked out, comes roughly to 62·36 per cent. of the whole; *Scotland*, in the same way, has fifty famous people in the list, and its percentage of the total is 17·42; *Ireland's* worthies number fifty-one in the catalogue, which works out to 17·77 per cent. of the 287; and *Wales* has the small total of seven celebrated persons, making a percentage of about 2·44 of the whole!



Out of every hundred famous men produced in the United Kingdom, rather more than sixty-two come from England, two from Wales —

From these results it will therefore be seen that the parts taken by Scotland and Ireland are very much more than was to be expected from those countries, whilst the part taken by England is rather below the anticipated average, and that by Wales is very much less than one would expect.

For *Wales*, whose duty was to yield 3·97 per cent. of the famous people, has actually yielded 2·44 per cent., only some three-fifths of its expectation calculated upon the comparative population basis; *Scotland*, in giving a proportion of 17·42 instead of 10·66 per cent., has much exceeded its duty, having done about seven-tenths more than one would have expected; *Ireland*, whose contribution should have been 12·46 per cent. has really contributed 17·77 per cent., or well above one-third more than its due proportion; and *England* has failed to do its duty by nearly one-sixth, having only given 62·37 per cent. of prominent people instead of 72·88, its proper percentage.

From these considerations and results, which could scarcely be affected by any other methods of reckoning, it seems that we are irresistibly driven to the conclusion that the country which has taken the most prominent part in the affairs of the Empire in proportion to its population is *Scotland*, closely followed by *Ireland*, whilst *England* has not done its full share of work in this combination, and *Wales* has fallen lamentably short of what its share of the partnership demands.

Whether this result is quite creditable and satisfactory to those of us on the south side of the Cheviot Hills is another matter. We own frankly that it is not. But "honour to whom honour is due"; and let us give every credit to Caledonia, and scarcely less to the Green Isle, for the splendid positions they take as the result of this investigation.

The classified list of workers for the Empire will well repay further consideration.

As regards Class 1 surprise may be felt that England should be much below the average in providing statesmen for the Empire. Yet if one remembers how many of our great leaders and Colonial statesmen have been Scotchmen or Irishmen, the wonder ceases. One has only to think of Burke, O'Connell, Sir John Macdonald, Arthur Balfour, and many other names, taken off-hand, to realise this.

— seventeen from Ireland —

Class 2 is naturally a large one, since most famous literary men have exercised a great influence of one kind or another on the Empire. Yet I have taken much pains to retain only those names that were really famous, and it is somewhat curious to find Scotland rather below the mark, whilst Wales is very poorly off for celebrated literary names. Ireland, with Goldsmith, Swift, Sheridan, McCarthy, etc., shows up very well here.

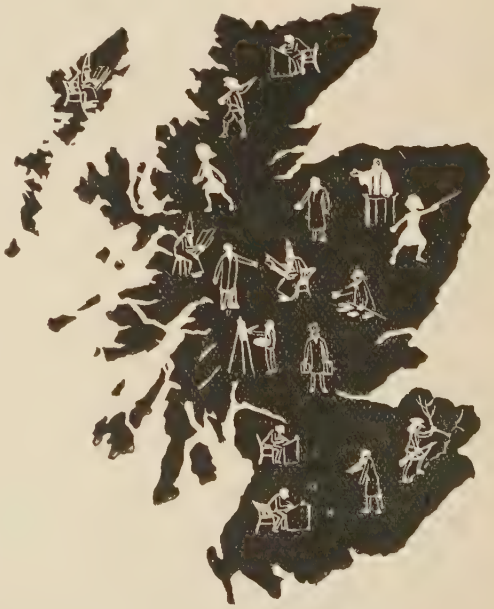
The scientific domain is, of course, a large one, and here both England and Wales fall below what ought to be their position. Scotland and Ireland, especially the former, come out extremely well; but one expects this on remembering the names of Lord Kelvin, Sir James Simpson, Hugh Miller, Jas. Nasmyth, and other great scientists and physicians.

In the class of explorers, the most remarkable thing is the splendid position of Scotland. It is a case of Caledonia first, the rest nowhere. But Livingstone, Bruce, Grant, Moffat, Joseph Thomson, and others prepare us for this result. Wales has one famous name — Stanley; and Ireland is lamentably backward here.

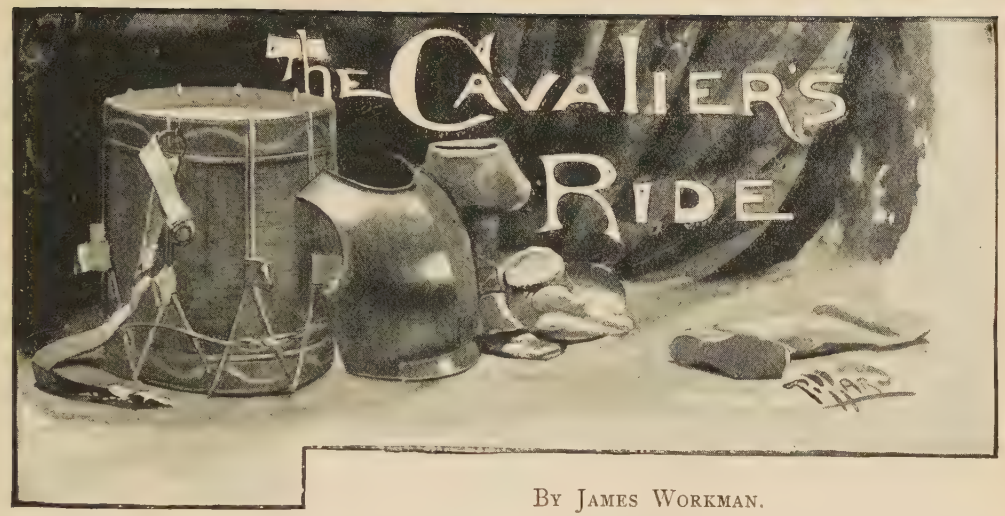
Soldiers and sailors are evidently not the strong point of the Welsh, despite their famous regiments. And England is somewhat in the background. It is startling to find how many of our great generals and admirals come from the Green Isle, or from the "Land o' Cakes." Wellesley in the past, Wolseley in the present, Lord Charles Beresford, and others, all spell "Ireland"; whilst Colin Campbell, Abercrombie, and General Gordon leave no doubt, from their very names, of their Scotch origin.

A word or two may be necessary in explanation of the silhouette illustrations which are reproduced on these two following pages. Our artist has here depicted by white outline figures on a black background the percentage of famous people from each of the four countries: England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland.

In the map of England and Wales there will be found sixty-four figures representing the percentage (sixty-two in England and two in Wales), in the map of Ireland there are seventeen figures, and in the map of Scotland the same number, the odd decimals in each case being omitted.



— and seventeen from Scotland.



By James Workman.

One night, in June, 1644, I was sitting in my quarters in the camp of the Prince Rupert, then besieging the town of Liverpool. In the distance I could hear the jovial voices of my fellow officers, who were drinking the King's health and confusion to the Roundheads, and roaring out rollicking ditties in praise of war and wine and women. As for me, I was in no mood for revelry, and had withdrawn early, in spite of their loud laughter and merry jibes.

I am of a very frank and open disposition (I care not who knows it), and have no skill at concealing my thoughts and feelings, as more sly and secretive natures have. If aught troubles or pleases me, I must out with it; and so it came to pass that there was not, I believe, one of them who did not guess why I craved for solitude, to walk alone in the starlight, or sit pensively in my quarters. In truth, I was too young to feel any shame at letting the whole world know of my devotion to Mistress Rose Melville, for, laugh as they might, I knew that there were few who had set eyes on her that did not envy me.

Yet whether they had much cause to envy me was a question that troubled me greatly, for, though I knew the state of my own affections, there were times when I was sunk in the uttermost depths of despair, fearing that the feelings of Mistress Rose were considerably less ardent than my own. There was a certain lank haired, sober faced, solemn eyed, puritanical fellow, one Master Philip Drew, who was ever at her side when opportunity offered.

The man was not ill-looking, I grant you, after his own solemn fashion, but too old and grave and sober, to my way of thinking, to be a fit mate for a sweet faced, laughing, bright eyed maid of nineteen. Yet he was a man of substance, and her father, I knew well, was very desirous to bring about a match between them. So that, but for an occasional glance in the mirror, which showed me in those days no wrinkles or grey hairs, but merry blue eyes, curling love locks, and a countenance that I may say, without vanity, was not ill-favoured, I think I should have despaired altogether.

I was, at the time I speak of, writing an epistle to Mistress Rose, containing many fervent protestations of my profound and unalterable affection, and beseeching her to put my devotion to any test she might think proper. I assured her that for her sake I would most cheerfully lay down my life, or sacrifice all I possessed, which, to speak the truth, scarce exceeded the value of the clothes I wore, and much more to the same purpose.

Now, while I was thus engaged, priding myself not a little upon my skill in composition, into my quarters stumbled an elderly man, dusty and travel-stained, and wearing a most battered and woebegone aspect. Recognising him instantly as a serving-man in the

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employ of Mistress Rose's father, I sprang to my feet with a cry of mingled joy and alarm.

"Why, Jacob," I cried, "what do you here? I trust you bring no ill news?"

"Ay, that I do, sir," stammered he; "the worst of news. There be wild doings at Hawthorn House, your honour. The place is full of Godless, swaggering swashbucklers —Heaven help me, what am I saying!—I mean His Gracious Majesty's gallant troopers, your honour, who are beating the men, kissing the maids, and drinking the King's health till not a man of them can see or stand."

"Who is in command of them?" I asked angrily.

"Major O'Brien, your honour."

I knew the jovial, swaggering Irishman well, as one of the wildest, bravest, and most reckless of Prince Rupert's wild troopers.

"He shall answer to me for this," said I hotly. "I will forthwith to the Prince, and have orders sent to remove this rabble from the house instantly."

"Nay, but that's not the worst of it. Master Philip Drew came to pay his respects to the young mistress, as he hath been in the habit of doing these years past, and the troopers laid hands on him, and the Major hath ordered him to be shot as a spy at daybreak."

"To be shot at daybreak!" I exclaimed.

"Ay, sir; and Mistress Rose and the Master are well nigh distracted; and she hath written you a letter, which I have brought here at peril of my life, having been chased and beaten by soldiers and highwaymen, and I know not who else beside. But here is the letter, sir, and you shall see the particulars for yourself."

He took the letter from his doublet, and I hastily tore it open.

DEAR FRIEND,—I am in the uttermost distress of mind, as Jacob will tell you. If a pardon arrive not before daybreak, Master Philip Drew, though God knows entirely innocent, will be shot as a spy. Even this grace would not have been granted but for my prayers and tears. And now to whom can I look for help in my hour of extremity but to you? How often have you begged me to appeal to you when in danger or distress, and affirmed your readiness to do and dare anything for my sake. Aid me now, I intreat you. You are high in favour with the Prince, and can, I doubt not, obtain a pardon. Do this, I beseech and implore you, and bring it hither before daybreak, and so earn the lifelong gratitude of your loving friend,

ROSE MELVILLE.

I shall be at my chamber window, waiting and watching, and praying that you may come, and be preserved from all perils by the way.

It is a thing very exasperating that if in a moment of enthusiasm you offer your services to a friend he or she is well nigh certain to ask you, as a proof of your sincerity, to perform just the one thing you would infinitely prefer not to do. Had Rose implored me to challenge Major O'Brien to instant combat, to lead a forlorn hope, or to charge a whole regiment of horse or foot, how cheerfully would I have complied; but to ask me to procure a pardon for a dangerous and, perhaps, favoured rival, and to ride with it at the risk of life and limb through a country infested with the enemy's scouts seemed more than could be expected of any man.

"Plague take it," thought I, eyeing Jacob sourly, "I would your horse had broken its legs, my good friend, and so prevented your arrival."

Yet he gazed at me with so piteous a countenance that I could not find in my heart to be wroth with him.

"Did Major O'Brien know of your coming here?" I asked.

"Yes, your honour."

"Did he send any message to me?"

"Ay, sir," he answered reluctantly.

"What was it? Come out with it?"

His eyes fell, he shifted uneasily on his feet, and looked this way and that, striving, I doubt not, to invent some plausible falsehood. I suppose he failed to do so, for he evidently spoke the truth.

"'Tell Cornet Hope,' said he, 'that if he be not a fool'—your honour will pardon me, they were the Major's own words—'he will go thankfully to sleep and let matters take their course.' Thereupon he winked at the other officers, and they all laughed as at a merry jest."

Well, we are all human, the best and the worst of us, and perhaps I need not be greatly ashamed to confess that for a moment I was more than half inclined to follow the Major's advice.

"But for my part, your honour," continued Jacob, and to my amazement I saw that his hard, wrinkled, weather-beaten face was quivering with emotion, and there were tears in his eyes, "though perhaps it isn't for the likes of me to say so, I knew that your honour had too kind a heart, and too noble a nature to let an innocent and worthy gentleman die such a death if it was in your power to save him. Ah, sir, if you could have seen Mistress Rose's pitiful, white face, and her pretty, kind eyes all wet with tears, you wouldn't have the heart to refuse her.

"'Tell him, Jacob,' said she, when she gave me the letter, 'tell him that I know he'll do all that he can to help me; tell him that I know he won't fail me when I've no one to help me but him.' And so even if your honour should be a trifle jealous of Master Drew, I know you've too kind a heart, and—"

"Hold your tongue," said I impatiently, and I strode to the door.

"But, your honour," he cried despairingly, catching me by the arm, "there's not a moment to be lost. If you start not at once there won't be a chance——"

"There, there! Go to my servant, and he will provide you with supper and a bed."

So saying I shook him off, and hurried out. I could not trust myself to think about the matter, but ran at once to the Prince's quarters. Now it happened, luckily for the success of my errand, that I had the good fortune to be a special favourite with His Royal Highness, and had, moreover, contrived, on a very recent occasion when we attempted to take the town by storm, to preserve his life from a hulking rebel who was in the very act of cutting him down. Therefore I was instantly admitted to the Prince, and at his command, told him the particulars of the business, while he sat looking at me with a quaint expression on his handsome face.

"But, your honour," he cried despairingly.

"And I can take your word for it that Master Drew is no spy?" asked he, when I had finished.

"I can safely affirm it, sir," said I.

"Well, well," said he, "this is but a small favour to ask in return for the great service you performed for me so short a time ago. You shall have the order for his release."

He wrote it hastily and handed it to me.

"And now, my good friend," said he pleasantly, "if you were to tear the order up and stir not one foot on any such undertaking, I should not greatly blame you."

"Why so, may it please your Royal Highness?" asked I.

"Well, they say all is fair in love and war; and I see not very clearly why you should risk your own life to save that of one who is only too likely to step into your shoes if the chance be given him."

It was exactly my own view of the matter, and yet in spite of myself, I spoke as if it were far otherwise.

"When a lady is in distress, sir," said I stoutly, "a gentleman has no choice but to place himself and his sword at her disposal, be the consequences what they may."

"Why, that's bravely said," rejoined he, smiling. Then he glanced up at the clock. "Yet I fear that with all the good will in the world you will scarce reach Hawthorn House in time to stop the execution."

"It shall be through no fault of mine if I do not, sir," answered I.

"I believe you," said he, and then his eyes suddenly flashed as they were wont to do when he led us to the charge. "And, by my faith, in your place I would do as you do. Go forth, and God be with you."

So forth I went, and a few minutes later was astride my horse, surrounded by a group of my fellow-officers, who had somehow got wind of the business and made themselves exceeding merry at my expense. Some cheerfully assured me that I should be taken or killed by the enemy's scouts, others openly jeered at me for a fool, and, with scarce an exception, they prophesied that I would never reach the house before daybreak. So pestered was I by their ill-timed jests, their questions, and warnings, and advice, that I jerked my bridle out of their hands, and, putting spurs to my horse, clattered away amid a burst of cheers and laughter.

The cloudless sky was bright with twinkling stars, and a faint, silvery light, far away in the south-east, foretold the coming of the moon. I scarce know how it came to pass, but it seemed as though the cool night air fanning my hot cheeks, and the brave clattering of my charger's hoofs, dispelled the gloomy thoughts that had taken possession of me.

"Let the future take care of itself," thought I. "If it lies within my power, I will reach Hawthorn House before daybreak, come of it what will."

Indeed, it seemed to me that I should cut but a sorry figure if I acted otherwise. If I turned a deaf ear to Rose's appeal for aid I should stand but a poor chance of gaining her affection, and prove beyond a doubt that my offers of service were but mere empty words. Whereas to show that I was ready to assist her, however perilous and distasteful might be the task she set me, was the surest way to convince her of my fidelity, and win her gratitude and esteem.

With these reflections my spirits rose, and, urging my horse to still greater speed, I dashed swiftly along the starlit road. From the moment I passed our sentinels I kept, I warrant you, a keen eye about me, but not a glimpse did I see of any living thing, or the glimmer of headpiece or sword point, or of aught that would indicate the presence of an enemy. Nothing but the tread of my horse, the distant croaking of frogs, or the far-off bark of a dog, broke the silence. I began to think—not without a twinge of disappointment—that this same ride, which I had thought so great a thing to undertake, was like to prove most tame and uneventful. Before another hour had passed I had reason to wish that it had been so.

Presently I saw lights glimmering in more than one farmhouse, but they disappeared at the sound of my approach. Once some three or four men walking along the road fled like rabbits into a wood the instant they spied me. In times of civil war it is difficult to distinguish friend from foe, and the timid shun all who are unknown to them.

Finding that those I met with fled from me instead of attempting to molest me, I rode on more quickly and with fewer precautions, for it seemed to me as though there were a scent of morning in the air, and that the short summer night was already drawing to a close. In my haste I acted, I own, imprudently, for, coming presently to a village, I did not strike into the fields to avoid it, but rode clattering full speed along the winding street. Dearly did I pay for my rashness, for in an open space beyond, gathered about a smouldering fire, were some score of Roundhead troopers, their horses tethered to a fence hard by.

To turn back was to abandon the last chance of accomplishing my mission, and to fight against such odds would have been madness. There was but one thing to do. Dashing the spurs into my charger's sides, I went forward at full gallop. As I passed they sat gazing at me, dumb and motionless with

Ride as I would, whenever I glanced over my shoulder I saw the flash of sword and helmet.

astonishment; but a moment later, an outburst of shouts and the loud trampling of hoofs told me they were in full cry after me.

Out rang their pistols, and I heard the humming of the bullets above my head; but I felt by the long swinging strides of my horse that he was still fresh and strong, and I knew by experience that in speed and wind he was like to prove more than a match for any of those behind me. The excitement of that wild gallop along the moonlit road seemed to set the blood dancing through my veins, and I turned in the saddle and waved my hand with a mocking shout.

Yet a moment later I beheld a sight that instantly sobered me. From out of the black shadow of a huge tree but a little way ahead darted a trooper who had doubtless been posted there as a sentinel. He drew his horse directly across my path, and I saw the moonlight gleam on the barrel of his pistol. Yet come of it what would I had no choice but to ride on, for the troopers were thundering but fifty yards behind, and a delay of even a few moments would have meant loss of liberty if not of life.

Still going at full speed I drew forth a pistol, hoping by a lucky shot to disable horse or man before we came to close quarters. But the fellow was as quick as I, and the two reports sounded like one. We both missed, and I flung the empty pistol at his head, and, drawing my sword, rode straight at him. Had his horse stood we might both have come headlong to the ground, but at the last moment it shied, and, parrying the thrust he made at me, I caught him so shrewd a backstroke on the headpiece that he fell sprawling from the saddle.

Then on I went like an arrow, and, the road sloping downward, I descended at such a pace that I must have gained some thirty yards upon my pursuers. I thought that if I put a wide distance between us at the first they would grow disheartened, and I might shake them off. But it was not so. Ride as I would, whenever I glanced over my shoulder I saw the flash of sword and helmet in the moonlight as they clung doggedly to my track like hounds on the trail of a deer. When I spurred on they fell a little behind, but when I slackened my pace but the merest trifle they drew nearer.

Then, for the first time, my heart sank within me. It was clear that I had miscalculated their cunning, and the speed and endurance of their horses. There were men among them as well mounted, or nearly so, as myself, and it might be better skilled in horsemanship. I cursed my folly in having urged my charger, spent with the long ride, to his full speed at first, for the pace was beginning to tell on him, and he no longer responded so gallantly to a touch of the spur,

or the sound of my voice. Nay, spur and shout as I would, he was losing ground, his breath was coming in quick gasps, and he reeled and trembled beneath me.

Nearer and nearer they came till my ears seemed to be deafened by the roaring thud of their horses' hoofs. It was all over. The end had come. My head grew dizzy, a mist seemed to gather before my eyes, and I had a vision of Rose's white face watching at her casement for the good tidings that would never arrive.

With a last despairing effort I swung round a corner of the road that now passed through a thick wood, and came face to face with a body of horsemen riding swiftly towards me. Beside myself with rage and despair, I clenched my teeth, and, taking a firm grip of the hilt of my sword, charged down upon them. But, almost as I did so, my heart gave a great leap of joy, and I drew my horse instantly on one side. They were a troop of Prince Rupert's horse who had been sent forth on a scouting expedition.

With a shout of greeting, but not a moment's pause, they flew past. I caught but a glimpse of their plumed hats and fluttering sashes, their streaming lovelocks and the glitter of their naked swords, and a moment later behind me rose a tempest of cries and oaths, the cracking of pistols, and the clash of steel on steel.

But I never turned my head. I was riding desperately on, for now the stars were paling, and the east beginning to brighten, and my heart sank within me to think that though I had escaped such imminent perils I might reach my goal too late. Then a voice seemed to whisper in my ear that the exhausted state of my horse was a sufficient excuse for delay, and that none could blame me if I drew rein. But, thank God, though I never hated Master Drew so cordially as at that moment, I put the unworthy thought from me, and made what speed I could.

True I dismounted when I reached a stream, but it was to let the poor beast quench his thirst, to bathe his quivering limbs, and to pluck him a few mouthfuls of grass. When I sprang once more into the saddle he trotted along so briskly that it was clear that the few minutes' halt, and the cool water had greatly refreshed him.

But now the light was broadening in the east, a faint sweet rosy flush beginning to flood the sky, and the moon was growing pale and wan. Hope fled from me again, and I thought I should be too late, and that Rose would be straining her ears for the sound of the coming hoofs, and hear naught but the crash of the muskets announcing that all was over. Then, suddenly, above the tree tops I caught a glimpse of the house standing clear out against the brightening sky. With a shout of joy I spurred on, my brave steed breaking once more into a gallop.

On I rode full speed, though indeed it went to my heart to drive my spurs into the sides of the gallant brute who had hitherto borne me so bravely. Higher and higher rose the sun, but now the lodge gates were in sight, and my journey almost at an end.

Thank Heaven the gates stood open, and through them I went at a gallop. At the same moment, through a gap in the trees, I caught a glimpse of a scene that chilled my heart with fear. A solitary figure stood with its back against the wall of the house opposite a row of musketeers, whose levelled weapons glittered in the clear morning light. An officer with a naked sword stood a little on one side. One glimpse I also caught of a face at a window and a waving kerchief, and then everything disappeared behind the trees as I dashed full speed up the avenue.

"Stop! stop!" I shouted. "A pardon! a pardon!"

But my voice sounded hoarse and feeble, and seemed lost in the beating of my charger's hoofs. It seemed an age before I dashed clear of the trees, and during those few moments I suffered agonies of apprehension, for the white face at the window and the waving kerchief had banished all doubt and hesitation from my mind, and I grew sick at heart to think that I might even yet arrive too late. Every instant I expected to hear the rattle of the muskets, but when my horse staggered into the open the figure still stood upright, and the officer's face was turned towards me. It was Major O'Brien. He caught me in his arms as I almost fell from the saddle.

"A pardon!" I gasped, thrusting the paper into his hand. "Release the prisoner.

The Prince has signed a pardon."

He glanced at the paper, and then looked at me queerly, his eyes twinkling, his mouth twitching. The other officers had hurried forward, and grouped themselves about me. Thanks to my reckless tongue, they were only too well aware of my devotion to Mistress Rose. They, too, began to smirk and titter, and I knew not what to make of it.

"And you — *you* brought this?" asked the Major, and his voice trembled with suppressed mirth.

"Ay," said I peevishly, "and God knows at what peril to life and limb I did so."

"And you do not know—nay, how can you know?"

"What? What?" I cried.

"That, no pardon having arrived, Mistress Rose—in order that she might inherit the prisoner's estate—was wedded to him but a quarter of an hour ago."

"A pardon!" I gasped, thrusting the paper into his hand.

"You jest!" I cried angrily.

"In faith, I jest not," he replied, grinning widely. "The thing is as I tell you. He was most urgent to have it done, and her father still more so; and, as for me, I thought 'twould provide your future bride with a handsome dowry; and had you taken my advice——"

I heard no more. Was it for this I had obtained the pardon, had turned a deaf ear to jibes and warnings, and had ridden so far and fast through the darkness and perils of the night? I was little more than a boy in years, and I shame not to confess that I leant my head against my charger's wet and quivering sides to hide my tear-filled eyes and trembling lips.

They were wild, reckless fellows enough, but not unkind at heart, and seeing the business was no jest to me, they had the good sense to leave me alone, and draw aside. And presently I heard a swift, light step, and, looking up, saw Mistress Rose hurrying towards me with hands outstretched, flushed cheeks, and shining eyes, her little feet darting in and out on the dewy grass, and the sunshine in her hair. So she had often run to meet me when we were boy and girl, play-

mates in the happy days that had now gone by for ever. Breathless with excitement, half laughing, half crying, she took both my hands in hers.

"Oh, Dick," cried she, "how shall I ever thank you? I—I knew you would come—I knew you would not fail me—but the time was so short, and the perils of the road so great, I feared that you had been delayed, or that some evil had befallen you."

Then her eyes fell, and she flushed rose-red, like the flower whose name she bore.

"Have you—have you heard what hath taken place?" she faltered timidly.

"I hear that you are Mistress Drew," said I huskily.

I saw then for the first time, what I suppose an older and wiser man would have known all along, that she had given her heart to Philip Drew, and that in her eyes I was but a boy—a pleasant companion to spend a merry hour with, but nothing more.

"Have you—have you heard what hath taken place?" she faltered timidly.

"And you will come often to visit us?" she continued shyly. "Indeed—indeed you must, for we shall ever look upon you as our best and truest friend, and never forget, while life lasts, what we owe to you this day. You will come, will you not?"

"Ay, that I will," said I, it may be with a rueful countenance, but, thank Heaven, in too cheery a tone to reveal the true state of my feelings, "and you have my heartiest wishes for your future happiness and welfare. But, in the meantime, this poor beast and I are sadly in need of refreshment, and I doubt not you have much pressing business to attend to. So I bid you farewell for the present."

Thereupon I left her with a bow and a smile, seeing Master Drew coming towards us, and knowing that my endurance had its limits, and that I could not trust myself to speak with him at that time. As I threw the bridle to a groom and stepped into the hall, Major O'Brien, with his eyes still twinkling with mirth, clapped me on the back.

"Well, well," said he, "'tis a strange business. Truly I believed the man to be a spy, and thought I did you and the King good service by getting rid of him. But, cheer up, my lad. You know the old saying: 'there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.'"

I was in no mood to agree with him, and to this day I doubt the truth of the proverb, for, however good the fish may be, I have never yet seen one that I cared to angle for.

The Worries of a Woman.

WOMEN have their distinctive worries, and the things that worry women to an almost unendurable extent do not, as a rule, worry men at all. The presence of a reasonable amount of dirt in a room does not worry a man. He knows that dirt is simply matter in the wrong place, and he declines to make himself miserable by devoting all his time and energy to the hopeless task of banishing dirt from the universe. But woman lives in constant dread of finding cigar ashes on her carpet, or dust on the window pane, or a cobweb in a corner of the room.

Every man knows that cigar ashes act as a disinfectant, and that the more cigar ashes there may be in a carpet the fewer microbes, and undesirable insects that carpet will harbour. Therefore he knocks his ashes on the floor of his room, and considers that on the whole he is doing a wise thing. Then comes his wife, and assures him that the room is "a perfect pig-sty"—a statement which shows a gross ignorance of the manners and customs of pigs, who never smoke cigars, either in their sties or elsewhere. She sweeps that carpet with a stiff brush until it is worn nearly threadbare, and at the same time upbraids the innocent man for compelling her to work her fingers to the bone by sweeping up his filthy cigar ashes.

Then, if she sees a cobweb in the corner of the room, where it can do no possible harm, she knows no rest until she has brought down that cobweb, together with a picture frame, and one of the globes of the chandelier, by making wild blows at the cobweb with a broom. Now a cobweb is one of the most beautiful and ingenious of things, and a thoughtful man takes pleasure in watching it and in noting its efficacy as a means of lessening the activity of flies. There is probably not a man in London who would be in the least degree worried were there a cobweb in each corner of every room in

his house, but there are few women who would not prefer to lie down and die rather than to live in a house where cobwebs were permitted to exist. In the opinion of women,

cobwebs are dirt, and dirt is the worst of all evils to which life is heir.

As for dust, the illogicality of women is conspicuously shown by her attitude towards it. She will sweep a room for no other conceivable purpose than to raise a cloud of dust, and as soon as that dust has settled on the furniture, she will devote hours to the task of wiping it off again. If she dislikes dust why does she make it? If she likes it well enough to undergo the labour of needlessly sweeping her carpets, why does she afterwards spend the rest of her time in "dusting"? Of course, when the roads are dry, and a high wind blows clouds of dust into the eyes, even a man will admit that too much dust is objectionable, but there is a vast difference between this objection to excessive dust, and woman's intense animosity to dust of any sort.

If women would only consent to look upon dust, and cigar ashes, and cobwebs, and the other forms of matter which they comprehensively style dirt, as essential to our existence, the average of woman's life would be lengthened by several years. As it is, they permit themselves to be worried by dirt to an extent which deprives life of half its charm, and unquestionably shortens their days. Nature made dirt, and decreed that we should have it always with us. Why, then, should women worry over a law of Nature? If they would only draw the distinction between moderate and excessive dirt, just as sensible temperance people draw the distinction between moderate and excessive drinking, they would not only be happier themselves, but they would make thousands of men happy, who are now suffering keenly because their loved ones worry themselves into premature graves through their unreasonable hatred of unobjectionable dirt.

* * * * *

One of the many worries to which women are subject is the husband who always insists upon arriving at the railway station just a little too late for yesterday's train. Any one who is familiar with railway stations knows that the number of such men is very large. They are nervous men, and they are persistently haunted by the conviction that unless they arrive at the station at least an hour before the train starts, they will fail to obtain a seat, and in all probability will miss the train itself.

They therefore, when setting out on a journey, drag their wives and families to the station so long in advance of the train that the wives and families grow tired and disheartened before the journey is begun. With the laudable view of discouraging this sort of thing, most of our railway companies have so planned their stations that the waiting-rooms are dark, damp, and stuffy to such a degree that no person will enter them if it can be avoided.

Thus it happens that the woman who undertakes to travel with a nervous husband is compelled to stand for an hour or more in the open spaces of the station, where porters constantly wheel luggage in dangerous proximity to her feet, and hurried travellers rudely push her out of the way. If she ventures to sit down on someone's trunk, the owner instantly appears, and makes it evident that he or she suspects the unhappy woman of an intention to steal the trunk and hide it in her handbag. Restive bicycles, led by inexperienced porters, run into her, and distribute oil or black lead over her surfaces. When the

superfluous hour draws to a close, and the nervous man's wife is permitted to seat herself in the train, the husband usually discovers, just before the train starts, that she is in the wrong carriage, and compels her to change to another carriage where she is squeezed in among eleven other travellers, and finds no place for her hand-luggage except her overburdened lap.

It is impossible to argue with this sort of husband. Experience teaches him nothing. He will go fifty consecutive times to the station an hour before the train starts, but the very next time he wishes to take a train he will insist upon once more spending the preliminary hour in the station. He generally smokes more than is good for him, and passes the time while waiting for a train in walking up and down and smoking his cigar. His anxiety lest the train should suddenly change its time of starting, and surreptitiously depart without him, is pictured in his face. Women who have this sort of husband have no remedy except suicide or divorce. They usually pray for railway accidents, and when

they meet casual widows in the train, or at the station, gaze at them with evident envy.

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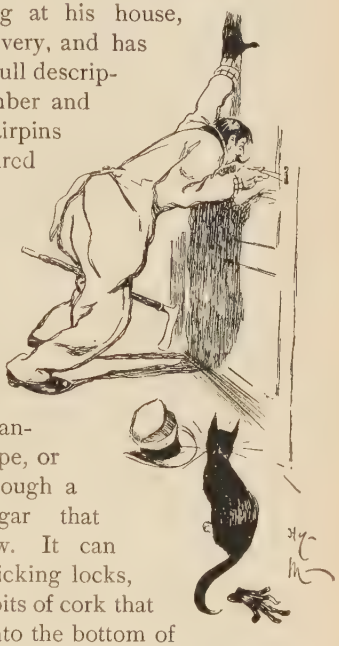
HAIRPINS are unquestionably useful. No woman could keep her hat on her head without hairpins, and many women could not keep their hair together without the same useful instrument. Scientific men inform us that what is called the "back hair" is in all cases fastened to the head with hairpins. Sir Isaac Newton, who once investigated the structure of the head of a young lady temporarily stopping at his house, made this discovery, and has left on record a full description of the number and size of the hairpins which are required to keep "back hair" attached to the wearer's head.



The hairpin is also of use to men. It is admirably adapted for cleaning a choked pipe, or for running through a Continental cigar that refuses to draw. It can be utilised for picking locks, or for spearing bits of cork that have dropped into the bottom of bottles. Indeed, the uses of the hairpin are almost innumerable and it is as valuable to civilised man as the palm tree is to the South Sea islander.

But, in spite of its usefulness, the hairpin is a source of worry to women. It is a curious fact that, no matter how many hairpins a woman may own, she finds herself two or three times a week short of hairpins This is due not so much to the number of hairpins that she uses—for, according to the best scientific authorities, the average woman seldom has more than seven hundred and forty hairpins in her hair at any one time—but to the fact that the hairpin is one of the most elusive objects in the universe.

You—assuming that you are a woman—have a box of, say, a hundred hairpins on your dressing-table, and on Monday morning you use twenty of them in addition to the stock that you already have in your hair. On the following Wednesday morning you find that you need thirty more hairpins, and, on looking in the box, find that it is completely empty.

The mystery of the disappearance of those hairpins will prove to be insoluble. You

may keep your room locked every moment that you are not in it, and still your hairpins will disappear. The result is that our land is filled with the wail of women who are in imperative need of hairpins at the very moment when they discover that their supply is exhausted.

I once knew a very clever woman who fancied that she had discovered a remedy for this tendency of hairpins to lose themselves. She did not keep her hairpins in a box, but strewed them loosely on the carpet. She maintained that when the hairpin found that it was completely at liberty it did not care to conceal itself; whereas, when it was shut up in a box, its one aim was to get away and hide from its pursuers. She insisted that whenever she wanted hairpins, all she had to do was to look on the floor, where she was certain to find as many as she wanted.

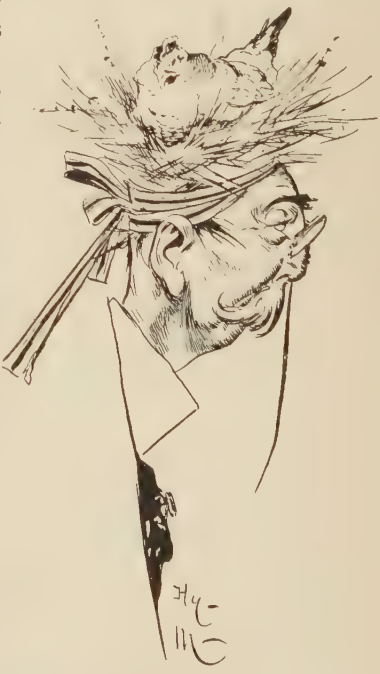
I am not sure that this plan was not a good one, but it was never thoroughly tested, for, after the lady had lost two successive husbands from lockjaw, induced by treading on hairpins, she decided to give up the practice of strewing hairpins on the floor, and at present she, like other women, is constantly going to her hairpin box and finding it empty.

Hairpins are beyond doubt indispensable, but they are not altogether trustworthy. Women never feel perfectly sure that their hairpins are in place. This is the explanation of the feminine habit of frequently putting the hand to the back of the head, and of assuming at the same moment an expression of intense anxiety. So terrific have been the tragedies which have resulted from the falling out of hairpins, that it is safe to say that no woman is ever free from worry lest her hairpins should come out, and the usual consequences should follow.

What is really needed is a form of hairpin which can be passed directly through the skull, and clamped on the underside. This would be secure and permanent, and a fortune awaits the man who shall invent it and put it on the market.

* * * * *

THERE was never yet a woman who could wear a bonnet without being worried by the terrible thought that it might not "be on straight." With this form of worry the male mind can have no sympathy. A bonnet is not intended to cover the head, else it would be made large enough for the purpose. It is simply an ornament which, among civilised women, takes the place of the feather which the savage woman wears on her head. Its position is therefore a matter of no consequence.



If a man were to take a yard of ribbon, a small spring chicken, and a few wisps of straw, and, after twisting them together, were to pin them to the top of his head with a safety pin thrust through the scalp, it would not matter a particle to him whether the composition was nearer to one ear than to the other, or whether it was further towards the back than towards the front of his head. Man

has a mind far above such trifles. It is the important affairs of life that command his attention, the foreign politics of the country; the best brand of fourpenny cigars, or the exact amount of trouser leg which should be turned up.

But a woman's whole life is made up of trifles, and hence it is not strange that she would worry over the set of her bonnet. She may have spent an entire hour before the glass in pinning her bonnet in precisely the right place, but she will not have worn it in the street for five minutes before she is possessed by the fear that it is not straight. She will glance into every shop window that she passes, in the hope that the reflection of her face in the glass will be clear enough to enable her to see if her bonnet is all right. If she meets a friend in whom she can completely confide, her first question will be: "Oh! Do tell me if my bonnet is on straight!"

She goes through life a prey to the conviction that her bonnet is not in the exact place where it ought to be, and if she meets with a railway accident, and is knocked on the head by an intrusive locomotive, her first thought on regaining consciousness is that her bonnet has probably been knocked out of place, and that it is therefore a pity that she was not killed outright instead of being exposed to the sneers of cruel women whose bonnets are "on straight."

* * * * *

PROBABLY the most potent source of feminine worry is the annual ceremony of house-cleaning. Nothing illustrates the illogical nature of woman better than house-cleaning. Every man, even if he is without the slightest knowledge of the original Greek, knows that house-cleaning means making the house clean. This, of course, presupposes that the house is dirty; but, in point of fact, a well-kept house is never dirty. When a woman cleans house, she nearly always cleans a house that is already clean and needs no further cleaning.

Instances have been known of houses which have been thoroughly cleaned, and then locked up and left uninhabited for a year. Nevertheless, at the expiration of the year some woman connected with the house has insisted upon cleaning it, on the ground that the season for house-cleaning had arrived, and that, unless people wanted the house to be a perfect pig-sty, it must be cleaned at once.

During the period of house-cleaning the woman who is responsible for the ceremony wraps her head in a dustcloth, and refuses to have a rational dinner cooked in the house. There seems to be some connection between this and the ancient Hebrew custom of putting dust on the top of the head and fasting at certain fixed intervals. The Hebrew, however, acted from religious motives, whereas no one can truly say that religion has anything to do with house-cleaning.

While house-cleaning is in progress, it is unsafe for a man to speak to or even to meet the housewife. She is invariably too much worried to treat any mere man with civility.

Her mind is wholly occupied with the crockery that the servants are breaking under pretext of washing it, with the pictures that the whitewashers are ruining with lime, and with the small objects that she is morally certain that wretched charwoman has stolen.

If it so happens that the house is really dirty, she is disgusted to think that she should ever have lived for a single moment

in the midst of such unutterable dirt. If, on the other hand, it is so clean that a week of house-cleaning produces no perceptible change in its appearance, she will still maintain that it is a great blessing that she insisted upon cleaning the house before the entire family contracted typhoid fever, diphtheria, and cholera, from its shocking want of decent cleanliness.

Women have always worried over house-cleaning and always will. A man can do nothing but recognise this fact and efface himself so far as is possible while house-cleaning is in progress.

* * * * *

Most men imagine that a woman's pocket is a source of worry to her. This, however, is a mistake. A woman never has any great difficulty in finding her pocket. It is true that she does not know precisely where it is, but it is seldom necessary for her to make more than one or two trials before she finds it, and succeeds in inserting her hand into it.

This, according to Sir David Brewster, is an illustration of the workings of instinct. Man, depending upon his reasoning powers, could never find a woman's pocket, but the woman's instinct guides her hand to the very place where the pocket is situated. Again, the average man who has torn himself times without number in the days of his youth, on the pins with which a woman is put together, fancies that the woman likewise tears herself on the same pins, and that they must be a poignant cause of worry to her. This also is a mistake.

Just as the rattlesnake is immune to his own poison, the woman is immune to her own pins. There may be a dozen pins in the region of her waist, each one of which is ready to tear gashes in the hand and wrist of a man, but these pins will never do her the slightest harm. The truth is, man is densely ignorant of the nature, habits, and attributes of woman, and were it not that a few bold and persevering scientific men have made a special study of women, and have placed on record the valuable discoveries they have made, we should know very little about them. Women, as was said in the beginning, have their worries, but they are not like the worries of men, and, as a rule, it may be said that the things which a man would suppose to be sources of worry to woman are the very things which give her unalloyed pleasure.

The Adventures of Capt. Kettle

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

No. XVI.—THE NEW REPUBLIC.

(*A Complete Story.*)

The fighting ended, and promptly both the invaders and the invaded settled down to the new course of things without further exultation or regret. An hour after it had happened, the capture of the village was already regarded as ancient history, and the two white men had got a long way on in their discussion on its ultimate fate.

"No," Captain Kettle was saying, "no being king for me, Doctor, thank you. I've been offered a king's ticket once, and that sickened me of the job for good and always. The world's evidently been going on too long to start a new kingdom nowadays, and I'm too much of a conservative to try and break the rule. No, a republic's the thing, and, as you say I'm the stronger man of the two of us, Doc, you may sign me on as President."

Dr. Clay turned away his face, and relieved his feelings with a grin. But he very carefully concealed his merriment. He liked Kettle, liked him vastly; but at the same time he was more than a little scared of him; and he had a very accurate notion that the man who failed to take him seriously about this new scheme, would come in contact with trouble. The scheme was a big one: it purposed setting up a new State in the heart of the État du Congo, on territory filched from that power; but the little sailor was in deadly earnest over the project, and already he had met with extraordinary luck in the initial stages. Central Africa is a country where determined *coups de main* can sometimes yield surprising results.

The recent history of these two vagabond white men cannot be given in this place with any web of detail. They had gone through their apprenticeship amongst these African inlands as officers of the Congo Free State; they had been divorced from that service with something of suddenness; and a purist might have held that the severance of their ties was complicated with something very near akin to piracy. I know that they had been abominably oppressed; I know that Kettle chose running away with his stern-wheel steamer to the alternative of handcuffs and disgrace, and a possible hanging to follow; but there was no getting over the fact that the stern-wheeler was Free State property, and that these two had alienated it to their own uses.

The black crew of the launch and the black soldiers on board, some seventy head all told, they had little trouble in dragooning into obedience. The Central African native never troubles himself much about niceties of loyalty, and as the sway of the Congo Free State (or "Buli Matadi," as it is named by the woolly aboriginal), had been brutally tyrannous, the change of allegiance had worried them little. Besides, they had been in contact with

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Captain Kettle before and knew him to be that admirable thing, a Man, and worthy of being served; whilst Clay, whom they also knew, amused them with his banjo, and held powerful *iu-ju* in the shape of drugs; and so they went blithely enough where they were led or driven, and described themselves as soldiers or slaves, whichever word happened to come handiest. The African of the interior never worries his head about the terms of his service. So long as he has plenty of food, and a master to do all the thinking for him, he is quite content to work, or steal, or fight, or be killed, as that master sees fit to direct.

The progress of the little stern-wheel steamer on her return journey up the Haute Congo might also give rise to misapprehension here at home, if it were described exactly as it happened. There are no ship's chandlers in Central Africa, and it is the custom there, when you lack stores, to go to a village on the bank and requisition anything that is available. The Arab slave-traders who once held the country did this; the prehistoric people before them founded the custom; and the Free State authorities, their lineal descendants, have not seen fit to change the policy. At least, they may have done so in theory at Brussels, but out there, in practice, they have left this matter *in statu quo*.

There is a massive conservatism about the heart of Africa with which it is dangerous to tamper. If you rob a man in that region, he merely respects your superior power. If you offer him payments, he promptly suspects you of weakness, and sets his clumsy mind at work to find the method by which you may be robbed of whatever you have not voluntarily surrendered.

"Of course," said Kettle, taking up the thread of his tale again, "it's understood that we run this country for our own advantage first."

"What other object should white men have up-country in Africa?" said Clay. "We don't come here merely for our health."

"But I've got a great notion of treating the people well besides. When we have made a sufficient pile—and, mark you, it must be all in ivory, as there's nothing else of value that can be easy enough handled—we shall clear out for the coast, one-time. And then we must realise on the ivory, and then we can go home, and live as Christians again." He stared through the doorway of the hut at the aching sunshine beyond. "O, Lord! Think of it, Doc—Home! England! Decent clothes! Regular attendance in chapel on Sundays, and your soul well cared for and put into safe going order again!"

"Oh, my soul doesn't bother me. But England! that's fine to think about, old man, isn't it? England!" he repeated dreamily. "Yes, I suppose I should have to change my name if I did go back. I don't know, though. It'd have blown over by now, perhaps; things do blow over, and if I went to a new part of the country, I expect I could still stick to the old name, and not be known from Adam. Yes, things do blow over with time, and if you don't make too much stir when you go back. I should have to keep pretty quiet; but I bet I'd have a good time, for all that. Fancy the luxury of having good Glenlivet in a cask again, with a tap half way up, after the beastly stuff one got on the coast, or, worse still, what one gets up here—and that's no whisky at all!"

"Well, you needn't worry about choosing your home drinks just now," said Kettle. "'Palaver no set' here by a very long chalk yet, and till it is you'll have to go sober, my lad, and keep a very clear head."

Clay came to earth again. "Sorry, skipper," he said, "but you set me off. 'Tisn't often I look across at either to-morrow or yesterday. As you say, it's a very dry shop this, and so the sooner we get what we want and quit, the sooner we shall hit on a good time again. And the sooner we clear out, too, the less chance we have of those beastly Belgians coming in here to meddle. You know we've had luck so far, and they haven't interfered with us. But we can't expect that for always. The Congo Free State's a trading corporation, with dividends to make for the firm of Leopold and Co. in Brussels, and they don't like trade rivals. What stealing can be done in the country, they prefer to do themselves."

"When the time comes," said the little sailor grimly, "we shall be ready for them, and if they interfere with me, I shall make the

Congo Free State people sit up. But in the meanwhile they are not here, and I don't see that they need be expected. They can trace us up the Congo from Leopoldville, if you like, by the villages we stopped at—one, we'll say, every two hundred miles—but then we find this new river, and where are we? The river's not charted; it's not known to any of the Free State people, or I, being in their steamboat service, would have been told of it; and the entrance is so well masked at its Congo end by islands, that no one would guess it was there. The Congo's twenty miles wide where our river comes in, and very shallow, and the steamer-channel's right at the further bank. If they'd another Englishman in their service up here, I'd not say; but don't you tell me that the half-baked Dutchmen and Dagos who skipper their launches would risk hunting out a new channel, and blunder on it that way."

"No," said Clay, "I'm with you there. But word travels amongst the natives. You can't get over that."

"That's where the risk comes in. But I've done my best to make it travel slow. I've got hold of that beast of a witch-doctor, who deserves hanging anyway for all the poor wretches he's killed, and I've told him that as soon as word slips out down-river of our being here, he'll get shot, one-time. He's a man of influence, that witch doctor, and I shouldn't wonder but what he makes the natives keep their heads shut for quite a long time."

"It may be professional prejudice, but I rather hope that local practitioner gets his gruel somehow before we clear out." Clay shivered. "He's a cruel devil. Remember the remains of those two poor sacrificed wretches we found when we got here?"

Kettle shrugged his shoulders. "I know. But what could one do? Niggers always are like that when they're left to play about alone—as these here have been, I suppose, since Creation Day. We couldn't pin the sacrifices on to the witch-doctor, or else, of course, we'd have strung him up. We could only just give an order for these customs to stop one-time, and stand by to see it carried out. But we start the thing from now, on fresh, sensible lines. We're going to have no foolery about the nigger being as good as a white man. He isn't, and no man that ever saw him where he grows ever thought so."

"Speaking scientifically," said Clay, "it has always struck me that a nigger is an animal placed by the scheme of creation somewhere between a monkey and a white man. You might bracket him, say, with a Portugee."

"About that," said Kettle; "and if you treat him as more, you make him into a bad failure, whereas, if he's left alone, he's a bit nasty and cruel. Now I think, Doc, there's a middle course, and that's what I'm going to try there whilst we're making our pile. We've grabbed four tidy villages already, and that makes a good beginning for this new republic; and when we've got things organised a bit more, and have a trifle of time, we can grab some others. And, by James, Doc, there's a name for you—the New Republic!"

"I seem to think it's been used in a book somewhere."

"The New Republic!" Kettle repeated relishingly. "It goes well. It's certain to have been used before, but it's good enough to be used again. Some day, perhaps, it'll have railways, and public-houses, and a postal service, and some day it may even issue stamps of its own."

"With your mug in the middle!"

Captain Kettle reddened. "I don't see why not," he said stiffly. "I started the show, and, by James, whilst I'm running it, the New Republic's got to hum; and when I'm gone, I shall be remembered as someone out of the common. I'm a man, Doctor Clay, that's got a high sense of duty. I should think it wrong to stay here sweating ivory out of these people, if I didn't put something into them in return."

"Well, you do seem to have got a hold over them, and that's a fact, and I guess you will be able to make them——" he broke off, and burst into a cackle of laughter. "Oh, my Christian aunt, look there!"

A mob of natives were reverently approaching the hut, two of them carrying skinny chickens. The witch-doctor led the advance. Kettle guessed what was intended, and got up from his seat to interfere.

"Oh, look here, skipper," Clay pleaded, "don't spoil the show. Let's do the traveller for once, and observe the 'interesting native customs.' You needn't be afraid; they're going to sacrifice the bigger hen to you, right enough."

Captain Kettle allowed himself to be persuaded, and sat back again. The mob of negroes came up to the doorway of the hut, and the witch-doctor, with many prostrations to the little sailor, made a long speech. Then the larger of the two fowls entered into the ceremony, and was slain with a sword, and the witch-doctor, squatting on the ground, read the omens.

Kettle accepted the homage with glum silence, evidently restraining himself, but when Clay's turn came, and the smaller and scraggier of the chickens yielded up life in his honour, he hitched up his feet and squatted cross-legged on the chair, and held up his hands palm outwards, after the manner of some grotesque Chinese idol. A sense of the absurd was one of the many things which had hampered this disreputable doctor all through his unlucky career.

The negroes, however, took it all in good part, and in time they departed, well satisfied. But Kettle wore a gloomy face.

"Funny, wasn't it?" said Clay.

"I call it beastly," Kettle snapped. "This sort of thing's got to stop. I'm not going to have my New Republic dirtied by shows like that."

"Well," said Clay flippantly, "if you will set up as a little tin god on wheels, you must expect them to say their prayers to you."

"I didn't do anything of the kind. I merely stepped in and conquered them."

"Put it as you please, old man. But there's no getting over it that that's what they take you for."

"Then, by James, it's come to this: they shall be taught the real thing!"

"What, you'll import a missionary."

"I shall wade in and teach them myself."

"Phew!" whistled Clay. "If you're going to start the New Jerusalem game on the top of the New Republic, I should say you'll have your hands full."

"Probably," said Kettle grimly; "but I am equal to that."

"And you'll not have much time left to see after ivory palaver."

"I shall go on collecting the ivory just the same. I shall combine business with duty. And"—here he flushed somewhat—"I'm going to take the bits of souls these niggers have got, and turn them into the straight path."

Clay rubbed his bald head. "If you're set on it," said he, "you'll do it; I quite agree with you there. But I should have thought you'd seen enough of the nigger to know what a disastrous animal he is after some of these missionaries have handled him."

"Yes," said Kettle; "but those were the wrong sort of missionary—wrong sort of man to begin with; wrong sort of religion also."

And then, to Dr. Clay's amazement, his companion broke out into a violent exposition of his own particular belief. It was the first time he had ever heard Kettle open his lips on the subject of religion, and the man's vehemence almost scared him. Throughout the time they had been acquainted, he had taken him to be like all other lay white men on the Congo, quite careless on the subject, and an abhorrer of missions and all their output; and, lo! here was an enthusiast, with a violent creed of his very own, and with ranting thunders to heave at all who differed from him by so much as a hairsbreadth. Here was a devotee, who suddenly, across a great ocean of absence, remembered the small chapel in South Shields, where during shore days he worshipped beside his wife and children. Here was a prophet, jerked by circumstances into being, trumpeting the tenets of an obscure sect with something very near to inspiration.

He preached and preached on till the tropical day burned itself out, and the velvety night came down, and with it the mists from the river. The negroes of the village, with their heads wrapped up to keep off the ghosts, shivered as they listened to "dem small white-man make ju-ju" across the clearing. Clay listened because he could not get away. He knew the man well, yes, intimately; he was constantly dealing him out unpalatable flippancies; but in this new, this exalted mood, he did not dare to do less than give attention.

The man seemed to have changed; his eyes were bright and feverish.

The man seemed to have changed; his eyes were bright and feverish; his face was drawn; his voice had lost its ship-master's brusqueness, and had acquired the drone of the seaman's shore conventicle. There was no doubt about his earnestness; in Clay's mind, there was no doubt about the complications which would ensue from it.

When Dr. Clay lay down on his bed that night, his mind was big with foreboding. Ever since that entanglement with the woman occurred, which ruined for ever his chance of practising in England, he had gone his way with a fine recklessness as to consequences. He had lived for the day, and the day only; he had got to the lowest peg on the medical scale; and any change would be an improvement. He carried with him an incomplete case of instruments, a wire-strung banjo, and a fine taste in liquor and merriment as stock-in-trade, and if any of the many shapes which Death assumes in the Congo region came his way, why there he was ready to journey on.

But during these last weeks a chance had appeared of returning to England with a decent competency, and he jumped at it with an eagerness which only those who have at one time or another "gone under" themselves can appreciate. In effect he had entered into a partnership with Captain Owen Kettle over a filibustering expedition—although they gave the thing different names—and from the first their ivory raiding had been extraordinarily successful. If only they could collect on undisturbed for another six months at the same rate, and then get their spoils down to the coast and shipped, the pair of them stepped into a snug competence at once. But this latest vagary of his partner seemed to promise disruption of the whole enterprise. He did not see how Kettle could possibly carry out this evangelising scheme, on which he had so suddenly crazed, without quite neglecting his commercial duties.

However, in the course of the next day or so, as he witnessed Captain Kettle's method of spreading his faith, Clay's forebodings began to pass away. There was nothing of the hypocrite about this preaching sailor; but, at the same time, there was nothing of the dreamer. He exhorted vast audiences daily to enter into the narrow path (as defined by the Tyneside chapel), but, at the same time, he impressed on them that the privilege of treading this thorny way in no manner exempted them from the business of gathering ivory, by one means or another, for himself and partner.

Kettle had his own notions as to how this proselytising should be carried on, and he

One or two who inquired too much felt the weight of his hand.

set about it with a callous disregard for recent precedent. He expounded his creed—the creed of the obscure Tyneside chapel—partly in Coast-English, partly in the native, partly through the medium of an interpreter, and he commanded his audience to accept it, much as he would have ordered men under him to have carried out the business of ship-board. If anyone had doubts, he explained further—once. But he did not allow too many doubts. One or two who inquired too much felt the weight of his hand, and forthwith the percentage of sceptics decreased marvellously.

Clay watched on, non-interferent, hugging himself with amusement, but not daring to let a trace of it be seen. "And I thought," he kept telling himself with fresh spasms of suppressed laughter, "that that man's sole ambition was to set up here as a sort of robber baron, and here he's wanting to be Mahomet as well. The crescent or the sword: Kettleism or kicks; it's a pity he hasn't got some sense of humour, because as

it is I've got all the fun to myself. He'd eat me if I told him how it looked to an outsider."

Once, with the malicious hope of drawing him, he did venture to suggest that Kettle's method of manufacturing converts was somewhat sudden and arbitrary, and the little sailor took him seriously at once.

"Of course it is," said he. "And if you please, why shouldn't it be? My intelligence is far superior to theirs at the lowest estimate; and therefore I must know what's best for them. I order them to become members of my chapel, and they do it."

"They do it like birds," Clay admitted. "You've got a fine grip over them."

"I think they respect me."

"Oh, they think you no end of a fine man. In fact they consider you, as I've said before, quite a little tin——"

"Now stop it, Doc. I know you're one of those fellows that don't mean half they say, but I won't have that thrown against me, even in jest."

"Well," said Clay slily, "there's no getting over the fact that some person or persons unknown sacrificed a hen up against the door of this hut under cover of last night, and I guess they're not likely to waste the fowl on me."

"One can't cure them of their old ways all at once," said Kettle, with a frown.

"And some genius," Clay went on, "has carved a little wooden image in trousers and coat, nicely whitewashed, and stuck up on that old *ju-ju* tree down there by the swamp. I saw it when I was down there this morning. Of course, it mayn't be intended to be a likeness of you, skipper, but it's got a pith helmet on, which the up-country nigger doesn't generally add to portraits of himself; and, moreover, it's wearing a neat torpedo beard on the end of its chin, delicately coloured vermilion."

"Well?" said Kettle sourly.

"Oh, that had got a hen sacrificed in front of it, too, that's all. I recognised the bird; he was a game old rooster that used to crow at me every time I passed him."

"Beastly pagans," Kettle growled. "There's no holding some of them yet. They suck up the glad tidings greedily at first, and they're back at their old ways again before you've taught them the tune of a hymn. I just want to catch one or two of these backsliders. By James, I'll give them fits in a way they won't forget."

But if Captain Kettle was keen on the conversion of the heathen to the tenets of the Tyneside chapel, he was by no means forgetful of his commercial duties. He had always got Mrs. Kettle, the family, and the beauties of a home life in an agricultural district at the back of his mind, and to provide the funds necessary for a permanent enjoyment of all these items close at hand, he worked both Clay and himself remorselessly.

Ivory does not grow on hedgerows even in Africa, and the necessary store could by no means be picked up even in a day, or even in a matter of weeks. Ivory has been looked upon by the African savage, from time immemorial, not as an article of use, but as currency, and as such it is vaguely revered. He does not often of his own free will put it into circulation; in fact, his life may well pass without his once seeing it used as a purchasing medium; but custom sits strong on him, and he likes to have it by him. An African chief of any position always has his store of ivory, usually hidden, sometimes in the bush, sometimes buried — for choice, under the bed of a stream. It is foolish of him, this custom, because it is usually the one thing that attracts the white man to his neighbourhood, and the white man's visits are frequently fraught with disaster; but it is a custom, and therefore he sticks to it. He is not a highly reasoning animal, this Central African savage.

The African, moreover, is used to oppression—that is, he either oppresses or is oppressed—and he is dully callous to death. So the villages were not much surprised at Kettle's descents upon them, and usually surrendered to him passively on the mere prestige of his name. They were pleasantly disappointed that he omitted the usual massacre, and in gratitude were eager to accept what they were pleased to term his *ju-ju*, but which he described as the creed of the Tyneside chapel.

They reduced him to frenzy about every

second day by surreptitiously sacrificing poultry in his honour; but he did not dare to make any very violent stand against this overstepping of the rubric, lest (as was hinted to him) they should misinterpret his motive, and substitute a plump nigger baby for the more harmless spring chicken. It is by no means easy to follow the workings of the black man's brain in these matters.

But all the time he went on gathering ivory —precious ivory, worth as much as a thousand pounds a ton if he could but get it home. Some of it had been buried for centuries, and was black-brown with age and the earth; some was new, and still bloody-ended and odorous; but he figured it all out into silk dresses for Mrs. Kettle, and other luxuries for those he loved, and gloated even over the little *escribellos* which lay about on the village refuse heaps as not being worthy to hide with the larger tusks.

And, between-whiles, he preached to the newly-conquered, ordered them to adopt the faith of the South Shields chapel, and finally sang them hymns, which he composed himself especially to suit their needs, to the tunes of "Hold the Fort," and "Greenland's Icy Mountains," which he played very sweetly on the accordion. Captain Kettle might be very keen after business, but at the same time it could never be laid to his charge that he was ever forgetful of the duty he owed to the souls of these heathen who came under his masterful thumb.

Dr. Clay, however, watched all the proceedings now with a jubilant mind. As a political division, the much talked-of New Republic might be said to lack cohesion, but as a conquered tract of country it was very pleasantly in awe of Captain Kettle. A very comfortable pile of ivory was stored in the principal hut of each village they came to, which Clay, who commanded the rear guard, always took care to "put *ju-ju* on" after his senior officer at the head of the force had marched out of the village *en route* for the next, that being the most satisfactory fashion of warding off pilferers. And last but not least they had agreed upon their route of exit to a sea coast, and (in theory at any rate) considered it eminently practicable.

The Congo, of course, *viâ* Leopoldville, Matadi, and Banana was barred to them, on account of their trouble with the Free State authorities. Their original idea had been to cross the great continent eastward by way of the Great Lakes, and take shipping somewhere by Mosambique or Zanzibar. But the barbarous difficulties of that route daunted even Kettle, when they began to consider it in detail, and the advantages of the French Congo Territory showed up brightly in comparison.

They still had the little stern-wheel steamer that was filched—I beg their pardon—captured from the Free State, and in her with the loot on board, they must creep down the Congo again, almost to Stanley Pool, steaming by night only, hiding at the back of islands during the days, always avoiding observation. And then they must strike across country, due west, till they made the head waters of the Ogowe, and so down to the sea, fighting a way through whatever tribes tried to impede them. The French Customs would take their toll of the ivory, of course, but that could not be helped; but, after that, a decent steamer again, and the sea, and home. It was an appetising prospect.

But castles in the clouds have been built before, and often it is the unexpected that sets them trundling; and in this case such an ordinary occurrence as a tornado stepped into the reckoning and spilt this sighed-for edifice of success and prosperity with all completeness.

There had been no tornado to clear the atmosphere for nine whole days, and the country was unendurable accordingly. The air was stagnant with heat, and reeked with the lees of stale vegetation. The sky overhead was full of a lurid haze, which darkened the afternoon almost to a twilight, and in the texture of this haze, indicated rather than definitely seen, was a constant flicker of lightning. It was the ordinary heat-lightning of the tropics, which is noiseless, but it somehow seemed to send out little throbs into the baking air, till at times, to be alive, was for a white man almost intolerable.

Under this discomfort, a predatory column was marching on from one captured village to another, whose possible store of ivory had so far not been gleaned. The road was the

ordinary African bush-path, intensely winding and only foot-sole wide; the little army, with Kettle at its head, could only march in single file, and Clay, who brought up the straggling rear, sweated and panted quite half a mile behind his leader.

Everyone knew the tornado was approaching, and both the worn and haggard white men and the sweating, malodorous blacks hoped for it with equal intensity. For be it known that the tropical tornado passes through the stale baked air at intervals, like some gigantic sieve, dredging out its surplus heat and impurities. The which is a necessity of Nature; else even the black man could not endure in those regions.

And in due time, though it lingered most cruelly in its approach, the tornado burst upon them, coming with an insane volley of rain and wind and sound, that filled the forests with crashings, and sent the parched earth flying in vicious mud-spirts. In a Northern country such a furious outburst would have filled people with alarm; but here, in this tropic wilderness, custom had robbed the tornado of its dignity; and no one was awed. Indeed the blacks fairly basked in its violence, turning their glistening bodies luxuriously under the great ropes of rain.

The little army, with Kettle at its head, could only march in single file.

The march stopped at the first outbreak of the squall. Kettle bolted to a rock ahead of him, and squatted down in a dry lee, sucking up great draughts of the new cool air. There are times when a drop of five degrees of temperature can bring earthly bliss of a quality almost unimaginable. And there he stayed, philosophically waiting till the tornado should choose to blow itself out.

The wind had started with a roar and a sudden squall, reaching the full climax of its strength in a matter of thirty seconds, and then with equal hurry it ended, leaving the

country it had scoured full of a fresh, cool, glistening calm. Kettle rose to his feet, shook his clothes into shape, and gave the order to start.

The black soldiers stepped out in his wake, and for half a mile he strode at their head through the new-made mud of the path. But then he was suddenly brought up all-standing. Word had been tediously handed down the long straggling line of men that there had been an accident in the rear; that a great tree had fallen to the blast: and finally that "dem dokitar, he lib for die."

Swiftly Kettle turned, and worked his way back down the narrow lane of the path. The negroes he hustled against watched him with stupid stares, but he gave them little notice. Leaving out the facts that Clay was his only white companion and assistant, he had grown strangely to like the man, and the vague report of the accident filled him with more than dismay.

He had over a mile to go before he came upon the scene, and when he did get there he found that the first report was exaggerated. Clay was not dead, but he lay unconscious on the ground, pinned there by a great cotton-wood which had crashed down before the fury of the wind, and which had fallen across his right leg. To move the tree was an impossibility; but with a sailor's resourcefulness Kettle set his men to dig beneath it, so that the imprisoned leg might be released that way; and himself gave them a lead.

Clay, fortunately for himself, remained the whole time in a state of blank unconsciousness, and at last he was released, but with his leg horribly mangled. A hammock had meanwhile been rigged, and in this he was carried back to the village from which they had set out. Kettle led the retreat in front of the hammock bearers. He left his force of soldiers and carriers to follow, or straggle, or desert, as they pleased. The occupation of ivory-raiding had completely passed from his mind; he had forgotten his schemes of wholesale conversion; he had nothing but Clay's welfare left at his heart.

He got the wounded man under cover of one of the village huts, and there, with the help of stimulants, poor Clay's senses came back to him. He was lividly pale with pain and the shock, but he was game to the backbone, and made no especial complaint. Indeed, he was rather disposed to treat the whole thing humorously.

"All the result of having a musical ear," he explained. "I made the boy who carried it put my banjo in a hollow of that tree out of the wet, and when I saw the old stick was going to crash down, I made a grab for the 'jo, and got it right enough. But I wasn't sufficiently nippy in jumping out of the way it seems, and, as the old banjo's busted for good, I shall have to trouble you for a funeral march on the accordion, skipper."

"Funeral be hanged," said Kettle. "You're worth a whole cemetery full of dead men yet."

"Speaking as a doctor," said Clay cheerfully, "I may tell you that your unprofessional opinion is rot. Now, if I'd a brother sawbones here to perform amputation, I might have a chance—say, one in a thousand."

"Your leg ought to be cut off?"

"Just there, above the knee. That'll mortify in twenty hours from now. Thank the Lord I never wasted much morphia on the niggers. There's plenty in stock. So it won't worry me much."

"Look here," said Kettle, "I will cut that leg off for you."

"You! My good skipper, you're a handy man, I know, but what the blazes do you know about amputation?"

"You've got to teach me. You can show me the tools to use, and draw diagrams of where the arteries come."

"By the powers I've a great mind to. There's something pretty rich in giving an amputation lecture with one's own femorals as a subject."

"You'd better," said Kettle grimly, "or I shall cut it off without being taught. I like you a lot too well, my man, to let you die for want of a bit of help."

And so, principally because the grotesqueness of the situation appealed to his whimsical sense of humour, Clay forthwith proceeded to pose as an anatomy demonstrator addressing a class, and expounded the whole art of amputation, handling the utensils of the surgeon's craft with the gusto

of an expert, and never by shudder or sigh showing a trace of the white feather. He carried the whole thing through with a genial gaiety, pointing his sentences now with a quip, now with some roguish sparkle of profanity, and finally he announced that the lecture was complete and over, and then he nodded familiarly at his wounded limb.

"By-bye, old hoof!" he said. "You've helped carry the rest of me into some queer scrapes, one time and another. But we've had good times together as well as bad, you and I, and anyway, I'm sorry to lose you. And now, skipper," said he, "get off your coat and wade in. I've put on the Esmarch's bandage for you. Don't be niggardly with the chloroform—I've got a good heart. And remember to do what I told you about that femoral artery, and don't make a mistake there, or else it'll be all over pretty quickly. Shake hands, old man, and good luck to your surgery; and anyway, thank you for your trouble."

I fancy that I have made it clear before that Captain Kettle was a man possessed not only of an iron nerve, but also of all a sailor's handiness with his fingers; but here was a piece of work that required all his coolness and dexterity. At home, on an operating table, with everything at hand that antiseptic surgery could provide, with highly-trained surgeons and highly-trained nurses in goodly numbers, it would have been a formidable undertaking, but there, amongst those savage surroundings, in that awful loneliness a white man feels so far away from all his kin, it was a very different matter.

It makes me shiver when I think how that little sailor must have realised his risks and his responsibility. It was a situation that would have fairly paralysed most men. But from what can be gathered from the last letter that the patient ever wrote, it is clear that Kettle carried out the operation with indomitable firmness and decision; and if indeed some of his movements were crude, he had grasped all the main points of his hurried teaching, and he made no single mistake of any but pedantic importance.

Clay woke up from the anæsthetic, sick, shaken, but still courageous as ever. "Well," he gasped, "you've made a fine dot-and-go-one of me, skipper, and that's a fact. When you chuck the sea, and get back to England, and set up in a snug country practice as general practitioner, you'll be able to look back on your first operation with pride."

Kettle, shaken and white, regarded him from a native stool in the middle of the hut. "I can't think," he said, "how any men can be doctors whilst there's still a crossing to sweep."

"Oh," said Clay, "you're new at it now, and a bit jolted up. But the trade has its points. I'll argue it out with you some day. But just at present I'm going to try and sleep. I'm a bit jolted up, too."

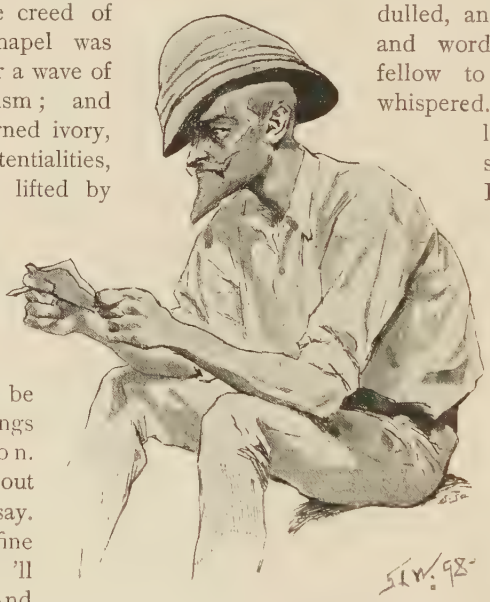
Now, it is a melancholy fact to record that Dr. Clay did not pull round again after his accident and the subsequent operation. To anyone who knows the climate, the reason will be easily understood. In that heated air of Central Equatorial Africa, tainted with all manner of harmful germs, a scratch will take a month to heal, and any considerable flesh wound may well prove a death warrant. Captain Kettle nursed his patient with a woman's tenderness, and Clay himself struggled gamely against his fate; but the ills of the place were too strong for him, and the inevitable had to be.

But the struggle was no quick thing of a day, or even of a week. The man lingered wirily on, and in the meanwhile Kettle saw the marvellous political structure, which with so much labour and daring he had built up, crumbling to pieces, as it were, before his very eyes. A company of Arab slave traders

had entered the district, and were recapturing his subject villages one by one.

At the first attack runners came to him imploring help. It was useless to send his half-baked soldiers without going himself. They knew no other leader; there was not a negro amongst them fit to take a command; and he himself was tied. He said nothing to Clay, but just sent a refusal, and remained at his post.

Again and again came clamorous appeals for help against these new invaders, and again and again he had to give the same stubborn refusal. His vaunted New Republic was being split up again into its primitive elements; the creed of the South Shields chapel was being submerged under a wave of red-hot Mohammedanism; and the ivory, that hard-earned ivory, with all its delicious potentialities, was once more being lifted by alien raiders, and this time for ever beyond his reach.



During the heat of the day he composed a copy of verses to his memory.

Clay got some inkling of what was going on, and repeatedly urged him to be off at once and put things straight in person. "Don't you worry about me, skipper," he'd say. "I'll get along here fine by myself. Nobody 'll come to worry me. And if they did, they'd let me alone. I'm far too unwholesome looking to chop just now."

But Kettle always stolidly refused to leave him. Indeed, with difficulty (for he was at all times a painfully truthful man) he used to lie to his patient and say that there was no need for him to go at all; that everything was going on quite as they could wish; and that he was vastly enjoying the relaxation of a holiday.

But in sober fact things were going very much awry. And every day they got worse. Even his original bevy of troops, those he had brought up with him into the country on the stern-wheel launch, seemed to grasp the fact that his star was in the descendant. There was no open mutiny, for they still feared him too much personally to dare that; but in the black unwatched nights they stole away from the village, and every day their numbers thinned, and the villagers followed their lead; and when the end came, the two lonely white men had the village to themselves.

Clay's last words were typical of him. Kettle, with devotional intent, had been singing some hymn to him which he had composed as being suitable to the occasion. But the dying man's ears were dulled, and he mistook both air and words. "You're a good fellow to sing me that," he whispered. "I know you don't like striking up that sort of music. By Jove, I heard that song last at the Pav. Good old Piccadilly Circus."

And then a little later: "I say, skipper. I'm close on the peg out. There's a girl in Winchester—but hang her anyway. No, you've been my best pal. You're to have all my share of the loot—the ivory, I mean. You savvy, I leave it to you in my last will and testament, fairly and squarely. And, skipper, I'm sorry I ragged you about your mug on those New Republic stamps. If ever a man deserved what he wanted in that line, you're—you're——"

The voice failed. "Yes?" said Kettle, and stooped nearer.

Clay feebly winked. "You're him," he whispered. "So long, old cock."

Captain Kettle buried his friend in the first gold of the next dawn under a magnolia tree, which was hung with sweet-scented blossom, in the middle of the village. During the heat of the day he composed a copy of verses to his memory, and, when the

sun had drooped somewhat, he went out with his knife to carve them on the tree above the grave.

It appeared that the village was not so completely deserted as seemed to the eye, or, at any rate, that he had been watched. On the newly turned earth was a chicken, which had been sacrificed in the orthodox fashion; and for once he beheld the sight without resentment.

He raised his hat to the dead, and "Doc.," he said "this hen killing is bang against my principles, but I won't say anything now. I guess it's some nigger's way of showing respect to you, and, by James! you're a fellow that ought to be admired. If only it hadn't been for that tree falling down, there'd have been two men round here that would have left their mark on Africa, and you're one of them. Well, old man, you're gone, and I hope you're looking down this moment to read this bit of poetry I'm going to stick above your head. It's worth attention. It's about the best sample of rhyme I ever hoisted out."

CROSS PURPOSES.

EUNICE. I saw *him* last night, and he told me
The wealth of his passionate love,
I heard all his pleadings quite coldly,
Though I longed his devotion to prove.

AMANTHIS. Later on he confessed to me blindly
How passion had mastered his frame.
I told him quite calmly, though kindly,
His love without fear to proclaim.

EUNICE. And this morning I hear from Clarinda
He had taken advice from us both,

AMANTHIS. And so there was nothing to hinder
The pair of *them* plighting their troth.

PHILIP HEMERY.

By Mrs. J. E. Whitby.

Among the many peculiar religious observances that take place among different creeds, in various parts of the world, none is more remarkable and striking than the "jumping or dancing procession of Echternach," which occurs on each succeeding Whit-Tuesday. Although nowadays such large numbers of people visit the Ardennes for fishing or relaxation, this procession is so little known that a description may not prove uninteresting.

Echternach is a small town of 4000 inhabitants in the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, on the right bank of the river Sûre, about fifteen miles from the town of Luxemburg, and twelve from Trêves. It is beautifully situated in a smiling, well wooded valley, surrounded by lofty limestone rocks. Like so many of the now small towns in the Ardennes, it was formerly of considerable importance. It possessed a magnificent abbey, which was for nearly ten centuries the fount of religion, art, and science for the surrounding country. The monastery attached to it was rich and flourishing, independent of the Government, and was known to Christendom throughout the Middle Ages as "the flower of the Benedictines," "the pearl of the order." It was founded by St. Willibrord, an Anglo-Saxon missionary monk, sent on the Continent to convert the Frisians and Dutch. On his death, which took place in 739, he became the patron saint of the town and neighbourhood. Soon after a strange epizootic disease broke out among the cattle; the animals being seized with a convulsive and incessant trembling, resembling St. Vitus' dance. The people in despair turned towards the tomb of their recently deceased protector, believing in his assistance in death, as in life, and, in order that their cattle might be calmed, they themselves danced and jumped in a manner resembling the animals' complaint. This was on a sort of homœopathic principle based on faith, since the cattle being ill, they invoked the Saint's assistance for themselves.

Their prayers were answered, and it is reported that the disease reappeared each time the annual prilgrimage was neglected. In any case the custom has continued with but few interruptions for eleven centuries,

and is performed in almost precisely the same manner to-day as long ago.

The epizootic disease among cattle, has, happily, passed away, but the religious observance is still supposed to ameliorate or cure St. Vitus' dance and epilepsy, and hundreds of these afflicted ones come from all parts in the hope of gaining some benefit. Others join the procession on behalf of their children or friends, or as an act of religious faith calculated to preserve them from such disorders. That the efficacy of this pilgrimage is firmly believed in cannot be doubted, when it is known that from 15,000 to 20,000 persons (and these numbers are steadily on tne increase) annually take part in what is really a most violent and fatiguing physical exertion.

Family group of "jumping saints," with musicians specially engaged by the head of the household.

The procession is formed on the left bank of the Sûre, on the Prussian side of the river which divides the two countries, and starts from the middle of the Echternach Bridge at eight o'clock on Whit-Tuesday morning. It commences with a short religious service, that includes a sermon on the merits of St. Willibrord, and the benefits spiritual and bodily to be derived by the pilgrims. The *cortège*, divided into two parts, starts with a cross at the head, and eight banners, then two hundred choristers chanting the Litany of the saint, and about sixty priests. Behind these march the members of various religious bodies and the aged.

Then come the dancers, or the "Springende Heiligen"—jumping saints, as they are called —led by the beadle in all his glory, and a band of music, which plays a quaint, stirring tune, known as "Adam had Seven Sons," and which has come down to posterity with the procession. Children follow the music, and, it may easily be imagined, that they dance and jump *con amore*.

Next advance people of all ages, men and women, old and young, townspeople and peasants, in close rows of fours, with linked arms, or joined by a handkerchief held cornerwise, the country women clad in dark stuff dresses and wearing the black bonnet cap, tied with wide black ribbon under the chin, and all carrying large covered baskets, heavy with the day's provisions.

The men dance bareheaded, with hat in one hand, and the umbrella, so dear to the Continental peasant's heart, is carried by both men and women, so that the dancers are far from unimpeded. On a hot day the men doff their coats, but weather has no effect on the ardour of these pilgrims, and the most drenching rain apparently neither damps their piety nor affects their energy.

Indeed, many say it is less trying than the extreme heat sometimes met with at Whitsuntide, but the appearance of thousands of persons jumping in rows, under open umbrellas which rise and fall to the monotonous tune, and the terpsichorean efforts of their owners is, despite the evident seriousness of the performers, comic in the extreme.

There are about thirty bands interspersed

at intervals with the pilgrims, all playing the same tune, which becomes from reiteration decidedly tedious. All kinds and every variety of instrument is apparently welcomed, from a penny whistle upwards. Many of the villages round send their own bands and banners with their contingent of pilgrims.

When the melody has been played through with all its repeats, the musicians, who do not jump, pause in their playing for two minutes, during which time the persons immediately following that particular band walk a few steps forward. This enables both band and perspiring dancers to rest, and insures that the latter, who frequently are performing in their jumping a crab-like movement, make some real advances. The most religious, however, refuse to take advantage of this short pause, and continue jumping, to the evident discomfort of their fellows.

The dancing step is supposed to consist of three jumping steps forward and two backward, but most of the people appear to do a kind of slow schottische, though occasionally

The jumping procession passing through the streets of Echternach.

a pilgrim may be seen doing a double-time polka, or another, without the gift of measure, indulging in a private war-dance, very trying to those whose arms he holds. It is noticeable that the elderly men and women are by far the most vigorous dancers.

There are, of course, in the ranks many epileptics and sufferers from St. Vitus' dance, and their appearance is painful in the extreme. It is *de rigueur* to perform the whole course of the pilgrimage (about three-quarters of a mile), but constantly one of these unfortunate sufferers succumbs to the violent exertion, and, though supported as long as possible by those whose arms he holds, falls to the ground. He is rescued and cared for by the men who line the way, and who hold this ancient office with pride on Whit Tuesday, though but the simple members of the modern local fire brigade the rest of the year.

It not infrequently happens that an epileptic, who has made a long journey to reach Echternach at this time, is, through the excitement, seized with a fit at the last

The procession in the rain.

moment, and so is unable to take part in what he has placed so much hope as a cure. Some pitying onlooker, however, instantly steps forward and takes his place, and jumps for him. Indeed, substitutes for incapables can be purchased, and one jumper, therefore, may be doing duty for several persons.

Thus the procession advances, slowly as may be imagined, with the tune of "Adam had Seven Sons" ever ringing in the ears, all through the winding streets of the little town, streets that are so narrow, as may be seen in the photographs, that there is little room for onlookers. The destination is the parish church of St. Peter, where St. Willibrord was buried, which stands, surrounded by a grassy platform with chestnut trees, on a small curious knoll in the centre of the town. Formerly the *cortège* danced three times round the great Abbey Courtyard before proceeding to the church.

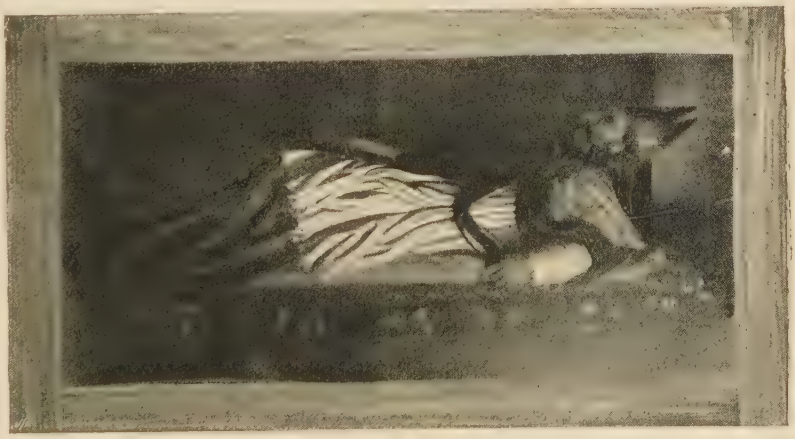
It takes the leaders of the "jumping saints" an hour to reach the flight of steps by which the church is approached, and the whole procession has not made the tour until after one o'clock. Up these steps, sixty in number, go the pilgrims still dancing (a far from easy task), and, with their bands, round the little church, entering at the north door. Then they pause before the life-sized figure of the Saint, and do some very energetic jumping.

Having passed up the north aisle, the pilgrims advance to the sacred tomb opened for the occasion, where there is a recumbent figure of the Saint in what is apparently a most uncomfortable position. As they pass this, each hands a rosary to the priest who sits at the side; he touches the figure with it and hands it back to the owner. All then circulate round the back of the altar, and, dancing down the south aisle, emerge by the south door to the little grassy plateau, where, after some very spirited jumping and dancing round the large crucifix under the chestnut trees, the procession disperses.

The effect of this jumping and dancing crowd in a church, to the stirring sounds of very noisy bands, while many pilgrims, having accomplished their task, are kneeling in the centre of the church, deep in prayer, is curious in the extreme; indeed, the whole proceedings are so extraordinary that they must be seen to be believed.

One is inclined to rub one's eyes on beholding this curious survival of a bygone time, and ask: "Can this possibly be taking place at the end of the nineteenth century, in a civilised country in northern Europe?" No one with any idea of the humorous can fail, for the first moment or two, to see the comic side of this immense concourse of people, all gravely jumping and dancing under the guise of religion.

This feeling, however, quickly vanishes, when one notes the evident sincerity of the performers, their gravity, silence, and decorum, and it is pathetic to see the suffering which the physical exertion entails, and to think of the hopeful faith which brings invalids and their friends many weary miles to take part in what is to them a most serious religious observance. That the constant swaying of the passing crowd to the ever recurrent strains of the same monotonous tune is not without its effect on nervous onlookers is certain, as.



The tomb of St. Willibrord.

many who come to watch, end by joining the pilgrim band, and these apparently of a well-to-do, educated class.

An amusing incident took place on this last Whit Tuesday. Four tourists, of eminently British appearance, endeavoured, contrary to regulations, to cross the line of procession, at a time when the music had paused. Before they had succeeded, "Adam had Seven Sons" struck up again, and the tourists found themselves somehow formed into line and in the middle of the advancing and retiring jumpers.

They made one or two futile efforts to escape, but were pushed into place again by the watchful guardians of the road, and compelled to go along with the pilgrims. In order to keep their feet at all they were obliged to follow the general example, though they struggled at first to walk in a dignified manner. Finally, another pause in the music and a less stern guardian, enabled them to escape hot and breathless from the procession.

Peasants who have annually taken part in the dancing procession nearly all their lives.

Owing to various abuses which crept into the management, the procession was suspended in 1777, but in 1790 it reappeared, only to be again interrupted in 1794 by the troubles of the French Revolution. It began again in 1802, and has continued until the present day without a break. Under William I. of Holland the Government passed a law transferring the procession to Whit-Sunday, so that the people might not lose a day's work, but this gave so much dissatisfaction that it was repealed in 1830.

After dinner and an early evensong the people give themselves up to the delights of the fair, which is so often associated abroad with religious observances. Roundabouts of a magnificence and a malignity of movement never seen in England, are greatly patronised, and one marvels at the internal economy of the peasant that can resist such varied emotions washed down by copious draughts of beer.

Some of the old people boast that they have never missed jumping on what is to them the great day of the year. They may be said to begin as infants, for many of these may be noticed in their mother's arms in the dancing procession. The poor little things must early fancy life's sea a very rough one, or that this is a stormy cradle day.

It will be noticed that the views of the procession have all been taken from upper windows, so much do the peasants dislike to be photographed at this time. It was quite impossible on the day of the festival, owing to their state of religious excitement, to take them otherwise than *en masse*. The photographs reproduced of individual groups were only obtained after weeks of delay and the most diplomatic management. Whole districts were searched for genuine dancers who would agree to be photographed for PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, but one and all refused to make an exhibition (to use their own words) of what is to them a pious observance.

In the end, however, the matter was arranged, but only after repeated assurances that the photographs would not be used to ridicule the pilgrimage. The sitters, or rather dancers, all declined any monetary payment for their trouble and lost time.

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To Bring the Roses Back Again.

From the Painting by John A. Lomax. *By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.*

Pictures and their Painters

Absurdities in Art — Mr. W. Frank Calderon—The Only Statue with Eyelashes —Mr. John A. Lomax.

Absurdities in Art.

Anyone who takes the trouble to make a careful examination of some of the principal pictures which annually appear, will have no difficulty in observing a large number of remarkable mistakes on the part of the artists. Minor details, which a hurried survey does not discover, become unmistakably pronounced when once pointed out, and several pictures have lost all chance of fame through critics having made public the mistakes they contain.

Ridicule easily kills a picture. When an artist, for instance, portrays a boat sailing merrily in one direction with the wind blowing strongly in the other, his work will probably be short lived, however meritorious otherwise. I well remember a curious instance in a picture which was hung in a provincial gallery, and received first prize. It represented four men in a rowing boat, rescuing a drowning woman. The men were all leaning over one side, with arms out-stretched. The boat, however, ignoring all natural laws, remained perfectly upright.

In the works of the old masters, an extraordinary number of mistakes of this kind occur. There is a well-known picture, for instance, representing Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Eve is in flounced petticoats, and Adam is garbed in the knee breeches which were worn in the artist's day, while under his arm he carries a gun!

It was, however, no uncommon matter for old-time artists to clothe their characters in the costumes which were worn at the date of painting. In Ghirlandaio's "Procession to Calvary," for instance, some of the soldiers are clad in striped coats and breeches, while one in the foreground carries a musket over his shoulder. In Von Uhde's picture of "Christ Blessing the Children," the scene is a modern, country schoolroom, with tiled floor and high-backed chair, the children wearing laced boots. In a Rembrandt

The Flood.
From the Painting by W. Frank Calderon

painting of the same subject the children are attired in Dutch costumes, one having an apple in her hand and a slate at her waist!

Many strange conceptions in art occur in the pictures of the great fifteenth century artist, Benozze Gozzoli. Three of his paintings were originally in the possession of the Medici family, and portray "The Journey of the Magi." Horses and camels appear in the picture, caparisoned after the fashion of the artist's own time. The landscape, in one picture, is an Italian scene, with mountains, castles, and woods, in place of the Arabian desert which should have been represented. The fifteenth century spurs on the King's feet form a particularly conspicuous absurdity.

In a celebrated mediæval painting of a Bible scene, there is a figure in Dutch costume, wearing spectacles on her nose, and reading from an immense volume. Claude, the French artist, has some equally curious ideas in his picture entitled, "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba." The Queen of the East is descending marble steps, and about to enter a gondola. A huge war-ship in the distance, whither the Queen is to be carried, is of the type used in the days of the Spanish Armada. In the harbour, brigs in full sailing trim and small rowing boats lie anchored, while to one of these a dress trunk with rounded top is being carried.

Mr. W. Frank Calderon.
From a Photo by Thos. Fall, Baker Street, London.

Instances of this kind in the works of the old masters are practically innumerable, while hundreds of cases might also be cited in modern paintings.

Copyright by Braun, Clement & Co.

The Geese of the Capitol.

From the Painting by Henri P. Motte.

This picture commemorates the saving of the Roman Capitol from the attack of the Gauls. The sacred geese, it will be remembered, began to cackle on the approach of the enemy, and so aroused the garrison.

Gelert and the Wolf.

From the Painting by W. Frank Calderon.

The pathetic story, one incident of which this picture illustrates, will be familiar to many of our readers. Gelert, the famous dog of the Welsh Prince Llewel'yn, killed a wolf which had entered the room where the Prince's baby son was sleeping. Llewellyn, returning home and seeing the dog's mouth covered with blood, imagined that it had killed his son, and thrust it through with his sword. The death howl of the dog awoke the baby, and the Prince, too late, discovered his fatal mistake.

Mr. W. Frank Calderon.

A painter in England who can paint dogs and horses in such a manner that he satisfies the artist with grace of treatment, the show judge with his technical accuracy, and the ordinary person with his sentiment, is assured of great success. Mr. Calderon fulfils all these conditions, and most lovers of animals will quote you instances in proof. "Gelert," the peerless hound whom Llewellyn slew in his haste, killing the wolf, and "The Flood," the two pictures here reproduced will testify to this. But other pictures will readily occur to the mind, a goodly catalogue for a young man of thirty-three to have to his credit.

The son of the late Philip Calderon, R.A., he was born in an atmosphere of art, and he has preserved the traditions by marrying Miss Armstead, the daughter of another Academician. Educated at the University College School, young Calderon obtained there in 1879 the Trevelyan-Goodall Scholarship. This admitted him to the Slade School for three years, where he won the Slade Scholarship of £50 per annum.

His first appearance at the Royal Academy was in 1882, when he exhibited "Feeding the Hungry," a picture that was purchased by the Queen. Of his other pictures perhaps the best known are "Orphans"—a picture of a stately greyhound seated with two little pug pups between its slender outstretched legs—"The Day of Many Friends," "John Hampden Mortally Wounded at Chalgrove," and "Showing His Paws."

In 1893 Mr. Calderon founded a School of Animal Painting at his studio in Baker Street, where you will find him every day at work with his pupils. Not only Mr. Calderon's group of dogs, but even horses, cows, goats, and cats are enlisted for the service of the school.

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Morning.

From the Painting by M. Nonnenbrüch. *By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.*

As may be imagined, it is difficult to persuade a cow or a goat to enter the studio, and when they have been brought in the trouble has only commenced, for the peace has to be kept among them. But Mr. Calderon's enthusiasm and good temper are equal to the strain, and half-an-hour with him reveals many reasons for the popularity he enjoys.

The Only Statue with Eyelashes.

In the year 1503 a colossal statue was discovered representing Ariadne at the moment when, sleeping on the Island of Naxos, she was deserted by Theseus. For some time it was supposed that the statue represented Cleopatra, on account of an armlet in the form of a snake worn by the figure. But this belief no longer holds credence. It is considered now to be the finest draped statue in the Vatican, and is celebrated as being the only marble statue in existence with eyelashes. A Latin poem in its honour was written by Castiglione, which is engraved upon marble and placed beside the statue.

Folly.

From the Painting by Miss Ethel Wright, and reproduced by permission of the artist.

Mr. John A. Lomax.

Mr. John A. Lomax, whose charmingly pathetic picture "To Bring the Roses Back Again" is reproduced as a frontispiece to this Number, is represented in most of the important exhibitions every year, and his work is therefore very familiar to the picture-loving public.

His pictures are chiefly distinguished by reason of their specially fine finish and pleasing rich tone of colour. They are usually small in size—cabinet pictures, in fact,—of not more than 20in. long by 16in. wide; but one does not measure art with a foot rule, and an artist can give the sense of bigness on the size of a sheet of notepaper. The great French painter, Meissonier, for instance, kept to small canvasses in the majority of his pictures, while many of Turner's landscapes are drawn on quite a small scale, and yet they adequately convey the idea of immensity.

Among artists Mr. Lomax is known as a "costume" painter, a term used to designate a man who makes a special feature of the dress of the people that fill his canvas, and whose pictures will be particularly noticeable for their careful costume studies; and, as is of course essential to a painter in this style, Mr. Lomax has a wonderful collection of costumes and *bric-à-brac*.

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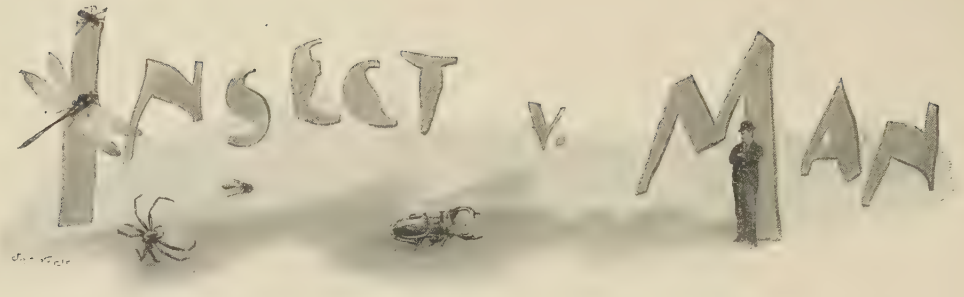
The Last Round.

From the Painting by Ludwig Knaus. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.



By Austin Fryers.

We are apt to think contemptuously of insects, but if they were placed under an imaginative microscope so that their powers might be approximated in comparison with our own—the ratio of power to size being maintained—there would be some amazing results.

So as to form an accurate notion of the powers of these tiny fellow-creatures of ours let us place them under this microscope and see what a few of the better-known insects would be able to do if they were only as big as we are and if their powers were retained in the present proportion to their size.

The spider is not of a very inviting appearance, although nursery tradition has given him the character of being of an inviting disposition. He has eight legs, at the extremity of each of which are a pair of nippers of immense power; much stronger relatively than a lion's or tiger's claws, were they intended for grasping. The spider can hold in each pair of nippers an insect much larger than himself, such as a blow-fly or a daddy-longlegs.

If a spider were as large as a man, he would be able to tackle six men.

What a terror to thieves a policeman would be if he had such an extended and forcible means of arrest. To try and realise such a civilising influence we have but to imagine a spider the size of a policeman, and treating a few members of "the force" to an experience of the process of "running in."

The policeman need not object to this comparison with a spider on the ground that in dealing with the roughs of humanity greater risks are run, because the spider, as a matter-of-fact, is frequently called on to "lock up" some very dangerous customers, and has to use acrobatic skill and rare diplomatic resource when he attempts to tackle such a subject as a lively wasp.

The spider has an immense appetite—a reputation, by-the-bye, of which his human prototype is not altogether innocent. The spider's gourmandising, however, defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted his consumption of food during the twenty-four hours, concluded that if the spider were

built proportionately to the human scale, he would eat at daybreak (approximately) a small alligator; by 7 a.m., a lamb; by 9 a.m., a young cameleopard; by one o'clock, a sheep; and would finish up with a lark pie, in which were 120 birds. To group the twenty-four hours' meals of the monster spider together, it would be well within the mark to represent them by a prize Smithfield ox.

In the matter of speed it is well-nigh impossible to suggest a human approximation to the achievements of insects. The buzzing midge and the droning fly scarce seem to move in the languorous heat of a summer's afternoon, but we find that without any apparent effort they keep pace with the swiftest horse we may drive. As a matter of fact, it has been well established that a fly can out-distance the swallow which pursues it.

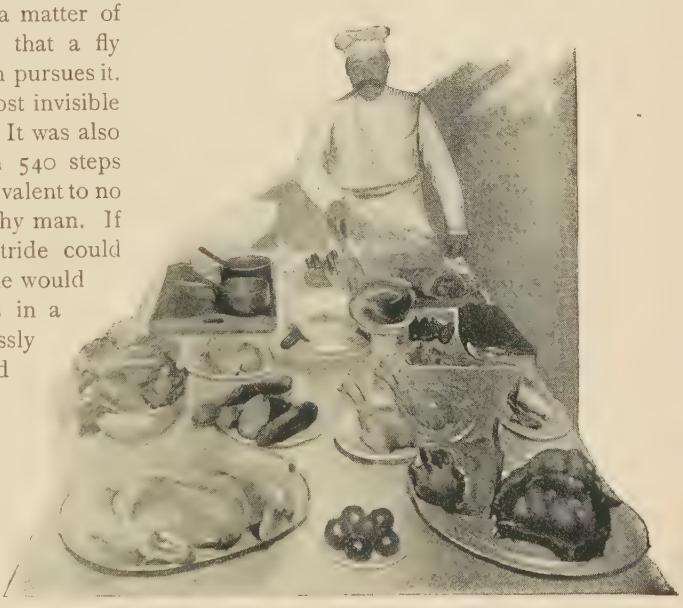
A fly so minute as to be almost invisible ran nearly 3in. in half a second. It was also calculated to make no fewer than 540 steps in a space of time practically equivalent to no more than the pulsation of a healthy man. If a man making but a two-foot stride could only move with the same agility he would run more than twenty-four miles in a minute, which compares pitilessly with Mr. W. G. George's record mile of 4min. 12¾sec.

The mention of athletics suggests the subject of endurance, but here, too, the man compares badly with the insect. An Italian named Succi derived no small notoriety some time ago from his power of fasting, but if he only had an insect's power of abstaining from food his performance would have been much more wonderful.

A mite of almost invisible proportions was gummed to the point of a needle, and in this uncomfortable position lived for no fewer than eleven weeks. A spider, too, notwithstanding his enormous appetite when food is plentiful, has lived for ten months when absolutely deprived of every kind of food; and a beetle has lived in a similar state of saintly abstention for three years!

The power of taking punishment gamely is the pugilist's boast, but if a pugilist could only stand as much as many inhabitants of the insect world, it would be almost impossible to force him to surrender. Many insects in presence of danger feign death, and will allow themselves to be rolled about and even dismembered without showing any symptoms of vitality. Not even of the Spartans is quite so much coolness as this recorded.

In one respect the philosopher and social economist will most probably yield the palm to the insect and do it gratefully, and that is in its power of reproducing its species. In the instance of the aphides—those curious little green creatures who infest our plants—they are so prodigal in the reproduction of



If a man had the appetite of a spider, this would represent his breakfast.

their species, that gardeners look on them in the light of a plague. Fortunately their existence is not entirely a peaceful one, or we should frequently have a repetition of the Belgian horror of 1833-34, when they infested the whole district from Bruges to Ghent, so that the walls of the houses were indistinguishable.

Even the common house-fly is so regardless of economic conditions that it is computed that a female fly might become in a single season the ancestress of no fewer than

This would be a simple acrobatic feat, if man had the agility of the driver-ant.

4,172,286,103,628,713,559,320 flies. This calculation seems like an attempt to estimate the grains of sand on a seashore. It has been made by Professor L. O. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology at Washington, who has ascertained data to support the statement.

If the architectural skill of man rivalled that of the African ant, his houses would pierce the clouds.

The most reliable symbol of civilisation is the house. This is unquestionable.

There is a story of a shipwrecked mariner who, fancying himself cast on a savage coast, came across a gibbet from which a body was swinging, and exclaimed: "Thank God! this is a civilised land!"

The story is obviously a piece of satire. From the earliest times, and in all nationalities, the grandeur and stability of the palace and the homestead have been the truest indications of a nation's prosperity. Whenever we want to indicate our importance we build. The crown of London is St. Paul's, and the crown of civilisation, the Great Pyramid.

But the only endeavour which man has ever made to rival what an insect has, proportionately, done, and continuously does, was the building of the Tower of Babel. The African ant (Termites) is quite an architect, and small as it is, nothing less than a palace which is frequently 20ft. in height will please him. If the architectural skill of a man equalled that of this insect, he could build himself "a lordly pleasure-house," whose upper storeys would pierce the clouds, assuming the scales to be in the same proportion to his height, as the ant-mound is to the ant.

Another branch of this ingenious family, known as the driver-ant, puts in the shade our whole art of military tactics, and would defy the imitation of the most skilled acrobats we

can boast. Should a battalion of driver-ants encounter a river in their march, they coolly join in a long line, and, depending from the branch of a tree, allow themselves to be blown across to the other side, where they fasten on to the first obstacle they encounter—usually the branch of another tree—and across this improvised bridge the whole company passes. When the other side is reached the bridge is allowed to drop on the starting side, and the ants who have formed it, climbing over the shoulders of their companions in true acrobatic fashion, are soon once more in line for marching.

The nearest approach to this feat which has been attempted is the leading feature of a melodrama, which has long been a stock attraction in the provinces. One of the situations demands a ready means of flight for the heroine across a yawning chasm—the predicament is almost as great as was that of Eliza in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," when the crashing ice-floe stood between her and freedom —and it is saved by three acrobats throwing themselves across the abyss and forming an improvised bridge, across which the heroine speeds.

Of the various members of the insect world, the flea is a well-known if a not very pleasant specimen. His obtrusive familiarity has made his existence one that cannot be ignored, and, perhaps, in consequence of this, he has long been the recipient of unusual attention.

The flea has been trained, or coerced, into doing many ingenious things, such as drawing a coach, turning the handle of a draw-well, etc., but in popular estimation his skill as a jumper is his greatest achievement. This acrobatic faculty of the flea is so well known that scientists have taken the trouble to ascertain full particulars of the feat, so that we know for a certainty that the flea jumps with ease a hundred times his own height.

If a boy could jump as well as a flea, he could clear St. Paul's Cathedral at a single bound.

Now if a schoolboy—who is generally as fond of jumping as a flea—had the insect's ability in this direction, he could clear the cross of St. Paul's at a bound, even if he were a very little boy, say, only 3ft. 8in. in height, for this would give him the power of springing 366ft. 8in. into the air, which would enable him to clear the cross by a good 20in.

If a man ever acquires the strength of a flea proportionately, Sandow, Gerard, and all the other strong men must look to their laurels, for a flea can quite easily lift twenty-four times its own weight; and if we take an average cavalryman—who, according to Mulhall, weighs 155lb.—we find that he should be able to sustain a platform weighing 150lb., on which are stationed two mounted horse-soldiers of similar weight to himself,

the equipment of each weighing 125lb., and each horse 1350lb. Indeed, there would still be room on the platform for a couple more soldiers.

Another member of the insect family from whom our soldiers might take a hint is the beetle, which is well-nigh invulnerable, and is none the worse for being transfixed in all directions. It is said that some of the bullets of the newer rifles will pass so quickly through the bodies of soldiers, that the soldiers are not aware of the fact that they have been shot, and forget to die. As such a state of things would entirely upset the theory of warfare, the dum-dum bullet was invented, which flattens on meeting an object, and does as much mischief as even a military pamphleteer might desire.

But whatever may be said of the assaults of bullets, the sword and bayonet are cold matter-of-fact weapons, which always wound effectively, and the thrust of a few inches of steel—or its commercial substitute—is certain to place a soldier *hors de combat*.

If man were as invulnerable as the beetle, he would not be inconvenienced by sword thrusts.

Such an assault has seemingly no effect on a beetle, and to realise how useful would be such invulnerability on the part of a soldier, we have to picture one transfixed in all directions, and apparently finding his digestion and spirits improved by the operation.

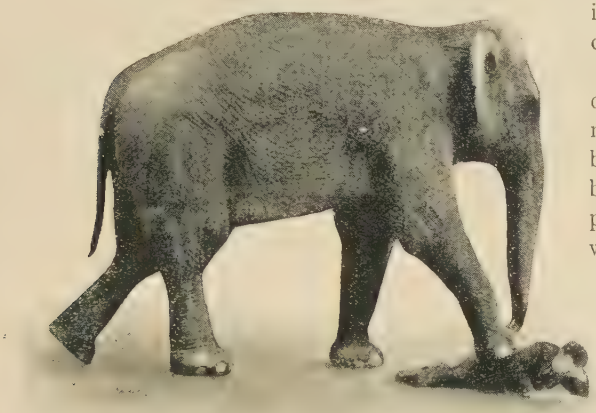
Beetles which have been securely pinned down to a card by the entomologist, will wriggle off the pin if possible, and should they succeed, they will run away apparently unhurt.

Beetles are curious in more ways than one. Some of them have a mechanical fad, and go in for carpentering. When a carpenter-beetle comes across a specimen of woodwork, which probably you prize for its beauty or utility, he bores it hollow. A garden-seat which has received his attentions has collapsed like an egg-shell beneath the weight of its owner to his no small surprise and not less annoyance,—but what faddist ever considers the feelings of others?

What are known as the burying or sexton beetles devote themselves to sanitation as a fad, and most industriously bury all dead bodies they come across, such as moles, mice, and the like. As a rule this is done by a beetle battalion, but an instance is known where a single beetle succeeded in burying a

If a man, in proportion to his size, were as strong as a flea, he could support two mounted soldiers and two infantry-men quite easily.

mole, which was certainly forty times its own size. Some beetles, too, have a charming



If man had the resisting power of a beetle, he would not mind being trampled on by an elephant.

indifference to being trampled on, so that if we possessed a similar imperviousness it would be quite possible for the summer poet to continue his readings on the flowery mead, quite oblivious of the fact that an elephant was treading on him, assuming such an accident to happen.

The little horn-beetle, in a strength competition with the flea—or, indeed, with most other insects—would be an easy winner. The flea can lift twenty-four times its weight with ease, but the horn-beetle thinks nothing of lifting more than two hundred times its own weight. Should we ever be its equal in strength, we shall probably see a young lady pianist going to an "At home" with a grand piano dangling from a strap on her arm, just as we may now see a shop-girl tripping blithely along bearing a millinery-box.

The way in which the ancient Egyptian and Sir Christopher Wren have been left behind by the ant, with its 2oft. mound, it would be humiliating to us to refer to a second time; but the tent-pitchers of Suburbia might take a lesson from the hornet and many another insect whose homes are marvels of constructive ingenuity.

In Suburbia we have the semi-detached villa, and that acme of respectability, the "detached villa"; but why not take a leaf out of the book of the insect master-builder, and provide the "wholly detached villa," which would surely appeal to the timid whose governing dread is the burglar. Suspended from the branches of trees, frequently from a leaf which is utilised as a sheltering canopy, we come across many beautiful homes in which the insect lords of creation reside, in a large measure safe from intrusion or attack, and surrounded by all the comforts of home.

The trees of Suburbia are neither high nor healthy enough to admit of Mr. Jones's villa being suspended from their topmost branches, but while we are waiting for the acclimatisation of the big wood of California, surely a mechanical means of suspension could be devised.

It is hot—almost sweltering—as I write, and with summer comes a desire for holidays

A horn-beetle can lift two hundred times its own weight. Under the same circumstances the school-girl could carry her own piano almost as easily as she would now carry a portfolio of music.

A building, suspended in mid-air, could be easily erected by many insect architects.

—and the house-fly! There is a connection between the delight and the pest—at all events, in the ideas they conjure up in one's mind—for if one could only rival the commonest efforts of the house-fly when holiday-making, what a delight mountaineering would become.

There goes a fly, running up the window-pane with as much ease as I can walk across the floor.

We are told that men never can fly, and never will fly. The statement is generally detailed, so as to be the more positive; but no one denies that men can walk, and always will walk. Why, therefore, can they not walk like flies?

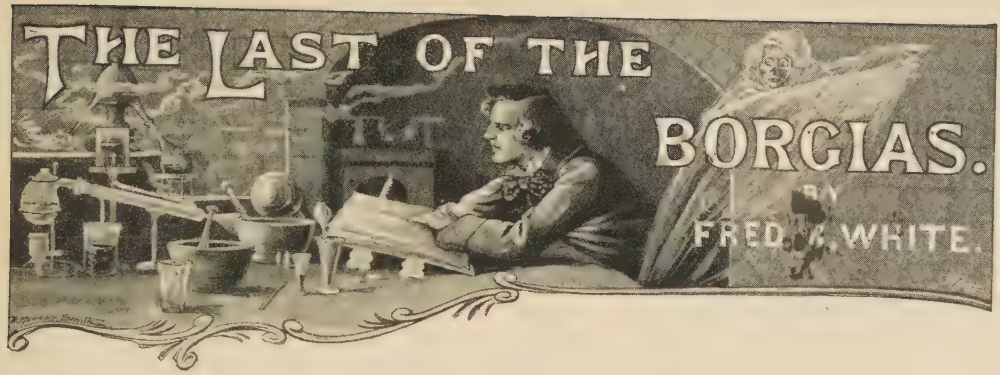
The method by which flies can walk in any position is well understood. It is a simple effect caused by the creation of a vacuum and the utilisation of atmospheric pressure.

We have walking boots, riding boots, dancing pumps, and snow-shoes. Why not vacuum boots?

It must sometimes occasion surprise that where so many examples of successful endeavour surround us, we should find it impossible to imitate them notwithstanding the wonderful advances we have made in science and mechanics. In aeronautics, for instance, investigators have always selected birds as their models, but in the aerial movements of birds there is nothing one-half so wonderful as that exhibited by a cloud of midges in a shower of rain, when, without any apparent effort, they actually succeed in dodging the innumerable and incessant drops.

Surely nothing tends more to make us look small than comparison with the smallest of our fellow-creatures.

What a man could do, if he were a fly.



(Being the Strange History of Victor Colonna, Professor of Science, and his Experiments in the Lost Art of Poisoning).

No. V.—THE VARTEG NECKLACE.

(A Complete Story.)

I.

Counsel with the sleek head and large, loose mouth intimated that her Grace had no wish to press the charge; indeed, counsel might assure the Bench in confidence that the Duchess had approached this matter with the deepest pain. She desired to withdraw from the prosecution; she was even willing to take the prisoner into her service again. Of such kindly stuff are duchesses made.

Bench was dubious; Bench was a soured individual, who had been disappointed in a County Court judgeship; and Bench regarded this as a serious matter. Had not his learned friend stated that the stolen necklace was worth £30,000? Certainly such a statement had fallen from the loose mouth. But the inconvenience to her Grace! In fact, her Grace did not see when she could appear to prosecute.

"Case dismissed," said the Bench. "Prisoner, you are discharged."

The tall girl with the tiger-lily face gazed helplessly around her. Colonna, who had been a scientific witness in a case just remanded, watched her intently. Whatever the prisoner's vices were, she was no thief. And Ia Ian, as the prisoner was described, looked exceedingly refined and ladylike, even for the maid of a duchess.

"You are discharged," the Bench repeated sharply. "Go away."

The prisoner drew a deep breath, as if to speak; then she seemed to change her mind. In an aimless, dreamy kind of way she drifted out of court like a human derelict floating along the stream of souls. But Colonna, who followed behind, noted how rigidly the hands were clenched. He stepped to the girl's side.

"You are in trouble," he said. "Can I assist you?"

The girl turned a pair of fearless, velvety black eyes upon the speaker. Beneath their liquid beauty, Colonna could read the passionate despair.

"If you can compel a liar to speak the truth, you can," Ia Ian replied.

Her English was perfect enough, clear and mellifluous, and yet suggestive of the bells and pomegranates. There was originality here, as well as beauty, and Colonna was interested.

"I have done stranger things than that," he said. "You may know my name—Colonna."

"Oh, yes. You are the great doctor. They say you can do witchcraft. But you can't make a duchess apologise to a tiring maid."

"Why should I attempt so grotesque a thing?"

"Because you could be of no assistance to

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me without. You were in court, and heard the charge against me. Dr. Colonna, do I look like a thief?"

"You look no more like a thief than a—a lady's maid."

"Thank you. And yet there are few people who would believe my story. If you knew my history, you would say it was worthy of publication. And now I am practically penniless, without a home, and I have been proclaimed as a felon."

"Would it be a liberty on my part to ask you to tell me the story?"

"Not at all. There are times when sympathy and advice are worth untold gold. Do you know why I turned in this direction? I was going to throw myself over Waterloo Bridge."

Colonna attempted no pretty platitudes. On the contrary, in the most natural way, he suggested a chat in the comparative solitude of the Temple Gardens.

"I shall not detain you long," said Ia. "You must know that my father was a Scotchman, with a wild, romantic strain in his blood. Change of scene and adventure were absolutely essential to him, and I have often heard him boast that he has been in a score of places where no white man has ever set foot before. In Brazil there are certain forests which have never yet been explored — or so people think. Well, my father has been there, and, what is more, he has lived for ten years with one of the tribes. It was there that he made his great discovery, and it was there that he came into possession of the Varteg necklace, which is the cause of all my trouble."

"You mean you were charged with stealing your own property?" Colonna asked.

"You have guessed it exactly. That wonderful necklace originally came from Italy, but how it found its way amongst the Varteg tribe will probably remain a mystery to the end of time. My father's opinion was that those people were originally Italian refugees, who wandered away behind the belts of forest, which were subsequently rendered impregnable by some mighty earthquake. At any rate, there they are, and there was the necklace. When my father was dying, he gave that necklace into my possession as my fortune. We were far away from any friends, and we had little money. My instructions were to come to England, and take service with some lady of position here, so that when I came to tell my story I should be protected against robbery and suspicion. Furthermore, I was told that the necklace possessed certain hidden qualities, and that it was never to be worn for more than five minutes on the bare flesh. I fancy that in some way the stones were poisoned with some native

He stepped to the girl's side.

preparation, the Vartegs being experts in that direction."

"You can hardly tell how you interest me," said Colonna. "Did your father ever tell you the name of this particular poison?"

"Oh, yes," Ia said confidently. "It was called *pyrium*."

"Amazing!" Colonna cried. "That was one of the most jealously guarded and secret poisons of the Borgias. And those savages you speak of actually possessed the Latin name. Moreover, the drug is well known to me, and its effects are exactly as you shadow. Tell me, did you ever wear that necklace?"

"I have had it on several times, of course. For five minutes it has no effect whatever. Then it seems to gall the skin, to pinch and burn in the most uncomfortable way, after which I always took it off. You will doubtless laugh at what I am going to say, but, after I have done so, I have several times imagined that I could see in red letters my name on my throat."

"Laughter is far enough away from me at the present time," said Colonna. "I have the best of reasons for knowing that every word you say is true. You have opened up a new field of thought and research for me. But I interrupt you."

"There is little more to tell," said Ia. "For twelve months I have been maid to the Duchess of Isleworth, and a week or two ago I decided to show the necklace to my mistress, and ask her advice and assistance. Unfortunately I did so. It so happens that her Grace has a necklace very much like mine, and you can imagine my feelings when I was accused of impudently stealing this. I lost my temper and said things, the upshot of which was that I was given into custody for stealing a diamond necklace. The Duchess produced her empty case, and—but the rest you know. What was the use of my protesting with such a power opposed to me?"

"I see your point," Colonna said thoughtfully. "Is her Grace short of money?"

"That is really the gist of the whole matter," Ia answered. "Her Grace had certain heavy gambling debts to meet, and she had to pawn her own stones to do so. I can even tell you where they are at the present time. She has a heart of flint and a nerve of steel. A little audacity, and I was powerless. See how she poses as my benefactress still! Dr. Colonna, I am absolutely ruined."

Colonna pondered over the strange story for a time. "I think I can see a way out of the difficulty," he said at length. "Already I have a vague idea of what may be done. But you must place yourself entirely in my hands."

Ia's eyes flashed. A new determination possessed her.

"My fortune has gone," she exclaimed. "I have been robbed of that. But it is a small matter by comparison. But bereft of my good name, how am I to live? Restore me that, and you have my lasting gratitude."

"I will restore both your treasures," Colonna said quietly. "But I am afraid that you will find the conditions somewhat hard."

"To gain what you promise, no condition could be too hard."

"Not even the stipulation that you should accept the offer of the Duchess, and resume the post she is keeping open for you?"

Ia made no reply for the moment. Her head was slightly turned from Colonna, but he could see the white cameo of the face cold and rigid.

"It will be hard, indeed," the girl said presently. "Why should I do that?"

"It is absolutely necessary," said Colonna. "Unless I have in that house an ally, who is both bold and fearless, I can do nothing."

Ia nodded. Her teeth were clenched tightly. The colour was returning slowly to her cheeks; the steely glitter of her eyes faded. It was evident that her mind was made up.

"I will do it," she said, "because I feel I can trust you; and unless you have the same feeling, our endeavours will end in failure. Go on."

"Then, to proceed. Directly you enter that house, and resume your position, I want you to be a thief in earnest. The fact of your return will be evidence to the Duchess that she has you utterly crushed, and she will be contemptuously careless. You will have to steal your own necklace——"

"It would be missed at the end of four-and-twenty hours."

"Which would be more than sufficient for my purpose," Colonna said drily. "Come, you must know all the Duchess's engagements —you know which is the safest time to borrow your own property."

Ia pondered the matter for a time.

"You can have it on Thursday morning. It will not be required till Friday, when we are giving the reception of the season. If you like, I will bring the necklace to you personally."

"Good," said Colonna. "Here is my card. And whatever you do, don't fail to bring the *original* case of the necklace with you."

II.

Colonna's orders on the Thursday to his housekeeper were terse and pointed. If a lady called, she was to be admitted to him, and after her departure the doctor was in to nobody. This matter being settled, Colonna turned to his cigarette and *The Morning Post*.

He was looking for the name of the Duchess of Isleworth in that exclusive organ, nor had he far to seek, for the lady's name loomed largely on the sheet. Colonna read as follows:—

The dinner and reception to be given by the Duchess of Isleworth at Isleworth House to-morrow will be one of the most brilliant functions which wind up the season. Over a thousand invitations have been accepted for the reception.

Colonna smiled as he read. During the last ten days he had not been idle. The Duchess was one of the most gorgeous butterflies flitting over the purple *parterre* of Society, but it would have puzzled the past masters in Burke and Debrett to say from whence her Grace had originally arrived.

Colonna could have enlightened the curious as to where the amiable old Duke had discovered the icy concrete he called his wife. Mixed up with the story was a murder, to say nothing of a brace of American divorces, and there were times when the smell of strong liquors conjured up before her Grace's hard, handsome eyes memories of the sawdust shanty where her earliest education was neglected.

The purest chance had pitchforked this information in Colonna's way, and he meant to use it when the time came. He felt absolute confidence in the issue. So long as Ia procured the necklace, success was certain.

Ia came punctual to the appointed moment. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled. There was no occasion to ask whether she had failed.

"I have brought it," she said, "and I have not forgotten to place the stones in the case my father gave to me. Will you see it now?"

Colonna waved the proffered treasure aside. He had his own particular reasons for not caring to examine the jewels until he was alone.

"Kindly place it on the sideboard," he suggested. "When would you like to have the thing returned?"

"To make sure, could you manage it by six o'clock to-day?"

"Yes. I shall be out then, but the parcel shall be left for you. I presume that no suspicions have been aroused."

"Not at all," Ia replied. "You know the Duchess, Dr. Colonna? I see your name on the list of reception guests for to-morrow night."

"I certainly intend to be present," Colonna smiled. "But, as to knowing the Duchess personally, I have not that extreme pleasure. I owe my introduction to a friend. I presume your mistress will wear that necklace to-morrow?"

"Of course. There need not be any doubt on that point."

"Then you may regard your little matter as settled. Before eight-and-forty hours are over your head you shall have both the necklace and your good name untarnished. And now, I shall be obliged if you will be so good as to leave me. I have much to do between now and the time of your return. But, one thing, be careful. *Under no consideration is the Duchess to wear the necklace to-night.*"

"Oh, she will not," Ia exclaimed. "Her Grace is going down East after dinner to some lecture there, and she intends to retire early."

Ia slipped gracefully away. No sooner did Colonna hear the door closed behind

her than he tossed his cigarette on the fire and took up the shabby and faded case which contained the brilliant cause of so much trouble. His fingers trembled as he threw back the lid. The inside of this was filled with vellum, yellow with age, and stained in a curious fashion.

"This is stupendous," Colonna murmured. "Beyond question this gaudy treasure has passed through the hands of the Borgias. There is no mistaking the perfumes of the *pyrium;* nothing else could cause these stains. Some offshoot of the family must have fled for life with the necklace, and drifted abroad, then subsequently been merged into this tribe of Varteg. Did anyone ever hear so strange a story? And the strangest thing of all is that the *pyrium* should have retained some of its nature after the lapse of centuries — and merely painted on the stones at that. But stop. Did not Ia tell me that after wearing the necklace she could see her name? I begin to see a happy inspiration of her father here."

He tossed his cigarette on the fire.

Holding the back of one of the centre stones—the five large drops—Colonna examined it carefully under a strong glass. As he did so, his eyes twinkled with satisfaction.

"It is there," he exclaimed, "and an artistic hand has been at work here. A weak solution of *byrrh* will restore the lost strength of the *pyrium*."

Colonna dived into his laboratory, presently to return with some milky liquid in a zinc bath, into which he plunged the necklace. This he carefully withdrew with a wire hook, and allowed it to stand till dry. On the back of the five centre stones, each nearly an inch in diameter, Colonna could trace something that resembled dull frosted letters.

Even then the man of science did not appear to be satisfied. On the fleshy part of his forearm he pressed the back of one of the stones, and there retained it until two minutes had been ticked off on the watch. From the expression of Colonna's face, this operation was not free from pain, for his features were drawn, and his hands were tightly clenched together.

"A curious sensation," Colonna said with a sigh of relief as he removed the pressure at length. "Something like being tickled with red-hot feathers. And now to see if I am correct in my deductions."

Sure enough, when Colonna came to examine the white flesh, something very like a capital "I" seemed to be branded in purple upon it. Colonna appeared to be perfectly satisfied. From a long flexible tube by his side he produced some greasy, creamy substance, which on being applied to the scar caused it to disappear.

"A dangerous heirloom," he said. "Ian had no right to place so deadly a gaud in his daughter's hands without fully explaining its

perils to her. Fortunately she has always implicitly obeyed the instructions not to wear it for more than five minutes. Ten would have been fatal without this antidote. Once justice has been done, I must rob the necklace of its fangs."

Apparently, Colonna was not yet at the end of his labours. Satisfied so far, he proceeded to turn his attention to the clasp of the necklace. The fastening was ancient, but no less ingenious for that. To a certain extent the spring had weakened. Once within his laboratory, Colonna rigged up a blow-pipe and tube attached to the gas, and in this proceeded to soften the precious metal. An hour's work with a file and a pair of pliers completed the alterations to Colonna's satisfaction. On mature consideration he decided to remain until Ia called again. When the girl came, Colonna was ready to receive her.

"You feel satisfied," said Ia. "I can see it by your face."

"Perfectly satisfied," Colonna replied. "I had a happy thought just now, and decided to make assurance doubly sure. Tell me, has the Duchess ever worn the necklace?"

"Never yet in public."

"Well, it matters little either way. Here is the thing. I snap the clasp thus. Will you try and open it?"

With a smile Ia made the attempt. But she did not succeed. "Strange," she murmured, "I have done it a hundred times before. Is this some of your wonderful witchcraft?"

"Not at all," Colonna replied. "I am an expert where old gold and silver craft is concerned. I saw at once that the clasp of the necklace was partially out of order or you could never have opened it from the swivel as you attempted. For the last hour or two I have been directing my attention to repairing the damage. If you will press your finger upon one of those raised studs the clasp will yield."

"I fail to see the point," said Ia.

"It is apparently a slight one," said Colonna, "but the point is of vital importance all the same. I so desire that, when the Duchess of Isleworth places this necklace about her neck, she will be powerless to remove it without assistance."

"The assistance of its real owner," Ia suggested with a smile.

"That will certainly tell in your favour," Colonna replied drily; "but that is not all. You will grasp the importance of it in good time. The Duchess is not above the assistance of art from the toilet point of view."

"She is terribly made up," Ia said tartly.

"Ah, I see you are a woman like the rest. So much the better for us. Take this little tablet and see that it is dissolved in the water with which the Duchess laves her face and hands to-morrow evening before dressing. It is merely something to harden the skin until the evening is well advanced. I don't want to say any more at present. Only, if I want you to-morrow night, be near at hand."

The cream of the morning journals had indulged in no eagle flights of journalese in alluding to the Duchess of Isleworth's reception as a brilliant function. The season had been an unusually smart one, the mortality amongst princelings had fallen to the lowest ebb, and Society had lingered on longer than usual. But the party in question was really the beginning of the end.

By midnight the magnificent suite of apartments was crammed with beauty and intellect and fashion. For once every lady seemed to be pleased and happy, save the elderly host, who would have cheerfully seen the whole glittering pack thrown out of the windows if such a course had only cleared his drowsy path to bed.

Never perhaps had the Duchess of Isleworth looked so superbly handsome. The liquid beauty of the great stones about her neck seemed to frame her loveliness in a stream of fire. She was listening with deepest interest to Colonna, who, in the centre of a circle, was discoursing of some poisons and their effects. Colonna was something more than the comet of a season.

"I can scarcely credit it," said the Duchess. "This is a cynical age, doctor."

"From a professional point of view, no doubt," Colonna replied. "But I am telling you the truth. Those diamonds of yours, for instance."

"What of them?" the Duchess asked sharply.

"It is possible to render them more dangerous than a string of cobras. I believe those stones played their part in the police court recently. Your maid claimed them. I compliment your Grace on your generosity in that matter."

The Duchess smiled. But her eyes no longer met those of Colonna.

"You are not going to tell me that these heirlooms are poisoned?" she cried.

"Perhaps not," replied Colonna. "Those diamonds are centuries old—the gold work proves it Now I have in my possession a drawing of a necklace belonging to one of the Borgias which is absolutely a facsimile of the one you are wearing. The necklace in question played an important part in many a political crime. So far as I can gather, the distinguished owner finally incurred the displeasure of the Government, and had to fly for his life. Then comes the most extraordinary part of the story. The necklace turned up amongst a semi-barbarous tribe in Central America. As to the rest I can say nothing."

She was listening with deepest interest to Colonna.

"Do you mean to say," the Duchess demanded, "that my maid's audacious story—practically the same as yours—was founded on fact?"

"Emphatically," said Colonna. "A strange coincidence, is it not? Still, as you say your necklace is a family heirloom—why——"

And Colonna waved the suggestion carelessly aside.

"Positively, you frighten me," the Duchess laughed. "But we are not going to have our curiosity baffled in this irritating way. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that this necklace is the—well, the other one. Do you mean to say that the poison would still remain on it after the lapse of centuries?"

"Had that necklace been in the ark," said Colonna, "the effect would be equally deadly. Is your Grace ill?"

"No," came the hasty reply. "I have a strong imagination, and you startled me. What would the effect of the poison be?"

"The poison is just touched on the backs of the stones where they lie on the neck. After a quarter of an hour minute red specks appear, and the necklace seems to grow so hot that it can no longer be worn. In a few days—unless the proper antidote is supplied

One touch and the string of limpid fires fell tinkling to the floor.

—the poison eats into the lungs, and before long the victim dies, apparently of rapid consumption."

As Colonna replied, he stole a rapid glance at his victim. He did not fail to note the yellow, sickly pallor of the cheeks, all the more ghastly under bloom *de Ninon* and powder of pearls. The Duchess laughed again.

"Then I am quite safe," she said. "I have worn my necklace over two hours."

"To keep up the play," said Colonna, "that does not free you. My ancestors were in the habit of preparing a more or less weak solution, that they contrived to have applied to the skins of their victim, thereby nullifying the poison for one, two, or three hours, as the circumstances of the case required."

With which parting shot, Colonna backed away, and melted into the crowd. It was nearly an hour before he approached his hostess again. That she was suffering physical pain, was patent to the meanest understanding. That she was frightened, the blank terror in her eyes proved. A shaking hand was clasped to her throat.

"Doctor," she whispered, "you may deem me mad, but positively I am suffering from all the sensations you described. Is it imagination or reality? These stones seem to me to be burning into the flesh."

"Imagination," Colonna suggested. "But why not remove the necklace?"

"I have tried to without attracting attention, but I cannot unfasten the clasp."

"Not loosen the clasp of your own necklace. You are joking with me!"

"Indeed I am doing nothing of the sort," came the passionate reply. "It appears to me to be some patent, ingenious affair. You say you have a facsimile drawing of this—would you mind trying to open it for me?"

Colonna professed his willingness to do so, but either his fingers were clumsy, or he had forgotten the key to his own handiwork.

"I have failed," he said presently. "Shall I call in that audacious maid of yours? As she claimed the necklace, perhaps she can open it."

Had Colonna suddenly slashed his hostess across the face she had not cowered away from him in more fearful fashion. Sick and faint, she fell limp upon a seat. By this time a host of guests were standing by concernedly.

"I must send for your maid," Colonna said firmly.

The Duchess held out a limp, detaining hand. But her strength was not equal to her resolution. The word was passed along rapidly, and in a short time Ia appeared. Colonna explained the situation to her.

"*I* can open it," she said with a certain proud humility. "It would be strange if I did not know the secret of my own property."

One touch and the string of limpid fires fell tinkling to the floor. Her Grace of Isleworth gave a great sigh of relief. She summoned up a smile to her lips.

"It was nothing," she said. "I suppose my nerves are out of order——"

"Dr. Colonna," cried a voice from the crowd. "Dr. Colonna, what you told us just now was *true*. There are the red marks like letters on her throat——"

Colonna caught a shawl hastily, and threw it over the bare gleaming shoulders of his victim.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed; "a truce to this folly. The necklace was over tight, and naturally that caused the irritation. Put the necklace in your pocket, Duchess, and do me the honour of taking my arm to some cooler spot. This room is too warm for you. Shall we try the library?"

The Duchess was perfectly willing. By the time the library was reached she had recovered the major portion of her self-possession.

"I was horribly frightened," she said with a deep inspiration. "Am I marked, doctor?"

"Your Grace shall judge for yourself," said Colonna. His manner was curiously crisp and icy. On a table lay a Benares mirror framed in brass. As the Duchess flung off her wrap, Colonna held the glass before her eyes. She looked into it like a statue of terror.

Well she might, for across the creamy whiteness of her throat were five letters in a thin crescent, standing out like characters of blood thus:

IA IAN

Her Grace passed up the stairs like a trail of lambent cloud.

For full five minutes they both stood like characters in some striking tableau. With the pitiful face of a little child, the Duchess turned to Colonna.

"What does it mean?" she whispered.

"It seems to me," said Colonna, "that the solution is ridiculously easy. You stole that necklace from Ia Ian. Her story was true, as yours was false. You sold your own diamonds to pay your gambling debts, and you took Ia's to replace them. That is the identical necklace which was found by Ia's father among the Vartegs; but you know all about that as well as I do. Perhaps the poison after this lapse of time requires a longer time to act, perhaps Ia's father deliberately toned it down; but at any rate he has proved to whom the necklace really belonged. You must give it up."

"Oh, I will. I confess everything. I did take advantage of my position to steal it. But the poison, the poison. And I am not fit to die."

"You may make your mind quite easy on that score," Colonna said coldly. "You are not going to die. I may say that Ia was fortunate enough to fall in with me and tell me her story some days ago. At my desire she returned to your employ, and at my request she brought me the necklace yesterday. Directly I inspected it I saw what was going to happen to the wearer; but I wanted to teach you a lesson, and get justice done at

the same time. I have done both. Here is a little tube of an unguent which, if applied to your neck, will remove those marks, and nullify all evil effects. But I give it to you on one condition—you must clear Ia's name."

"And for ever lose my own."

"Not at all. The thing need not be done to-night. There need be no exposure. I am certain that Miss Ian will have no desire to cause you unnecessary humiliation. Come, you boasted just now that you had a strong imagination. We will give you four-and-twenty hours to think the matter over. The necklace you will give to me now. Can you see a way out?"

A flash of inspiration illuminated the face of the Duchess. "I have it," she cried. "Place that shawl around my shoulders again. Now give me your arm."

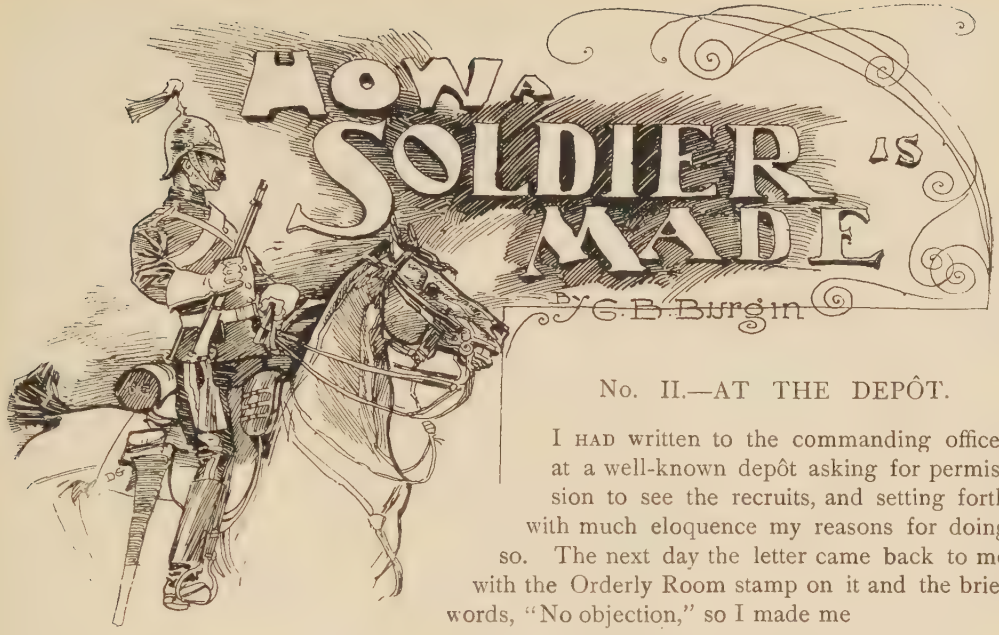
The speaker swept into her drawing-room again, once more smiling, strong, and reliant.

"Really, there was very little the matter," she said in a clear voice to those who had gathered eagerly around her. "Poison! What nonsense! Doctor Colonna was exaggerating. The reason of my distress was because just now I made a discovery that pained me deeply. I find I have done my maid an injury I can never wipe out. The necklace is hers after all. I only found it out when I discovered that the clasp is quite different to mine. The romantic part would take too long to tell here, but, almost at the same time as my maid showed me that necklace, I missed my own. Ah! the danger of a headstrong nature like mine! When I found to-night the injury I had done I was in despair. I racked my brains. Suddenly it came upon me that two years ago, in a fit of somnambulism, I had hidden some valuables in an old oak chest. At once I rushed to the place, and found——"

"Your own necklace," said the chorus.

"Wasn't it terrible?" the Duchess said, with a sweet, sad smile. "Good people, excuse me for a moment, as I must see Ia at once. Doctor Colonna, you have my scent bottle in your hand."

Colonna passed over the tube of unguent, and, with it tightly clasped in her hand, her Grace passed up the stairs like a trail of lambent cloud.



No. II.—AT THE DEPÔT.

I HAD written to the commanding officer at a well-known depôt asking for permission to see the recruits, and setting forth with much eloquence my reasons for doing so. The next day the letter came back to me with the Orderly Room stamp on it and the brief words, "No objection," so I made me

Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage.

When I drove up to the Orderly Room and asked for the writer of my "permit," some one in uniform proudly informed me that he had written it himself, and that I had better see the Adjutant. The Adjutant kindly handed me over to the care of one of the tallest and handsomest men I have ever seen, stalwart S. S. M. Jones, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who was on the eve of departure with a "draft" for Rawul Pindi.

The transport season begins in September and goes on until March. Before the "draft" starts, the men are exempt from drills for a few days, and are given a holiday in which to see their friends and show off their smart uniforms. They generally join the "trooper" in very good spirits, despite the lugubrious picture drawn by our most picturesque living writer on military matters:

> Stuck in 'eavy marchin'-order, sopped an' wringin'—
> Sick, before our hour to watch 'er 'eave an' fall,
> 'Ere's your 'appy 'ome at last, an' stop your singin'.
> 'Alt. Fall in along the troop-deck. Silence all!"

"We'd better take a Tommy from the time he gets up until he goes to bed again," my guide suggested. "Tommy" seems to be the favourite military abbreviation for "Thomas Atkins"; and so, after a preliminary look-round at various recruits in all stages of dress and undress, and a romp with half-a-dozen unmuzzled terriers, who seemed to be off duty for the day, we started round the depôt to inspect our future heroes, whom I once heard described by an enthusiastic old lady as "the defendiours and preserviours of our country."

When Tommy Atkins reaches the cavalry depôt, he feels that he has made his first step towards winning the Victoria Cross. It is to be his home for at least nine months; for it takes about that time to "handle" alike the horse and his rider, who start level—one has never before pointed a rifle, and the other has never been mounted.

For the whole of the first nine months the new recruit seldom has an idle moment. Directly he has finished one exercise he begins another. If he possesses a good physique, the unremitting work he has to do makes a man of him in every sense of the word; but it is as well in the beginning of this article to disabuse the intending recruit of the idea that he will have an easy time of it. If he does not mean to work hard he had better not enlist; for the British army exacts the utmost proficiency from its soldiers, and the intending

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loafer will soon find that he has made a mistake.

"Tommy" generally arrives at the depôt about ten o'clock, feeling a little dispirited after his arduous interview with the Medical Officer in the earlier part of the day. Naturally, he is very hungry and is given some supper. The supper-room (it is just inside the barrack gates) is self supporting, and most of the food is sold at cost price; the profits are made on the flour and the pastry. After a hearty meal Tommy goes to bed, and, tired out by the novelty of his experiences, sleeps the sleep of one determined to economise his strength for his country's sake.

The next morning he is awakened by what is technically known as "The revelly" (*Reveillé*), and, probably for the first time in his life, rises at five-thirty (5.30 in summer only, 6.30 in winter). As a preliminary step, he is made to take a bath and is given some breakfast. Then he has to be clothed. If he is a "time-expired man," anxious to serve again, but who is forbidden to do so by the regulations, he is quite at home and orders things to his liking. The craving to get back to the army is very often great among men who have once served. Mr. Kipling describes the sensations of an old hand, who has managed to persuade the doctor that he has never enlisted before, and gets back to barracks as a recruit:—

I took my bath, an' I waller'd—for, Gawd, I needed it so!
I smelt the smell of the barricks, I 'eard the bugles go.
I 'eard the feet on the gravel—the feet of the men wot drill—
An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart-strings, I sez to 'em—Peace, be still!

I carried my slops to the tailor. I sez to 'im, "None o' your lip;
You tight 'em over the shoulders, an' loose 'em over the 'ip,
For the set o' the tunic's 'orrid." An' 'e sez to me, "Strike me dead!
But I thought you was used to the business." An' so 'e done wot I said.

The new rig-out.

Vast quantities of clothing are sent down from Pimlico, and kept in readiness at the quartermaster's store. When the Quartermaster receives the customary "requisition" for the recruit's clothing and kit, Tommy has his measure taken, and is fitted. The clothing is kept in store of all sizes, even to quarter inches. After the recruit has been measured for his clothes, he is given his "small kit" of brushes, sheets, and socks. In about a day his clothes have been altered to fit him; they are stamped with his regimental number, and he bids a long farewell to his former civilian garb.

The next day Tommy Atkins begins to feel a little more at home, and to be conscious of the importance attaching to a "rooky." His work, after *reveillé*, is to spend an hour and a half on stable duty. He is taught how to groom a horse and to clean his saddle. At eight he is quite ready for breakfast, which occupies about half an hour. At 8.30 he has to attend riding-school.

The Colonel of the regiment takes up his position, and the different officers march their troops past him.

The riding-school (open *manège*) is a kind of long shed, where about twenty recruits at a time are taught to mount (did you ever try to raise yourself up on a bare-backed horse, simply by the hands and arms, without the friendly aid of the stirrup?), to sit a horse, to walk, trot, and jump. The recruit first rides without arms. The sword, carbine, and lance are gradually introduced as he becomes accustomed to the horse, and he is also taught the sword and lance exercises, and foot-drill with sword and lance. He is also taught to jump, first the brushwood jump (if he falls, the ground is so soft that it does not hurt him), then the table jump (this is a great bank of earth on which the horse lands with his forelegs, scrambles up, and jumps off from the top), next the timber jump, and, lastly, the water jump. After riding-school, he changes into fatigue dress, and grooms his horse until dinner time.

Lancers at drill.

Most of the horses come from Ireland, where they are purchased as three-year-olds. They must all be up to between fifteen and sixteen hands in height, and are gradually trained very much in the same way as the recruit. They average fifteen years of age before they are unfit for service, and are then sold for what they will fetch at the nearest auction yard. A soldier when leaving the service receives a small pension. Why his faithful charger should not be turned into a paddock to pass the remainder of an honourable old age in peace and quietness, it is difficult to see.

Dinner lasts until two o'clock. After dinner, drill in the square until three-thirty. Then the recruit takes off his belts and arms and goes to the gymnasium until four-thirty. He rests after the gymnasium until five, when evening Stable Call sounds. Stables last until six, grooming, feeding, sweeping up, and bedding down.

After stables the recruit's time is his own, with the exception that he has to clean his arms for next day's parade. This takes him about an hour. He can obtain permission to go anywhere he likes out of barracks until ten. He must be in by that hour. At ten-fifteen, "lights out," and the day ends. If the recruit "breaks his leave," he is first admonished. On the second occasion, he probably gets three days' confinement to barracks, *i.e.* he may not pass beyond the gates, and is liable to be taken for pack drill or fatigue parties, one hour a day.

At the canteen, when Tommy Atkins is

thirsty, he can obtain extremely good beer at very moderate prices. As a rule, he does not abuse this privilege. Among many other reasons is the fact that the canteen room is so well supplied with games of all sorts that he is too much interested in them to drink away the hours which should be spent in improving himself. In this room there is also a fair-sized stage, with a good piano. Any recruit can get up on the stage and play or sing until his companions tell him to leave off. For a "temperance man" there is a building provided by the Church of England Temperance Society, where he can indulge to his heart's content in what are commonly termed "minerals"—*i.e.*, ginger beer and soda water. The building was not thronged.

The gymnasium course usually lasts six weeks or two months, and has been greatly modified of late years, owing to the introduction of the Swedish system of developing each particular muscle. I was much interested in watching the recruits go through their hour's drilling lesson in the gymnasium. Sandow's system of light weights has apparently been adopted. When the recruits did dumb-bell exercise, their dumb-bells weighed four pounds only. When their arms were tired, they went round the gymnasium with a curious stamp of each foot, sometimes walking on their toes, at others bringing the foot down with a resounding smack.

Here are the figures of the improvement in the physique of one recruit after forty attendances of an hour each: he gained 7lb. in weight, $3\frac{7}{8}$in. round the chest, $\frac{3}{8}$in. round the forearm, and $\frac{3}{4}$in. round the upper arm. These figures speak for themselves as to the efficiency of the system.

There is also a musketry range at the depôt where Tommy Atkins can practise. The ranges are from 100 to 500 yards, and Tommy fires 150 rounds of ammunition during his course of instruction. There is also a judicious system of prizes to encourage the men to take an interest in their work. A good shot can make nice little sums in competitions at different places. These small amounts come in very handily; for a cavalryman's earnings are only 1*s.* 2*d.* per day: the infantryman gets 1*s.* Out of this amount 3*d.* per day is stopped for the Mess, etc. Every day Tommy receives (in bulk, that is) 1lb. of meat and $\frac{3}{4}$lb. of bread. Tea, sugar, milk, and other luxuries come out of the 3*d.* stopped from his pay. At the supper room, should he want any more food, he can always get it at cost price.

"Sit down, sir."

Should a recruit become unfit for service, he is "sat upon" by a medical board, and returned to his home with a gratuity of 30*s.*

If he is too stupid to learn, he is reported upon as "Not likely to become an efficient soldier," and his fare is paid to the place where he was enlisted.

When a recruit feels a desire for the "higher education," he can go to school again. He probably wants promotion, and has to pass a certain standard before his officer will recommend him for lance corporal stripes. Before he can become a full corporal, he must have a second-class certificate, and be able to do compound fractions. In order to obtain a first-class certificate, he has to pass what practically amounts to a Civil Service examination in geography, copying MSS., etc.

Should Tommy Atkins also experience those yearnings for matrimony which afflict even the wisest of mankind, he must put in six years' service, have £5 (it does not seem an exorbitant amount) in the Regimental Savings Bank, and also one Good Conduct badge. This Good Conduct badge carries with it an extra penny a day. When he is put on the married list of the regiment he obtains free quarters, coals, and lights.

In the gymnasium.

Thus far, the labours of the recruit. In the graphic language of Mr. Kipling:—

The young recruit is silly—'e thinks o' suicide;
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil, 'e 'asn't got 'is pride.
But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,
Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.
Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather more-or-less.

And so, in the fulness of time, the recruit blossoms out as a colour-sergeant, and teaches others the lessons he has so hardly learned. At last he comes into action with his men, and tests the result of his training:

'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split,
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till 'e feels 'em take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em, through the charge that wins the day.

I am inclined to think, in so far as a peaceful civilian may express an opinion on the subject, that our system of military training, barring one or two blemishes, is the best in the world.

Signors of the Night.

By Max Pemberton.

Author of "Queen of the Jesters," "A Woman of Kronstadt," etc.

No. V.—THE DAUGHTER OF VENICE.

(A Complete Story.)

I.

There were many lovers for Nina, the daughter of Barbarino, the clown, after that Venice had become her patron; but none was more persistent nor more abhorrent to her than Alvise, the jeweller. Nina said that his face was like a sheet of old copper which a smith had beaten with a hammer. She used to draw it in chalk upon the walls by which she passed when she went from her father's booth to the convent near the Arsenal. She would imitate his amatory gestures, his hoarse, croaking rhapsodies, and make the whole school laugh until there was not a dry eye in the room. And yet, in her heart, she was very much afraid of him and of her father's greed. She feared that the money-bags of old Alvise would be too much for the covetous eyes of Barbarino, the clown.

"They will make me marry him. My father will wish it," she declared to Fra Giovanni one day, when the great friar came to the convent to see her. But Fra Giovanni laughed at her.

"You are the daughter of Venice now, *Nina mia*," he said, "not even the Serene Prince could compel you to marry unless you consent. Go on with your painting and your music, and do not think of anything so foolish."

She protested with a little shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"How can I go on when they wait for me at the convent door every day—Vittore Capello, and Leopardi, and Lando, the German Count, and others. Oh, it is an army, Fra Giovanni, and I am their general. They follow me to my father's house. They bring me flowers every day, and fruit from Chioggia, and the little chains the goldsmiths make. You cannot understand these things."

Fra Giovanni shook his head. He was often at the Convent of the Cistercian nuns

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since Venice had sent Nina there to be educated. When he did not come she wrote to him a long letter, full of her own progress, of her joys and sorrows.

"I can understand anything where little Nina is concerned," he said, amused at her strange *naïveté* and her manner of speaking; "it would not surprise me even to hear that Alvise, the jeweller, follows her, too."

Nina became very serious.

"Oh," she said, "I do not like to tell you. Yesterday he wrote and asked me to go to Palestrina with him. He said that he would hang a rope of diamonds round my neck on the day I married him. When I left my father's house last night and crossed the bridge by the church of San Francesco, I thought that I saw him standing in the shadow. You cannot mistake Alvise—he has the face of a wolf and his eyes are burning coals. I saw him again as I crossed our own bridge, and then I ran. It is not good to remain with the wolves when the sun has set. To-day I laugh at myself—last night I was frightened. You will not understand that—you, who were never frightened."

She was a pretty picture standing there in her simple dress of black cloth with white lace at her wrists and neck; but Fra Giovanni was too much occupied by his own thoughts to pay much heed to her words. Serious as the purpose of his life was, he had always loved a good jest; and the expression upon his face, as he stood there in the hall of the convent, was one which implied a very good jest indeed.

"Nina," he exclaimed, turning to her suddenly, "if Alvise, the jeweller, should wait for you to-night, stop and speak to him. Promise that you will go to Palestrina with him to-morrow. Do not be afraid—I shall be near you."

He spoke as though it were a matter of very great importance; and she looked at him for a moment with questioning eyes. Then the truth dawned upon her, and she burst into a merry laugh.

"Scavezzo," she cried, clapping her hands with a child's joy, "a new Scavezzo, and he is to be punished. I am to go to Palestrina with him. I shall be his wife. *Santissima*, what a day to dream of!"

But the friar raised his finger warningly.

"Wait," he said, "we will laugh to-morrow when you return, *Nina mia*."

Old Barbarino, the clown, was busy painting a mask.

He bent his withered old body until the very bones seemed to crack.

II.

It was in the afternoon of the same day that Nina paid her customary visit to her old friends, the clowns of the Piazzetta. When she had their news she spoke to them of many things; but always mysteriously as though she treasured a great secret.

"I cannot tell you," she exclaimed in answer to their many questions, "you will know to-night, for Fra Giovanni is passing here and he will speak to you."

Old Barbarino, the clown, who was busy painting a mask against the day when carnival should come again, grunted with satisfaction.

"Ha!" he said, "it is always a good day when Fra Giovanni comes to the booth of Barbarino the clown. What lucky wind brings him here to-night, *Nina mia?*"

"No wind at all, but a wolf's head, father, which, if you scratch it properly, will shed diamonds in your hand."

Barbarino spilled a great drop of paint upon the mask, and stood with the crimson colour dripping on his own clothes.

"Name of the devil!" said he, "but that is a wolf I would like to meet every day."

She laughed at his candour, and, the allotted hour passing all too swiftly, she left them at last in their perplexity. They could hear her singing "*Maridite, maridite, donzela,*" as she turned to the great square, and so towards her school in the convent of the Cistercian nuns. When she was gone, old Barbarino took up his brushes again, and began to wash the paint from the mask and from his own clothes.

"A plague on the hussy!" said he, "with her tales of wolves' heads. Who ever heard of a wolf that drove a fox from his hole? Nevertheless, *amici,* the friar comes here, and we must be ready against his coming. Saint John! I could drink a flask of Chianti this night!"

He smacked his lips in pleasant anticipation and resumed his work.

Nina, meanwhile, was threading the narrow passages, and crossing the narrow bridges which would lead her to the church of San Francesco, and to the place where old Alvise, the jeweller, so often had waited for her. Still singing the people's wedding song, she ran on past the church of San Zaccaria, past the school of San Giorgio, on towards the northern quays of the city and the gardens, where the trees were green and flowers scented the air. Once she stopped to ask herself what she should say to the jeweller if he spoke to her; but she thought that the occasion would find the words, and so continued her journey; nor did she pause again until she crossed the bridge by the church of San Francesco and saw the jeweller himself waiting for her, as she had hoped, in the shadow of the western porch.

He was a little man with shrunken face and eagle eye. In spite of his fine clothes and the diamonds which sparkled upon his vest, he wore a hideous aspect as of some old

wolf come out of his lair at sundown. In a general way, little Nina was far too nimble to find herself embarrassed by his amatory designs; but on this occasion she lagged, as Fra Giovanni had wished, when she came to the bridge; and though her heart beat quick while she counted her strange lover's footsteps, nevertheless she permitted him to come up with her.

"Signore," she said, stopping suddenly and confronting him, "why do you follow me? Why do you wish to speak to me?"

He bent his withered old body until the very bones seemed to crack.

"Signorina," he answered, "if you will look in the glass to-night, you will not need to ask me that question again. As for speaking to you, it is to tell you of the diamonds in the house of Alvise, the jeweller."

He put out a lean and shrunken hand and took her firmly by the wrist. No one else that she could see was in the square; and all the fears she had imagined came surging back to frighten her.

"Signore," she cried, feigning a child's laugh, "what have I to do with the diamonds of Alvise, the jeweller?"

He whispered his answer in her ear.

"To wear them, pretty one; to wear them —perhaps as his wife, who knows? Oh, he is rich as any in the city. And he is not too old to love, *carissima*, not too old to kiss those pretty lips, and stroke that pretty hair. What say you, would you see his jewels now?"

She looked round about her before she answered him. He thought that her friends were near; but she still believed herself to be alone with him.

"Not here, signore," she said, "to-morrow at Palestrina, as you promised. I shall be in the public garden at three o'clock—alone and waiting."

If an angel had come down from Heaven to speak of his salvation, old Alvise could not have been more surprised. A joy as the joy of youth suffused his shrivelled and hideous face. His eyes shone with a bright light. He tried to draw the girl towards him and to kiss her. But, at the very moment when she began to struggle with him, a young fisherman crossed the square before the church, and stumbled so heavily against the jeweller that he reeled back into the porch as though struck by a blow.

"A plague upon your clumsy feet, rascal," he roared; "are you drunk, then, that you walk like that?"

The fisherman did not so much as glance at him. Nina herself had looked for a moment into the stranger's face and recognised him. He was Gerardo, the servant of Fra Giovanni. Someone had been near her after all, then! She took courage at the assurance, and ran on quickly to the convent gate. But Alvise, the jeweller, watched her with the eyes of an animal.

"To-morrow," he said to himself, "to-morrow she shall see the diamonds—but they will be in my ears."

III.

It was exactly half-past two o'clock on the following day when old Alvise, of the wolf's head, as the lads in Venice called him, closed his shop in the Merceria and set out to meet little Nina in the seclusion of the public garden at the eastern extremity of the city. Very early that morning he had boxed the ears of the boy who assisted him in the shop and had sent him about his business. Very early, too, he had put on his fine clothes of black satin and scarlet, and had buckled his costly cape about his shoulders. He had worn those clothes but once before, and that was on the feast of the Ascension, when Venice wedded the Adriatic. What more fitting than that he should wear them for the second time when he, Alvise, the jeweller, would talk of marriage and of love to one whom they called the Daughter of Venice.

He had been an amorous old rogue for many a year; but, skilled as he was in those arts which win upon the love of women, he was troubled on this June day, and his hand trembled as he turned the key in the door of his shop, and set off nimbly toward the public garden. After all, Nina had powerful friends. It would never do for those friends to hear of this intrigue. Even Venice, who had become the child's patron, might be led to interfere on her behalf.

What that would mean the old man dare

not contemplate. He had always been very fearful of the law and the police. He never passed the prisons without a shudder of loathing and of dread. He remembered as he threaded the narrow streets, and looked often to the right and to the left of him, that the real ruler of Venice, Fra Giovanni, went often to the convent to see the clown's daughter. The memory put a chain upon his feet; he was half of a mind to turn back again.

"Oh! come!" he said to himself, reflecting upon it, as he stood at the door of the church of San Zaccaria, "what have I to fear, after all? I will tell them I mean to marry her. And she will not have spoken to anyone. She is not such a fool. Trust the pretty jewels to blind her eyes. A clown's daughter! Odd if the law should prevent me making love to her!"

His argument revived his drooping courage. He hurried on to the public garden, and scarcely had he entered it before he saw little Nina herself, dressed so prettily in a gown of white, with a scarlet hood about her neck and shoulders, that he stood mute in admiration.

"Well," she said—and she found it difficult to control her excitement—"it is you, then, and the clocks struck three ten minutes ago."

He was flattered that she should reproach him for being late; and he bent his old body in a tremendous bow, while his face was lighted under its skin of parchment with the fires of his anticipations.

"Signorina," he said, "I stopped so often on my way to remind myself of your favours that I forgot the hour and the place."

He would have kissed her hand, but she snatched it from him, and ran toward the quay where a gondola was moored.

"Not here," she said, as though by-and-by he might do as he pleased with her; "wait until we are on the water. As you did not come, I called a gondola. Did I not do well, Signor Alvise?"

In spite of his haste and his pleasure, old Alvise cast a searching look at her and at the gondola she had called. Suspicion wrestled with him for a moment; but a man will be blind to many obstacles when he sets out to the pursuit of a woman, and after an instant's hesitation he entered the boat, and sat down beside her.

If he had not been in such a hurry, perchance the strange troubles of that day of days would never have overtaken him. But his haste was the haste of love, and he did not see that the barcarolo, who now sent the black gondola dancing across the lagoon, was Gerardo, the servant of Fra Giovanni, the same fisherman who had stumbled against him so maliciously last night.

Unhappily for him, old Alvise was entirely unaware of the identity of the man who rowed him. A sense of rest and silence and sweet content was everywhere. The jeweller pinched himself to be quite sure that he was awake. He could not believe it even yet; could not believe that he sat in a gondola, and that the prettiest eyes in all Venice were looking into his own laughingly.

"*Nina mia*," he exclaimed, so soon as they were well out on the broad of the lagoon, "so thou hast come to old Alvise at last. I have waited long for this day, little one—and now—and now—"

His old eyes shone like reddening coals. He tried to clasp her in his arms and to kiss her; but she was quick as light, and before his hand had touched her, she stood far from him in the bow of the gondola.

"Patience, old Alvise," she cried merrily; "a little patience and I will talk to thee."

"Why do you run away from me, *Nina mia?*" he asked; "are you not here to be kind to me to-day? Come back and hear what I have to say to you. Come back and see what old Alvise has brought for you."

She came a little way toward the awning and thrust out her hand.

"Show me the gifts you promised me," she said, tossing her little head with the air of a *bravo*.

He looked at her with astonishment in his cunning old eyes. A woman's greed was a familiar thing to him; but that this mere child should hunger for diamonds as some fine lady of Venice, was like a douche upon his ardour.

"No," he said, "I will show you the jewels when you are here at my side, little Nina."

She shrugged her shoulders as though it were a matter of indifference to her.

"Oh," she said, "this is how you reward my love. What shall I say to them when I go back? How shall I tell them?"

There had been a leer of satisfaction on the old man's face until this time, but he leered no more after she had spoken. A sudden suspicion set his heart beating and brought blood to his cheeks. He turned his little red eyes upon her and she saw the light of fear in them.

"What is that? What do you say, child?" he asked sharply.

She threw herself down upon the cushion at his side for she feared his kisses no more. He had never seen so pretty a thing as the child who lay there resting on her elbows and looking up into his face; but his fear was greater than his passion.

"I said that I shall have a poor tale to tell to my father and to Fra Giovanni when I go home to-night."

"A hundred ducats if you get to Fusina before them," he cried.

"They knew that you were going to Palestrina with me?"

"Certainly they did. Should I hide it from them? 'I am going to Palestrina with old Alvise, the jeweller,' I said, 'and he will give me diamonds for you.' And now—what shall I tell them, Signor Alvise?"

The jeweller clenched his hands. He could have struck her in that moment.

"Home!" he roared, climbing to his feet with the vigour of a lad, "back to Venice; do you hear me, out there?"

His words were addressed to Gerardo, the gondolier; and Gerardo answered at once.

"Si, si, signore—but what of the others?"

"How, the others?"

"As I say, excellency, the boat of the Signors of the Night. It has been following us for the last ten minutes."

Had the fellow pronounced a sentence of death, the old jeweller could not have turned paler. Half believing, unwilling to believe, he drew back the curtains of the awning and looked out over the sunlit lagoon.

"The good God help me," he cried, letting the curtain fall again, "there are the police, as he says."

Nina buried her face in a cushion that he might not see her laughing. When she looked up at him she was very serious, and the great black eyes seemed to pity him.

"Dear friend," she said, "how sorry I am for you. It must be Fra Giovanni who has told them. They will carry you to the dungeons and I shall never see you again."

He did not hear her. He was mumbling to himself as one whose wits had gone at the news. The police—the terrible police of Venice—were on his heels at last. He said that he might never see the sunshine again. Wild dreams of escape racked him. He drew back the curtain, went forward, and spoke to Gerardo once more.

"A hundred ducats if you get to Fusina before them," he cried. "I have friends there; they will save me."

Gerardo, the gondolier, let the lapping water play upon his oar. He did not appear to be in any hurry at all.

"It would be possible, excellency," he said slowly; "yet how do I know that you will pay me?"

"Devil," cried the miser, "hold that purse; there are two hundred and fifty ducats in it. They are yours if I escape them."

Gerardo held his oar between his knees and began deliberately to untie the leathern purse which the jeweller thrust into his hand.

"You are a generous man, excellency, and God forbid that I should not deal honestly with you. Let us count the money now that the Signorina may be witness."

Alvise raised his hands to Heaven. The delay found the boat of the police drawing very near to them. The jeweller seemed already to feel the manacles on his wrist. He was no longer conscious that the prettiest girl in Venice sat at his side.

"Row, row!" he cried. "In pity's name, row!"

Gerardo tied up the purse with great deliberation. He took a few powerful strokes, and then stopped suddenly again.

"Excellency," he exclaimed, "in the matter of this bargain, of its conditions, and its circumstances——"

"Oh, for pity's sake—will you not row, fellow? To Fusina—I have friends there. Another hundred ducats."

Gerardo nodded his head. The long black gondola, with the terrible police for its masters, was within a stone's throw now. The miser, gibbering, and white with terror, watched it as he would have watched a horrid apparition of the night.

"Oh," he said, "I am lost, lost! A curse on the day. Will you not row, fellow? Do you not see them?"

"If your excellency will be pleased to point the direction——"

It was not to be borne. The driven man, snarling with anger and fear, raised his clenched fist to strike the gondolier. But, before the blow fell, the other boat came up, and the Captain of the Police was at the jeweller's side.

"Alvise Falier," said he, "I arrest you in the name of the Serene Prince."

IV.

The black gondola, driven by six oars, returned to Venice swiftly. Unlike other gondolas upon the lagoon in the month of June, it had a felze, or roof for its cabin; and this cabin shielded the prisoner from the prying eyes of the curious. He sat there dumb and paralysed with terror. The presentiment which had haunted him all his life had come true at last. He, Alvise, the jeweller, had fallen into the clutches of the police.

There were six of them in his cabin, great fellows, clothed from head to foot in black, and wearing black masks. They did not speak to the prisoner or to each other. They sat as figures carved from ebony. Their silence was more dreadful than their words, old Alvise thought. He could not bring himself to believe that he had committed any great crime against Venice; yet this display of the justice of Venice, these forbidding figures, black and voiceless, chilled his very heart.

"Signores," he pleaded at last, "where are you taking me to; what have I done to merit the displeasure of the Serene Prince?"

The six men bowed towards him as one; but did not answer him, and he shrank back from their silence with his fears made new. When the boat had gone a little way further, the captain, who had arrested him, rose suddenly and clapped a bandage upon his eyes.

"A thousand excuses, signore," he said as he did so, "but it is in kindness to you that I act."

It was a simple thing to do, yet if the Captain had pricked old Alvise with a sword, he could not have been more fearful. Often had he heard of the unnameable sights in the dungeons of the palace. They were taking him to those dungeons at last; and they had put a bandage over his eyes in mercy.

"Oh!" he said, "God help me! You are taking me to the prisons, signores?"

The Captain answered him very courteously.

"Not so, Signor Alvise; we are taking you to the house prepared for him who is to be the husband of the Daughter of Venice."

A new light, the light of a tremendous hope, burst upon old Alvise.

"How!" he said, "Venice wishes me to marry her then. Oh! glory be to God for that saying, signore! Surely she shall never find a better husband."

He sat up as one made strong at the words. He could not see the smiles behind the masks of those who watched him. Nor could he learn anything from the Captain's voice when he was answered.

"Signore," said the Captain, "it is the wish of Venice that you marry Nina, the daughter of Barbarino, the clown, after proof has been made of your goodness and of your courage. We are now at the palace where that proof shall be put to the test."

Alvise laughed like a boy.

"What an idea," he said. "Proof of my goodness, indeed. I will soon tell them all about that, and as for my courage——"

He did not finish the sentence, for a hand was laid upon his shoulder just then, and he knew that they were leading him from the gondola and up a flight of stone steps into some building. It would be into the hall of the palace, he thought. There were no words to depict his surprise when, on the bandage being snatched from his eyes, he found himself thrust forward into a little room which was the most curious room he had ever seen.

Twelve feet square, perhaps, by as many in altitude, the room was hung from floor to ceiling in black velvet. Save for the rays of a dim lantern swinging from the black drapery of the ceiling, and for a glow of coal in a furnace, there was not a gleam of light in the place. Indeed, so dark was it that the jeweller rubbed his eyes for many moments before they showed him anything at all in the room.

When vision returned to him, he saw that the furniture of the apartment was as odd as its drapery. A brazier with live coals glowing; a pair of ominous pincers, a branding iron, a long flat wooden bench, an iron bowl—these were the ornaments of that chamber of mysteries. Old Alvise looked at them for a moment, and then a terror past understanding seized upon him.

"The God of my fathers help me," he said, "I am in the torture chamber and they will burn me with that iron."

There was no greater coward in Venice than this copper-faced old rogue; no, nor any woman more timid. When he was quite sure of the things he saw, he uttered a scream which was heard half across the Piazzetta. At the same moment, one of the velvet curtains behind him was opened quickly and four men passed into the chamber.

"Signore," the first of them said suavely, "we thought that we heard you call."

"Oh," he cried, grovelling before them, "take me from this place, signores, take me quickly."

"Not so," cried the other, "we are here to minister to your pleasures, Signor Alvise, and to further your happiness. As the doctors of Venice, we shall now put you to the proof, and see if the city may safely intrust her daughter to you."

The jeweller looked at him with eyes of terror.

"Oh," he said, "you are a doctor, then!"

"As you say, excellency, a doctor of Bologna, and these gentlemen are my colleagues."

He pointed to the other three, who were dressed as he was. The hesitating jeweller had never seen such strange robes in all his life. Long gowns of scarlet, with odd figures painted upon them, covered the men's bodies. Sugar-loaf hats of prodigious size bobbed together as the surgeons consulted in low and menacing tones. They were all masked, and they carried strange instruments in their hands. It was impossible to take courage in such a place, and with such men. But old Alvise made a pretence of doing so.

"Well," he said, "if it is your wish to speak to me, excellencies, I am ready."

"Not to speak to you, signore," said the first of the surgeons, "but to make an examination of your heart, which, if you please, we would now look at."

The jeweller tried to laugh merrily.

"Oh," he said, "this is how the Serene Prince jests with me, then. Whoever heard of a man wearing his heart where a doctor could see it."

"You will understand that presently, signore. Meanwhile, it is our duty to

He uttered a low moan, which became a resounding shriek as he felt the shining steel cut his flesh.

proceed. Take courage, we shall deal with you as gently as possible."

He put out his hand, and grasped his prisoner by the shoulder. His three colleagues pressed round the shivering wretch, and threw him roughly on the bench, where they bound him hand and foot, and cast a cloth over his eyes. He had half believed, until this moment, that they were jesting with him as they said; but he remembered, while they bound him, how terrible the jests of Venice could be, and he cried out again with terror when the cloth covered his eyes.

"Oh," he wailed, "what are you going to do to me; what have I done that you should punish me?"

The surgeon answered him as one who comforts a child.

"Excellency," he said, "fear nothing. We are the doctors of Venice, and we understand our business. We are now about to bore a hole in you that we may see your heart. But we shall pour unguents into your wounds when we have done, and you will feel nothing."

He lifted the cloth a little, that the quivering man might see what was going on. Alvise opened his eyes, which shone as a madman's, and began to stare about him wildly. He knew then that Venice had sentenced him to death; and was contriving his death in this horrid spirit of the jest she loved so well. All round him the terrible red hats were bobbing. He saw one of the doctors carry in a great thing of wood, with a twisted handle and a sharp point of steel; another brought the iron bowl and put it near the torture bench; a third stirred the coals; a fourth sharpened a knife ominously.

"Saints and angels," he moaned, "it is

true, then; they will cut out my heart and cast it into the water. They have done it to many a prisoner. The Mother of God have mercy on me! That instrument is an auger to pierce my flesh. That bowl is for my blood. Was ever such a punishment heard of?"

He lay very still; his lips were blue and quivering. All that went on around him fascinated him. When the great instrument with the steel point was raised above his breast, and they tore his shirt from his bosom, he howled as a wolf that is wounded.

"I cannot bear it," he cried, "I cannot bear it. Kill me and make an end, signores. You are devils to torture a man like this."

One of the doctors, he who carried the bowl, raised his hand deprecatingly.

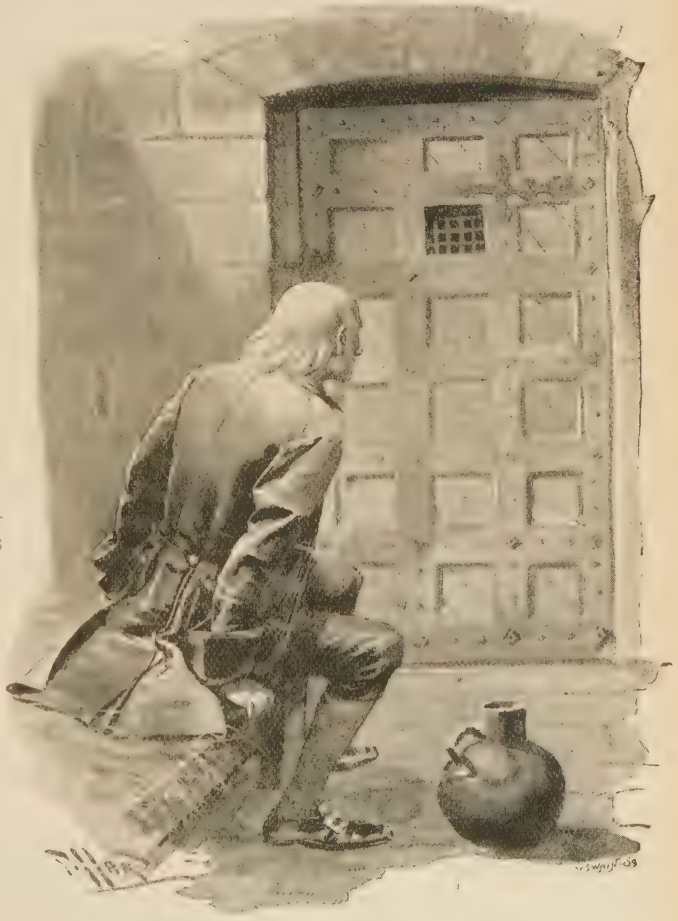
"Hush, hush!" he exclaimed, "what folly is this? Are we not here to tell Venice of your courage? Take heart, then, and think upon the day of your marriage. You will suffer a little pain now; but to-morrow we shall sew up your wounds, and all will be well. Play the man, Signor Alvise, I beg of you."

The prisoner's head sank back upon the wooden bench. He tried to speak to them, but no words came from his lips. When the great auger was raised above his body, he uttered a low moan, which became a resounding shriek as he felt the shining steel cut his flesh. A moment later, another pain, sharp and unmistakable, in the very centre of his back, told him that the blade had cut through his body. He listened during an instant of agony and heard a "drip, drip" into the bowl. He thought that his life's blood was flowing into that bowl, and with one long drawn howl of agony, he fainted.

V.

It was growing dark in Venice without when Alvise, the jeweller, came back to consciousness. The sun had disappeared behind the Western hills, and twilight hovered for a few short minutes upon the city of waters. But the wretched prisoner was mindful neither of the hour nor of the place. He opened his eyes in a gloomy cell, yet could not remember how he had come to that cell. He stared at the bed of straw upon which he lay, at the monstrous bolts and bars of the tremendous door, yet could not gather any thread of circumstance which should help his wandering mind. That he was in one of the dungeons of the palace he knew well. Yet how had he come there—how?

When memory came back to him, it was



He was in one of the dungeons of the palace he knew well.

swift and torturing and sudden. He did not think of little Nina, nor of his meeting in the garden with her, nor of that merry hour upon the lagoon. The lesser facts of the day had vanished from his mind. Only the memory of the doctors of Bologna remained; the terrible four who had been sent by Venice to punish him.

With quivering hands, he tore open his shirt and saw that his breast was red and slightly scarred. They had let him live after all, then—these devils of the torture-chamber—they had sewn up his wounds as they promised. Yet to what end, he asked? Was it that they might visit him with new tortures, with refinements of cruelty his mind dare not contemplate?

An hour, perhaps, passed in the contemplation of his hopeless circumstances. It was quite dark by this time and he was very hungry—so hungry that he forgot those other fears of torture, and cried loudly that his gaolers should come to him. To his surprise, a man carrying a lantern appeared immediately in the cell. Alvise could not imagine whence or how he came, for the door did not open nor did he hear a footstep. Yet there the man stood, and his greeting was that of a servant.

"Excellency," he said, "you were pleased to call me."

"Signore," exclaimed the trembling prisoner, "is it the wish of your master that I die of hunger?"

"Of hunger, excellency. What an idea! Name but the dish you would fancy, and I will bring it on the instant."

Alvise stared at the fellow in astonishment.

"Oh," he said, "I will remember your name, signore, if ever I see my home again. Bring me a dish of fowl, and you shall find no more grateful man in Venice."

The gaoler bowed very politely.

"The price of a dish of fowl is a hundred golden ducats, signore. Give me your bond now, and I will bring it before the clock strikes again."

He spoke with assumed carelessness, as though the price named were a trifle which no rich man would think twice about. The jeweller, on his part, sat down upon his bed again and buried his face in his hands.

"It is of hunger that I am to die then, after all," he groaned. "A hundred ducats? I have not so much money in all the world."

The gaoler laughed.

"Excellency," he said, "you think so now, but when you have been in this place for twenty hours, you will be surprised to find how rich you are. Do not make any mistake. Everything here has its price. For a dish of meat—a hundred ducats; for a pitcher of water—two hundred ducats; for wine and candles and a bed from your own house—five hundred ducats. For liberty——"

Old Alvise looked up quickly.

"For liberty!" he exclaimed.

"As I say, excellency, for liberty, a thousand ducats."

The jeweller stood up. He stretched out a trembling hand for the paper which the other held.

"Give me your bond that I may sign it," he said. "I will pay the thousand ducats in my own house this night. God be thanked that I should hear your words."

The gaoler slapped him on the back cheerily.

"Ha!" he cried. "I knew that we had a man of sense to deal with. Let me hold the lantern, signore, while you set your name to the paper. I have an inkhorn at my wrist, and here is a passable feather."

He held up the lantern, and the old man wrote, with shaking hand, the promise that he would pay a thousand golden ducats to the holder of the document.

"Now," he cried, when he had signed it, "I will go with you, signore."

The gaoler laughed and blew out his lantern.

"Excellency," he answered, "there is no need to go with me. Your liberty lies beyond these walls. Walk through them and you will find it."

He disappeared silently, mysteriously as he had come. The frenzied cry of rage and anger which the old man uttered, remained unanswered. Alvise stood alone in the cell. He thought that he could hear voices beyond the walls; even the voices of women. But he knew now that Venice would never let him

go. She would cheat him of his fortune and then she would kill him.

"Your liberty lies beyond these walls. Walk through them and you will find it."

Desperately he recalled the gaoler's words, and cursed the lips which had uttered them. An army, he said, could not shake the bolts of that tremendous door. And Venice had lied to him by the mouth of this jester. A miser at heart, the thought of the bond he had signed drove him to desperation. He began to pace the cell furiously; he cried aloud that the man should return to him; he raised his fist and went to beat upon the great wall of stone, but at the first blow he stood thunderstruck and trembling; nor did he move a hand again until many minutes had passed.

He had struck a blow at the wall, indeed, yet his hand had fallen upon space. No stone had scarred his flesh; no jagged edges of the mortar had hurt his fingers when the blow fell. Nevertheless, there was the wall before him; there, the great door. Moonlight, rippling in the cell, showed him everything as no lantern could have done. Dazed and perplexed as he had never been before, he began to think that he was the victim of some supernatural visitation; he shrank back to the bed affrighted and with a prayer upon his lips. Were the walls but phantoms then? Could his gaolers move them at their pleasure? He cringed with terror at the possibility; the clock struck the new hour before he moved again.

It was nearly midnight when he recalled his gaoler's mysterious words for the second time. "Liberty beyond the walls." He repeated the promise to himself again and again, and began to reflect upon it a little sanely. What did the fellow mean when he said that the prisoner should walk through the great girdle of stone they had put about him? Was it altogether a jest; could there be even a grain of truth in it? Fearful still, expecting he knew not what, he rose at last from his bed and walked for the last time to the great door. A moment later he had fallen headlong through it; and lay upon the ground stupefied with fear and amazement.

"Viva, old Alvise; Viva, the lover of Nina. They have bored a hole in him, my friends, to let in some sense. What courage! What a man!"

Alvise heard the cries but knew nothing of their meaning. Timidly he looked up and saw that he was at the very door of the booth wherein lived Barbarino, the clown, and his merry satellites. A miracle, he said; yet no miracle to the people, gathered upon the Piazzetta to welcome him. For the people knew that the cell of Alvise, the jeweller, had been made of painted cloth, and that, when he had flung himself against the door of it, the cloth had been torn from the laths which supported it, and the prisoner had fallen headlong.

"Viva, old Alvise. Viva, the lover of Nina."

All were there upon the Piazzetta—clowns and mock doctors, and harlequins and dancing girls. Even the great instrument of torture was held aloft and lighted by the torches the masqueraders carried. The bowl, the terrible bowl—they thrust it under his nose, and he regarded it shudderingly.

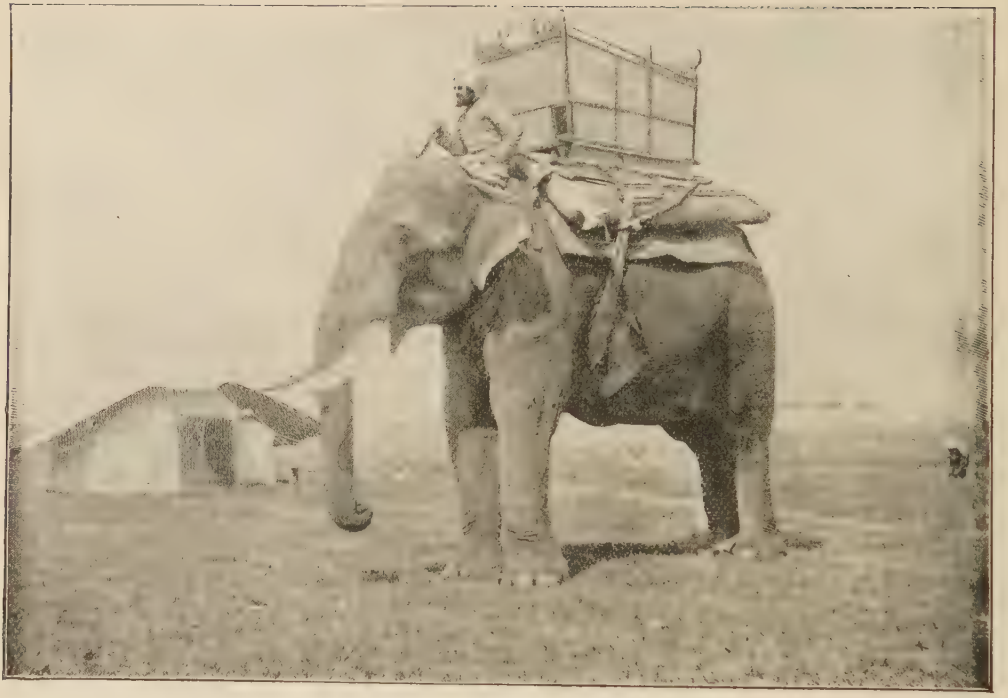
It contained the red wine of Burgundy.

"Viva, Alvise. Viva, the husband of Nina."

So the people greeted him. But the old man crept off to his home; and many a month passed before he lifted his head again, or looked upon the face of a woman.

And little Nina laughed that night as Fra Giovanni had promised her.

"Oh," she said, "they pricked his chest and pricked his back, and he believed that they had bored a hole in him."



The Rajah's elephant, "Indrajit," the king of the herd.

AFTER BIG GAME ON ELEPHANTS.

Stories from the Experience of a Famous Hunter of Big Game.

By Cleveland Moffett.

The walls bristled with great horned heads of the Indian buffalo; the floors were spread with tiger skins, bear skins, leopard skins, and from opposite sides of the hall, like ugly sentinels, looked down two skulls of the rhinoceros, most formidable beast of the jungle.

This was the home of a quiet English gentleman, Peter Burges, Esq., of Bristol, known nevertheless in India, where the big-bore rifles crack, as a sportsman whose nerve fails him not when the tiger springs, and whose gun comes up steady to the rhino's rush. I noticed there were no lion skins about.

"No," said Mr. Burges, "you can't shoot lions from elephants; most of my trophies have been won in the howdah."

So we talked about going after big game on the back of a lurching pachyderm, as they do it in the tall grass region north of Calcutta.

"People have no conception," continued Mr. Burges, "of the height and thickness of this grass. I have seen it stretching for miles thirty or forty feet high, a dense forest of grass covering the plain. When the beating line goes through it, everything is swallowed up, elephants, howdahs, riders; from a little distance you see only a swaying of the tops. If a man were dropped into this sea of grass, he would certainly die there; he could never force his way out, for the stems of the grass are as thick as saplings, and stand very close together."

"Do you find tiger and rhino in this grass?"

"They sometimes rush by us in tunnels far below our level, but we cannot see them, nor even be sure what animal is passing. It is a law of the beat never to fire in the high

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This shows the beating line moving through short grass, and the position of a tiger hunter when standing on the pads, holding the front of the howdah with his left hand and the stock of his rifle with his right. The howdah in the foreground is a double one and only one man can shoot from it, the second man being merely a passenger. In this photograph the mahout is seen 'abbing the gunga-bar into the elephant's head.

grass, for a sportsman might shoot one of his own elephants that had bolted. That has actually happened where a new man has lost his head."

"Then where do you get the big game?"

"Nearly always in green patches along a stream or *nullah*. In the dry months the natives burn off the high grass, so that their cattle can get at the tender sprouts as they come up. But the moist ground along the streams keeps the grass there so wet that it will not burn, and this leaves the tigers the very place of shelter they desire, with water to drink and cattle to kill close at hand. So when the '*shikaris*,' that is, the native trackers, bring word to camp of tiger killings in such and such a village, we beat the banks of the nearest stream, and usually drive out something."

"How many elephants are used in a beat?"

"Forty or fifty, besides the big ones that carry the howdahs and the guns. When you remember that each one of these elephants is worth from £100 to £500, and costs about four rupees (about five shillings) a day for keep, you will see that this kind of sport calls for a long purse; indeed, it is scarcely possible for a traveller to engage in it unless he be the guest, as I have always been, of one of the Rajahs. We usually went into camp with fifty or sixty elephants, each having its own mahout to drive it, and its own *matey* to feed and take care of it. Then there are the Rajah and his personal servants, the invited guns, each with his own servant, and a corps of cooks, waiters, attendants, and water-carriers; so that, in tents and huts, we are usually quite a hundred and fifty men.

"I will give you an outline, if you like, of a typical day's sport with the elephants, and will go back to the '96 season, when I was with the Rajah of Kuch Behar, up under the hills of North-eastern India. We were six guns in all, mounted on fine elephants. Mine was Bheim Singh, and he would go in anywhere, although he was a rough moving beast. The Rajah was mounted on Indrajit,

a splendid heavy tusker, the king of the herd, and worth £700 in the market.

"I may say that a certain amount of discretion is shown in assigning the elephants to the guns, for a bad shot is apt to let a tiger get at his elephant, which means that the animal may be injured in the trunk, and ruined for hunting. You see, an elephant's trunk is everything to him; he eats and drinks with it, he fights with it, and if it is disabled he pines and dies. Two or three clawings by a tiger will spoil even the best elephant for usefulness in sport. He loses his nerve.

"The result is that many an uncertain gun has gone through the season lamenting that his mahout 'couldn't get the brute forward,' when it was really a case of the mahout having excellent reasons for keeping at a safe distance. It's all very fine for the man in the howdah to talk about danger, but the chap who has to look out for his skin is the poor mahout up forward.

"Well, suppose we are starting now from camp some time after sunrise—the hour of starting depends on the distance to the place where a kill has been reported. Our object is to come upon the tiger at about ten or eleven o'clock, when he is lying in the grass gorged with a heavy meal. An hour or two before we start the howdah elephants have been loaded and sent on ahead, for they travel more slowly than the lighter pad-elephants, that carry the guns.

"How many times, as the day is breaking, have I watched this process of making fast the howdahs, the great beasts kneeling in silent line before the tents, and the nimble-footed natives scrambling over them. Usually it takes four men to get the howdah in place, for the frame is of heavy teak wood, and weighs four or five hundred pounds.

"The howdah has cane sides, but is open at the bottom, and rests on two long roller pads that are strapped on at either side of the backbone. When you shoot from the howdah, you stand on these pads, with a foot on each, and if you look down between them you can see the elephant's black skin working underneath you. When you sit in the howdah you rest on a box with your back against a leather strap. In harnessing an elephant the tail girth is usually passed through a piece of iron pipe, laid under the tail, to prevent chafing.

"With breakfast over, and time for a bit of smoke, we climb up on the pad-elephants, mounting by head or tail, as each man prefers. I always liked the trick of stepping on the curved trunk, and letting the animal swing me up. Some of the pads have guddies on them—that is, little platforms with iron guards fore and aft for the passengers to hang fast to going down banks or over hard places. There we sit, three or four on a guddy, with legs dangling, and the line moves off briskly with thirty or forty beaters in the rear, most of the elephants being driven bareback by the agile mahouts."

"How do they control the elephants?"

"Partly by talking to them, partly with the gunga-bar, a sharp iron rod with a blade like a reaping hook, curving out from one side; it weighs seven or eight pounds, and is a frightful weapon. In ordinary going the mahouts merely jab the sharp end of this an inch or so into the elephant's head, but at critical moments they swing the hooked blade down with all their might, and then haul back hard against the flesh. It is not a pleasant sight, but the animal usually finishes by behaving.

"That reminds me of an exciting thing that happened in camp one morning just as we were ready to start. The elephants were ranged in double line in front of the tents, and Ashton, the head keeper, was standing with his back turned about ten yards ahead of Kennedy, a big elephant that had been nursing a slumbering hatred against him for a long time. Kennedy's mahout got down to fix the strap on the pad, and that gave Kennedy the opportunity he had been waiting for.

"A shout from the men warned Ashton of his danger, and, turning quickly, he saw Kennedy coming at him with trunk stretched out in a straight line, and as much diabolical hatred in his little eyes as an elephant's eye can show. Kennedy meant murder, there was no doubt about that; and Ashton did the only thing that was possible, started full tilt for a banyan tree about one hundred yards distant.

"Down the line came Ashton, sprinting for all there was in him, and after him came Kennedy with a lumbering shuffle, but getting over the ground surprisingly. There was no time for help to intervene; all we could do was to stand and stare, and wonder whether Ashton would reach the tree before Kennedy reached him.

"For about twenty yards Ashton kept his advantage, and then suddenly went headlong in the dust, his toe having caught in some knotted grass. I turned my head with a sickening feeling, but those who looked say that Kennedy was confused by this incident and lunged clumsily at Ashton, missing him with his tusks, and then tried to trample him with his big feet. His momentum, however, was so great that he stumbled over the man with his fore feet, missed him with one of his hind feet, and then lurched onward in a cloud of dust. Before he could turn, several mahouts had driven their elephants in between him and Ashton.

"Then we saw Ashton rise upright, his clothes covered with blood, stagger a few yards, fall headlong, and lie quite still. We thought for the moment that he was dead, but it proved that he was not seriously injured, the elephant's hind foot having merely grazed him. Until his last hour comes, he will never be nearer death, however, than he was at that moment.

"When it was all over, the Rajah came up in a great rage and rated the mahout unmercifully for leaving his seat. And then he told him to take Kennedy into the open, and give old Indrajit a chance at him. It was Indrajit's prerogative, as king of the herd, to punish refractory elephants, and he took uncommon pleasure in it. There was no elephant of them all who dared stand before Indrajit, for not only was he heavier and stronger than the others, but his tusks were longer and sharper.

Elephant cavalcade crossing a river towards the camp.

"Round and round in the open went Kennedy, plunging and struggling under the blows of the angry mahout, who dug in his gunga-bar until the blood streamed. Then up came Indrajit slowly, as a cat stalks a mouse, to make the pleasure last. When Kennedy saw him, he lifted his trunk and trumpeted in terror, but he stood quite still, as if fascinated, and watched the slow approach of Indrajit.

"Step by step the big tusker came nearer, eyeing Kennedy pleasantly, as if to say, 'I

shall be having some fun with you in a moment, my friend.' And at five yards he charged, and sent his tusks into Kennedy's flank six good inches; and when he took them out there were holes there as if cannon balls had gone in. Then Kennedy ran, and Indrajit after him, and the two mahouts gone mad. It was a hard race, but Kennedy lost in the end and got another prodding, after which they took the big fellow off and left Kennedy bellowing.

"'Starve him for two days,' said the Rajah to the mahout, 'and then put him to work again. Now, gentlemen, on your elephants, please.'

"In spite of this constant punishment with the gunga-bars, the elephants suffer little real injury at the hands of the mahouts. Their great heads are made up of soft, bony tissue, which may be shot through by rifle balls in all directions without harm, unless the bullet happens to strike the brain, which is very small, about the size of a saucer.

"I said just now that the mahouts direct the elephants partly by talking to them, and this is true to an extent that has made me believe the animals must actually understand spoken words. For instance, it has happened more than once that I have dropped a cartridge into the deep grass and told the mahout to get it for me. In such cases the mahout stops his elephant and tells him to pick up the cartridge. The elephant swings his trunk to the ground, moves it to one side and the other, as the mahout directs—'No, you silly—to the right—further back—no, to the left—there, now you've got it.' And, finally, up curves the elephant's trunk with the cartridge.

"It used to be a source of endless amusement to me, while lurching along on an elephant's back, to notice the various tricks and peculiarities of the big animals. How often have I seen Bheim Singh reach down his trunk, take a half hitch round a tuft of grass, draw it out by the roots, and then, tipping up his big fore foot, carefully knock the earth off before putting the grass into his mouth.

"Then, when elephant flies were swarming, I was always amused to watch Bheim Singh's favourite manœuvre for getting rid of them. He would heap up a little mound of dust with his fore feet, lay the end of his trunk beside it on the ground, and with a slow movement fill his trunk with dust. Then, very slyly, so that the flies might have no warning, he would curve his trunk round until it was within good range, pause a moment to take air, and, with a great *Pheugh*, send a blinding shower of dust all over himself, to the utter discomfiture of the flies.

"This annoyance of the flies keeps the elephants swinging their tails incessantly, and a new man will not ride many miles on a guddy without getting such a crack from the elephant's tail as will make him think that a heavy club has hit him over the shins. I never had any great respect for an elephant's tail before I rode on a guddy, but painful experience made me change my views, and I learned to keep my legs out of striking distance.

"It is a great sight to see a line of elephants crossing a river with steep banks. They go down slowly, striking the ground with their trunks before each step, and never making a slip or miss, although you feel every minute as if you were going to take a header into the water. Then they wade or swim, as the case may be, and they swim beautifully, not hesitating to cross half a mile of deep water if need be.

"I must say, however, that the sensation of sitting on the back of a swimming elephant is the reverse of pleasant; you fancy yourself on an enormous barrel which may roll round at any moment, and take you under. Besides that, they swim so low in the water that you are sure of a wetting, which in India means an excellent chance of fever.

"Having crossed the stream, they must climb to the top of the bank, and this is the most peculiar operation of all. Down on their knees they go, and with trunk and tusks dig out a foothold for themselves, and so, step by step, work their way to the top, their position being sometimes like that of a fly climbing up a wall. As they reach the top, they give a lurch sideways, and shoot one leg straight out over the bank, then give a lurch to the other side and shoot out the other leg

Elephants climbing the steep banks of a river.

in the same way, which brings them into the position of a boy hanging by his arms from the edge of a roof. Then they come to their knees, and finally, with a great scrambling and kicking of their hind legs, bring themselves to level ground again.

"In spite of these perilous ascents and descents, I never knew an elephant to miss his foothold, although there was a case where one of the herd got stuck in the mud and sank gradually deeper and deeper until only his head and part of his back could be seen. The elephant thus engulfed was Kennedy, the one that tried to kill Ashton. The Rajah ordered ten other elephants to be brought up and they were hitched to the unfortunate Kennedy, and by pulling together at the given word, brought their bellowing comrade out of the mud with a plomp like the pop of a thousand-ton cork.

"So with chatting and jolting and tails swinging and elephants lunching by the way, we reach the point where the howdah elephants are waiting; where the tigers and rhinos are waiting also, let us hope. First, we take our places in our respective howdahs, stepping up to them from the backs of the pad-elephants. The ammunition box is before us, strapped to the front, with cartridges ready. At right and left, with muzzles fixed in the rests, are the guns, an eight-bore elephant rifle for rhinos and buffalo, a twelve-bore tiger gun; two express rifles, large and small, for deer, and a shotgun for small game —partridges, bustard, etc.—when beating lazily at night.

"The place of beating reached, there follows a consultation as to the best way of stationing the guns, and the Rajah's secretary passes a hat round and lets us draw slips for positions. Then the Rajah places us according to drawings, the middle numbers usually giving best places. In beating up a tiger in a nullah, guns are stationed in a U on either bank, while two guns come on with the beating elephants, flanking the line in case the tiger breaks back. And one gun is placed at the head of the drive—that is, at the opening of the U—where he will have a clear shot at the tiger if he breaks into the ravine from the grass on either side.

"Now the waiting guns hold themselves

ready, while the beating elephants move up the two banks of the nullah. Every man stands on the pad, holding his heavy rifle by the breach, while the barrel rests on the howdah. What a tension of suspense for an untried hand! How a man looks to his guns, and plans what he will do when the tiger springs, and prays that his nerve may not fail him!

"The beaters come on and on, nearer and nearer, and still nothing stirs. Word comes from the Rajah to close in from all sides. Only a little bit of grass remains, and the guns are all about it. There may be a tiger lurking there; there may be nothing.

"We have drawn in so close in beats that I remember that the space at the centre was not larger than this room, and we could touch guns from one elephant to another. And up to the very last the tiger made no sign. We could tell, though, by the trumpeting of the elephants that we were coming on big game.

"And then suddenly, from behind you or before you, sounds the quick *oof, oof, oof*, the barking of the tiger at bay, a terrifying sound that the sportsman does not forget, quite different from the long tiger roar heard in the Zoo. And then a tawny body streaks the air, and the tiger is on you, and you must act. How the bullets fly—*vrtt, vrtt, vrtt*—one gun, two guns, sometimes four or five guns firing almost at the same moment! You hit the tiger or you do not, and if yours is the first bullet to touch him yours is the trophy, no matter who makes the kill.

"This is the law for leopards, too; but not for buffaloes and rhinos; there it is the gun finally downing the beast that gets him. And great are the arguments over a tiger's dead body to decide the question of proprietorship. In all such cases of dispute, the Rajah sits as a court of last appeal and weighs out justice impartially.

An instantaneous photograph of vultures, after having torn every shred of flesh from the bones of a tiger's carcase in ten minutes.

"I remember a case where five of us had fired almost at the same moment, at short range, and four of us had missed; a single fortunate bullet had shattered a great hole in the fore shoulder, and laid the tiger low. The question was, who fired that bullet? The Rajah ordered the skin to be taken off at once and the bullet given to him. Then calling us about him, he said, smiling: 'Mr. Burges, do you think you killed the tiger?'

"'Yes, I do,' said I.

"'Mr. P——, do you think you killed this tiger?'

"'I am absolutely certain of it,' he answered.

"And so spoke the others. Perhaps it is not quite modest of me to tell of my own triumph, but I was proud enough of it at the time, for the bullet in the Rajah's hand came from a twelve-bore Paradox rifle, and that was the one I had used. You saw the skin just now in the library.

"Speaking of skinning tigers, here is a photograph that is interesting [reproduced on page 506]. It shows a swarm of vultures hovering over the stripped bones of a tiger's carcase, given them only ten minutes before the photograph was taken, and in that time cleared by them of every shred of flesh.

A trophy of the hunt.

"It is most remarkable how these carrion birds begin to arrive almost before an animal's skin has been taken off. They soar at great heights, in intersecting circles, and so are able to cover with their telescopic eyes a wide range of country; and as soon as one swoops down another follows, and then another, and then thousands, until it seems to be raining vultures.

"I should have said that the skinning of the game is not done on the spot where the game is killed, but at camp, whither the bodies are immediately sent on pad-elephants. The loading of the game on the elephants involves a great hauling and straining of ropes before this is properly accomplished, especially if it is a full grown tiger, which will weigh from three to five hundred pounds. A few hours later, the skins will be stretched in the frames drying in the sun. You see there is no time to be lost in so hot a climate."

"Is a tiger hard to hit?" I asked.

"Not particularly; that is, for a man who is handy with his rifle and doesn't get into a funk. But hitting a tiger is not killing him, as many a good sportsman has found out to his cost. The foreshoulder is the only sure place to hit, and the tiger is always a flying mark. That is why lion shooting is so much easier, for you simply stalk up to your lion and draw on him at rest from easy range. But there is no drawing on a tiger; it is touch-and-go shooting always. Besides, the tiger is just the colour of the ground and the dried grass, and you need a trained eye to see him. I remember one case where a tiger came right past a German prince, and the prince never fired, although the mahout screamed 'Marro, marro, sahib,' with all his lungs.

"'Why didn't you shoot?' asked the Rajah afterwards.

"'I was waiting to see him better,' said the prince, 'and I wish that mahout would keep still when I'm trying to aim. What does "Marro, marro," mean?'

"'It means "kill, kill," of course.'

"'Ah, I thought perhaps it meant not to

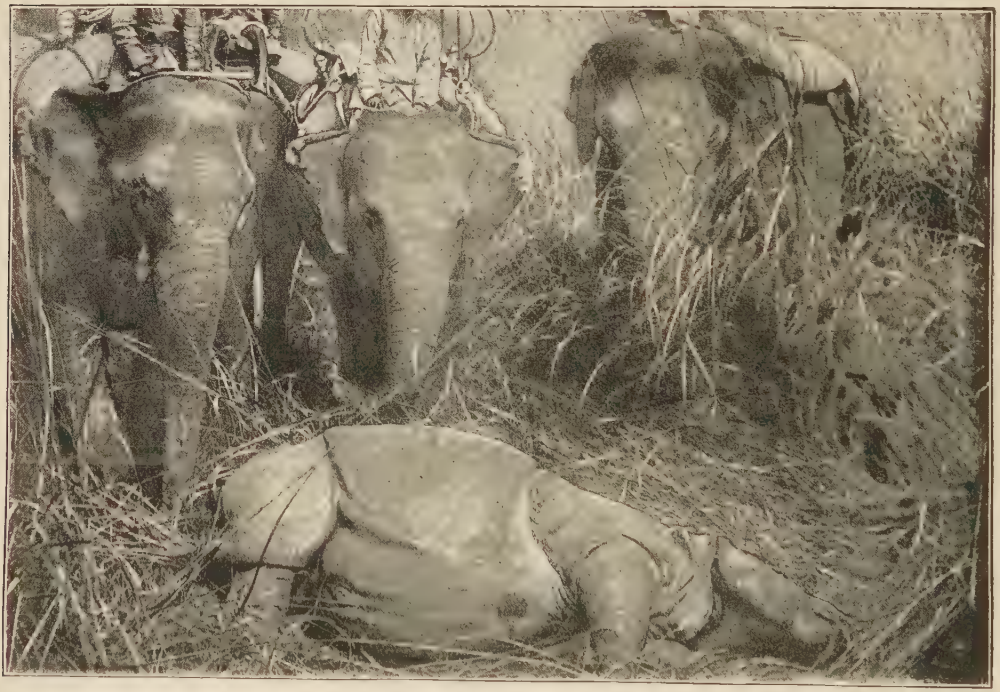
shoot,' grumbled the prince, and the Rajah looked disgusted. A gun should always know enough Bengalese to understand his mahout."

We talked next of rhino shooting, which, in the opinion, of many sportsmen, is even more exciting than tiger shooting.

"Although it was always a rule of the beat," said Mr. Burges, "that all arrangements gave way to news of tiger, there were a number of us, including the Rajah himself, who preferred, by a good deal, the big pigs to the big cats. For one thing, the rhino is much harder to find than the tiger, and much harder to get when found. You see, he is practically invulnerable, and is afraid of nothing. Neither an elephant nor a tiger, nor any other beast of the jungle would have the slightest chance against him. There are many elephants that will stand up to a tiger gamely, but the best of them turn tail when a rhino charges. He rips up their legs with his tusks and his big horn, and the elephants squeal for mercy.

"That is why it is so hard to get a rhino, even when you have him surrounded by the beaters in a big piece of grass (he keeps away from small patches on principle), for his favourite trick is to break back through the driving line, which at once becomes a driven line and—good-bye, rhino. As to overtaking him, that is impossible, for he can gallop twice as fast as the best elephant.

"Your only chance is to catch him with a true shot from your elephant-gun, either behind the shoulder or in the neck, where the ball cuts the arteries. But that is about as hard a thing to do as there is in sport. One queer point about a rhino is, that the horn on his snout is not horn at all, but only a mass of gristle, and it can be cut off easily with a stroke of the knife. It is not fast to the skull at all, but grows loose in the tissue."



Elephants gathering round a dead rhinoceros, which has just been shot from the howdah.

We talked about many other things connected with big-game shooting, about feeding the elephants and washing them, about watching them come to camp at night laden with fodder for the herd, about native superstition, but space is wanting to tell of these. The memories of a big-game hunter are an inexhaustible mine of incident.

Marcelle

From the French of Charles Foley.

By Alys Hallard.

In the transept of the church of Maurecourt, Marcelle and her aunt were kneeling during the celebration of the Mass.

Presently the old organ up in the gallery began to peal out note by note (as though regretfully) a kind of prelude; and after that, in the "O Salutaris," a man's voice, rich and powerful, began slowly, solemnly, and then rang out drowning all beside in its deep, sonorous notes.

Marcelle listened eagerly, attentively; it was as though the sound of the voice were evoking some memory in the young girl's mind. She buried her face in her hands, and tried to fix her attention on the service. It was all in vain, though; she could think of nothing but just that voice, for it was so like another one she had known—a voice she had loved to hear in the olden days—and her thoughts, in spite of herself, went back to the past. How well she remembered everything connected with those days! There was the old château belonging to her aunt, Madame Mazubert, and its pretty bowling-green where they used to play croquet. She could see herself again just as she used to look when, an orphan of seventeen, she had gone to live with this aunt. How proud she had felt when she wore her first long dress—a dress with a train that swept on the ground!

Then there was André Fuster, the nephew of the Abbé. A tall, nice-looking boy this André was, and very shy as a rule, although sometimes his dark velvety eyes seemed to speak for him. He was nineteen, and for his age was ridiculously awkward whenever he did anything for Marcelle. He used to blush in the most uncomfortable manner; and at croquet, whenever she watched him, he always missed his hoop. The other boys used to make a great deal of her, but André always held rather aloof. She could feel his eyes fixed on her, though, whenever he thought she was not looking.

The others used to tease him about his shyness, and Marcelle would laugh with them sometimes, just to rouse him from his timidity.

Whenever any of the others ventured to hint to the young girl of their love for her, strangely enough it was always then, of this timid, silent André that she thought. He attracted her in spite of herself, and she could scarcely tell what it was that made her feel so interested in him.

One evening, when they were having fireworks, and everyone had gathered round the huge crackling bonfire on the lawn, Marcelle and André had lingered in the pine tree avenue. She did not know why, but she was feeling so wretched at the thought that she had laughed at him with the others; and somehow, without any further ado, she had told him how sorry she was, and humbly asked him to forgive her. André had looked at her very tenderly, and, in the solemn way he had of saying even the most trivial things, had answered:

"Oh, I knew you did not mean anything unkind; you are too beautiful to be anything else but good."

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And then he had taken her hand in his, and clasped it warmly, not at all awkwardly. He was so gentle that she could not have taken offence, and it had made her feel at the time as though she were in an enchanted land with roses all around, and the faint sweet perfume of wood anemones scenting the air. They had walked on side by side along the shady avenue, and no word of love had been breathed; but when they loosed hands their eyes had spoken volumes, and they had each read the secret of the other's inmost soul.

* * *

Up in the organ gallery the deep, solemn voice ceased singing, and the music gradually died away. The congregation rose, and still Marcelle remained kneeling.

Madame Mazubert touched her niece, and the young girl looked up, her eyes full of the memories of that avenue with its shady pine trees.

When she saw everyone else standing up, she blushed at her own absent-mindedness.

As the psalms were being chanted the memory of that night with the anemone-scented air gradually faded from her mind, and she thought of the sudden departure for Paris.

Her aunt had taken her travelling for two or three years, and they had been to Switzerland, Italy, Germany—everywhere, indeed, except to the little village—Maurecourt—the very name of which charmed her ears.

Once, indeed, and once only, had Marcelle ever ventured to ask her aunt what had become of André Fuster, and Madame Mazubert had pretended to know nothing about him.

"Who do you say, child? André?—Ah, I remember—that tall nephew of the Abbé who always looked so stupid and foolish. How should I know what has happened to him, child? He has no money, no prospects; and then, too, no manners. Of course, I could not have continued to invite him."

From that day forth the name of André Fuster had never been mentioned between them, and yet it was he who had won Marcelle's heart that night in the avenue of pine trees when he had clasped her hand in his.

Her aunt had taken her travelling.

* *

The service was nearly over, the priest was reading the last prayers, and Marcelle was wondering by what strange chance they had happened to come back to Maurecourt and to the church to hear a voice which so greatly resembled that of the man about whom she was always thinking.

Suddenly, almost in desperation, she determined to try to find out whether it could be his voice, and, leaning towards her aunt, she whispered, while her hands trembled so that she could scarcely hold her book:

"That voice—the one who was chanting 'O Salutaris'—it was just like——"

"Like whose?" interrupted Madame Mazubert shortly, gazing at the young girl coldly.

"Like André Fuster's——"

"Ah, yes, it is rather," said the proud woman of the world, carelessly; "perhaps it is he."

She was going to add something else, but Marcelle turned so pale, and her fingers clutched the chair in front of her nervously.

Madame Mazubert was afraid her niece was going to burst into tears there and then in the church.

Just at this moment the congregation was beginning to disperse, and they rose and followed the others.

When they reached the porch, Madame Mazubert was surrounded by old friends and acquaintances, all welcoming her back after her long absence. She smiled and thanked them, but at the same time she kept looking at her niece anxiously. She saw that the girl had the greatest difficulty in maintaining her self-control; and either out of pity, or fearing a scene, or perhaps, too, now that the inevitable explanation had to come, she had not the courage to confess all herself.

Turning towards her niece, she said, dropping her voice:

"You might stop and speak to M. Fuster, if you like; he really did sing well—I don't mind now—and it is better for you to know."

It was André, then—he was still here at Maurecourt! All confused, and as though in a dream, Marcelle turned back towards the empty church. Pushing back the baize door which led to the gallery, she found herself suddenly face to face with André Fuster.

It was a gloomy corridor, but nevertheless she looked straight into his eyes, and it seemed to her that a great light suddenly shone in them.

How different their expression was, though, now; so sad, and it seemed as though they had sunk, or was it that his face was so much thinner?

He opened the door so that they could have more light, and then Marcelle saw that the young man was dressed as a priest.

He held out his hand to her, smiling sadly and she recoiled involuntarily; her face was deadly pale and her voice faint as she said:

"Is it really you? How is it?"

In order to put her at ease he answered quickly:

"Yes; I was ordained three weeks ago; and I was singing to-day for the last time in the choir, as I am starting at once for my new parish. It is a quiet out-of-the-world little place that I am going to. I decided—just after your engagement—when Madame Mazubert told me about your marriage—it was then that I decided. It was hard at first—for you see I had not expected to enter the priesthood—but now—well, I have done my best, and I am getting resigned and—happy in my new life; and you, you are happy too?"

Poor Marcelle! it was terrible for her, but she understood now just how it had all come about. Their little walk that night under the pine trees had been watched by Madame Mazubert, and by a bold lie she had at once rooted out all hope from the young man's simple, honest heart.

He was looking at her, waiting for her answer. With desperate courage and energy (determined that, at any rate, the calm, peaceful life of the young priest should not be shadowed by an eternal regret), she resolved to bear the grief and sorrow alone, and so she answered:

"Yes, I am happy, too."

Then somewhat abruptly, although she knew he might think her capricious and fickle, she bowed and signed to him to pass on and leave her there.

When he had gone, she stood there alone in the dusky corridor to hide the great tears that were burning her eyelids.

* * * * *

And this was all they said to each other the last time that they ever met.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

By J. R. Creed.

Though it is more than twenty years since the Americans, Moody and Sankey, left this country after their remarkable excursion on British morals, the names are not forgotten. During their famous evangelistic tour, over 2,500,000 people attended their meetings in London alone, and when we consider the thousands who nightly thronged to hear them in the provinces and in Ireland and Scotland, it is probable that, taking all in all, they addressed a greater number of different people than any other preachers have ever succeeded in reaching. Their names therefore have passed into a phrase, and their memory is kept green by the sale of their hymn book, which has attained a circulation of several millions—the exact figures being a secret the publishers will not divulge.

And what wonderful men these two—orator and soloist—were, whatever may be our private opinions of their methods!

The friends who had invited them to this country, and guaranteed their expenses, were no longer alive when they at last landed at Liverpool. To meet this predicament, which left them completely stranded, an edition of their hymn book was at once issued, part of the proceeds from the royalty being sufficient to cover their personal expenses from the first. Indeed, so ready was the sale that on his return from Ireland in 1875 Moody announced in public his intention of ceasing to make private use of the income so derived, and the balance, which, by the close of the London mission, had amounted to nearly six thousand pounds, was devoted to the liquidation of a debt incurred by the pastors of a Chicago church, in which Moody was interested.

There were people who declared that Moody and Sankey were over here "to make as much money as they could out of the Lord." But though fabulous sums were collected on their behalf, fabulous sums were also spent. In March, 1875, Moody received an invitation to visit London. "If I come," was the preacher's response, "you will have to raise £5000 for expenses."

The answer came at once.

"We have £10,000 already!"

As a matter of fact, £28,238 9*s.* 6*d.* was altogether received, while the expenses amounted to £28,296 19*s.* 6*d.*, thus showing a deficit of £58 10*s.*

Moody and Sankey's reputation had preceded them, and London awaited their arrival with no little curiosity.

Who were these men who placarded each town they intended to visit with vast posters announcing their arrival? Every hoarding, every vacant wall bore the same legend: "Moody and Sankey are coming!" Was it a travelling show, or a circus, or some popular entertainers? Wherever they went they engaged the largest buildings, and, though provincial theatres and public halls were crammed each night from floor to skylight, thousands who had waited for hours struggled vainly for admission.

"To hear Moody and Sankey," says a writer of the day in a London paper, "the theatres were deserted, gin-shops emptied, the streets appeared depopulated, the very nature and habits of a work-a-day world were seized and transformed by them into something new. They came in scorn—they left behind respect, surprise, new thoughts, and whole communities stirred to the quick."

On March 16, 1875, over 22,000 people thronged the Agricultural Hall to hear them, and more than 10,000 were turned away, unable to obtain even standing room. Such varied collections of all ranks and all conditions of men and women and children as foregathered in the largest buildings London could provide had never before been seen or known in the metropolis. During the addresses the audience rose literally in hundreds expressing their desire to be saved. "The cream of our work," Mr. Moody asserted, "was in the inquiry room."

The Princess of Wales, Dean Stanley, and Lord Cairns honoured the revivalists by going to hear them. Already they had become popular heroes. £1000 was offered to Mr. Moody if he would sit for a photograph—an offer which he, however, unhesitatingly declined, declaring he would pay £500 to be able to prevent portraits of himself from being sold. Thousands of men and women, people in high life who drove up in their carriages, poor creatures who dragged themselves to the meetings on weary feet, professed "to find Christ." The converts were divided into classes, and placed under the care of the pastors to whose congregations they belonged.

In speaking of Moody and Sankey, the preacher is always mentioned first. But to imply from this that the singer played an inferior part in the work would be both an unfair and a mistaken view. Sankey had one of the finest tenor voices that has ever been heard. When he sang he held people enraptured. Moody's eloquence it is difficult to criticise. To address and interest 20,000 people night after night, month after month, was a performance that only a great preacher could accomplish. Yet he made no attempt at rhetoric. Illustration was employed to occupy the place of argument. Eloquence receded before a store of simple anecdote. But the anecdotes were taking, the phrases picturesque, the quaint Americanisms fresh and charming, and over this ruled the power of a great heart, full of pathos, full of earnestness, full of conviction.

It was Moody who knitted the attention of the vast audiences, who held them spellbound, and Sankey's wonderful voice which carried them away in a great burst of spiritual enthusiasm, ceasing to leave them once more, in the great hush that followed, to the convincing earnestness of the preacher.

The most extraordinary event in connection with Moody and Sankey's visit to this country was in connection with their proposed visit to Eton College. From some of the boys, or from the boys' parents, they received a pressing invitation to visit the school. The moment this became known there arose such a storm in London as no similar event has ever called forth. The question came before the House of Commons. Thirty-four members rose to their feet. A serious and animated discussion occurred in the House of Lords; a remonstrance, numerously signed, was sent to the head master.

In spite of this a large tent capable of holding a thousand persons was erected in the South Meadow, one of the college playing fields, and public notice was given of a service specially addressed to the students.

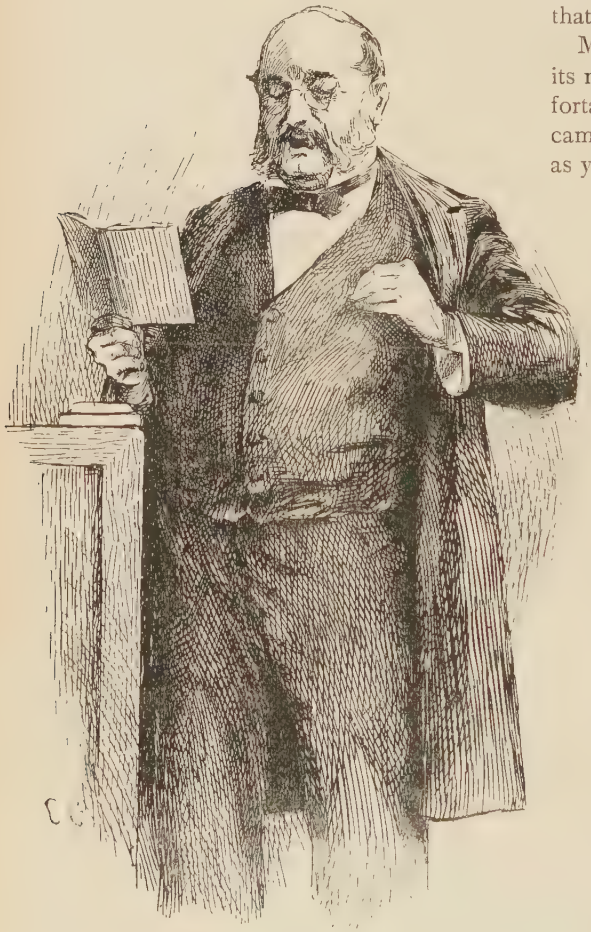
At the last moment, however, an edict was issued which emphatically prohibited this. Moody at once appealed to the Mayor of Windsor for the use of the Town Hall, a

D. L. Moody.

request that was at first acceded to. Shortly before three, however, the hour at which the service was to commence, a notice was posted on the doors declaring that no meeting would be held.

Nothing daunted, Moody obtained permission to deliver his address in the garden of one of the houses in the High Street. At least seventy or eighty Eton boys were present. The meeting was very quiet and orderly. It may be a lasting impression was made on the youthful audience; at all events, Mr. Moody's address and Mr. Sankey's melody cannot have done them the slightest harm.

When the two finally quitted this country, vast crowds congregated at Liverpool to see them off. At their farewell service both Moody's stand and Sankey's organ were decorated with flowers and costly bouquets; their appearance was greeted with tremendous applause; nor is it surprising that orator and melodist should both have broken down on that occasion.



Ira D. Sankey.

Moody now lives in the little mountain town of Northfield, Massachussetts, where he was born. Mark Twain would describe it, I expect, as a one-horse place. During the last twenty years it has made no progress. The wooden houses are painted with whitewash, and stand some distance from the road, and a stone's throw from each other, surrounded by a tiny patch of garden. On each side of the roads are avenues of trees, so high that it tires the necks to discover their tops.

Moody's home is a simple frame house like its neighbours. Inside it is roomy and comfortable. The study, in which each successive campaign is mapped out, lies on the left hand as you enter the door. It is plainly furnished, and the shelves may be searched in vain for other books than the Bible and commentaries thereon. Here lies the fount alike of his information and inspiration; for Mr. Moody is, in the ordinary sense, a man neither of vast reading nor large education.

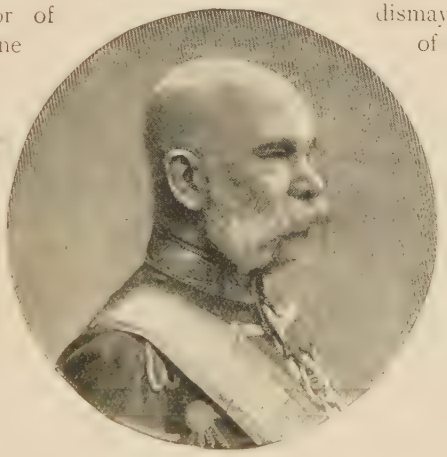
The older inhabitants of Northfield well remember a time when Dwight Layman Moody was no more than assistant in his father's boot shop. From this position he rose to become a salesman in a Chicago emporium, and it was while in that city that he first encountered Ira David Sankey, and entered into that fervent partnership, as the result of which they are able to claim 1,000,000 converts to the simple creed they declare.

Mr. Sankey has recently visited the Holy Land, where he has been fulfilling one of the ambitions of his life by singing hymns on the summit of Mount Sinai. His tour was to have extended to this country, but on the American war breaking out he returned immediately to the States to assist in Mr. Moody's great Gospel campaign among the soldiers.

The Unhappy Hapsburgs.

By Marcus Tindal.

To-day there is no more tragic and sorrow-ladened figure among all the rulers and princes of the world than the noble Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. He stands alone on his throne, venerable, majestic, stricken to the heart with private sorrows, bowed down with the intolerable burden of public cares.



The Emperor of Austria.

The hand of Fate has fallen heavily on the proud and ancient House of Hapsburg; the cup of its sorrow has been filled to the brim. Tragedy has succeeded tragedy, calamities and horrors have come in quick succession; passions, suicide and murder have run their course; and when the last cruel blow was struck, when the beautiful and accomplished Empress Elizabeth fell beneath the assassin's dagger, it seemed as though the burden of sorrows were past mortal bearing. Little wonder that the Emperor exclaimed, with tears streaming from his time-dimmed eyes: "It appears that no sorrow of this earth can be spared to me."

The late Empress.

Called to the throne at the age of eighteen, when the Revolution of 1848 had dealt the autocracy of the Hapsburgs a blow that must have been fatal but for the friendly intervention of Russia, the young Emperor inherited a task from which his uncle and his father had shrunk in dismay. The former, a prince of weak intellect, but kindly disposition, had abdicated after a short struggle with the difficulties of Empire; the latter renounced his claim to the crown.

The Austro-Hungarian Empire, threatened by enemies within and without, seemed a huge Colossus tottering on feet of clay. It was a mixture of disjointed nationalities, swayed individually hither and thither by every wind that blew. The spirit of independence had broken through the force of traditional associations, and few thought that this young and inexperienced Prince would, for half a century, control the alienated factions that had attempted to overthrow the dynasty.

In spite of these internal dissensions, in spite of Magenta, Solferino, and Sadowa, Francis Joseph still reigns, powerful in the strength of his great personality, an example of noble courage and self-sacrifice. He is a fine soldier, a deep thinker, and a scholar of wide and varied learning.

A gleam of brightness and romance is thrown on the gloom of his life by the story of his betrothal to the ill-fated Elizabeth Amelie Eugenie of Bavaria, daughter of the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria. She was the most beautiful princess in Christendom when her cousin, Francis Joseph, came to visit her mother, the Princess Ludovica, at Ischl; and he fell deeply in love with her. "It is too good to be true; I am such an insignificant little thing," exclaimed Elizabeth, on hearing the news; but when her aunt explained to her that Francis Joseph would have "no other wife but Lies'chen," she joyfully gave her consent to the Emperor's proposal, and three days later the betrothal was solemnly consecrated. They were married, eight months afterwards, on April 24th, 1854, amid the rejoicings of the whole population, and their happiness seemed assured.

Princess Stephanie.

The late Crown Prince Rudolph.

The years passed on. All the world knows the troubles and sorrows that came. Three children were born—on July 12th, 1856, the Archduchess Gisela; on August 21, 1858, the Archduke Rudolph; on April 22, 1868, the Archduchess Maria Valeria.

Then, a space of twenty-one years, and the voice of the Emperor is heard: "Holy Father, pray decide whether my poor son is to have Christian burial or not, exactly like any other man. I wish for no favour. As for myself, I am determined to abdicate." Thus wrote the Emperor in the early part of the year 1889, when his only son, the hope of his house, perished by his own hand at Meyerling.

The cloak of Imperialism is for a moment thrown off, and in his telegram to the Pope we read the direct utterance of a man stricken almost beyond endurance. For a moment his head was bent, and something like dismay spread through Europe at the thought of what might happen if he abandoned the control of the Empire to inexperienced hands.

Their daughter, Princess Elizabeth.

But the submission was only momentary, and, although for the Emperor Francis Joseph the joy of life was gone, he was not the man to neglect its duties on this account.

Of the many versions of the "Drama of Meyerling" that I have heard in Vienna some are unfit for publication, none of them are authoritative, all are scandalous. The whole truth will not be told in our generation, possibly not in the next.

The late Archduke Charles Louis.

In passing, it may be interesting to note a curious fact that seems hitherto to have been entirely overlooked in the great amount of writing that has touched on the death of Prince Rudolph. He was the fifth Austrian Prince of that name who met with an untimely end—Rudolph IV.; Rudolph, son of the first Hapsburg; Rudolph, son of the Emperor Albert; and Rudolph III., who were all young men whose careers were cut off short before they had attained the age of thirty.

His son, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Throne.

The death of Crown Prince Rudolph left the Emperor without a direct heir, for the Prince's widow, Stephanie, and his daughter, Elizabeth, are not eligible for the crown.

The Emperor's hand, however, is still firm upon the sword and helm of the State—but when his time has come, what then? The succession devolves upon the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, son of the Emperor's brother, the late Archduke Charles Louis. He probably would greatly prefer to live in the quiet enjoyment of the immense fortune which was bequeathed to him by the late Duke of Modena than to succeed to the throne. He is as weak in body as in mind, and is absolutely incapable of holding together the varied forces that make up the Empire. For years he has suffered from epileptic fits. He is so delicate that his doctors

Archduke Eugene, also son of Charles Louis.

Archduke Louis Victor, the Emperor's youngest brother.

1. The late Duchess d'Alençon.

2. The Princess Maria Valeria, the Emperor's youngest child.

3. The late Emperor Maxmilian of Mexico.

2.

3

forbid him to live in Vienna. He himself knows that he is incapable of holding the position he may in time be called upon to fill. Should he resign, however, a greater danger would befall the House of Hapsburg.

His younger brother, the Archduke Otto, would in that case ascend the throne. He bears a very indifferent character, and his wife, Princess Marie of Saxony, has more than once been on the point of suing for a separation owing to his treatment.

Francis Joseph is ever haunted with the conviction that his death may mean the disruption of his kingdom. Loyalty to Throne, and glory in the army at present hold the dual monarchy together, but Austria and Hungary do not in reality agree, and when the strong influence of the Emperor is withdrawn the Empire will be shaken to its foundations.

The full story of the troubles and sorrows that have befallen Hapsburg-Lorraine and Wittelsbach cannot be told in such an article as this—in all probability, indeed, it never will be told. It is possible only to suggest the misfortunes, to hint at the tragedies. There is the sad story of the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria, and of his brother who succeeded him; there is the story of the Archduke Johann, who changed his name to plain John Orth, served as a seaman, and passed mysteriously out of existence off the coast of Brazil; of the Archduke Laislaus, who was shot whilst hunting; of the Archduchess Matilda, who was burnt to death; of the Princess Louise, who was drowned at sea; and of the Archduke William, who was thrown from his horse and dragged by the stirrup until his skull was fractured.

The world has almost forgotten the ill-fated Maximilian, the fearless, ambitious, and headstrong sailor, who exchanged the position of Admiral of his Imperial brother's navy for the Crown of Mexico. He deserved a better fate than to fall by the bullets of Juarez's rebel soldiers; but he was, perhaps, thereby saved from greater troubles and indignities.

And then there is the sad fate of the Duchess d'Alençon, who was burnt to death in the Paris Bazaar Fire; and lastly, most terrible of all, because most near, the story of the murder of the Empress Elizabeth.

There is no need to tell of the tragedy—all the world knows how Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, was assassinated on the Quai at Geneva on September 10th, 1898, by the Italian anarchist, Luigi Lucchini. Many in England recalled the legend of the Aurora that lit up the northern sky with extraordinary beauty on the night before the Empress was murdered—the legend of those

Fearful lights that never beacon,
Save when kings and heroes die.

And so Francis Joseph, bowed down with grief beyond mortal pity, stands alone on the throne of the hapless house of Hapsburg.

"SALLIE DEAR."

Say, Sal, old pal, I 'eard a lark strike up 'er merry note
T'other day,
Down this way.
We wos diggin' arter hours, 'cos we'd broke the prison rules,
An' we slacked work to 'arken like a pack o' lovesick fools,

An' I felt, 'pon my soul I did, a sinkin' in the throat,
For it brought to mind a memory o' you,
Lord—it's true,
Thoughts o' you,
As you was when first I loved yer, Sallie dear.

We're 'ardened brutes, the lot of us—the chaplain tells us so:
Satan's Own,
Christ's Out-thrown.
But there wasn't one as didn't wince in all the ploughin' gang,
Or feel their 'arts grow softer as that little beggar sang.
An' I blubbered like a babby. Why? 'Ang me if I know,
But I sorter felt 'ow wrong I'd treated you—
Straight, I did,
An' no kid,
'Ow I'd changed your smiles to mournin',
Sallie dear.

I see you now in court, old gal, the kiddy on your arm,
Jest the same,
Brave an' game,
An' the judge's raspin' sentence runs steamin' through my ears;
An' I see you, as I seed you then, smilin' through your tears;

An' I 'ear your whisper—"Don't fret—the boy won't come to harm,
For the Friend o' little children understands."
True, I ain't
No white saint,
But yer kinder brought 'Im 'ome then,
Sallie dear.

I've sat an' lied in solitoode 'alf dreamin' in my cell,
Livin' through
Days wiv you.
O Lord! to walk abroad unwatched, to mock the mockin' chain,
To drink the air of liberty, to know myself again;

To feel I own a will once more. I'm ramblin', eh? Ah, well,
Only slaves can teach the free wot freedom means;
For no light
Follows night,
But each mornin' brings death closer, Sallie dear.

An' so I've lingered 'ere for years—jest look around the room—
Think, old wife,
Doomed for life,
Where 'uman love ain't ever seen, where speakin' ranks as crime;
Where one day apes another so, we lose account of time;
Where buried 'ope an' manhood rot inside a prison tomb,
An' the dreams men dream of freedom reap despair;
Night an' day
Pass away,
But they leave no smiles behind 'em, Sallie dear.

Well, then I must 'ave sickened, for they sent me out to plough
'Ere last May—
'Eaven's own day.
O Lord! the dew of mornin' then—the light, the space, the green,
The air, the sense of breathin' free, the wonder of that scene;
The world was made for me that day—it comes afore me now,
An' I 'ear,
Low an' clear,
That sweet song which brought me gladness, Sallie dear.

An' now I'm back in 'awspital—ah! Sal, jest take my hand—
I don't fear
When you're near;
It's only when I'm left alone I feel afraid to die.
The white-washed walls, the 'ush, the night, the soul's despairin' cry;
The tread of feet, the gloom without, the unknown, 'idden land,
An' that mighty Judge of all men learn to dread.
So I lie,
Glad to die,
For I 'old I've bought my freedom, Sallie dear.

O Lord! the hours I've toiled in vain—the broken years I've seen,
Sigh an' tear
Anchor 'ere.
But to my dull an' achin' eye there comes a light at last,
Grim skeletons an' shadows of a dimmed an' banished past.

Ah! Sal, old wife, what might 'ave been! That cry—what might 'ave been!
But 'E 'ears it—for 'E calls me—an'—I go!
Ay, sweet light
Crowns my night,
An' the dawn of ages guides me, Sallie dear.

SCOTT CRAVEN.

THERE were three of them living together in the shanty. It did not belong to any of them, but they stayed there because the owner had gone to England, and they agreed together it would be a pity to let the place spoil for neglect.

A smell of cooking pervaded the house, because Leicester was frying bacon and beans over the stove, and every now and then he stopped to abuse Crawford who had given up his duty of whipping a basin of milk into butter, and was pulling cactus needles out of his legs and grumbling horribly because they hurt him whenever he sat or moved.

In the next room Hallett, who had promised to clear away the breakfast, was playing hymn tunes on the piano. He had been told to leave off and several things had been sent through the door to refresh his memory, but he went on complacently, knowing it would save trouble to use the breakfast plates over again for dinner.

The tinkle of the piano grew louder, and the tall man who was working at the stove took advantage of the noise to ease his mind of a matter which was assuming the proportions of a trouble.

"There is something the matter with Hallett," he said. "Something which is changing him for the worse."

"If sunstrokes had ever been heard of in California," said Crawford, "I should put it down to that. There's a queer look in his eyes at times, and he's so tarnation restless. Listen to him now!"

The hymn tunes had been abandoned and there came through the half open door snatches of melodies and stray chords, an incoherent medley of notes.

"He's a queer fellow," observed Leicester, "I swear I understand him less now than I did when he first came out, and grumbled because he had expected to find this better than the old country, and was wrong."

Crawford laughed softly to himself. He had grown tired of hunting for cactus, and went over to the door and stood there looking out through the shady sycamores to where

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the sun was flaring down on the mountains with the full heat of a Californian day.

Just outside, a horse hitched to a post stood with its head drooping. And beyond, where a scrap of hillside was terraced into a vineyard, a barefooted boy lay stretched at full length, part of the general inertness. The sight of the child seemed to suggest a new train of thoughts to Crawford.

"There's Leslie," he said, without turning his head. "What on earth is he doing over here?"

"Dropped from the skies with a note for Hallett. Walked the whole way, he says."

Crawford drew a long breath.

"A note! That's something new, isn't it?" he remarked, and the lines between his eyes deepened a little.

"Never heard of it out here before," said Leicester truthfully. "It was a woman's handwriting, too!"

"In that case," remarked Crawford, staring hard at the horse, "Monica sent it. I tell you what it is," he went on slowly, "there's mischief brewing. Hallett's the dandiest fool with a pretty woman, and Mrs. Merle—— "

"Is the most charming creature on God's earth," said Leicester reverently, "but also a fool if that kind of thing's a-foot. Let me see. They have been out here three weeks, possibly four. No, Jim, you're hurrying things too much. Besides, they can't have been married long. I'll take my oath Merle is not more than twenty-three, and she—well, twenty-five's the limit."

"At all events, there is no love lost between them," remarked the sun-burnt philosopher at the door. "I lost five dollars to Benson last week betting they were brother and sister. But there happened to be three letters for Mrs. Merle at the store, and I had to pay up."

"It was a certainty for Benson," said the cook. "You see she wears a wedding ring; that usually decides these points, you know."

The piano in the next room had stopped suddenly, and a clean-shaven man in riding boots and a store shirt came into the kitchen. He brought with him an indefinable air of refinement.

"I'm going to ride over to the Valley this afternoon if the cultivating can wait," he said.

He went over to where Crawford was standing and began mopping his forehead. The horse's head had sunk lower than ever; the small boy had disappeared as if the sun had finally melted him away.

"I believe," said Crawford, purposely avoiding the other's face, "that the rains are going to begin to-night."

There was not a cloud anywhere in the blueness of the sky, but there was a feeling in the air as if something was going to happen.

Hallett filled himself a plate of bacon from the frying-pan and ate it standing.

"By the blessing of God it will rain," he observed; "and for that reason I shall start at once."

Leicester looked at him sideways.

"If you are going to the Merle's," he said tentatively, "you might bring back some geranium cuttings."

The slightest possible flush showed through the brownness of the other's skin, but his blue eyes remained inscrutable. Leicester fancied he saw the vestige of a smile hover round the corner of his lips.

"I will not forget," he said, and with that went out and began strapping his coat to the pommel of the saddle. Crawford said afterwards his hands were shaking like a girl's.

The horse set out at a gentle lope like an animal which understands thoroughly he has a long journey before him in the heat. Hallett, sitting back in his saddle, began humming a melody to himself. Presently, as the mountain trail grew steeper, the words died from his lips and his straight brows grew together in thought. There was a look on Leicester's face as he had seen it last which he could not forget and it annoyed him.

"It's my own business entirely," he said to himself. There was no pricking of conscience, only a feeling of irritation that his motives should have been probed. Such a wild and unreasoning love as this which had taken hold of him belonged to a region where conscience never entered.

The top of the hill had been reached suddenly, and the mustang stopped short to recover her wind. For miles Hallett could trace the road winding wearily over the bare mountain strewn with rough boulders and showing in places a tiny patch of cactus.

Below he could trace the grey-green line of the willows and eucalyptus that run beside the dried up course of the river. Here and there a few white houses lay scattered among the distant ranches with squares of orange trees beside them and interminable lines of leafless apple trees. And among them one house whiter and cleaner than the rest, with a waving avenue of pampas grass beginning at the road and ending where the miniature garden began, making a picture the background to another picture that, sleeping or waking, never left his mind.

Hallett dismounted leisurely and lighted a cigarette without taking his eye from the scene. He was drawing long breaths, and his eyes shone strangely.

By some mysterious chance a live oak had grown in that treeless region, and, as if tired of its struggle with the arid soil, had fallen not far from the trail, its great core eaten out by time. The mustang, freed of its rider, had strolled towards it and was nibbling at the bark. Hallett, remembering it of old, made use of it as a seat; his eyes still on the little white house.

The mustang stopped short to recover her breath.

Up the trail from the valley a man on horseback was approaching. A tall, slim figure, who sat his horse well, but with a forward seat that betokened one unused to the country. Until he was quite close, Hallett did not throw him so much as a glance, but suddenly his face hardened.

"Hello!" the newcomer called out cheerily.

"Hello, Merle," he answered.

"I was coming over to see you," the other said, "I wanted to use your files."

He had a saw in his hand, and he waved it over his head as he spoke.

"You will find the boys at the house," Hallett said, getting up and swinging into his saddle. A feeling was coming over him that if he stopped there another moment something would happen which he might afterwards regret.

Merle thanked him, wondering at the savage look which lurked in those usually placid eyes.

"Look in at the ranch as you pass," he said, with an odd wave of the hand; "Monica will give you tea."

In his voice there was an undercurrent which Hallett noticed, but noticed stupidly. Just for a moment they faced each other, and then Hallett's eyes dropped and he swung his horse's head round a little sharply.

"Till we meet again," the boy called out. He got no answer, and he laughed oddly as he, too, swung round and disappeared in the opposite direction in a cloud of yellow dust.

There were many ranches in the valley, but not one which had flowers in the garden like the Merle's: not another within a hundred miles with that level stretch of turf between the beds. It was an exquisite luxury, and Hallett's sun-dried eyes revelled in it as he hitched his horse beside the windmill, and pushed through the little cross-bar gate. The verandah was deserted, and he walked inside the house like a visitor who is sure of his welcome. A girlish figure rose to meet him as he entered, holding out a slim hand, which he engulfed in his brown palm.

"I am glad you have come," she said. Hallett tried to say something, but could not. Something seemed to rise in his throat and choke him.

He looked into her eyes, and then round the room, and back again to her eyes contentedly.

"Well?" she said, smiling. He smiled too, a little uncertainly.

"I feel different when I come in here—that's all," he said.

Hallett had seated himself by the window, through which the perfume of a hundred flowers came crowding.

"I did not need your note to bring me," he said, with lazy reproach.

"No?" very dubiously. And then: "I want you to help me," she said.

"From the most selfish of motives, that of giving pleasure to myself," he replied. "You know there is nothing in the world I would not do for you."

"It's about Jim," she said.

Hallett had not expected this. What was there about her husband she could find to say to him? He shifted a little bit uneasily.

"It's about Jim," she repeated, and he detected a trace of nervousness in her voice, a little tremor which made his heart beat faster. "I don't think he is happy here. Everything I do jars upon him. Yet I try to please him. I——" She broke off with a little pathetic gesture. Her big eyes were filled with tears.

Hallett felt himself trembling.

"And you blame yourself?" he said slowly, like a man who understands with difficulty. He drew his hand across his forehead, and pulled it back covered with moisture.

"Of course, I do," she said vehemently. "Sometimes I hate myself. You have been good to me," she went on, with a curious hastening of her voice. "I want you to be his friend. Promise me that. Promise me you will try to cheer his life."

Hallett nodded dully.

Outside a few big drops of rain were beginning to fall. The sky had clouded over. The windmill was whirring round, creaking at every turn with a dismal, life-like cry.

He took his hat and got up slowly.

"I must be going," he said at last. Then he sat down again suddenly. "Tell me," he said, "do you think it is possible for a woman to love twice?" He tried to catch her eyes, and failed. She was pouring him out a cup of tea, and she bent her head so that he could see nothing but the hat.

"It might be possible," she said at last. "I don't know." Her voice was very low, so low that he hardly caught the words. When she looked up he noticed a little flush which had crept into either cheek.

He got up and took the tea from her hand, but made no attempt to drink it.

"If——" he began, and stopped. The patter of the rain and the humming of the windmill sounded more loudly than ever through the window.

"Well?" She looked straight into his face and laughed.

He put his cup down and walked up to her deliberately.

All his hesitation had vanished.

"You know what I mean," he said. His heart beat faster and faster.

She turned her head ever so slightly away.

Then he bent forward and seized her hand, and put one arm round her and forced her face up to his. The next moment his lips were burning upon hers.

"Monica," he cried.

She whispered something that he did not hear. Only she raised her lips again to him, and he drew her closer.

The rain was falling in sheets when Hallett with trembling fingers unhitched his horse and started homewards. It fell perfectly straight, cutting the face like hail. The saddle was reeking, and the mustang's flanks and legs quivered.

Hallett's eyes were half shut. The horse left to itself lashed furiously over the familiar trail.

At the top of the ascent Hallett stopped, where he had stopped before, and dismounted. Behind the fallen trunk of the tree was a pile of granite rocks, and behind this he fastened his horse and went back and sat down on the tree. The rain, which had been nine months in the coming, seemed to have accumulated nine months of strength for this initial downpour, and Hallett was soon soaked through to the skin.

He got up presently and looked round for some more sheltered spot. There was none. Somewhere behind the rocks his horse was whinnying. He came back to the tree and seated himself again. It was a prodigious trunk, large enough to hold a bigger man than himself inside. The idea occurred to him, and he lay on the ground and pushed his way slowly backwards into the trunk. It was as good a place as any to wait until Merle should come by, until . . . .

"I will give the boy another hour," he thought. Everything was quite clear in his mind by now. His determination surprised even himself. It was only when he thought of Leicester and Crawford that he felt uncomfortable. He began to wonder whether they would wash up for dinner, and laughed. At last he heard the faint thud of a horse's feet on the sand, and pushed his right hand, in which he already grasped his revolver, a little forward. His position was beginning to grow painful, but it was too late to change.

Horse and rider came floundering to the ground.

The sound of the hoofs grew nearer, but he remained quite quiet, holding his breath. He could hear Merle's voice urging on his mare, and then her white nose came across his vision and, cramped up as he was, he fired. Once, twice!

There was a shrill cry, and horse and rider came floundering to the ground.

Everything with Hallett was perfectly distinct: brain and hand worked methodically as if it had all been rehearsed a hundred times before.

The two forms lay huddled together a few paces from him on the reeking soil. He tried to move forward and failed. He tried a second time, and once more failed. A cold sweat broke out all over him. The tree seemed to be holding him in his grasp. A moment's thought might have told him what had occurred, but he was in no state for the consideration of natural phenomena. The thirsty wood had swollen with the rain, and the opening which had been large enough to admit his entrance was now too small to allow his exit.

Years before in days that he barely remembered, Hallett had seen a Norman peasant slowly swallowed up in the sands of Mont St. Michael. The scene came back to him now as if it had been only yesterday. He felt in vain for some knot, some crook against which to get a leverage with his feet, and the hopelessness of it all reminded him of that terrible struggle he had witnessed.

With his right arm, which he had kept thrust in front of him, he tried to gain a hold on the yielding soil. There was, however, nothing to be gained by this. His great

shoulders were held in a vice which remorselessly defied his struggles. At last he lay still, panting and exhausted.

After all he told himself there was nothing hopeless in his position. Within an hour or so the mailman would pass that way with his team, and would easily find some way to release him.

And then, having reached this stage in his reflections, there suddenly swept across his mind, like a wave flings in the face of a drowning man, the thought that he did not wish to be found; that he could not be found in that position. His eye fell on the black figure of Merle and of the grim outline of the white mare, and a thin panting cry came from his lips.

From a tiny knot-hole in the wood above his head the rain drops had begun to work their way through. He could feel them falling gently, regularly, and he welcomed them because his brain was on fire, and his mighty efforts had left him hot and steaming. But after a little while they ceased to feel cold, and it seemed to him as if the rain had suddenly changed to boiling heat. His head began to ache, and the aching spread through his whole body. But though he writhed in torture none of his efforts to gain a new posture brought him the slightest relief.

The drops fell with a terrible regularity that maddened him. He found himself waiting for each one and flinching horribly as it fell. It was, in effect, as if some imp were pouring molten lead upon him. He tried to get his hands up but without success. The grip of the wood upon him seemed if anything to grow firmer, and his strength was oozing rapidly. He began shouting for help but his tongue seemed to grow in his mouth and choke him, and presently he lay perfectly still listening to the thrash of the water, his eyes always fixed on that melancholy white form and the black figure beside it.

"In a few minutes' time," he said to himself, "I shall be insane." He laughed because everything about him seemed so life-like and natural; it did not suggest a nightmare; it did not suggest some horrible hallucination. He could see the stripes on Merle's shirt blurring in the rain. He noticed that the back legs of the horse were shod and the fore feet shoeless. And yet the one end was as inevitable as the ceasing of the rain.

It came as it seemed to him earlier than he had expected. He had closed his eyes and when he opened them again Merle was sitting up beside his horse and swearing. He had never believed in ghosts, or shuddered at an apparition, but he had seen and dealt with madness, and he did not try to argue the thing out. Merle got up on to his legs, pressing his hands to his head, staggered a few steps and sat down again.

His action was ludicrous. It even made Hallett laugh. And then it no longer seemed possible that Merle should be dead, that his own mind should be playing him false.

All unexpectedly, his voice sounded out like an automaton. "Merle," he called.

The figure beside the horse got up slowly to his feet.

"Hello," he said. He heard Hallett's voice again and Hallett's horse calling plaintively and went over towards the tree, looking about like a man thoroughly dazed.

"Where are you?" he called. His foot struck against the revolver, and glancing down he saw the end of Hallett's head just protruding from the tree.

"What are you doing there?" he said.

Hallett's senses were failing him.

"For Heaven's sake, get me out," he cried.

Merle seized him by the arm and tried to draw him out. But he only extracted little groans of pain. There was not room for those broad shoulders to pass.

"Hold on a minute," he said. He went back to where his mare lay stretched in the sand and picked up a saw from the ground. As he stooped he noticed two bullet wounds in the horse's shoulder which were bleeding.

"I must have been stunned," he said. He went back and began releasing Hallett.

"I don't understand," he said in a bewildered tone. "Who did the shooting?"

"I did," said Hallett. "Merle, I'm dying. Be quick, there's a good fellow."

Indeed his face was very dark, and his throat was dry and rasping.

When he got out he could hardly stand. Merle was not much better. They both moved unsteadily and both sat down on the trunk instinctively.

Hallett's horse had got loose and had come round and was staring at the white corpse, its ears forward, its small nostrils dilated fearfully at the sight of death.

The boy was unable to say a word. As for Hallett, he stooped down and picked up his revolver. He examined the chambers carefully and handed it to Merle.

"I've played my game and lost," he said quietly. "It's your turn now. For every life another!"

The boy laid his hand on the other's arm.

The situation was vague, inexplicable, but it was certain that Hallett was a little off his head.

"Come along," he said; "you had better come back and spend the night with us."

A flash of the old fire crept into Hallett's eyes.

"I'm not off my head," he said, fiercely, because he still believed a little in his madness. "I meant to kill you and then I got wedged, that's all."

Merle glanced at him quickly and a little nervously. The situation was growing impossible.

"I don't know what I've done that you should want to kill me," he said.

Hallett had caught his horse by the bridle, was feeling the girth, and his face was turned away when he spoke.

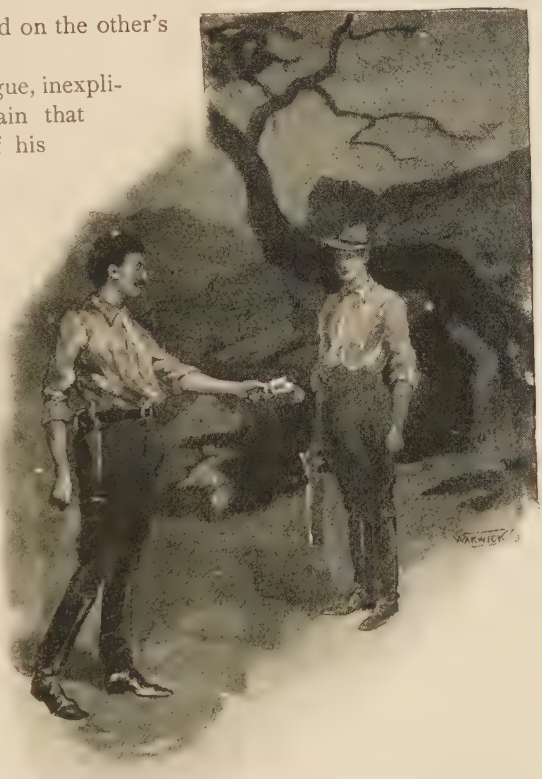
"I've been a cad—that's all," he said. "Do you see when a man has been out here so long as I have his soul craves for a little touch of civilisation; he longs to come across people who think as he does—who can think. Ladies don't often come our way out here, and—— It's no good beating about the bush," he went on, speaking faster, "I am in love with your wife—madly, deeply; deeply enough even to drive me to crime—to murder!"

Merle stared at him, doubting more than ever of his sanity.

"My wife is in Cairo at the present moment," he said, staring hard at Hallett. "She is not to follow us out till the spring. I don't know what you mean?"

"For all that," said Hallett, "someone whom you allow to call herself Mrs. Merle is living with you now—someone who wears your wedding ring!"

"Monica, do you mean!" exclaimed Merle. "Why, my dear fellow, Monica is my step-mother. Married my father two years before he died! My wife—O Lord deliver us!" and he burst into laughter.



"I've played my game and lost," he said quietly.

While he stood there the moon came out suddenly between a rift in the clouds and shone down on the two men and the two horses, the one dead, the other pulling at its bit.

It was a tragic bit of comedy; a question solely of relationship.

* * * * *

For a week after the truth became known, Crawford was seen haunting the post-office steps to find Benson, because he said he had paid him five dollars on false pretences, and he wanted it back. Leicester's idea was to be best man if the wedding came off, which it didn't.

ITALY'S NATIONAL GAME

By Montgomery Carmichael.

What Englishman, what sport-loving foreigner is there, who, after a brief residence in Italy, does not lose his head over the Italian national game of Pallone? It is as exciting as cricket, a good deal older, ten thousand times more æsthetic, and it takes up but two hours of your time when business for the day is over, instead of three whole days when the business of the day is left to shift for itself. It is strange that Pallone should never have been played before an English public; strange, too, that the English athlete who knows the ins and outs of base-ball, the niceties of French and Italian fencing, the points of all foreign wrestling, the rules even of the Spanish bull-ring, should never so much as have heard of Pallone.

The only parallel is the blank, hopeless, child-like ignorance of the Italian on the subject of cricket.' And the Italian is less excusable than the Englishman, for in some of the Italian ports eleven sons of Albion from the ages of fifteen to sixty-five have been known to challenge on Italian soil an eleven of the Royal Navy or the Mercantile Marine, while Pallone requires a large and specially constructed court, which no Italian has as yet thought of setting up in this country.

But to try and describe the game. Pallone is played upon a mud court, divided in the middle by a line, 312ft. long and 53ft. wide, a goodly area as will be seen. On one side of the court rises a wooden or stone wall some 50ft. in height. On the other side, and at either end, stand or sit the excited spectators. The players are usually six in number, three on one side and three on the other. And there is also the modest little *mandarino*, the sender or server. One of the three players is *il battitore* (the striker); the second *spalla* (shoulder), who stands as it were at the shoulder of the striker and backs him up when the ball is in motion; and the third is *il terzino*, who plays forward.

Each player has on his hand a curious instrument, which, at first sight, looks like nothing so much as a huge pine cone. This is the *bracciale*, with which he strikes the ball. It is made of walnut wood, and studded at regular intervals with wooden spikes, but that part of it which strikes the ball is made of the extremely tough wood of the Cornelian cherry. The centre of it is hollow, and into this the player inserts his hand, which grasps a comfortably-shaped cross-piece at the bottom.

The *bracciale* weighs a good 4½lb. avoirdupois; it is about 8in. in length, and has, owing to the projection of the spikes, a circumference of quite 24in. The "drive" which it produces is surprising. The ball is of stout leather distended by pneumatic pressure; it weighs 12 ounces, is about 15in. in circumference, and is capable of doing grievous bodily harm.

The set consists of any number of games previously determined upon. Each side receives the service for two consecutive games, which together are styled a *trappolino*. But it is not one side which serves to the other. The *battitore* or striker-off stands upon an inclined spring-board at his end of the court; the *mandarino* or server stands some twenty-five yards in front of him and sends him a gentle "lob," which the *battitore* receives and strikes as he rushes down, full

tilt, from his point of vantage. The server skips out of the way or lies down flat if he sets special store upon his life, and the ball flies whizzing into the opposite court.

Then much the same rules and much the same tactics follow (though on a grandiose scale) as in our Lilliputian lawn-tennis. A point is lost in the same way, and a point is gained in the same way, save that if the ball drops outside or beyond the court at either end, that counts to the side that sent it, for it counts against the side which sent it. The first point is 15, the second 30, the third 40, the fourth game: there is no deuce or vantage.

But besides the giant and virile proportions of the game, there is another feature wholly unlike the tactics of lawn-tennis. The ball may strike the great wall as often as it chooses without disqualifying the stroke, and sometimes the most cunning and most maddening play is done close up to the wall with

The Pallone Court in the Cascine, Florence.

From Photo by Zaccaria, Florence.

needs a real *tour de force* to drive the ball so great a distance.

I have seen Gabri, a famous Piedmontese *battitore*, send the ball served to him clean beyond the court three times in succession, in the midst of yells and bravos of which Tuscan throats alone are capable. But if the ball goes out of the court, either on the right hand side or the left hand, that is either among the spectators in the third-class places or over the high wall opposite them, that the ball creeping insidiously along it from court to court.

Sometimes the forward player, for instance, will strike the ball against the wall whence it rebounds at an angle at which only the nimblest adversary can hope to take it. In Pallone all the science of "placing" consists in a right calculation of the force and extent of angles. Most surprising, most tantalising, wildly exciting, are the results of some of this fierce play against the wall.

Sometimes in place of the line drawn across the court, a narrow strip of net is raised some ten feet above the ground, and over this the balls have to go. In this game, as a rule, only four players take part. The strip of net is covered with little bells, which ring out tunefully if the ball touches it, for, unlike lawn tennis, the stroke is against you if you do not completely clear the net. The Italians prefer this game. It keeps the ball high, allows of long and exciting rallies, and prevents "Whitechapel" (*bruciare*), or the short low stroke which admits of the ball being sent just over the line in a manner in which it can rarely be taken in so huge a court.

The players are dressed all in white; a loose white frilled jacket, which resembles a garment that may be seen on English clothes-lines, and is, I believe, called a petticoat body, white frilled knee-breeches, white cotton stockings, and white canvas shoes—a far more picturesque and serviceable get-up than our heavier white flannels. Flowing from beneath the jacket hang the two ends of a sash, which is either red or blue, for the two

Castagnoli ready to strike.

sides are always known as the *Rossi* and the *Celesti*, the Reds and the Blues.

The server, too, is dressed in white, but his jacket is tight-fitting, and his trousers are not knee-breeches. One other figure, he also a white one, stands in the court by the dividing line, the scorer and umpire, who trills out in a musical sing-song the position of the game after every stroke.

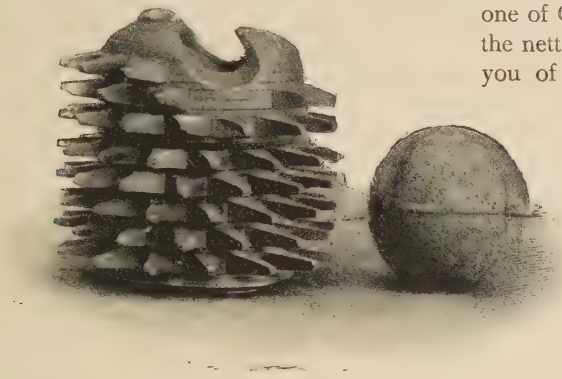
The players at a public match are almost always professionals. They are not poorly paid as pay goes in Italy. A good *battitore* will get as much as 500 francs a month; and *terzino*, 350. It is true that the professional cricketer would have to renounce sport on such terms, but simplicity and unpretentiousness are still Italian characteristics.

Famous among living players are Mazzoni (Tuscan), a squarely-built, sturdy athlete, who

Franchi descending from the spring-board to receive the service.

From Photo by Marzocchini, Leghorn.

would certainly be champion if there were a championship; Gabri (Piedmontese), brown, and very handsome with his twinkling eyes and boyish geniality, whose smile gets more



The bracciale and ball.

child-like as his stroke becomes more demoniacal; Pettinari of the Marches, a crafty left-handed player, staid and philosophical in his bearing, whose unruffled calm adds to the surprise of his insidious strokes; Beppe, Banchini, Franchi, Nidiaci, Silli, Bessi, Moggi, Marini: Tuscans all of them, and all full of renown; and greatest of all, perhaps, both living and dead, Domenico Bossotto of Cuneo, now past play, but doing work as Director of the Game at Turin.

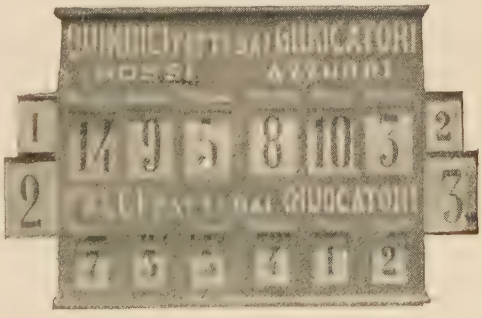
To the habitual observer the public is almost as diverting as the game itself. At either end of the court, both dangerous positions, are the second-class places (admission 50 centimes, or $3\frac{3}{4}d.$). Opposite the great wall, stretching the whole length of the court, are three terraces — the third-class places — where stand in rapt ecstasy the "*popolo*" (admission 30 centimes, or $2\frac{1}{2}d.$). There you will recognise your cabman, your barber, the waiter of the restaurant where you lunch, your postman, your butcher's boy and your baker's boy, your boatman, and your favourite beggar—all doff their caps with a genial grin in commendation of the foreign gentleman who appreciates their national game.

Above the second-class places (usually at the end, opposite the service court), rises the *loggia* of the first-class places (admission one whole *lira*, or $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ at the present rate of exchange), where sit, securely covered by wire-netting, the *signori*, their mothers, their wives, their nursemaids, and small children.

Do not keep your face too near the wire-protection or at least keep your eyes open: one of Gabri's "demon" drives will force in the netting a good twelve inches and deprive you of eyesight for ever. But fairly secure behind the wire-netting, you may watch and enjoy the discomfiture of the good-natured "*popolo*" when the ball gets wild and flies among them. All their attention needs to be concentrated upon the ball if they would come away alive and scathless.

Even when the ball flies over their heads and strikes the wall behind them, there is no saying at what angle it will return among them. But a ball which rebounds and knocks off a hat or two, or bruises a pair of sturdy shoulders, is only matter for chaff and hilarity, and the injured, with Tuscan good-humour, are loudest of all in the general delight caused by their discomfiture. Death has resulted from blows received at Pallone, and cases of serious injury (especially to the poor players) are not infrequent.

If the statistics of casualties are favourable when compared with football, they are at least sufficient to show that the game has that element of danger required in all true sport. In many parts of Italy, however, especially outside Tuscany and Rome, the whole of the



The scoring-board.

audience are protected from the vagaries of the ball, and certainly no Italian *impresario* would dream of setting up Pallone in London without properly sheltering the whole of

Mazzoni, the greatest of living players.

his British audience.

A careful note is kept of the points made by each individual player, and they are publicly scored as the game proceeds. Look at the representation on page 531 of the scoring board. It is divided into two parts, the left half, facing you, is red, the other half, blue. Of the four figures on the extreme outside, the upper two indicate the number of services received by each side (Reds 1, Blues 2), (remember that each service consists of two games), and the lower and bigger figures that the Reds have won two games and the Blues three.

Of the remaining twelve figures, the upper line with the larger figures shows the number of points made by *Battitore*, *Spalla*, and *Terzino* of either colour respectively, the lower line of smaller figures indicating the number of "faults" or failures each player has made, for if two players should leave off equal in points, then the winner of the two is he who has the fewest faults against his name.

A very charming game, then, is this Italian national game of Pallone. Into its history and antiquity I forbear to go. The origin of the game is lost in obscurity: the hackneyed phrase happens literally to tell the truth about it and does not serve as an excuse for shirking research. You must read Greek and Latin to study the origin and first beginnings of the game. Quite a recent treatise on it is that of Messer Antonio Scaino, printed at Venice in 1560; the last notable book on the subject is "Gli Azzurri e i Rossi" (Turin, 1897), by a novelist famous here and well known in England, Edmondo de Amicis.

Pallone has a fine flavour of antiquity about its appearance and *mise en scène*. The bronzed, muscular players with their slight white picturesque costumes, the dense excited crowd, half squatting, half sitting, half standing, the brilliant sun, the blue sky, the huge arena, recall without any effort of the imagination a Roman amphitheatre.

The game (alas!) is on the decline. Time was when Royalty, on its visits to a favoured city, was always entertained with a gala game of Pallone, and authentic history has it that in the year 1814 King Ferdinand of the Two Sicilies and Vice-Consul Thomas Watson played a set on opposite sides in the great Piazza of Livorno. But Royalty has heavier duties nowadays, and the burden of civilisation leaves the people little time and less money for innocent pastimes.

The English traveller in Italy would do well to leave for a while churches and picture galleries, and seek out a Pallone Court. He will not be disappointed, and will certainly return again. And I think I have a piece of good news for all English lovers of athletic sports. As likely as not a Pallone Court is to be set up in London in this year of grace that is coming. Our Italian brother athletes will be heartily welcome, and may rest assured of that loyal and vigorous support which Englishmen as a nation are ever ready to accord to all forms of manly and healthy exercise.

Domenico Bossotto, the most famous player the game has ever produced.

Long Ratcliffe, it may be remembered, wedded bonnie Mistress Rowan, of Marshcotes Hall, not long after he returned from capturing the Pope's great toe. They said in Marshcotes that wedlock had changed him for the worse; for he was ever by his wife's side, instead of leading fight and wassail and racket, as he had been wont to do. Then the little bairn came—a boy—and Long Ratcliffe set greater store by him, 'twas said, than by any of his feats of arms. And Ned Shackleton, his boon friend, shook his head twice a day—his morning and evening prayer—over the sad change that a lass and a sprawling babe could bring about in a straight-backed man.

Matters stood so when there came news that all Yorkshire was up in arms to help the Holy Catholic cause against the delicate attentions of bluff King Hal. The Marshcotes daredevils talked it over idly when they met—not caring the price of a leathern jack whether Catholic or Protestant won the day, since they robbed both impartially. And little either Ned Shackleton or Ratcliffe the Long guessed what a part they were destined to play in the insurrection when Ned rode over to his friend's at ten of a certain autumn morning.

Ratcliffe and his wife were together, as usual; and Ned, as he gave them good-day, wondered, with a dry sort of pity, what new follies a man and a woman could invent each day to keep the talk wagging so blithely between them.

"I want thee to ride as far as Bolton Abbey," said Ned.

"And dost thou?" answered Ratcliffe, with a shrewd glance. "There is a fair lady lives hard by the Abbey, if my memory serves me, and——"

Ned Shackleton looked at Mistress Ratcliffe, and flushed—and flushed the more when she laughed merrily at his confusion.

"Nay, Ned!" she cried. "I know what thou art thinking of. But 'tis a twelvemonth and a day since I was a lass at Marshcotes Hall, and thou a love-sick gallant. Hast had time and enough—for a man—to fasten thy fancies on a new peg."

"And my Lady Rivers is bonnie as the banks of Wharfe," struck in Long Ratcliffe, who was minded to return sundry gibes in full; "and who so soft of heart as Ned Shackleton, when the shape of a lady's face is in question? Tell me, Ned, does thy suit prosper?"

"My wooing speeds faster than thy fighting hath done of late," said Shackleton tartly.

So Mistress Ratcliffe, seeing the hands of both go hungering to their swords, stepped between them, merry and cool and fair of face. "Ye have fought enough with your tongues. Let be," she said. "I wish thee luck, Ned, with this Lady Rivers, and my husband shall ride with thee to-day."

"Well, I care not if I do," said Ratcliffe, half grudgingly; "and I have business in

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Skipton with the Earl of Cumberland. Wilt stop at the Castle, Ned, for the half of an hour?"

"And gladly. The Earl is a stalwart rascal, and one that is partial a little to us Marshcotes folk."

"A rare good friend to us, with a nice sort of grip on his sword-hilt, and an arm to drive it through. Bring the stirrup-cup, wife, and let us get into the saddle."

The cup was brought. Long Ratcliffe stooped to round off his draught by a fairer, and the lass took advantage of the kiss to whisper a word of caution in his ear.

"Wilt have a care of thyself?" she said. "We need thee, I and the little bairn."

"Never fear," cried Ratcliffe, as they swung down the road.

All the way to Skipton town Long Ratcliffe's mind was busy with soft thoughts of the wife who loved him so, and Ned Shackleton's with speculations as to the right bridletrack that led to Lady Rivers' favour; so that neither spoke till they were come into the market-place, and had opened their eyes wide at the sight which met them there. For forty thousand men had encamped in and about Skipton since last they had paid it a visit, and they were sore put about to read the why and wherefore of this noisy crowd.

Mistress Ratcliffe stepped between them.

Peasants, blacksmiths, butchers, armed with pole-axes, bill-hooks, and great hammers—ill-washed gentlemen of fortune, in rusty trunk and hose, and with all shapes of sword set at their belts—trampish scourings of the streets and hedge-bottoms, with naught save a blackthorn cudgel or a scythe-pole to their hands—all were there, hob-nobbing cheek by jowl with a sprinkling of the better sort, gentlemen and knights and nobles in full armour.

"By the spear, Ned, 'tis a motley town-full, this," laughed Ratcliffe.

"What means it? See the table yonder, set fair in the middle of the market-square, and the solemn-jawed fellows behind it. Have we dreamed a dream, friend Ratcliffe, or was that stirrup-cup a thought too potent?"

Being men who always went forward, spear in rest, when they wished for a plain answer to a plain question, Ratcliffe and Ned Shackleton pushed through the crowd till they stood not twice a sword's length from the table. A keen-faced fellow, garbed as a lawyer, sat with two gentlemen in armour, while the people thronged about them, questioning, disputing, gesticulating towards the grim front of the Castle which frowned down on them.

"Well, sirrah, and who may'st thou be?" cried Robert Aske, the lawyer, as his eyes fell on Long Ratcliffe's brawny figure.

"A better than thyself," answered Ratcliffe carelessly. "I rob by the strength of my right arm, whilst thou stealest by aid of thy scurvy wits and a score or so of lies, writ fair in lawyer's Latin."

Lawyer Aske scowled at him in mute amazement. The crowd began to mutter and curse, and pressed so closely on the Marshcotes men that they had to clear a space by courtesy of their horses' hoofs.

"So, sirs!" cried Aske, in the thin, bog-reed whistle that stood proxy for his voice, "ye dare to mock at an honourable calling, and the leader of an honourable cause

Know ye that a word from one of us three will bring these friends of ours about your ears?"

"They are well-protected ears. Give your rabble the word, an it pleases you," retorted Ratcliffe the Long.

A great-faced butcher, panting with zeal to shed nobler blood than ever his shambles gave him scope for, made forward at Ratcliffe with his pole-axe. But Ned Shackleton tickled him so daintily in the midriff with the point of his spear, that the butcher fell back with a yell of pain and a muttered cry to his fellows to press on and avenge the stroke. The crowd, however, thought better of their valour, and waited to hear the upshot of this contention.

"What is your business, gentlemen?" asked the older of the two men in armour, who sat by the side of Robert Aske, and who was, in point of fact, no less a person than the Archbishop of York, clad in temporal armour.

"To see the Earl of Cumberland—God keep him for a brave and merry blade," said Ratcliffe.

"To see the Earl? Good fellows, are ye past your wits, or ignorant that we are here, forty thousand strong, to lay siege to the Castle and its master?"

"Ah, so?" queried Ratcliffe, without surprise or interest in his voice. "Well, that is no concern of mine. I rode to see Lord Clifford, and see him I will, though ye were a hundred thousand strong—and another hundred after that."

"Fool, fool!" squeaked Robert Aske, beside himself with passion, as he rose and thumped the table with his fists. "Do ye know that we are leaders of the Pilgrimage of Grace——"

"Of *grace?* 'Tis a scurvy sort of grace at best," laughed Ned Shackleton, glancing a cool eye of mockery over the ragged, howling press.

And what would have come of it, is doubtful; for the populace were whetting their courage on their fury, and their numbers were overpowering. But just at that moment Lord Clifford himself came out on the broad walk that ran around the Castle battlements. He, too, was in full armour, and he wore as careless, mocking a front as ever Long Ratcliffe showed to an adversary.

"Lawyer Aske, art weary of the siege as yet?" he cried.

The lawyer, mocked from both sides, from rear and front, was like to break asunder with his wrath. "You will answer for this, Lord Clifford," he piped shrilly; "you will answer for this when we batter your castle walls to pieces."

"Doubtless, thou man of parchment; but how to batter down eight-foot walls without the aid of artillery? And of that ye have none. Fare ye well, lawyers, butchers, and blacksmiths all! 'Tis but civil to wish you a good-day and tell you that our supplies will last till next midsummer; 'tis but civil, gentlemen, seeing that ye give us such good food for laughter over our cups. Ha! There is one at least amongst you that can aim an arquebus," he broke off, as a bolt struck his breastplate and glanced harmlessly off to the foot of the Castle wall.

"There shall be no quarter, no quarter,

What is your business, gentlemen?"

Robert Aske ducked his weazel-head in the nick of time.

once we win inside the gates!" screamed Robert Aske.

"*When* ye win inside, there will be no request for quarter. I'faith, Lawyer, I had all but forgotten a message I was bidden to pass on to thee. Thou comest of a good stock, Robert Aske, and thy brother, a brave and loyal gentleman, is with me in the Castle—and he sends word to thee that thou art a craven, a traitor, and a gallows-rogue, to side against his Majesty. Good-day, friends, and —long live the King!"

A very pretty knight and gallant gentleman looked Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, as he plucked his sword from the scabbard and waved it thrice about his head in honour of the King. Long Ratcliffe, seeing him stand square against the sky, with the grey Castle walls behind and the rude mob below him, thought that never since he wooed Mistress Rowan at the old Hall gateway had he seen a bonnier sight.

"Lord Clifford!" he cried at the top of his lusty voice.

"Who calls? I should know that voice," said Clifford, turning and shading his eyes against the sun.

"Ratcliffe the Long, of Marshcotes. These ruffians say I shall not win forward to dine with you, my lord, and I swear by the Mass that I shall; so bid the drawbridge be lowered, and see which gets the better of the argument."

Clifford, laughing so that they could hear the joints of his harness rattling, called to one in the courtyard to have the bridge let down; then turned to watch how Long Ratcliffe and his friend would oppose the will of forty thousand men.

Without pause or halt; such as would leave the crowd time to collect its scattered wits, Ratcliffe and Ned Shackleton backed their horses a dozen paces — pricked them shrewdly—took table, and lawyer and mailed noblemen, at a bound—and racketed forward to the bridge. Robert Aske ducked his weazel-head in the nick of time, or the off hind-hoof of Ned Shackleton's horse had scattered his brains to the wind. Some score or so of the crowd were still between the Castle and the Marshcotes men; but spear and hoof did as neat a bit of work as one need wish to see—they were through, and the clatter of iron sounded hollow on the swaying planks of the draw-bridge.

"Long live his Majesty, and all brave subjects!" roared Clifford from the walls.

The mob, recovering its fury, pressed after —all but gained the bridge—and then the sturdy planks swung up, and left them howling and raving at the wide, green surface of the moat.

"So far so good; but how are we to get out again?" muttered Ned Shackleton dourly, soon as greetings were over, and

Lord Clifford, leading them to the dining-hall, had called for liquor.

"By the way we came, as soon as it pleases us," laughed Ratcliffe. Then, with a side glace at Ned: "Pardon his bluntness, my lord, but his thoughts are at Bolton Abbey, and his body itches likewise to be there."

"At Bolton?" said Clifford sharply. "My thoughts are there, too, friend Shackleton, if 'tis any solace to you."

"How so?" asked Ned, surprised no little at the other's gravity of tone.

"For a like reason, if I mistake not. I have been wedded but a few months, and 'tis pestily hard to know that nine whole miles lie between Lady Clifford and the Castle."

"Is she not here, then?" put in Long Ratcliffe, with an instinctive glance in the direction of the besiegers.

Clifford brought his brows together in a gloomy frown. "Nay, I had but time to collect a scanty garrison from my kinsmen in the North, and to throw myself behind the walls. My wife had claimed a few days' hospitality of Lady Rivers, and we had neither leisure nor opportunity to bring her here before the ruffians were upon us."

Ned Shackleton gulped down the last of the wine in his flagon, and filled again with an eager hand. "Lady—Lady Rivers?" he stammered. "Tell me, are they secure against any of these knaves that may stray as far?"

"I trust to give them such security, by keeping Aske and his fellows busy here in Skipton. We take turn and turn about to show ourselves on the walls, and mock them, to keep their rage warm against the Castle."

"Ay, ay," said Ned testily; "but if they should weary, and bethink them of the rich spoil at Bolton?"

"I cannot answer for the result," murmured Clifford. "True, the ladies are both in sanctuary at the Abbey—but these crop-eared knaves who talk so loud about Holy Church would be the first to sack a holy monastery if they had the chance. And then Lady Rivers, at her widowhood, came into a fortune as fair as her face—and she is zealous for the King—and God knows how the rabble might maltreat her——"

"'Tis time I left the Castle," said Ned Shackleton very curtly.

"Pish, man! Keep your skin whole until there is need to risk it. I tell you there is none of these forty thousand will stir beyond bowshot of Skipton as yet; they have Clifford in a trap they think, and all are eager to be in at the plundering. Gentlemen both, we are amply found in wine and victuals, and each fresh sword-arm is a gain to us with our scanty numbers. Will ye fight this matter through with us?"

"I will!" cried Long Ratcliffe, who had forgotten wife and bairn and promise at the first touch of combat.

But Ned was uneasy yet, and strode up and down the floor before replying. At last, "And *I* will stay," he said, "if you pledge your word, Lord Clifford, to let me go forth at the first hint of danger to those in Bolton Abbey."

Clifford smiled a little. "My three-months' wife is there. Think ye there will none go forth except yourself? Well-timed, Aske!" he broke off, as a broad, soldier-like fellow came tramping into the hall. "Here are two merry gentlemen from Marshcotes, who all but cracked thy brother's crown in their zeal to bring us succour."

"Would they had split it outright! Gentlemen, a bumper with you," cried the newcomer gaily. "Is't true that ye have won through these forty thousand turn-spits?"

"Faith, is it," laughed Clifford. "There were the three leaders seated at a table, giving judgment in the market-square; and our two friends leaped table, leaders, and all, as if they had been a quick-set hedge at hunting-time. What is it, Aske? Hast aught to tell me?"

"Ay; I mounted the wall a while since to make sport with the besiegers. The lawyer was gone to dinner, but the populace, soon as they spied me, set up a shout of 'Robert Aske! Robert Aske!' till my brother—a murrain on him!—came running across the square. We eyed each other for a space, with little love spilled between us; and then Roger fell to smiling, in a sly, dry, rat-trap fashion that I know by heart. He spoke of Bolton Abbey, and sanctuary, and the need

he had of a plain talk with Clifford, Earl of Cumberland."

Clifford set down his wine-cup with an oath. Ned Shackleton fingered his spear. All four of them ran up to the battlements, and stood looking down on the jostling press below.

"Ye craved speech of me," said Clifford, haughtily.

"Ay," squeaked Robert Aske. "Since you mocked us from the wall there, Lord Clifford, a messenger has come into camp."

"Into *camp!*" roared his brother from above. "Dost call that pen of sheep a camp, Robert?"

"'Twill serve, brother, as well as a better. The messenger informs us that the Earl of Cumberland's wife, with Lady Rivers and three other ladies of high degree, have sought sanctuary in Bolton Abbey."

"And none will so zealously observe the laws of sanctuary as they who fight for the Catholic Church," said Clifford, in a steady, even voice that hid a nether bitterness of rage.

"Doubtless, my lord, so far as the rough usages of war permit. 'Twould irk and shame us to break sanctuary without need. So, if the Lord Clifford will give up the Castle of Skipton——"

"Never, save into the hands of my King!" cried Clifford.

The lawyer's face went more foxy-cunning; an evil smile played in and about his thin-lipped mouth. "Then we have no choice. Consider well, my lord, before you give reply—nay, no hasty word in anger that ye have been outwitted by those who follow a righteous cause. Come to the wall to-morrow morn, at eight of the clock, and tell us which it is to be—peace, and honour to your women, or war, and—such rough mercies as these folk of mine extend to captured women."

Ned Shackleton could stomach no more of this. Holding his spear by the middle, in an easy balance, he aimed so straight a blow at Robert Aske as would have ended the little lawyer's leadership for good, had he not moved a step nearer to the castle wall just as Ned launched his shaft. As it was, the spear went clean through a tall fellow standing close behind the lawyer.

"So; that is the way in which Lord Clifford's men observe a truce," sneered Roger, skipping out of range a little.

"There was no truce," retorted Clifford; "nor, by the God that fashioned such as you to scourge us, shall there be truce, or an end of bloody slaying, if ye harm one hair——"

"We shall do greater harm than that," cried the lawyer. "Give us 'nay,' for an answer at eight of to-morrow morning, and your wife shall be brought under these very walls——"

And more he added, in the blunt fashion of those days, so that Clifford went sick with passion as he left the wall and ran to the portcullis. Now the two culverins that looked down the market-square could have swept it clear of the rabble a week agone, had it pleased the garrison to take any but a light view of the siege.

"What is your purpose?" cried Long Ratcliffe, as he followed Clifford across the courtyard.

"To fire the culverins, and blow these foul-mouthed fiends to the Pit," roared Clifford, beside himself.

"Steady!" said Ratcliffe, grim and quiet. "All in good time, my lord. But these fellows have the whip-hand of us now, and that clever rogue of parchment knows how to use his advantage to the full. Fire on them now, and you will but lessen them by a poor few score."

"'Twill profit the rest as an example."

"Nay, 'twill madden them, and they will not give us till to-morrow to consider—they will drag the women forthwith out of sanctuary and fulfil their threat. Good, my lord, consider! They have played into our hands by granting this delay: much can be done in one night if your friends put their nimble wits together."

Clifford still eyed the culverins. "How mean you?" he demanded.

"I have no clear meaning as yet. Ned, help us out," said Ratcliffe, turning to Shackleton. "Hast as great a stake in this as Lord Clifford, and thy welfare is mine, lad. Is there naught that we can do under cover of the night—let down the drawbridge, say, and cross, a half-dozen of us?——"

"Nay, they have some few soldiers of

experience with them," interrupted Clifford, "and they set a strong guard each night to watch the gate. To let down the bridge would be to bring the whole hornet's nest about our ears—though, faith, 'twould not be amiss, when all is said."

"Down with the bridge this moment, and let us cut a way through!" cried Ned Shackleton, who never could see a plot further than the tip of his sword.

A puzzled look held Clifford's face, now that his first rage was quietened—a look in which pride strove with tenderness. "I must fight the King's battles first," he said gravely. "I hold this Castle in trust for him, and for him I'll keep it, though these devils pluck my heart out by the roots."

"How then? You will wait and let this thing be done to-morrow under your eyes?" growled Shackleton.

"Not if a way to hinder it shows clear—but let down the bridge I will not, for I can ill spare any of the garrison, and——"

"Faith, but we are dullards!" broke in Ratcliffe. "When a man can swim, water itself is a bridge. Hark ye, the clouds gather for rain. 'Twill be a dark night and a stormy. Who will hear us if we cross the moat at the far side of the Castle grounds after nightfall?"

Clifford looked soberly at him, and pondered awhile. "Ay," he said; "we will keep the Castle and yet not lose what Robert Aske would take. Ratcliffe of Marshcotes, I never thought you a properer man than at this moment. Dinner waits; let us drink to our prosperous journey."

The plan was warmly approved by all the little garrison, and there were so many volunteers that Skipton Castle seemed like to be left empty of defenders altogether. But Clifford would take only five men with him—Long Ratcliffe, Shackleton, Aske the lawyer's brother, and the Vicar of Skipton, as merry and hard-hitting a gentleman as ever wore the cloth.

As soon as night closed in—stormy and black, as Ratcliffe had prophesied—they went up to the battlements, to see how the enemy had disposed of themselves for the night. It was a strange sight, in sooth; on every side of the Castle great fires of pine and beechwood were burning; and in and out among the smoke and ruddy blaze they could see the uncouth figures of the besiegers, dancing, singing, drinking, or lying with their faces turned heedlessly to the spitting rain.

"They wax more careful," laughed Clifford. "Master Aske is become mighty brisk of late, and guards us on all sides. Well, then, but he leaves some murky spaces in between his fires. Come, gentlemen, 'tis child's play, this."

Clifford took the lead in dropping to the stagnant waters of the moat; he had doffed his gay dress in favour of a dun-coloured suit of homespun, and he struck out with long, easy strokes for the further bank. The rest followed, their splashes covered by the din that rose from the direction of the watch-fires. Swiftly, quietly, they crept behind their leader into the blackness that yawned between two links of the fire-chain. A moment more, and they were hurrying, fast as legs used to horseback would take them, up the hill towards Barden Moor.

"Faith, but I could wish for a horse!" groaned the Vicar, as they scrambled through the rough heather. "I have not walked thus far since I learned to sit a saddle."

"There will be horses and to spare, once we reach Bolton," said Clifford gaily; "and be sure the Church shall have first choice of a nag, once the ladies are mounted."

They covered the nine miles in a little less than two hours, and plumed themselves no little on such a walking feat. The sky lifted a little, and the half of a sickly moon shone through the tattered clouds, as they reached the Abbey. A Gregorian chant floated through the wet, gusty night; a hundred tapers lighted them to the bourne.

"By Saint Hilda, I was never so fain of monkish songs in all my days," muttered Clifford, crossing himself, as he followed the outer wall of the South transept, and gained the narrow passage that led to a side-door in the quadrangle.

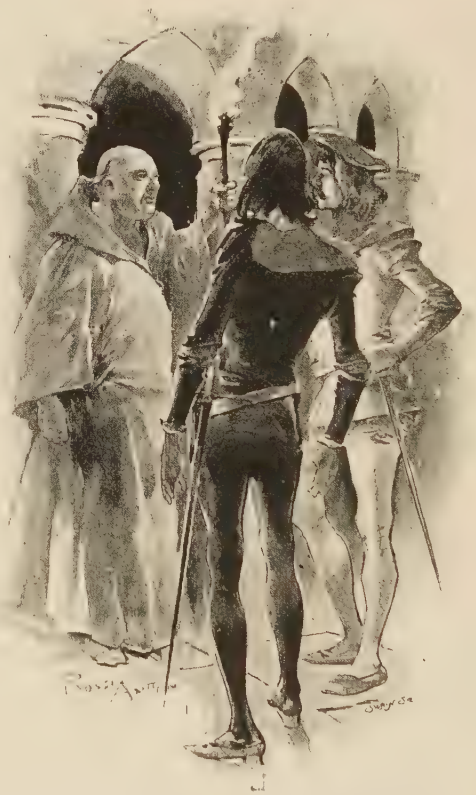
The monk who admitted them ran hastily to tell the Abbot that no less a personage than Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, had come to pay him a midnight visit. And the Abbot, though he had been loth to leave a snug bed,

slipped into his robes and hurried along the cloister to give his guest greeting.

"You have ladies here in sanctuary?" inquired Clifford.

"Yea, my good lord—Lady Rivers, and Lady Clifford, and three others who were dwelling near to the Abbey when the rebellion broke out."

"See that horses are brought for them all—and for these gentlemen who follow me. There are forty thousand lewd rascals keeping watch over me in Skipton yonder, and to-morrow, had I not paid you this late visit, they would have marched to the sack of Bolton. Nay, my lord Abbot; time presses, and in courtesy I pray you see that the horses are sent for, and the ladies warned to be in waiting. We have not a moment to lose."



"You have ladies here in sanctuary?" inquired Clifford.

All was bustle in the quadrangle. Clifford and Ned Shackleton, who had most at stake in this affair, could no way keep cool, but trode up and down the cloisters like men bewitched. Then, from under the dark, moon-streaked arches that lay beneath the guest-chambers, they caught the glint of fluttering cloaks—and both made forward eagerly—and Ned, when once he had found Lady Rivers amongst the startled group, slipped her arm through his, and kept it there more tightly than the wont is of any but an accepted lover.

"In sooth, sir, you—you are over-eager," pleaded Lady Rivers, with a soft sort of laughter in her voice.

"I have come far, and feared greatly for you; and now you can no more stop my wooing—as your way has been—than you can stop brown Wharfe down there from flowing. See you, the times are rough, and never did women more need a strong arm about them."

"Some of us, sir, have the strong arm, whether we will or no," she flashed, slipping a little from his grasp.

Ned Shackleton, in his blunt, drive-ahead fashion, took the slim figure by the shoulders, and forced the merry eyes to drop before his own.

"Come, then. 'Tis nine miles from Skipton, and nine home again—and think you I shall rest content with half an answer at the end of all?"

"You shall have your answer — by-and-bye."

"To-night?"

"Ay, to-night. But I am not sure—I am dazed with sleep and this sudden danger—I prithee, let me be for awhile. And, see, they are ready for the start!"

Very silent was Ned Shackleton throughout the drear homeward stretch of moor. But Clifford and Long Ratcliffe, and the Vicar of Skipton, were merry as grasshoppers in June, until they came in sight of the circle of watch-fires that still smoked and glowered round about the Castle. They halted on the crest of the ridge.

"'Tis silence, friends, and a soft foot when once we gain the level," he said. "How the rogues shriek and yell, as if they were loosed from the witches' caverns on the moors here."

They stayed to breathe their horses a little, and in between the wind-beats and the rain they could almost hear the words of the

drunken songs below, though the fires were a good two miles away.

"Art weary, little one?" whispered Clifford in his wife's ear.

Her hand sought his in the darkness, interpreting her silence; and fond Ned Shackleton, catching the drift of their love-making, said to himself that it was a sweet thing and a good to be man and wife—and then he looked towards Lady Rivers, and made as if to speak, but Clifford's call of "forward" held his tongue in check. And so they came to within a half-mile of the Castle moat; where they left their horses to it, since it was useless to think of getting them up the further wall of the moat, even if they fared across in safety.

As they drew near on foot they could see that the most of the revellers were fast asleep, though some were yet dancing to the tune of their own wild songs. The five men took each a lady's waist in his left arm, his unsheathed sword in the right; and so, pair behind pair, they stepped delicately among the broken ground that lay between the watch-fires.

On a sudden Clifford, who led, tripped over a fellow who was sleeping off his drunkenness in the darkness and the wet; the rascal staggered to his feet with a shriek before my lord could rise, swung his great blackthorn cudgel twice about his head, and brought it down with a force that brooked no argument. Ned Shackleton, close behind, his eyes accustomed to the gloom by this time, shot out his sword under the swirling cudgel, drove his blade forward till the hilt met the ruffian's face, and squashed it into pulp; then held out a hand to Clifford, and lifted him to his feet again.

"A narrow shave, my lord," he laughed.

"Ay, woundily close. My thanks for service rendered," drawled Clifford. "Hark! how the whole hive swarms and buzzes, now it is stirred! Ladies, run forward to the moat; there is no danger if ye keep cool heads and nimble feet; open out, friends, retreat slowly, and swing your blades like devils!"

"In at them, in at them!" roared Ratcliffe the Long. "We must win space to get us all across in safety."

They leaped forward, scattering the rabble like thistle-seed in wind. A new voice swelled the tumult, the bog-reed pipe of Robert Aske, who came up with a score of well-armed gentlemen on horseback.

"Curse them! If we had but a horse apiece, we would meet the twenty," muttered Clifford. Then: "To the moat! We have a clear space now. Run, run!"

Lady Clifford, glancing up at the Castle walls, had seen the garrison come up to the battlements at the first sound of fighting—had seen the gunners train their cannon on the mob, and hold the matchlock, afraid to fire among the confused mass of friends and foes. Her voice rang high above the din, clear and sweet as a silver trumpet:

"Lie down, Clifford! Lie down, all! Men of the Castle, fire!"

Clifford and his four companions dropped, instinctively obedient to the clear voice. The culverins boomed out, and cut long swathes of dead through the thick masses of the enemy. Four of the twenty horsemen went down, and Robert Aske rode hard from the field. All was flight, screams of anguish, terror-stricken yells.

"Well done, brave wife!" said Clifford, as they reached the moat, and he stopped to kiss his lady's hand, since the danger that had pressed them so close was now melting like summer snow before them.

Each man took his partner in this midnight escapade, and kept her as high above the sticky water as might be while he swam to the further edge of the moat. The garrison were ready with ropes on the outer wall, and pulled them up, and scarce stayed to give them a ringing cheer before they ran, one and all, to complete the good work begun. Not a gun that faced the market-square, or the open land where the late fight had chanced, but boomed and thundered, thundered and boomed and roared, till the last of the besiegers was beyond range.

"There will be a pretty burying in Skipton town," said Clifford grimly.

The ladies, meanwhile, were busy with looking to the hurts of their cavaliers. Ned Shackleton, in particular, was sorely bruised and knocked about—yet not so wounded but what he had wit to take an ell when Lady

Rivers, tender-soft of sympathy, allowed him one poor inch.

"Hast a cool touch, sweetheart," said he, as her slim hands bound his left arm in strips of her own fair robe.

"Hast a hot tongue, graceless one," she pouted.

"Ay, and a hungry heart. See, now, 'twas to be yea or nay to-night, and we have leisure now——"

"No leisure at all, since some folk have made such eager love to spears and cudgels and dreadful wounds."

"Let the lesser wounds bide, and bathe the hurt that is like to be mortal."

"Where shall I find it, sir?"

"Thy lips will find their own way to it, never fear, if thou giv'st them rein."

"Well, then, I am but weak, like all poor women—and pity makes a very fool of me—and—sir, was it for this you held me dry above the moat? 'Tis, indeed, a very wet embrace—"

"More's the pity that I have but one arm to it," laughed Ned softly. "The other will heal soon, I warrant, with such plain duties set before it."

"Come, friends—the wine is broached. It has been a sweet night's work," cried Clifford.

"And a good night's work—eh, little one?" whispered Ned Shackleton.

"That is not so sure yet—we can but put it to the proof," said Lady Rivers, and mocked him with her eyes—as women do when they know a captive safe beneath their heel.

At ten of the next morning the trumpets were sounded from the Castle battlements, the drawbridge lowered with a defiant clatter. Clifford and twenty gentlemen-at-arms rode out in full harness to the Market Cross, fixed the King's declaration thereon, and rode slowly back again through the empty square.

Robert Aske watched them from afar, but neither he nor any of his folk were minded to come within speaking distance of the castle culverins.

Then Clifford mounted the battlements; the trumpets blared anew. The sun shone merrily on my lord's harness, and showed a pleasant, cool contempt on his face as he lifted his vizor.

"Robert Aske, come forth," he cried. "None shall do thee hurt during the few moments' speech I *command* of thee. Come forth!"

The lawyer came forward gingerly; his lean body and parchment-yellow face seemed shrunk to half their wonted size.

"Till yesterday, thou wizened fool, we treated you as children," cried Clifford. "We neither fired on you, nor made a sortie, thinking the whole matter a rare jest to flavour our wine cups withal. But mark well my solemn word and oath. Yonder is the King's declaration; and any that is in arms against it, shall receive neither courtesy nor quarter."

The ladies ye spoke of a while back are safe behind these walls—but, for the foul threats and insults offered, this town of Skipton shall be plastered thick with all who come within range of the culverins. A last word, Robert Aske. Go home, thou and thy clods; for we are impatient gentlemen in the Castle here, and the fancy may take us to whet our appetites by sortie—and last night has taught you one plain lesson. Get thee gone, and pray that the King's clemency may yet keep thy head out of a hempen rope. Heralds! Sound the trumpets."

My lord Clifford had clinched the matter by this bold front. Dissension spread fast among the besiegers; hand-to-hand conflicts swelled to larger broils. Food fell short, and disease crept in.

Within the week there was not one of these forty thousand pilgrims left to foul the good air of Skipton with their dead, their wounded, and their dying.

"Well—away, lad; but what will the good wife say to this?" laughed Long Ratcliffe, as he and Ned Shackleton and slim Lady Rivers rode forth to Marshcotes, with a ringing God-speed from the garrison.

"Nay," said Ned sagely, "settle that as may be, friend Ratcliffe. I have too big a burden of that sort on my own shoulders to help another out."

"A pretty lover's speech—but there! I knew 'twas a sad mistake to wed thee," said Lady Rivers very softly.

The Secrets of the Harem.

The open courtyard.

By Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

One of the first ambitions of nearly every Englishwoman who travels in the East is to see a harem. We have all heard from our childhood of the romantic mystery which hangs about this institution and we half expect to make acquaintance with a race of beings whose lives are one succession of thrilling experiences, and who depend only on the exercise of their personal charms to escape being sewn up in sacks and flung into the sea. We picture to ourselves an atmosphere of iniquity and intrigue rivalled only by that of a blood-curdling melodrama.

As a matter of fact, the existence of most women in the harems is probably painfully hum-drum, but the conditions of the life there do, of course, still leave room for all sorts of exciting events.

In the first place, the position of the women is liable to fluctuations almost as startlingly rapid as those of the soldiers of the Grand Duchess of Gérolstein. One day they may be slaves, the next day they may be princesses, and in the next act they may be poisoned or strangled. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no doubt, their lives are a great deal less romantic than those of the average English housewife, but, as they are entirely dependent upon the whims of their lords and masters, everything is possible.

We in England are very fond of boasting about the Englishman's house being his castle, but it is more like a public house if we compare it to the dwelling of a Mohammedan, and, though privacy is all very well in theory, it certainly has its drawbacks in practice when carried to such an extreme. As no officer of the law may violate the sanctity of a harem, there is obviously no safeguard for the life and liberty of its inmates. If anyone disappears in a Mohammedan country, the harem system renders a search extremely difficult. An ill-disposed person has only to carry off his enemy into his house secretly in order to keep him a prisoner for life, and even torture him or kill him.

Mr. Marion Crawford founded a very exciting story, called "Paul Patoff," on this state of things, and none of his facts seem to have been in the least degree exaggerated. As there is practically no registration of births and deaths among the Mohammedans, murder is made all the more easy, and in any case there can be no difficulty in disposing of inconvenient bodies in a place which no stranger may enter.

Fig. A.

Slavery, too, is an obvious result of the system. The whole civilised world has now spent its energies for the greater part of a century in trying to put down slavery, but all it has managed to accomplish is a restriction of the public buying and selling of slaves. By resorting to fictitious marriages and other subterfuges, the owner of a harem can procure as many slaves as he pleases, and once he has got them into his house no one can possibly interfere to release them. Slaves can, of course, escape and claim protection from the Courts or the Consulates, but, as a matter of fact, they are generally quite contented with their position, and know that such action could only involve them in ruin.

The harems of Tunis are much more difficult to visit than those of Turkey or Egypt, for the Tunisian Arabs are particularly strict about keeping their wives from contact with Europeans. Of course there is no great difficulty about getting into a poor harem through a guide, but you do not see there the beautiful carvings and costumes which are to be found in the more exclusive households. I was, however, fortunate enough, through the kindness of the wife of a French attaché, to see a particularly fine harem in the heart of the Arab quarter.

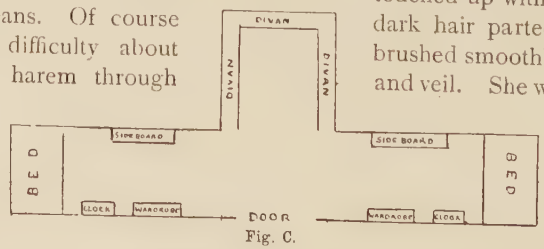


Fig. C.

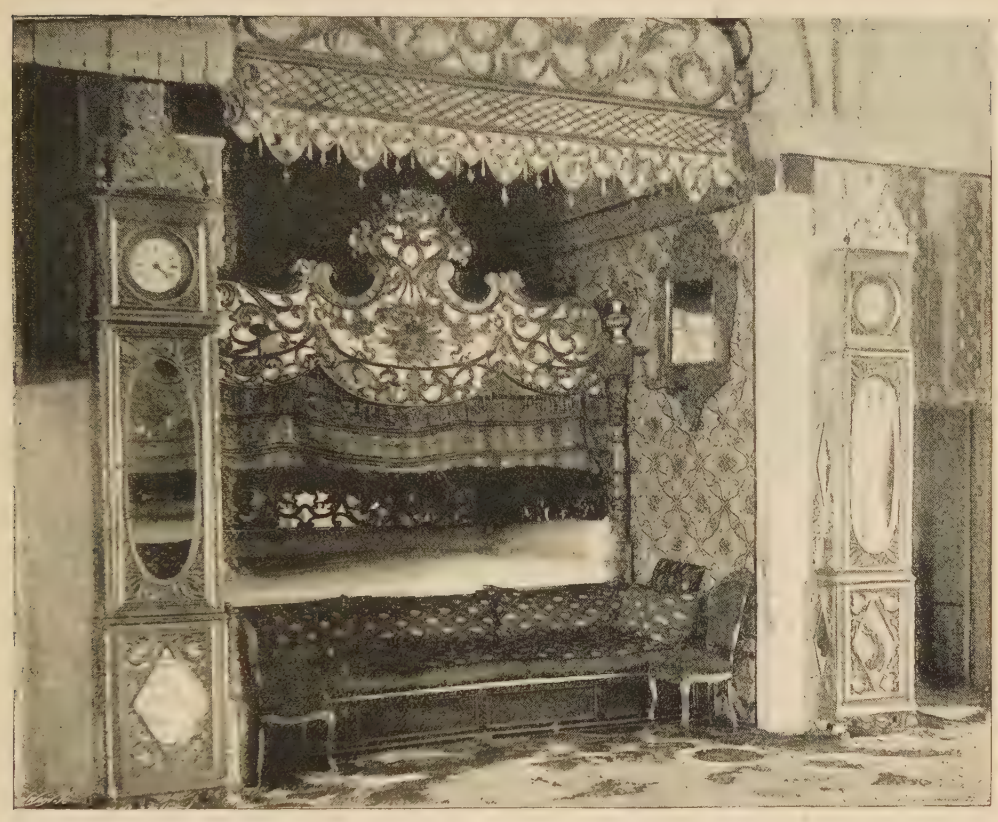
We passed through heavy entrance gates like those of a convent, and found ourselves in a small square, where we were confronted by a huge door thickly studded with nails of all sorts of patterns and devices. Fatima's hand (see Fig. A) and the sign of the lyre (see Fig. B), are always introduced somewhere into the decoration in order to ward off the evil eye. These doors are a great feature of Tunis houses, and many very beautiful specimens are to be seen in various parts of the town.

A fat negress in gorgeous raiment opened to us, and we found ourselves in a big stone hall with long divans covered with matting. Here the men of the family sometimes sit, and it is the only place in the house where they may receive male visitors.

Fig. B.

Passing through, we came to a large *patio*, or open courtyard, where beautiful slender white marble columns harmonised exquisitely with dazzling white arabesques of infinitely delicate patterns, and walls covered with old tiles of many soothing colours. A little fountain was playing in the middle, and a pretty gazelle began to caper about at our approach.

We were led straight up into the best bedroom, where we found our hostess clad in all her bravery, and smiling on us with bland benevolence. She was a funny little fat stumpy woman, probably considered a great beauty in Tunisia. She had a round, good-tempered face, a pink-and-white complexion not wholly guiltless of rouge, dark eyes touched up with *kohl*, and very scanty dark hair parted in the middle and brushed smoothly away under her cap and veil. She wore white silk trousers and a short, loose coat of brilliant rose-coloured brocade embroidered in pink and silver. Her bright yellow, high-heeled shoes, elaborately worked in gold, were at least three sizes too small for her, and she hobbled about so painfully in them that we expected every moment to see her trip and fall on her nose. Her fat little fingers were covered with rings right down to the knuckles. Of these she was evidently very proud, for she constantly



The best bed-room.

put out her hands for us to admire them. Various chains were hung round her neck, and she had an immense variety of brooches and other ornaments fastened into her dress and hair. She was probably about eighteen, but looked five-and-thirty at least.

She shook hands with us, and an attendant placed chairs for us opposite hers. It is considered terribly modern to use chairs in a harem, the usual habit being to squat cross-legged on cushions or even on the floor. This was done in all the other rooms we entered. This was also the only room which possessed a table. In the others everything from pickle-making to the fabrication of *kus-kus*, the national dish, was done on the floor.

The best bed-room was comparatively tidy, but everywhere else I observed the most terrible confusion. Old Vichy water bottles were strewn about in all directions, and I had to walk warily to avoid knocking them over with my skirts. The whole family seemed to be in a state of picnic, which I believe is the usual thing in Arab houses. On all hands, however, there were beautiful arabesque decorations and tiles.

My friend praised them enthusiastically in French and by signs—neither our host nor our hostess understood a word of anything but Arabic—but I was more cautious knowing that Arabs generally dislike to have their possessions admired, and do not make allowances for European manners.

It is also considered particularly unlucky to admire children, as this is thought to expose them to the evil eye. There were some very pretty little girls playing about, but I am afraid my friend must have distressed their parents very much by her admiration of them, as she did not know that the correct thing to say was "*Tabark Allah* —may God preserve them from the evil eye!"

When a really well-bred Arab goes to call on a friend, he says with a sweet smile:

My lady's boudoir.

"What a hole this is. Have you ever seen human beings live in such a tumble-down hovel before? It really isn't fit to put horses in." Then the host is delighted, for he knows that his friend in his heart thinks everything charming and that he is merely trying to keep the Djinns or other evil spirits off the scent, as, if they heard the house being admired, they would certainly pounce down and do it some harm.

In Tunis you are always received in the best bed-room, which is invariably hung with bright buttercup-coloured brocade or satin. The rooms are shaped like a T upside down (see Fig. C. on page 544), and the furniture is always more or less alike. In each corner is an elaborately carved bed, sometimes entirely gilt, sometimes in black wood with a gigantic gilt "Fatima's hand" above it to protect the sleepers from the evil eye. In front is a small low bed where the children sleep.

At the side of the bed stands a lofty grandfather's clock which always seems to have "stopped short, never to go again." The Arabs love clocks. In one palace I noticed sixteen clocks in one room, none of them going. In fact, I never remember having seen a clock going in any native house. They are there as luxuries and curiosities.

Beside each clock is a high mirror-wardrobe, thickly ornamented with ormolu. Facing each wardrobe is a chest of drawers with a marble top, on which is collected an amazing array of the most rubbishy artificial flowers under glass cases. It is further decorated with atrocious bright glass vases, such as would be scouted in the humblest English cottage, but which are considered in Tunis the essence of high art. The ceilings are beautifully painted and gilded, and round the upper part of the walls there are arabesques, forming a deep frieze. In this house the walls were laden with mirrors in elaborate gilt frames, which, our host proudly informed us, had come all the way from Belgium.

The maid servants, also in their best clothes, stood round their mistress, staring at

us, very curious and vastly amused. Presently one of them brought in some thick Moorish coffee, which was excellent. My friend then asked our host if he would allow his wife to come and have tea with her one day as she lived so near. She promised not to let her husband or any other males come near the house all that afternoon, but the man was quite angry, and answered roughly "*No!*"

A Tunisian lady of high rank is never under any circumstances allowed to go out, as she would be in Turkey or Egypt. When she goes to her husband's palace in the country, a carriage is drawn into the courtyard, she gets in, and brightly-coloured curtains are drawn tightly across every window. The carriage is then taken into the street, the horses are put in, and a guard mounts on the box. When she arrives at her destination she is not allowed to alight until the carriage is safely inside the courtyard, and even then she sometimes has to veil. Many an Arab lady never leaves her house from the time she is married until she is carried out to be buried.

Ladies of the harem in out-door rig-out.

A woman of the middle-class is allowed more liberty and occasionally goes out for walks, accompanied as a rule by a servant. The poor creature is enveloped in masses of white drapery, which make her look like a walking bundle, and in front of her face she arranges a large black scarf embroidered with blue, red, and white flowers. It falls low in front, and, even by holding up the ends, she cannot see more than a

foot or two of the road before her. I often wonder that she does not get run over when she goes out alone, for I am sure she needs a dog to guide her quite as much as any blind man.

Servants, and other women of the lower classes wear pieces of black crépon wound tightly round their faces, leaving just a slit for their eyes to peer through, and they are equally muffled up in white draperies. Seen from a distance they might be men with masks or thick black beards, as in Arab countries it is by no means easy to tell a man from a woman at first sight.

The older and uglier a woman is the more prudish she seems to be about covering up her face, which, after all, is rather considerate on her part. Even the greater number of negresses wear the *yashmak*, but the Bedouin women never do. Indeed, I am told that in the interior there is one Arab tribe whose men wear veils, and whose women go about with their faces uncovered. These are probably the "New Women" of Africa.

A servant.

As may be imagined, a regular conversation was by no means easy with a hostess who spoke nothing but Arabic, but she took care to make a minute examination of our dresses. What she particularly enjoyed was pulling at my coat, and investigating the embroidery upon it. Then the whole family would gather round me and pluck at my things, being especially interested in my long tortoise-shell eyeglasses.

I came off very well though, as they contented themselves with patting me gently, and discussing my raiment with each other. Some people are not so lucky, as I was told by an Englishman who lives in Tunisia. When the Duchess of Edinburgh was in Tunis she was very anxious to see a harem, so he arranged for her to visit the house of an old Arab friend of his. He told the man "the lady who is coming to see you is the daughter of the Emperor of all the Russias, and has married the son of our English Queen." The old man was too polite to show any incredulity, but when he saw a little lady dressed in ordinary European clothes, he was quite convinced that he was being hoaxed. A great Princess, he said to himself, could not possibly go about except attended by a large suite and attired in brocade or cloth of gold.

The Duchess came out of the house terribly dishevelled, for the women had pulled her hair about, taken the combs out of her hair to look at them, tugged at her dress to see how strong the material was, and even attempted to undo it to find out what she wore underneath. She was immensely amused, but declared that, now she had seen one harem, she was satisfied, and had no desire ever to visit another. Very many Tunisian women have never seen a

European, so they are very curious about our clothes.

When I was taken over the house, I noticed a great number of cages containing cheerful little singing birds, which are always a prominent feature of Tunisian houses. One small dark bird the Arabs are very fond of; they think it brings them luck, and call it the "Father of Friends."

As in most Tunisian houses, the rooms were draped with yellow silk, the beds were gorgeously gilt and the walls covered with mirrors in heavy gold frames.

The kitchen was the most cheerful part of the house for there must have been nearly a dozen women bustling about preparing the evening meal. There were no stoves, but half-a-dozen little braziers were dotted about on the ground, while the cook squatted down beside them to arrange the food. Big heaps of vegetables and vivid scarlet chilis were scattered about to be used for the *kus-kus*, and bowls of bright-coloured sauces were being mixed for it.

I was interested to notice how all the Arabs' tastes run in the direction of tawdry modern French things, and how little account they take of their own beautiful arts and manufactures.

In one room I found a girl of sixteen, who was undergoing the process of being fattened up as a preliminary to her marriage. Arab girls usually marry much earlier than their English sisters, often as young as eleven, but twelve or thirteen seems the usual age.

A rich Arab's wife leads a very lazy sort of life. She has absolutely no education, and leaves the management of her house to servants, though it sometimes amuses her to do a little cooking. Her day is usually taken up with bathing, dressing, and sleeping. There are bands of negresses, who go round the harems, dancing and playing on two-stringed violins, tambourines, and castanets, or singing in harsh, cracked voices. Some of these negresses are very lively and entertaining, and are in great request as story-tellers.

A great Arab lady is never allowed to see a man if it is possible to avoid it, or, rather, he is not allowed to see her, for she manages to catch sight of people, even through her double lattices of wood and iron. Her brother may only visit her with her husband's permission. When she is ill, and it is absolutely imperative that a doctor should be sent for, great are the preparations. A servant has to be in attendance, and hides her completely under the bedclothes.

An Arab girl dressed in her best clothes.

Supposing that her pulse has to be felt, then the servant covers her hand and arm so carefully that only the wrist is visible. If she has hurt her back, a hole is made in the sheets so that the doctor may just be able to examine the injured place. If he insists on seeing her tongue, the precautions are still more elaborate, and the attendant covers her face with both hands, just leaving room between the fingers that she may put out her tongue.

We may come away from harems with sentiments of pity for the prisoners, but they themselves are quite content. Strangely enough, it is the women who are most against any reform. They look on European women with amazement, sometimes with horror, and I think it will be long before the "New Woman" makes her appearance in Tunisian harems.

The Adventures of Capt. Kettle

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

No. XVII.
THE LOOTING OF THE "INDIAN SHERIFF."

(A Complete Story.)

Captain Kettle dived two fingers into the bowl of odorous orange-coloured palm-oil chop, and fished out a joint suspiciously like a nigger baby's arm. He knew it was a monkey's; or at least he was nearly certain it was a monkey's; but he ate no more from that particular bowl. The tribe he was with were not above suspicion of cannibalism, and though their hospitality was lavish, it was by no means guaranteed as to quality.

The head-man noticed his action and put a smiling question: "You no like dem climb-climb chop? Tooth him plenty sore?"

"No," said Kettle, "my teeth are all in good working order, daddy, thanks. But now you mention it, the monkey is a bit tough. Not been stewed long enough, perhaps."

The head-man gave an order, and presently a woman at the cooking fire outside brought another calabash into the hut, and set it at the little sailor's feet. The head-man examined and explained: "Dem's dug chop, too-plenty-much fine. You fit?"

"I fit," said Kettle, "that'll suit me down to the ground, daddy. Stewed duck is just the thing I like, and palm-oil sauce isn't half bad when you're used to it. I'll recommend your pub to my friends, old one-eye, when I get home."

He dipped his digits into the stew, and drew forth a doubtful limb. He regarded it with a twitching nose and a critical eye.

"Thundering heavy-boned duck this of yours, daddy."

"Me no savvy?" said his host questioningly.

"I say dem dug he got big bone. He no fit for fly. He no say quack-quack."

"Oh, I savvy plenty," said the one-eyed man smiling. "Dem not quack-quack dug, dem bow-wow dug. You see him bow-wow dis morning. You hit him with foot, so."

"Ugh," said Kettle, "dog stew, is it? Yes, I know the animal, if you say he's the one I kicked. I had watched the brute eating garbage about the village for half-an-hour, and then when he wanted to chew my leg, I hit him. Ugh, daddy, don't you bring on these delicacies quite so sudden, or I shall forget my table manners. African scavenger dog! And I saw him make his morning meal. Here, Missis, for Heaven's sake take this dish away."

The glistening black woman stepped forward, but the head-man stopped her. There

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was some mistake here. He had killed the best dog in the village for Captain Kettle's meal, and his guest for some fastidious reason refused to eat. He pointed angrily to the figured bowl. "Dug chop," said he. "Too-much-good. You chop him." This rejection of excellent food was a distinct slur on his ménage, and he was working himself up into passion. "You chop dem dug chop one-time," he repeated.

The situation was growing strained, and might well culminate in fisticuffs. But Captain Kettle, during his recent many back again into good humour; and presently that one-eyed savage squatted amicably down on his heels, and gave an order to one of his wives in attendance.

The lady brought Kettle's accordion, and the little sailor propped his back against the wattle wall of the hut, and made music, and lifted up his voice in song. The tune carried amongst the lanes and dwellings of the village, and naked feet *pad-padded* quickly up over the dust and the grass; the audience distributed itself within and without the head-man's hut, and listened enrapt; and the head-man felt

He dipped his digits into the stew.

months' sojourn as a lone white man in savage Africa, had acquired one thing which had never burdened him much before, and that was tact. He did not openly resent the imperative tone of his host, which anyone who had known him previously would have guessed to be his first impulse. But neither at the same time did he permit himself to be forced into eating the noxious meal. He temporised. With that queer polyglot called Coast English, and with shreds from a score of native dialects, he made up a tattered fabric of speech which beguiled the head-man the glow of satisfaction that a London hostess feels when she has hired for money the most popular drawing room entertainer of the day, and her guests condescend to enjoy, and not merely to exhibit, themselves as *blasés*.

But Captain Kettle, it must be confessed, felt none of the artist's pride in finding his art appreciated. He had always the South Shields chapel at the back of his mind, with its austere code and creed, and he felt keenly the degradation of lowering himself to the level of the play-actor; even though he was earning his bare existence—and had been

doing all through the heart of barbarous Africa —by mumming and carolling to tribes whose trade was murder and cannibalism.

He felt an infinite pity for himself when he reflected that many a time a breakdown, or a loudly-bawled hymn, or a series of twisted faces, had been the only thing which stood between him and the cooking fires. But there was no help for it. He was a fighting man, but he could not do battle with a continent; and so he had either to take the only course which remained, and lower himself (as he considered it) to the level of the music-hall pariah, and mouth and mow to amuse the mob, or else to accept the alternative from which even the bravest of men might well shrink in dismay.

His travel through the black heart of this black continent may have been paralleled by that of other obscure heroes who voyaged from grim necessity and not for advertisement, but the history of it, as it was told me in his simple log-book style, far surpasses the wonder of any of those travels which find a place in published volumes. He had started, a completely destitute man, from a spot far up on the Haut Congo, amidst a treacherous, hostile population. He had not a friend in Africa, black or white. He had no resources save his tongue, his thews, an empty revolver, and his mother wit, and yet he had won a slow way down to the western seaboard through a hundred hostile tribes, where an army would have been eaten up, and a Marco Polo might well have failed.

It would suit my pleasure finely to write of this terrific journey, with its dangers, its finesses, and its infinite escapes; it would gratify me to the quick if I might belaud to the full of my appreciation the endurance, and the grand resourcefulness, of this little sailor cast so desperately out of his more native element; but the account of the travel is reserved for the pen of Captain Kettle himself, and so the more professional scribe may not poach upon his territory.

I had it from his own lips that the perils of the way made him see the poetry of it all, and he said to himself that here was the theme for that great epic, which would be the *chef d'œuvre* of his literary life. It is to be written in blank verse, with the hymns and secular songs he sang at each stop given in an appendix, and he confidently hopes that it will stand out as something conspicuous and distinct against the sombre background of prosaic travel books.

His arrival at the coast was an achievement that made him almost faint with joy. Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks hailed the sea, we are told, with a mighty shout. But to them Thalassa was merely a way-mark, a sign that they were nearing home. To Kettle it was more, far more, although he could not define the relationship. He had dwelt upon the sea the greater part of his days; he had won his meagre living from her; and although at all times she had been infinitely hard and cruel to him, and he had cursed her day in and day out with all a seaman's point and fluency, she had wrapped herself into his being in a way he little guessed, till separation showed him the truth.

He had seen the glint of her through the trees as he entered this last village of his march, but the air was too dull with heat for him to catch so much as a whiff of her refreshing saltness, and for the present he could not go down to greet her. He was still the lonely troubadour, dressed in a native cloth around the loins, with a turban of rags upon his head, and a battered accordion slung from his back, come in from afar to sing and pull faces for a dinner.

The meal, for reasons which have been stated, was not a success, but payment had to be rendered all the same. He sang with noise, and made antics such as experience had taught him would be acceptable; and the audience, to whom a concert of this kind was a rarity, howled to him to go on. There was no escape. He had to sing till he could sing no more. It was far on into the night when a couple of native *tom-tom* players rescued him. The musical appetites of the village had been whetted rather than appeased, and as no more could be got out of this wandering minstrel, why then they were quite ready to listen to local instruments and melody.

Dancing commenced, and the heat and the noise grew, and presently Kettle managed to slip away and walk out through the yam and manioc gardens, and the banana groves, to

the uproarious beach beyond. He threw himself wearily down on the warm white sand, and when the greater rollers swept in and crashed into noisy bellowing surf, the spindrift from it drove down on him, and refreshed him luxuriously. It was almost worth going through all he had suffered to enjoy the pleasures of that greeting.

For long enough he feasted his eyes on the creaming fringes of the surf, and then he glanced over it at the purple plain of ocean which lay level and unruffled beyond. A great African moon glowed above it, in the night, and the lonely vastness of it all gratified him like the presence of a friend. "You are a decent old puddle," he murmured to himself, "though I say it that's got precious little from you beyond mud and splashing. It's good to be back in reach of the stink of you again."

He lay on where he was deep into the night, revelling in the companionship of the sea, till the many-coloured land crabs began to regard him as mere jetsam. He was not consciously thinking. He was letting his mind rest in an easy torpor; but from time to time he let his eyes range through the purple dark with a seaman's mechanical watchfulness. The noise of the *tom-toms* and the dancing from the village behind him had died away, and nothing but the sounds from the bush and the din of the surf remained to show that the world was alive. The moon, too, had been smothered by a cloud bank, and night lay huddled close round him, with a texture like black velvet.

Then with a jump he was on his feet, and trembling violently. Another old friend was in his neighbourhood — a steamer. Her masthead light had just twinkled into view. He began walking nervously and quickly towards her along the hard, white sands. He saw her first in the north-west, coming from some port in the Bight of Biafra probably, and the odds were she was heading south along the coast.

Then with a jump he was on his feet, and trembling violently.

Presently he picked up her red port light. Yes, he admitted to himself with a sigh, she was making for one of the ports to southward, for Sette Camma perhaps, or Loango, or Landana, or Kabenda, and he calmed himself down with the discovery. Had she been heading north, he had it in him to have swum out to her through the surf and the sharks, and chance being picked up. He was sick of this savage Africa which lay behind him. The sight of those two lights, the bright white, and the duller red, let him know how ravenous was his hunger to see once more a white man and a white man's ship, and to feel the sway of a deck, and to smell the smells of oil, and paint, and Christian cookery, from which he had been for such a weary tale of days divorced.

The steamer drew on till she came a-beam, and the red port light was eclipsed, and

"carrying no stern light" was Captain Kettle's comment. There was a small glow from her deck, and two or three of her ports were lit, but for the most part she crept along as a mysterious black ship voyaging into a region of blackness. It was too dark to make out more than her bare existence, but Kettle took a squint at the Southern Cross, which hung low in the sky like an ill-made kite, to get her bearings, and so made note of her course, and from that tried to deduce her nationality.

From the way she was steering he reckoned she came from Batanga or Cameroons, which are in German territory, and so set her down as sailing originally from Marseilles or Hamburg, and anyway decided that she was not one of the Liverpool boats which carry all the West Coast trade to England. But as he watched, she seemed to slew out of her course. She lengthened out before him across the night, as her bows sheered in towards the land, till he saw her broadside on, and then she hung motionless as a black blot against the greater blackness beyond.

Captain Kettle summed the situation: "Rounded up and come to an anchor. There'll be a factory somewhere on the beach there. But I don't know, though. That one-eyed head-man said nothing about a factory, and if there was one, why doesn't she whistle to raise 'em up so's they'd be ready to bring off their bit o' trade in the surf-boats when day breaks?"

A cloud slid away in the sky, and the moon shone out like the suddenly opened bulb of a dark lantern. The oily surface of the sea flashed up into sight, and on it sat the steamer—a picture in black and silver. She lay there motionless as the trees on the beach, and the reason for her state was clear. Her forefoot soared stiffly aloft till it was almost clear of the water; her stern was depressed; her decks listed to port till it was an acrobatic feat to make passage way along them.

Captain Kettle whistled to himself long and dismally. "Piled her up," he muttered, "that's what her old man has done. Hit a half-ebb reef, and fairly taken root there. He's not shoved on his engines astern either, and that means she's ripped away half her bottom, and he thinks she'll founder in deep water if he backs her off the ground." A tiny spirt of flame, pale against the moonlight, jerked out from under the awnings of the steamer's upper bridge. The noise of the shot came some time afterwards, no louder than the cracking of a knuckle. "By James, somebody's getting his gun into use pretty quick. Well, it's someone else's trouble, and not mine, and I guess I'm going to stay on the beach, and watch, and not meddle." He frowned angrily as though someone had made a suggestion to him. "No, by James, I'm not one of those that seeks trouble unnecessarily."

But all the same he walked off briskly along the sand, keeping his eyes fixed on the stranded steamer. That some sort of a scuffle was going on aboard of her was clear from the shouts and the occasional pistol shots, which became louder as he grew more near; and Captain Kettle, connoisseur as he was of differences of this sort on the high seas, became instinctively more and more interested. And at last when he came to a small canoe drawn up on the beach above high water mark, he paused beside it with a mind loaded with temptation as deep as it would carry.

The canoe was a dug-out, a thing of light cotton wood, with washboards forward to carry it through a surf. A couple of paddles and a calabash formed its furniture, and its owner probably lived in the village where he had sung for his dinner overnight. Of course, to borrow her—merely to borrow her, of course—without permission was——.

Another spatter of pistol shots came from the steamer, and a yelping of negro voices. Captain Kettle hesitated no longer. He laid hands on the canoe's gunwale, and ran her down into the edge of the surf. He had barely patience to wait for a smooth period, but, after three rollers had roared themselves into yeast and quietude, he ran his little craft out till the water was arm-pit deep, and then scrambled on board and paddled furiously.

But it is not given to the European to equal the skill of the black on African surf beaches, and, as might be expected, the next roller that swooped in over-ended the canoe, and sent it spinning like a toy through the broken water. But Captain Kettle had gained some way; and if he could not paddle the

He manned the paddle.

little craft to sea, he could at least swim her out; and this he proceeded to do. He was as handy as an otter in the water, and besides, there was something here which was dragging him to seaward very strongly. His soul lusted for touch with a steamer again with a fierceness which he did not own even to himself. Even a wrecked steamer was a thing of kinship to him then.

He swam the dug-out through the last drench and back-tow of the surf, rocked her clear from part of her watery load, and then, with a feeling of relief, clambered gingerly on board and baled the rest over the gunwale with his hands. It is not good to stay overlong in these seas which fringe the West African beaches, by reason of the ground shark which makes them his hunting ground. And then he manned the paddle, knelt down, and went the shortest way to the steamer which perched on the rock.

The moon was still riding in the sky, but burnt with a pale light now, as dawn had jumped up from behind the shore forests.

All things were shown clearly. Amongst other matters, Kettle noted from trifles in her garnishing, which read clear as print to a seaman's eye, that the steamer was not French or German as he had guessed before, but hailed from his own native islands. Moreover, her funnel told him that she was not one of the two regular lines from Liverpool, which do all the commerce of the coast. But he had no time for fresh speculations just then as to her business. The scuffling on board had been growing more and more serious, and it was clear that the blacks of her

complement were giving the whites more than they cared about.

Kettle knew enough of the custom of the Coast to be able to sum the situation. "Her Krooboys have broken out of hand," he commented. "That's what's the trouble. You come down here from England with just enough white men to handle your vessel to Sierra Leone, and then you ship Krooboys to work cargo and surf boats, and do everything except steer, and as long as nothing happens, your Krooboy is a first-class hand. Two cupfuls of rice and a bit of fish is all the grub he wants; he'll work sixteen hours a day without a grunt; and he'll handle a winch or a steam-crane with any Geordie donkey-man that has been grounded in the shops. But just put your steamboat on the ground where he thinks she can't get off, and there's a different tune to play. He's got a notion that the ship's his, and the cargo's his, to loot as he likes, and if he doesn't get 'em both, he's equal to making trouble. Seems to me he's making bad trouble now."

By this time it was plain that the black men had got entire possession of the lower parts of the ship. The small handful of whites were on the top of the fiddley, and whilst most were fighting to keep the Africans back, a couple were frenziedly working to get a pair of davits swung outboard, and a lifeboat which hung from them lowered into the water. It was clear they had given up all hope of standing by the ship; and presently they got the boat afloat, and slid down to her in hurried clusters by the davit falls, and then unhooked and rowed away from the steamer's side in a skelter of haste. Coals and any other missile that came handy were showered upon them by the Krooboys who manned the rail, to which they replied with a few vicious revolver shots, and then the boat drew out of range.

Captain Kettle, in his clumsy canoe, paddled up close to her and nodded, and gave the boat's people a "good morning." The greeting was quaintly enough out of place, but nobody seemed to notice that. Each party was too occupied in staring at the other. Those in the lifeboat saw a little lean European, naked to the waist, clad only in a turban and native cloth, and evidently (from the colour of his skin) long inured to that state. Kettle saw a huddle of fugitives, all of them scared, and many of them bloody with wounds.

The man who was steering the white boat, the steamer's mate he was, according to the gold lace on his cuff, spoke first.

"Well," he said, "you're a funny enough looking beach-comber. What do you want, anyway?"

Captain Kettle felt himself to redden all over under the tan of his skin. Neatness in clothes was always a strong point with him, and he resented the barbarism of his present get-up acutely. "If I wanted a job at teaching manners, I could find one in your boat that's certain," was his prompt retort. "And when I'd finished with that, I could give some of you a lesson in pluck without much harm being done. I wonder if you call yourselves white men to let a crowd of niggers clear you out of your ship like that?"

"Now, look here, Robinson Crusoe," said the man at the steering-oar, "our tempers are all filed up on the raw edge just now, and if you give much lip, this boat will be rowed over the top of your Noah's ark before you know what's hit it. You paddle back to your squaw and piccaninnies on the beach, Robinson, and don't you come out here to mock your betters when they're down on their luck. We've nothing to give you except ugly words, and you'll get them cheap."

"Well, Mr. Mate," said Kettle, "I haven't heard white man's English for a year, but if you can teach me anything new, I'm here to learn. I've come across most kinds of failure in my time, but a white man who lets himself be kicked off his ship by a parcel of Krooboys, and who disgraces Great Britain by being a blooming Englishman, is a specimen that's new to me. But perhaps I'm making a mistake? Perhaps you're a Dutchman or a Dago that's learnt the language? Or perhaps, to judge from that cauliflower nose of yours, you're something that's escaped out of a freak museum? You haven't a photo about you by any chance? I'd like to send one home to South Shields. My Missis is a great hand at collecting curiosities which you only see in foreign parts."

The Mate bent on the steering gear with

sudden violence, turned the lifeboat's head with a swirl, and began sculling her towards the canoe. But a tall, thin man sitting beside him in the stern sheets said something to him in an undertone, and the Mate reluctantly let the oar drag limp in the water, and sat himself down, and ostentatiously made ready to roll a cigarette.

"Now, look here," said the tall man, "I don't suppose you want to quarrel."

"I've been in quarrels before for the sheer fun of the thing," said Kettle, who was determined that at any rate no apology should come from his side.

"So have I," said the tall man, "but I've no time for empty amusement just now. I'm down here on business. I'm trying to start a new steamer line to work this coast and get away the monopoly from the other companies. That boat stuck yonder—the *Indian Sheriff* she's called—is my venture, and she represents about all I've got, and she isn't underwritten for a sixpence. I've been going nap or nothing on this scheme, and at present it looks uncommon like nothing. What I'm anxious about now, is to see if I can't make some arrangement for salvage."

"I can understand it would be useful to you."

"It might be useful to others besides me. Now, there's you, for instance. I daresay you've got a nice little establishment ashore, and some simple comforts, and a bit of influence in your village. But you spoke about your wife at home in South Shields just now, and I make no doubt that if you'd got a tidy sum of money in your pocket, you'd be as pleased as not to get home to her again?"

Captain Kettle was on the point of breaking out into explanations and disavowals, but a thought came to him, and he refrained.

"Well," he said, "I'm waiting to hear your offer."

"Here it is then. You go ashore now, raise your village, bring off every nigger you can scare up, swamp the Krooboys on that steamboat and keep her from being looted, and I solemnly promise you 25 per cent. of her value and the value of what she has in her."

"Yes," said Kettle thoughtfully. "That's a square enough offer, and it's made before witnesses, and I believe the courts would make you stick to it."

"Ho!" grunted the Mate, "Robinson's a sea lawyer, is he? Courts, he talks about."

Kettle ignored the suggestion. "Should I know your name, sir?" he asked of the tall man.

"I'm Nicholson Sheriff. If you know Liverpool, you'll have heard of me."

"You were with Kevendales?"

"That's me. I left there two years ago to start on my own."

"H'm," said the little sailor in the canoe. "I was master of one of Kevendale's ships once. It was me that had misfortune with the *Armenia*."

"By gum, are you Captain Kettle that piled up the old *Atrocity* on that iceberg. I'm sorry to see you come down to this, Captain."

"Captain Kettle," said the sulky Mate, "that was in the Congo Pilot Service?"

"Yes," said Kettle.

"Then, Captain," said the Mate, "I take back what I said about you being Robinson Crusoe. You may have met misfortune, but, by the Lord, you're a man all the way through. You've made the ports down there on the Congo just ring with the way you kept your end up with those beastly Belgians. And now when any Englishman goes ashore at Boma or Matadi or any place on the river, they're fit to eat him."

The compliment had its doubtful side, but Kettle bowed with pleasure. "Mr. Mate," he said, "I should have been more polite to you. I forgot you were a man who had just come through an anxious time."

"Anxious time! My holy grandmother! you should just have seen. It was my watch below when she took the ground, and I give you my word for it, there's deep water marked in the chart where she struck. Third mate had the bridge, and he rang for engines hard astern. Nothing happened. From the first moment she hit, the Krooboys got the notion she was their ship by all the rules of the Coast, and they played up to that tune like men. They bashed in the heads of two engineers who tried to handle the reversing gear, and fairly took the ship below; and when the old man came out in his pyjamas

and started his fancy shooting on deck, they just ran in on him and pulled him into kybobs.

"The second mate pegged out a week ago with black-water fever. So there was only me and Mr. Sheriff here, and the third left that were worth counting." He wagged a stubby finger contemptuously at the rest of his boat's crew. "Half this crowd don't know enough English to take a wheel, and the rest of them come from happy Dutchland, where they don't make soldiers, bless their silly eyes. I can tell you I'm not feeling sweet about it myself. I left a bran new suit of clothes and an Accra finger ring on that blame' ship."

"Well, never mind the rest of the tale now," said Sheriff. "Here we are, kicked overboard, and glad enough to save our bare skins, I'll own. We won't go into the question of manning British ships with foreigners just now. What's interesting me is the fact that those Krooboys have got hatches off already, and are standing by the cranes and winches. I've seen them work cargo before all up and down the coast, and know the pace they can put into it, and if we don't move quick they'll scoff that ship clear down to the ceilings of her holds." A winch chain rattled, and a sling load of cloth bales swung up to one of her derrick sheaves. "My faith, look at that! They've begun to broach cargo by now, and there are some of the beggars setting to lower the surf-boats to ferry it on to the beach."

The Mate rapped out sulphurous wishes for the Krooboys' future state.

"Yes, yes," said Sheriff, "but we're wasting time. Come now, Captain, you heard my offer, and you seemed to like it. I'm waiting for you to fill your part of the bargain. Away with you ashore, and bring off your army, and take possession."

"I'm afraid, sir," said Kettle honestly, "you've been taking a little too much for granted. I've got no establishment ashore. I'm just what you see—a common tramp, or worse, seeing that I've been play-acting for my dinners of late. And as for any help those niggers ashore could give, why, I shouldn't recommend it. The one-eyed old son of a dog, who's head-man, has served on ships according to his own telling, and he'll have the same notions about loot as your own Krooboys. The Coast nigger hereabouts has got a fancy that any ship on the beach is cumshaw for himself, and you'll not knock it out of him without some hard teaching. No, Mr. Sheriff, to call in that one-eyed head-man and his friends—who, it makes me hot to think, I had to sing and dance to not six hours back—would only pile up the work ahead of us. Much best tackle the ship as she is."

"What!" said Sheriff. "Do you mean to say we can retake her? You don't know what those boys are like. I tell you they were fair demons when we left, and they'll be worse now, because they are certain to have got liquor inside them by this. It's not a bit of use your counting on these deck-hands and stokers in the boat. They're not a penn'oth of use, the whole lot of them."

"Well," said Kettle diffidently, "I'd got my eye on that packet of cartridge beside you on the thwart. If they were four-fiftys——"

"They are—let's look—four—five—nought. Yes, well?"

Captain Kettle pulled a well-cleaned revolver out of his waist-cloth. "I've carried this empty for a whole year now, sir, but I don't think I've forgot my shooting."

"I can speak there," said the Mate, "I've heard of his usefulness that way on the Congo. When Captain Kettle lets off his gun, Mr. Sheriff, it's a funeral. By gum, if he's a way of getting the ship again, I'm on for helping. Look! There's that steward's boy, Tins, going into my room this minute. I've a suit of clothes there that had never been put on, and he'll have them for a cert if we don't look quick."

"Now then, Captain," said Sheriff, "if there's anything going to be done, get a move on you."

Kettle paddled the dug-out alongside, and stepped into the lifeboat. His eye glittered as he tore open the wrapping of the cartridges and reloaded his revolver. It was long since he had known the complacent feeling of the armed man.

"Now," he said, "there's one more thing. I'm not in uniform, but I hold a master's ticket, and I've got to be skipper."

"You can take the berth for me," said the

Mate. "I'll say outright it's a lot above my weight."

"And I've offered it to you already," said Sheriff. "Go on, man, and give your orders."

Captain Kettle's first desire was to get back to the steamer whence the boat had come, and this the mixed crew of foreigners at the oars had scruples about carrying out. But Kettle and the Mate got furiously at work on them with the hands, and in less than a minute the men were doing as they were bidden, except, that is, a trio who were too badly wounded to sit up, and who were allowed to wallow on the floor gratings.

He sighted the revolver over the crook of his left elbow.

The Mate straddled in the stern and steered her with an oar, and the white painted boat pulled heavily towards the stranded vessel. The Krooboys in possession were quick to see her coming. A mob of them gathered on the bridge deck, gibbering and shouting, and threatening with their hands; and even before the boat drew within range, they commenced a vigorous fusillade of coal lumps. Kettle had all a cleanly man's dislike for these dirty missiles, and he halted the boat just beyond the limit of their fire, and stood up himself, and sighted the revolver over the crook of his left elbow.

He dropped one man, and the others raged at him. He dropped a second, and still with an impotent courage they stood their ground. He brought a third shrieking to the deck, and then, and not before, did the others turn to run, and he shot a fourth to hurry their going. Then he turned to the rowers in the lifeboat. "Give way, you thieves," he shouted at them, "set me aboard whilst the coast is clear.—Mr. Mate, round her up under those davit tackles."

Again the Krooboys tried to prevent the boarding, but again the fire of that terrible revolver drove them yelping to shelter, and the boat drew up with a bump and a swirl under the dangling ropes. Kettle clambered forward along the thwarts, and swarmed up one fall with a monkey's quickness, and the Mate, a man of wooden courage, raced him up the other. Sheriff could not climb; they had to haul him up the ship's side by brute force in a bowline; and providentially they were allowed to do this uninterrupted. The foreign crew of the lifeboat, limp with scare, would have been mere slaughter-pigs on board even if they could have been lured there, which was improbable, and so they were bidden to haul off out of shot, and wait till they were needed.

Now there was no question here of risking a hand-to-hand encounter. The Krooboys on board mustered quite fifty head, and most of them were men of enormous physical strength. So the three invaders went into the chart-house, from the ports of which they could command the bridge deck and the

main fore deck, and shot the door bolts by way of making themselves secure. The walls were of iron, and the roof was of iron; the place was a perfect stronghold in its way; and as there was no chance of its being stormed without due notice, they tacitly called a halt to recover breath.

"Here," said Sheriff, "is the poor o'd skipper's whisky. I guess a second mate's nip all round will do us no harm."

"Here," said Kettle, "are the old man's Canary cigars, nice and black and flavoury, and I guess one of them's more in my line, sir, thanking you all the same. I haven't come across a Christian smoke for more dreary months than I care to think about."

The Mate was peering through one of the forward ports. "There's the door of my room wide open," he grunted "I bet those new clothes of mine are gone. They're just the thing to take a nigger's eye—good thick blue broadcloth."

Captain Kettle wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a bare, sinewy arm. "Now," he said, "enough time's been wasted. We must keep those toughs on the move, or they'll find leisure to think, and be starting some fresh wickedness."

"If we go out of this chart-house," said Sheriff doubtfully, "they'll swamp us by sheer weight. You must remember we've only got two pistols, yours and mine. The poor old skipper's is lost."

"I'm going to try what a little quiet talking-to will do first, sir. I used to be a bit useful with my tongue, if I haven't lost the trick. But before that, I'm going to borrow this white drill coat and pants of your late old man's if you don't mind. You'd hardly think it, sir, if you knew the trials I've gone through in that beastly Africa, but I believe it's the want of a decent pair of trousers that's hurt me more than anything."

Captain Kettle dressed himself with care, and put on a white-covered uniform cap; and then, happening to see a pair of scissors, he took them up and trimmed his beard before the glass. Sheriff looked on at these preparations with fidgeting impatience, and from without there was a clamour of negro voices taking counsel. But the little sailor was not to be hurried. He went through his toilet with solemn deliberation, and then he opened the chart-house door and went out beneath the baking sunshine of the bridge deck beyond.

A cluster of Krooboys stood at the further end of it, cackling with talk, and at sight of him they called their friends on the main deck below, who began to come up as fast as they could get foot on the ladders. They showed inclinations for a rush, but Kettle held up his left hand for them to keep back, and they obeyed the order. They saw that vicious revolver gripped in his right fingers, and they respected its powers.

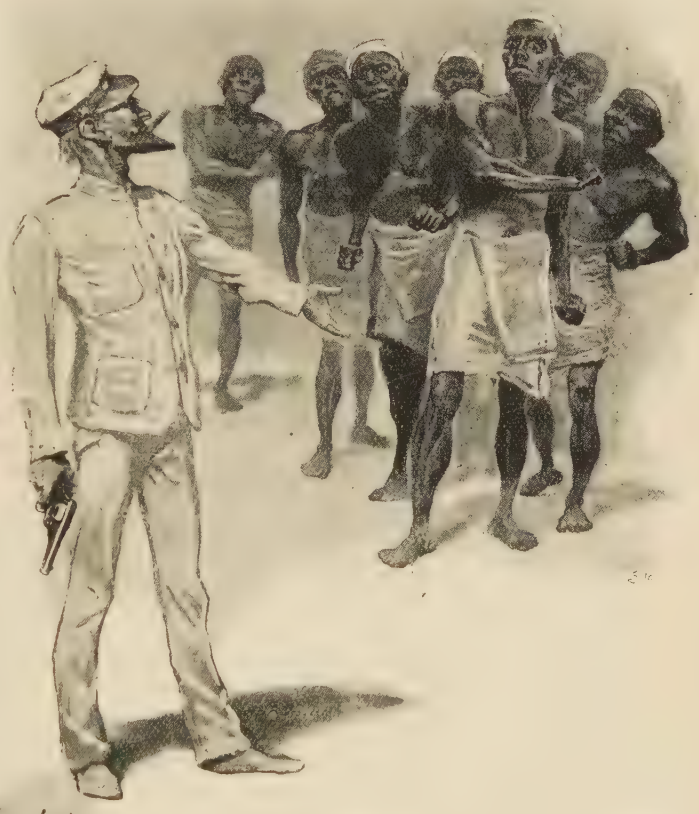
He addressed them with a fine fluency of language. He had a good command of sailor's English, and also of Coast English, both of which are specially designed for forcible comment; and he knew, moreover, scraps from a score of native dialects, which, having Arabic for a groundwork, are especially rich in those parts of speech which have the highest vituperative value. The black man is proverbially tough, and a whip, moral or physical, which will cut the most hardened of whites to ribbons, will leave him unmoved.

An artist in words may rail at him for an hour without making him flicker an eyelash, or a Yankee mate might hammer him with a packing-case lid (always supposing there was no nail in it) for a like period without jolting from him so much as a cry or a groan. And so I think it speaks highly for Captain Kettle's powers when, at the end of three minutes' talk, he caused many of those Krooboys to visibly wince.

You cannot touch a Krooboy's feelings by referring insultingly to his mother, because he has probably very dim recollections of the lady; you cannot rile him by gibing comments on his personal appearance; but still there are ways of getting home to him, and Kettle knew the secret. "You make fight-palaver," he said, "you steal, you take ship, you drink cargo gin, and you think your *ju-ju* fine *ju-ju*. But my *ju-ju* plenty-much better, and I fit for show it you again if dis steal-palaver no stop one-time."

They began to move threateningly towards him. "Very well," he said, "then I tell you straight; you no fit to be called black boys. You bushmen. Bah! you be bushmen."

The maddened Krooboys ran in, and the wicked revolver spoke out, and then Kettle nipped into the deck-house and slammed the door to on his heels. The black ape-like faces jabbered and mowed at the window ports, and brawny arms were thrust in, grappling viciously, but the Mate drew out camp stools from a locker, and with these the three white men stabbed and hit at every face or arm which showed itself. There was no more shooting, and there was no need for it. By sheer weight of blows the whites kept the enemy from climbing through the windows, and so long as the windows were not stormed, the iron house was safe to them. And presently one of the head-men blew his boatswain's whistle, and the attack drew off.



He addressed them with a fine fluency of language.

Promptly Kettle reloaded his revolver and stepped out into the open. "Now," he said, "you seen my *ju-ju*? You savvy him too-big *ju-ju*? You want any more if it? No. Then get away aft with you. You hear? You lib for bottom deck back there, one-time." He rushed at them, one slight, slim, white-clad white man against all that reeking, shining mob, and they struggled away before him in grotesque tumblings and jostlings, like a flock of sheep.

But at the back of the deck he paused and looked below him, and the fight all dropped away from his face. No. 3 hatch lay open before him, with the covers thrown here and there. From it was creeping up a thin blue smoke, with now and then a scarlet trail of flame. Here was a complication.

"So you gluttonous, careless brutes have set fire to her, have you? Here, who was in the engine-room?"

Discipline was coming back. A man in black trousers, with a clout round his neck, stepped out.

"You? Well, slip below, and turn steam into the donkey."

"Steam no lib, sar. Cranes die when we try to work him just now."

"Oh, you holy crowd of savages! Well, if we can't use the hose, you must hand buckets—and sharp, too. That fire's gaining. Now then, head-men, step out."

"I second head-man, sar."

"I head-man, sar."

"Get buckets, tubs, tins—anything that'll hold water, and look sharp. If you boys work well now, I'll overlook a lot that's been done. If you don't, I'll give you fits. Try and get below, some of you, and pull away what's burning. Probably you'll find some of your dear relations down there, drunk on gin and smoking pipes. You may knock them on the head if you like, and want to do a bit more murder. They deserve it."

But though half-a-dozen of the Krooboys, who were now thoroughly tamed, tried to get down the hatch, the fire was too strong for them. Even the water when it came did little to check the burning, for though it sent up great billows of steam, the flames shot out fiercer and higher every moment. In that sweltering climate it does not take very much inducement to make a fire settle down thoroughly to work, once it gets anything like a tolerable start.

To add to the trouble, news of the wreck had been carried to the village behind the beach where Captain Kettle had sung for his lodging over night, and the one-eyed headman there and his friends were coming off to share in the spoil as fast as canoes could bring them. They, too, would have their theories as to the ownership of wrecked cargoes on the West African Coast, and as they were possessed of trade guns, they were not likely to forego what they considered their just rights without further fighting.

But as it happened, a period was put to the scene on the steamer with considerable suddenness. Sheriff, who had been making sure that there were no Krooboys lurking forward who could take them from the rear, came up and looked upon the fire with a blanched face. "Excuse me, skipper," he said, and turned and bawled for the lifeboat to come alongside.

"No hurry for that yet," said Kettle angrily. "Don't scare the men, sir. And don't you give orders without my sanction. You made me Captain here, and, by James, Captain I'll be. We're handicapped for want of the hose, but we're going to try and get this fire under without. Anyway, there's no question of leaving the ship yet."

"Good God, man, don't niggle about that now. I know what I'm saying. There's eight tons of powder in that hold."

"And we may be blown up against the sky as a thin kind of rain any minute? Well, sir, you're owner, and as you seem to have acted as purser on board, you ought to know. But hadn't we better ask the Mate for his cargo-book first, so as to make sure?"

He turned and looked, but Sheriff had gone, and was sliding down into the lifeboat which had come alongside. "Well, I don't like leaving the ship, and I suppose for that matter he wouldn't either, being owner, and being uninsured. But as Mr. Sheriff's gone in such a blazing hurry, it's probably time for me to go too, if I'm to land home any time in South Shields again." He hailed the lower deck with a sharp order. "You boys, there, knock off. Knock off work, I say, and throw down your buckets. There's powder stowed down below, and it'll be going off directly. Gun-powder, you savvy, shoot-powder, go *fizz—boosh—bang!*"

There was a sharp chatter of understanding and explanation, but no movement. The African is not great at making deductions. Captain Kettle had to give a definite order. "Now overboard with you, all hands, and lib for beach. No time for lower boats. You all fit for swim."

They took the hint, and began leaping the bulwark-rail like a swarm of black frogs. "Good-bye, boys," he said, in valediction. "You'll find it cheaper to be good and virtuous next time. You haven't stay enough in you for a real good fight." And then he went to where the davits dangled over the water, and slid down to the boat, whilst the frightened crew cursed him aloud for keeping them waiting.

Not much was said as they rowed away. The all-nation rowers were openly terrified; the Mate had all his attention used up in steering to a hair; and Sheriff sat with his shoulders humped beside his ears in the position of a man who expects a blow. Captain Kettle held his peace. He knew that mere words could not urge the sweating crew to heavier effort, and he puffed at his treasured cigar as any smoker would who had been divorced from tobacco for so many months, and does not know when he will meet with his next indulgence.

And in due time the powder was fired and the steamer was turned into a vast volcano of steam and smoke and flame, which vomited iron and human limbs, and which sent forth an air blast which drove the boat before it like the hurricane of a tornado. And then the débris from the sky foamed down into the water, and then there was a long, long silence. Save for some inconsiderable flotsam, the steamer and all that was in her had vanished eternally. They were alone on a lonely sea. No man seemed to have a thought he wished to share.

The Mate was the first to speak. He patted a bundle whose outer housing was a pillow case, which lay on the thwart beside him. "Well," he said, "it's been a close thing. I darn nearly lost those new clothes of mine."

"It might have been worse," said Sheriff, "we might well all have been killed. But as it is," he added with a sigh, "we've merely got to start fresh from the bottom again. Anyway, Kettle, I'm obliged to you for what you have done."

The little sailor frowned. "It's kind of you, sir, to say that. But I hate being beaten. And it's no excuse to say I did my best. I hadn't figured on that fire and the powder, and that's a fact."

"I wonder," said the Mate thoughtfully, "which of those beggars scoffed that gold zodiac ring of mine. That steward's boy, Tins, I expect, took the ring and left that new blue suit. Well, by gum, they're a funny lot, those boys."

PROOF.

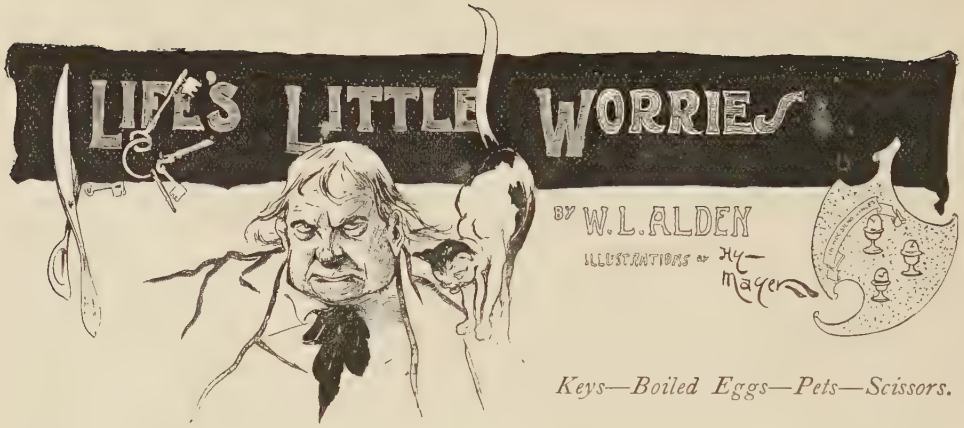
"Is she so beautiful?" you ask of me,
Treating my lover's tale with chill demur.
Well, walk among yon throng, and you shall see
The way that other women look at her.

"Is she so pure of heart, so fair of fame?"
Have I not said? Yet, seek the crowd again,
And, listening, you shall surely hear her name,
Soft with strange reverence, on the lips of men.

"Is her soul tender as her eyes are kind?"
Not in the throng this answer best is shewn.
But little children, glancing at her, find
Something that makes their wise young hearts her own.

I have not lived so long, and yet, God knows,
I do not crave of joy a better boon:
Let me but cherish her, my dear White Rose,
Till death—e'en death that comes a life too soon.

J. J. Bell.



Keys—Boiled Eggs—Pets—Scissors.

THERE is nothing that deteriorates morally so quickly as a key, when it falls into the company of other keys. If you had but a single key in your house, say the key of your desk, it would probably remain in its proper keyhole, and lead a contented and inoffensive life. But the moment it makes the acquaintance of other keys it becomes a source of worry. For example, I had a desk with eight drawers, only one of which possessed a lock. The key always remained in the lock, and always worked with docility and obedience. In an evil moment I placed locks on all the other drawers, and thereupon trouble began.

One day one of the keys was missing, and I tried to unlock the drawer without it. Six of the other keys declined to enter the keyhole, but the seventh entered, and then refused either to turn or to come out again. After a long struggle I gave up the attempt to open the drawer, and tried to put back the other keys in their respective locks. Not one of them would fit. Having once tasted the sweets of liberty they unanimously refused to return to the confinement of the keyhole. I spoiled two locks by breaking the wards of keys in them, and then threw the entire stock of keys into the garden. This was only one of several similar experiences that I have had. It shows that the moment a key is removed from a keyhole its usefulness is gone for ever.

In families where there are a number of trunks it is very rare that the proper key for any given trunk can be found. I know such a family, and the misery that is annually undergone by the heads of that family when the summer trip to the sea shore is at hand would make a cast-iron bulldog weep. It is the practice in that unhappy family to keep all the keys of the entire house in a box. I have seen the box, and can testify that including door keys, trunk keys, bureau keys, and miscellaneous keys, it must contain fully two hundred of all sorts.

When a trunk is to be packed search is made in the box for its appropriate key, but it is never found. Dozens of keys that nearly fit can be found, and these when they are forced into the lock usually remain there until a locksmith is called in to remove them, but the proper key is invariably missing. When that family goes on a journey it involves the making of three new keys, and the destruction of five old ones that do their best to ruin the trunk locks. What becomes of the missing keys is a problem which no one has ever been able to solve.

The wise man when he moves into a house gathers together all the keys and buries them in the cellar. Keys thus treated do no harm, but keys that are given the very smallest amount of liberty will sooner or later make the lives of their owners miserable. Latch-keys are especially prone to lose themselves. When I moved into my present mansion—I do not speak of it as a castle, because I do not wish to seem purse-proud—I laid in four latch-keys, one for each member of the family, with the exception of the cat. Before I had lived in that house six months three of the latch-keys had mysteriously disappeared.

I then thought it was time to change the lock, for, as the lady of the house remarked, there were probably three distinct burglars, each one of whom was in the possession of a key to our front door. Two new latch-keys were provided with the new lock, and one of these disappeared within a week. I then changed the lock once more, and sternly refused to permit a latch-key to enter the house. It was somewhat inconvenient to be obliged to knock and ring every time I entered my own house, but it was a comfort to reflect that no evilly-disposed person could be in possession of a latch-key which would fit my door.

Even this comfort was soon taken from me. One evening a man who resided in the same street—in which, as I might mention, all the houses are precisely alike—entered my house in an advanced state of bibulousness by the aid of his latch-key, and, soon after, my next-door neighbour, who is a most estimable man, similarly unlocked and entered my front door, mistaking it for his own. It thus became apparent that every latch-key in that street would unlock every front door.

When I reflect that, judging by my own experience, everyone of the residents of that street must have lost at least two latch-keys, I am confronted with the pleasing prospect that from forty to fifty burglars, and probably the same number of tramps, are in possession of keys which will admit them at any hour into my house. I doubt if there is a man living who is so cold-blooded as to be incapable of worrying over such a state of things.

That keys multiply and grow when left to themselves is undoubted. This explains why the man who keeps all his keys in a box never can find the key of which he is in search. I once kept a key box, in which I placed not more than thirty keys. The next time I looked in that box for a key there were at least sixty keys in it. Among them were three long large door keys that never belonged to any door in the house; and half-a-dozen very small keys that did not fit anything. Where did those keys come from? The conclusion that they multiplied and grew in the darkness and seclusion of the box is irresistible.

Almost any key thus shut up in company with other keys will grow until it is too large to fit into its proper lock. This is the reason why when you look in a box for a key that you are morally certain you put there, you can never recognise it. Doubtless the key is there, but it has grown to such dimensions that it will not fit any lock in the house. If you have any doubt of the truth of this theory make the simple experiment of keeping a key box. You will soon find that it contains all manner of strange and useless keys, but not a single key that fits any lock in your possession.

The simple key of our forefathers with its many wards, was bad enough, but the invention of the so-called Yale lock has made keys more of a worry than ever before. The old-fashioned key that did not fit could sometimes be made to fit by filing it. The Yale lock, when once the key is lost, is absolutely useless. No other key can ever be made to fit it, not even by the original manufacturer of the lock. If the lock happens to be locked—if that is the proper expression—when the Yale key is lost, it cannot be picked, and the only thing

to do is to employ a locksmith to tear it in pieces, and to supply you with a new lock.

I have in my possession nine beautiful Yale padlocks which I have from time to time bought for various purposes. All the keys are either missing or have grown so large that they will not fit, and, of course, all the locks are worthless. The man who invented the Yale lock may have been an ingenious man. Probably he was, but as to his moral character there is nothing to be said except that his invention must have filled with joy the great Adversary of mankind. Of all modern inventions, next to dynamite, the Yale lock is probably the most distinctively diabolical.

* * * * *

THERE are, in round numbers, four millions of men in England, each one of whom consumes a boiled egg every morning, and of this entire number not more than one in every two hundred succeeds in obtaining a perfectly boiled egg. The truth of this can easily be verified. If you keep a record for one year of the exact condition of your morning egg, you will find that not more than twice in the year has that egg been boiled precisely as you would wish it to be boiled. This is probably the secret of the severe, and even morose air of the Englishman whom one meets in the train or the 'bus in the morning on his way to his business. His morning egg has not been satisfactory, and having begun the day with this little worry, he does not recover his natural sweetness of disposition until after he has a lunch unmarred by badly boiled eggs.

There are so many elements which enter into the boiling of an egg, that we need not be surprised that it is so seldom correctly boiled. Let us say that you order your cook to boil your egg precisely four minutes. Now she will be morally certain to make an error of nearly a minute in watching the time, for, whether she uses a watch or a clock, the position of the minute hand will vary a full half minute according to the point of the kitchen floor from which she looks at it.

Then she may possibly try to put the egg into water that has already come to a boil, but the chances are that she will ignore the fact that although water may bubble and give off steam, and thereby be fairly entitled to be called boiling, the temperature of the entire quantity of water does not rise to the boiling point until some minutes after bubbles and steam have begun to form.

She may try to take the egg out of the water at the expiration of four minutes, but if

she fails to catch the egg in the spoon with which she fishes for it, that egg will necessarily remain a trifle too long in the water. Finally, the thickness of the eggshell may vary very materially, and this may make a difference of more than a minute in the proper time for boiling the egg.

When we consider all these hindrances to success in boiling eggs, it is no wonder that our eggs are so uniformly unsatisfactory. No matter what precautions we may take we shall never succeed in securing properly boiled eggs, except in the proportion of one in two hundred. In fact, the cooks who have achieved the best results in this branch of cooking, have been those who have totally disregarded all rules as to boiling eggs, and have simply left them in the hot water until it was convenient to take them out. If men would only recognise the utter hopelessness of obtaining satisfaction in egg-boiling, the peace of the household would be much more

secure than it is at present, but men are the victims of hope.

They persist in believing that properly boiled eggs are attainable this side of the tomb, and consequently they remark every morning to their long-suffering wives: "This egg is perfectly raw," or, "This egg is as hard as a rock." They have made one or the other of these remarks on three hundred and sixty-three mornings in every year since they first began to eat boiled eggs, and they will continue to make them, no matter how distressing the daily iteration becomes to the sensitive ears of their innocent wives.

* * * * *

I AM fond of pets—that is to say, of some pets—but I can truthfully say that I have never kept a pet that was a nuisance to my neighbour, provided, of course, that neighbour was not a grossly unreasonable man. I once kept a cat who was singularly successful in foraging in the pantries of neighbouring houses, and rarely failed at Christmas and Michaelmas to bring home a really tender goose, or other edible bird. An unreasonable neighbour complained of this cat, and thereby proved that he knew nothing of cat nature or cat morality.

According to the most profound feline moralists, it is wrong for a cat to steal from the larder of the house in which he lives, but perfectly right for him to steal from the neighbouring houses. My dissatisfied neighbour ought to have known this fact, and have protected himself by keeping his larder locked. A man who knows nothing of cat morality, and who leaves his larder open expressly to tempt cats to steal, deserves no attention when he complains that his Christmas dinner has vanished.

Whatever question may exist as to the keeping of cats, there can be but one opinion of the man who keeps a parrot or a barking dog, and thereby worries his neighbour and imperils his neighbour's soul. There is, however, a much more objectionable pet than either a parrot or a dog. It is a humiliating thought that even in this enlightened and Christian land there are men who keep boys.

Three years ago I lived next door to a boy fancier, who kept five boys, all of the same size and species. On an average, four times a day those boys threw a ball into my garden, thereby destroying some particularly choice flower, and then added insult to injury by climbing over the fence in search of the ball, and breaking the trellis work that ornamented the top of the fence.

If by accident I happened to be in the garden, the boys would call to me, addressing me in such terms as "Say, Old Gentleman! Throw us that ball, will you?" Whenever the front door of the boy fancier's house was open, the boys would rush into the street yelping at the top of their lungs.

The boy is born under the delusion that the entire world is deaf, and, until he reaches his fifteenth year, he persists in addressing his comrades in the loudest possible tone. Fortunately the boy is not a nocturnal animal, for he goes to sleep at night, thus enabling those who live in his neighbourhood to obtain a few hours of repose. If it were not for this respite, the man who resides in a neighbourhood where boys are kept would be driven mad long before the boys were grown old enough to become tolerable.

Of course, no man has any right to keep such noisy and intolerable pets as boys. It is simply wonderful that the law tolerates him in so doing. But the law seems to care very little about the small worries of life. In fact, the law is itself one of the most potent sources of worry, as every man who has at any time come into conflict with it is ready to testify.

* * * * *

THERE is a fundamental difference between the male and the female conception of a good

pair of scissors. Women insist that scissors are useless unless they are ground to an edge like that of a German-made razor, while men find sharp scissors worse than useless. You cannot cut favourable notices of your own book, or scathing criticisms of your neighbour's book, out of a newspaper with a pair of sharp scissors. Neither are sharp scissors of any use when you wish to cut bits of strings, or gun wads, or when you wish to break away the inner charred surface of ancient pipebowls.

If the two sexes would only enjoy their respective scissors in peace no harm would come of this difference of opinion, but, unfortunately, woman is so constituted that she

can never resist the temptation to have her husband's or her brother's scissors surreptitiously ground. In his absence she will hunt up his scissors, and, after remarking that they are as dull as a hoe, and that he must have been cutting wire with them, she sends them to the scissors-grinder with the result that they are temporarily ruined for the purposes of their masculine owner.

It is true that when a man finds that his scissors have been unlawfully sharpened he can dull them again by cutting iron wire, or bits of tin cans, but in so doing he invariably bruises his thumb and loses his temper. If he upbraids, no matter how gently, the woman who has wrought the ruin of his scissors, he is told that he is an unreasonable, ill-tempered person, without an ounce of gratitude in his composition.

Of course, women have no conception of fairness either in regard to scissors or anything else. A woman will sharpen her husband's scissors against his express commands and insists that she is simply doing her duty; but if the husband ventures so much as to touch his wife's scissors, there is an end to the happiness of that family for the day at least. She will maintain that he has been cutting wood or steel with them, and that they are spoiled for ever; whereas, in point of fact, he has merely used them to dig a small hole in the soft earth, with a view to planting a rosebush, and, of course, has not inflicted the slightest injury on them.

It is a matter of faith with all women that the moment a man touches a pair of scissors belonging to a woman, they are henceforth fit for nothing but to be thrown away. No amount of grinding will ever again sharpen those scissors to the satisfaction of the owner, and if she refrains from throwing them away she will frequently inform the male culprit that she is so sorry that her beautiful scissors have been spoiled, and never, never can be replaced.

If a man wishes to avoid the worry of scissors the only thing for him to do is never to touch a pair under any circumstances. For his own use let him substitute for scissors a very sharp shoemaker's knife. No woman can meddle with such a knife without cutting her fingers, and consequently she never meddles with it but once. It is true that a knife is not always as useful as a pair of scissors, but it is better to haggle the end of your moustache with a knife and live in peace, than it is to trim it with a pair of scissors, and then find that peace has fled from your abode.

The next issue of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE will be the Special Christmas Double Number. It will take the place of the ordinary December issue, and will be published on December 1st. The price will be One Shilling.

This number will include complete stories by Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Max Pemberton, Cutcliffe Hyne, Robert Barr, etc., etc., besides more than a dozen profusely illustrated articles of extraordinary interest; over fifty pages will be printed in colour.

In Spring-time.

From the Painting by P. H. Calderon, R.A. *Reproduced by permission of the owner, Peter Keary, Esq.*

PICTURES AND THEIR PAINTERS.

Copying Pictures — A Painter of Bootblacks.

Copying Pictures. READERS of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE who have not visited the National Gallery on Students' Days, which are Thursday and Friday, should make a point of doing so. Sixpence is the admission (a few years ago the general public were not admitted), and it will amuse them to see the people who regularly go there to copy. Quite elderly ladies and gentlemen will be seen hard at work turning out sham old masters. It can hardly be thought that they are students in the sense one uses that word, or, if they be, then they have taken the art disease very late in life. It is better to get over such an infantile malady in youth; the attack must be so much more virulent when one is no longer young.

Many of these copyists may be genuine students who go there to learn to appreciate some of their favourite works, for one's respect for an old master is greatly deepened by copying it. The great merit of the original comes out in one's poor efforts to reproduce a masterpiece. It makes one feel small, indeed, to effect with much labour, and infinite pains, the broad, direct, spontaneous work of the painter whose picture you have before you.

You will sometimes, too, see a quiet, elderly lady, who would seem more in her sphere darning a stocking, or working at a piece of embroidery, trying to imitate with small sable brushes the bits of colour and rough surface of a Constable for instance, an artist celebrated for the amazing vigour of his handling, who generally put his colour on with a palette knife, and used no brush smaller than a large "hog." It would be amusing, were it not sad, to see such misdirected efforts.

Turner is another artist much copied, and in the room containing the works he bequeathed to the nation, a good many copyists are always to be found. He is another painter exceedingly difficult to copy, for his colouring is so fairy-like, and his handling so free and masterly, that one must be imbued with the right temperament to render his efforts with any success. I know one enthusiast who, during the winter, would often contrive to finish his business quickly, so that he could spend two days of each

The Moon.

From the Painting by V. Tojetti. *Copyright by E. W. Gustin and Co., New York.*

week at the National Gallery copying, or rather studying, Turner, for he contented himself with making "notes" and impressions, and did not attempt to get a fac-simile.

You may think it an impossible feat to copy with absolute fidelity so as to deceive one, but Ruskin trained an artist to copy Turner's small water-colours, and so absolutely identical were these copies with the originals that the great critic signed them to lessen the possibility of their being taken at some time for original Turners.

There are two or three professional copyists, who are generally to be seen at the Gallery, who can *fac-simile* a particular work, and whose copies, therefore, command good prices. Copying of this excellence means a long apprenticeship, for the copyist must have considerable powers of "handling," great sympathy, and the faculty for taking infinite pains; for, if copying is not a high order of work, it is exceedingly difficult to render the exact tone and technique of the original.

There is always a certain demand for copies of popular pictures, and the poor painter can occasionally fall back upon this outer line of defence against starvation, but the gains are small. Landseer has been reproduced more than any English painter, and the number of copies of the "Sleeping Bloodhound," "Shoeing the Bay Mare," "Prince Charlie's Spaniels," and "High Life" and "Low Life," in existence would astonish, if not flatter, the shade of that popular artist.

One well-known artist told the present writer that in his youthful days, when living upon hopefulness, ambition, and a crust, in a three-pair back off Fitzroy Square, it was the great event of his life to look forward to the two days he spent in the National Gallery

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A Pretty State of Things!

From the Painting by A. Lüben. *By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.*

An Awful Yarn.
From the Painting by J. G. Brown.

week by week. After his poverty and sordid environment, to spend two days in a palace, surrounded by some of the world's masterpieces, and out of the cold too, was the most exalted pleasure, and made him quite forget his own small, fireless room and struggle for existence; and while in the National Gallery even an empty stomach could be forgotten, the spirit of art taking the place of the bread of life.

Occasionally a respectable commission is given for copies of celebrated pictures for some colonial gallery or millionaire's palace.

At the present time, copies are being made of the Raphael cartoons, now in South Kensington, for a cathedral in South America. Such a commission as this is worth having to anyone capable of undertaking a task of this magnitude, for there is a great difference between making a copy of a small picture and reproducing these masterly and colossal works.

Those who wish to copy at the National Gallery must make application and submit, if requested, a specimen of their skill. No more than four students

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The Declaration.

From the Painting by Alonzo Perez.

can copy the same picture at one time, and it may be months before a student can get at the work he desires to study.

The number of spurious old masters in the world is very considerable, and there is no doubt that in the first instance they were merely copies, honestly made but eventually dishonestly put into circulation as genuine works. T. Sidney Cooper, the veteran R.A., has suffered much from spurious works going about sale rooms as his, and it behoves the connoisseur to be ever on his guard in picking up bargains, as he thinks, that he is not being asked to pay for a sham, worthless copy as a work of art.

Chums.
From the Painting by J. G. Brown.

A Painter of Bootblacks.

Ask any artist or any art patron in New York as to who has studied the street boy of that city with the greatest zest, and painted him with the greatest truth, and "John G. Brown" will be the answer returned on every hand. John G. Brown revels in bootblacks, old Yankees, and city dogs. Of these, however, excellent as are his old Yankees, and carefully drawn as are his city dogs, it is his bootblacks who have made him famous, and placed him in a pre-eminent position in that particular field as far as New York is concerned, and probably a great deal farther.

Mr. Brown was born in Durham in 1831, and apprenticed to the glass-making trade. He was ever of robust, jovial nature, buoyed up with British pluck and determination, and ever ready for joke or play. He would not be imposed upon, he would not do work for which he was not engaged. He was apprenticed to make glass, and his employers set him to do porter's work. He declined, trouble ensued, and eventually the apprenticeship bond was broken.

It was in 1853 that young Brown went to America. He continued his trade, but studied at night at his favourite work in the School of the National Academy of Design. So hard did he labour, and so successful were his efforts, that in 1862 he became an Associate, and a year later an Academician. Since then his fame has been steadily on the increase, and his pictures are eagerly sought for by all lovers of art.

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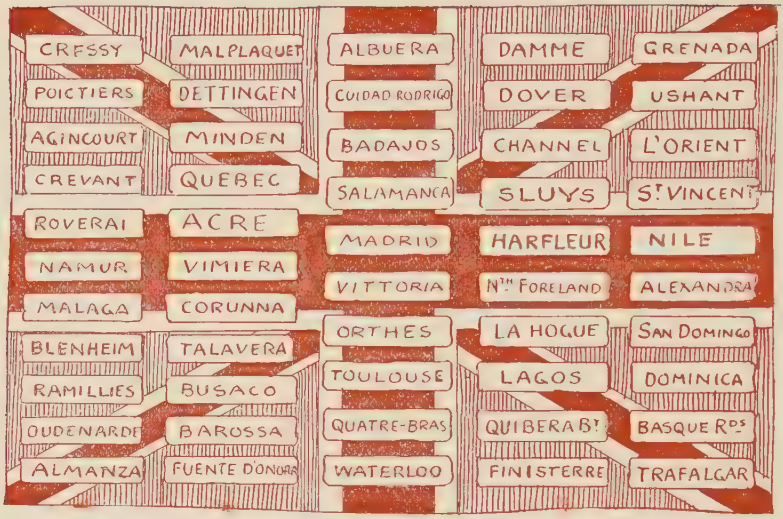
An Interrupted Performance.

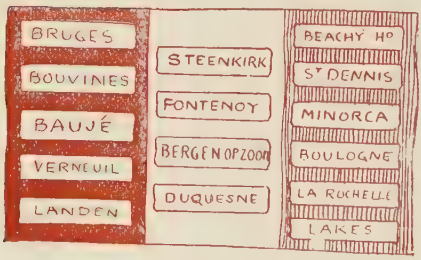
From the Painting by A. Lonza. *By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.*

OUR FIGHTS WITH FRANCE.

By Levin Carnac.



Our Victories: 32 on land. 20 on sea.



French Victories.
9 on land 6 on sea.

When the Fashoda difficulty was approaching a crisis, a friend remarked to me in the course of a conversation on the subject:

"Has it ever struck you that we've been fighting France about every seventy-five or eighty years since we've known them?"

It hadn't struck me that way before, but it set me thinking, and I thought it might be interesting to look into the matter, and I was surprised to find that the remark was, at any rate, approximately true.

I must also admit that the subject looked infinitely more complicated when I'd begun to attack it seriously than it did at first sight, for there were not only fights between English and French, but there were alliances to be taken account of.

In these allied fights certain European nations were sometimes on our side and sometimes against us, but all through some six hundred years of history, beginning with the sea-fight of the Damme in 1213 and ending with the Armageddon of Waterloo in 1815, one salient fact stands out, and that is the deep and apparently irreconcilable hostility of France and England.

Nelson's famous advice to the midshipman: "Fear God, honour the King, and hate a Frenchman like the devil," certainly could not be endorsed nowadays, but in his day it had a very solid substratum of fact. It was, in short, the summing up of six centuries of international strife and personal animosity, and it was fittingly uttered at the culmination, and, let us hope, also the termination, of the long struggle between the two greatest maritime Powers in the world.

This is not the place to inquire into the reasons for this strife. It will be enough to mention the most patent of them.

First of all comes the fact of nearness in geographical position. Second, the conquest of the Saxons by the Norman-French, who subsequently blended with them to make the English People, and, thirdly, the matrimonial alliances out of which rose the claims of the Norman and Plantagenet kings to the whole or portions of France.

Omitting obscure skirmishes, and counting only actual set conflicts in which Frenchmen and Englishmen—using this latter term for convenience sake in its wider sense—have

Trafalgar, 1805.

Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, with signals flying: "England expects every man to do his duty."

From the Painting by Turner. By permission of Henry Graves & Co., owners of the copyright, and publishers of engravings.

been opposed to each other in greater or smaller numbers, and either allied or alone, we get the following figures.

Altogether, we have fought the French sixty-seven times in 600 years. Forty-one of these battles have taken place on land, and twenty-six either at sea or off islands and seaports. Of the land battles we have won thirty-two, and the French nine. Of the sea battles we can claim twenty as victories, and the French six.

Of course, many of these battles were much more important than the others, and it is only the truth to say that, with the exception of three great land battles—Steenkirk, Landen, and Fontenoy—we have won all the biggest fights both on land and sea, and that the 600 years of strife ended with two of the most complete victories ever won by human arms. These are, of course, Trafalgar, which completely crushed the naval power of Napoleonic France; and Waterloo, which left France without an army, and Napoleon without a crown. Without any undue boasting, therefore, we may fairly claim that the six hundred year fight has been decided in our favour.

There have, altogether, been ten invasions of French and British territories. We have invaded France seven times—in 1346, 1356, 1415, 1475, 1513, 1814, and 1815, under Edward III., the Black Prince, Henry V., Edward IV., Henry VIII., and Wellington, who invaded France twice—once, in 1814, from Spain; and once, in 1815, from Belgium.

The first time that the French ever landed on English soil was on the 30th May, 1216, when Louis the Dauphin, son of Philip Augustus, came over at the invitation of the Barons who were in despair of making John anything like a decent English King. This, however, could not be called an invasion, but it does lead us to a fairly clear idea of the first real struggle between ourselves and the French.

The Damme is a very ancient city in Flanders five miles from Bruges, and here

Philip Augustus had collected a fleet of seventeen hundred ships with the intention of taking advantage of the turmoils produced by John's evil reign, and repeating the exploit of William the Norman. It must of course be remembered that ships six hundred years ago really meant craft not much bigger than a modern sea-going fishing boat.

Then, as now, Englishmen held the excellent doctrine that, when it comes to war, our frontiers are the coasts of our enemies, and so the first naval fight between England and France was fought and won within a few yards of the French shore. It is also worthy of note that the leader of the English fleet in this first sea-fight was William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamond. Should we be fighting France by the time these words are in print, it will be because a Marquis of Salisbury has been unable to make peace with honour. Thus does the long arm of coincidence stretch out across the centuries.

The fleet which Longsword took across the narrow seas consisted of about five hundred ships. On the first assault, three hundred French ships were taken and a hundred more that were lying hauled up on the beach were plundered and burnt. Then some of the English landed while the fleet made its way into the inner harbour where the rest of the French ships were lying, and, as Holingshed said, the chronicler tells us, the ships were grappled together and "they fought on the decks as it had been on a pitched field."

It is worthy of note that while this was the first of our naval victories over the French it led up to the first of their victories over us on land. After the French fleet had been overcome, Longsword led his men to an attack on Bruges and had to retire defeated with the loss of two thousand men. The naval victory was, however, so complete that Philip in a fit of disgust burnt the remainder of his ships and, like Napoleon six hundred years later, thought better of tackling the old Sea Lion in his lair. Damme was the last of the first Salisbury's victories. In the following year he, with Otho of Germany, met Philip Augustus, on the fatal field of Bouvines and was defeated and captured.

Two years after this, occurred the first real sea fight, for after all the one at Damme was partly sea and partly land. Louis, installed in London, declined to quit when John had died and the Barons wished to place his son on the throne, and a French fleet of eighty ships with a swarm of galleys and store-ships sailed from Calais under command of Eustace the Monk, a noted sea-rover, who had found the cloisters too dull for his tastes, and had exchanged the missal for the sword.

It was this that led to the Battle of Dover. In those days Hubert de Burgh was Governor of Dover, and he, perhaps first of English naval commanders, saw that Dover was the most vulnerable point in England. He called an assembly of notables, including the Bishop of Winchester and the Lord Marshal, and told them bluntly: "If these people land here, England is lost." And, to their shame be it said, the notables replied, in the words of Peter de Rupilius, Bishop of Winchester: "We are neither sea-soldiers nor pirates; neither are we fishermen. Go, thou, and die!"

Hereupon gallant Hubert de Burgh took matters into his own hands. He went back to the castle, some of the old walls of which you may see to this day, and said to those he left to guard it: "Ye shall suffer me to be hanged before ye surrender this castle, for it is the key of England."

This done, he set out with sixteen of the Cinque Port ships and twenty smaller vessels, or boats, as we should call them now, got the weather-gauge of the French fleet by a skilful stratagem, grappled with them in the good old style which lasted to the days of Nelson, and the result was that out of the eighty vessels of this French Armada only fifteen got away. Those were not the days of artillery, and so ships were not burnt and sunk, but Hubert de Burgh brought sixty-five back in tow or in charge of prize crews in sight of the thousands who were watching the battle from the top of the white cliffs of Dover.

Eustace, monk and rover, had his head chopped off at sea by one Richard, a natural son of King John. Many knights jumped overboard in their armour, and sank like stones. A hundred and twenty-five other

Badajos.

"When Wellington stood in the breach and looked around him, stern Spartan though he was, he burst into tears."

From the Painting by R. Caton Woodville. *By permission of Henry Graves & Co., owners of the copyright and publishers of engravings.*

knights and six thousand sailors and men-at-arms were taken prisoners, and brought in triumph to the Isle Inviolate. And thus ended the first pitched battle fought between the French and English on the high seas, and therefore it has been given a somewhat prominent place in this minor chronicle.

There was peace for a while now between the two countries, chiefly on account of the marriage of Henry with the daughter of the Count of Anjou, which marriage, by the way, resulted ultimately in the Hundred Years' War, during which, at a moderate estimate, more than half the population of France was destroyed from generation to generation. There is another fact touching ourselves more closely, which has some bearing on the effects of this fearful strife. During five hundred years from the Norman Conquest, that is to say, from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, the population of England only doubled itself! During the present century it is supposed to double itself in one generation.

Our next big fight was the Battle of Sluys in 1340, when King Edward, with a fleet of two hundred and sixty ships, found four hundred French vessels off the Flemish shore, and among them the Christopher, a lately captured English ship. She was the biggest ship in both fleets, and the English promptly retook her. As usual the English ships grappled on to the French, Englishmen fought Frenchmen hand to hand, and Sluys was an English victory. This was the naval prelude to the great land victory of Cressy, for the slaughter and triumph of which you may look to your histories—French or English as the case may be.

Ten years after Cressy came Poictiers, only marking a sort of period in a time of indiscriminate skirmish and slaughter, and this, it is only fair to say, was a victory of arms, discipline, and bull-dog courage for the English, and of the utmost dignity of heroism for the blind King John of France, who fought better than many a seeing man through the fight, and in the feast after the battle was served by his gallant conqueror on his knees.

Even if it were possible it would be tedious to carry on in detail the whole story of the French and English battlings from their beginning to their end. Those who may wish to do this have only to turn over the leaves of a good history and see for themselves. And by way of milestones on their course of reading, they may take Harfleur, 1416, Baujé, 1421, Crevant, 1423, Verneuil, 1424, and Roverai, or the battle of Herrings, which they will find in the midst of that struggle during which the patriots of France, under the inspiration of the Maid of Orleans, drove the English out of every province and every town which Edward III, the Black Prince, and Henry V., the victor of Agincourt, had won, until only the town of Calais remained, the last of the English possessions in France—that town whose name Mary of England, surnamed the Bloody, said on her death-bed would be found engraved on her heart.

After this there was a lull, for France had sunk out of the first rank of nations, and for the time being the power of Spain dominated the European world. It is, however, worthy of notice that forty-three years before the destruction of the Spanish Armada the French made their first effective landing on British soil.

This happened in 1545, when Admiral d'Aunebaut landed 2000 men on the southern shore of the Isle of Wight and made their footing good there for the time being. The French Admiral, however, lacked either the material means or the moral courage to push the advantage home to Portsmouth, where a British fleet was lying, and retreated somewhat ignominiously on the approach of the English warships. Since then no foreign foe has set foot on English soil.

Twice subsequently the French have landed in Ireland, once in 1690 when Louis XIV. sent a fleet and an army to the assistance of James II.—which expedition ended disastrously at the Battle of the Boyne—and once during the wars of the French Revolution, when General Hoche attempted to create a diversion in favour of France by an invasion of Ireland in 1798. The French fleet was scattered by one of the many storms which have providentially protected this tight little island. Three French ships got into Bantry Bay, and got out again as quickly as circumstances permitted, and the Irish rebellion ended on the appropriately named field of Vinegar Hill.

This brings us to the commencement of that

Waterloo.

On the return of the unsuccessful charge of the French heavy cavalry, Napoleon sent forward the Imperial Guard as a last effort.

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struggle of the Titans which began when the Little Corsican scattered the fallacies of the French Revolution with the famous whiff of grape-shot, and ended when the Alexander of the West surrendered to the captain of His Majesty's ship *Bellerophon*. Meanwhile, of course, there had been fought out that struggle between William III. and Louis XIV. which began with the defeat of Steenkirk and ended with the victory of Minden on land and those of Lagos and Quiberon Bay on sea. Meanwhile, too, after we had been twice defeated by the French in Canada, Wolfe had stormed the Heights of Abraham, and won the empire of the North-West, and Byng had failed to do his duty off Minorca and so opened the way for a French victory.

Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet are words which mean overwhelming British victories, and which, as long as British history is read, must be associated with the name of Marlborough. And of these it is enough to say here that they formed just so many chapters in that story of the dogged resolution of British troops, which, with the single exception of Fontenoy, was continued through an unbroken series of British victories on land, and culminated, after the crowded glories of the Peninsular War, in the triumphant march which Wellington completed in the streets of Paris.

It is generally granted that since the days of Alexander no such leader of men had entered the field of human strife as Napoleon. Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and Marengo are words which, among many others of similar import, prove the truth of this, just as Trafalgar and Waterloo prove that the greatest general of his day, the Alexander of modern times, had but one nation more to conquer to be the master of Europe.

That nation, incarnate in Nelson on sea and in Wellington on land, he met, and, with one single exception, the result was British victory and French defeat. It is not, I believe, generally known that the hero of Trafalgar once suffered a naval defeat at the hands of France. On the 15th of August, 1801, Nelson, in command of a powerful flotilla, attacked the French fleet which was lying under Boulogne, and was driven back without inflicting any material damage.

St. Vincent, the Nile, the Basque Roads, Dominica, La Hogue—these are names which the dispassionate student of history can only interpret in one way.

Of the land battles of this period there is room only to mention the names. Vimiera, Corunna, Talavera, Busaco, Barossa, Fuentes d'Onoro, Albuera, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Madrid, Vittoria, Orthes, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, Waterloo—well, are not their names enough to show how the six-century struggle between the Frenchmen and the Englishmen ended? Everyone of them were English victories won against the finest troops, and the greatest generals that France could produce, and the last was the most complete and crushing of them all.

More than three-quarters of a century have passed since Napoleon uttered those fatal three words: *Sauve qui peut!* which turned the retreat at Waterloo into a rout. That was the end of our fights with France.

Since then, French and British troops have fought side by side in the only war in which they have not been opposed to each other. We have fought the French on nearly all the seas of the world and on many of the lands of earth, from the field of Arcot in India to the heights of Abraham in America. Wherever we have met them, whether by land or sea, they have proved themselves gallant foes, generous in victory and dignified in defeat. By land and sea we have exchanged the hardest of knocks. On both elements we have beaten them and they have beaten us, and if the long six-century struggle finally ended in our favour, it is only in accordance with our British notions of fair play to admit that in the final grips of the great struggle, France had, as we say in sporting idiom, "taken on too many at once," and that we happened to be the freshest and the strongest of the many, and so we came out on top.

Having got there, we naturally wish to remain there. In this expression there is no possible offence to those who have been our gallant and generous adversaries for so many centuries, and who, since Waterloo, have been our neighbours, our friends and our allies. That they may long remain so is the best wish that the best friends of both countries could utter.

A BALLAD OF LOVE.

By C. Kennett Burrow.

The sun and the earth were babes at play,
The spring wind sang between,
And ever the trees put off the grey
And ever put on the green.

"I have waited from sliding hour to hour,
And now comes night," said he;
"I have seen the yellow primrose flower
Break bud and look at me;

"I have heard the cry of the mating bird
That loves the long day through,
And the heart of the world has heard and stirred,
But never a word from you."

"And does your love need speech?" she said,
"Go to, your love is cold!"
"O, give me to kiss your mouth's live red,
To touch your hair of gold;

"He laughed and stooped and caught her up"

"O, give me to meet you hand to hand,
To serve you on my knee,
And I will be dumb as a desert land,
As dumb as death," said he.

"Such love," she said, "is a little thing
To buy my body's worth;
Dare you ride with me to the edge of the sea
And the rim of the reeling earth?"

He laughed a light, low laugh of scorn.
"Dare I," he said, "do this?
Yea, I will ride by your right side,
To win a single kiss!"

The stars and the earth were babes at play,
The spring wind sang between,
And ever the woods put off the grey
And ever put on the green.

She caught her steed by his jewelled rein,
She cast the girth-thongs clear;
"Mount, mount," she cried, "we twain will ride
Till love make truce with fear!"

He laughed and stooped and caught her up,
As a man may take a bird,
And slaked his drouth at her burning mouth,
But his lips said never a word.

They passed like flame through the fragrant night,
  Her hands about his heart,
And the breath of the world like vapour curled
  To where God sits apart;

They rode 'neath a flying tide of stars,
  They fled with eager sweep
By the ebb and flow of winds that blow
  Across the fields of sleep.

The grey dawn-falcon rose wide-winged
  To harry the flying night,
The deep woods stirred to the waking bird
  And the quick sea met the light;

The grey dawn-falcon hovered low,
  With poising pinions spread;
And at last drew rein the riding twain,
  For the world's one word was said.

"Ah, love has cast forth fear!" she cried,
  "And the meed of love is won;
I am yours by right of a strong man's might,
  As the earth is slave to the sun."

The dawn and the earth were babes at play,
  The spring wind sang between,
And ever the trees put off the grey
  And ever put on the green.

Stalky led them at a smart trot.

"IN AMBUSH."

By Rudyard Kipling.

In summer all right-minded boys built huts in the furze-hill behind the College—little lairs whittled out of the heart of the prickly bushes, full of stumps, odd root ends, and spikes, but, since they were strictly forbidden, palaces of delight. And for the fifth summer in succession, Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle (this was before they reached the dignity of a study) had built, like beavers, a place of retreat and meditation, where they smoked like Red Indians.

Now, there was nothing in their characters as known to Mr. Prout, their house-master, which at all commanded respect, nor did Foxy, the subtle red-haired school sergeant, trust them. His business was to wear tennis-shoes, carry binoculars, and swoop down hawk-like upon evil boys. Had he taken the field alone, that hut would have been raided, for Foxy knew the manners of his quarry; but Providence moved Mr. Prout, whose school-name, derived from the size of his feet, was Hoofer, to investigate on his own account; and it was the cautious Stalky who found the track of his pugs on the very floor of their lair one peaceful afternoon when Stalky would fain have forgotten Prout and his works in a volume of Surtees and a new briar-wood pipe. Crusoe, at sight of the footprint, did not act more swiftly than Stalky. He removed the pipes, swept up all loose match-ends, and in his own expressive tongue "jolly well cleared out," to warn Beetle and McTurk.

But it was characteristic of the boy that he did not approach his allies till he had met and conferred with little Hartopp, President of the Natural History Society, an institution which Stalky held in open contempt. Hartopp was more than surprised when the boy meekly, as he knew how, begged to propose himself, Beetle, and McTurk as candidates; confessed a long-smothered interest in first-flowerings, early butterflies, and new arrivals, and volunteered, if Mr. Hartopp saw fit, to enter on the new life at once. Being a master, Hartopp was suspicious; but he was also an enthusiast, and his gentle little soul

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had been galled by chance-heard remarks from the three, and specially Beetle. So he was gracious to that repentant sinner, and entered the three names in his book.

Then, and not till then, did Stalky seek Beetle and McTurk in their house form-room. They were stowing away books for a quiet afternoon in the furze, which they called the "wuzzy."

"All up," said Stalky serenely. "I spotted Heffy's fairy feet round our hut after dinner. 'Blessing they're so big."

"Con-found! Did you hide our pipes?" said Beetle.

"Oh, no. 'Left 'em in the middle of the hut, of course. What a blind ass you are, Beetle! D'you think nobody thinks but yourself? Well, we can't use the hut any more. Hoofer will be watchin' it."

"Bother! Likewise blow!" said McTurk, thoughtfully unpacking the volumes with which his chest was cased. The boys carried their libraries between their belt and their collar. "Nice job! 'Means we're under suspicion for the rest of the term."

"Why? All Heffy has found is *a* hut. He and Foxy will watch it. It's nothing to do with us; only we mustn't be seen that way for a bit."

"Yes, and where else are we to go?" said Beetle. "*You* chose that place, too—an', an' I wanted to read this afternoon."

Stalky sat on a desk drumming his heels on the form.

"You're a despondin' brute, Beetle. Sometimes I think I shall have to drop you altogether. Did you ever know your Uncle Stalky forget you yet? *His rebus infectis*—after I'd seen Heffy's man-tracks marchin' round our hut, I found little Hartopp—*destricto ense*—wavin' a butterfly-net. I conciliated Hartopp. 'Told him that you'd read papers to the Bug-hunters if he'd let you join, Beetle. 'Told him you liked butterflies, Turkey. Anyhow, I soothed the Hartoffles, and we're Bug-hunters now."

"What's the good of that?" said Beetle.

"Oh, Turkey, kick him, won't you?"

In the interests of science bounds were largely relaxed for the members of the Natural History Society. They could wander, if they kept clear of all houses, practically where they chose; Mr. Hartopp holding himself responsible for their good-conduct.

Beetle began to see this as McTurk began the kicking.

"I'm an ass, Stalky!" he said, guarding the afflicted part. "*Pax*, Turkey, I'm an ass."

"Don't stop, Turkey. Isn't your Uncle Stalky a great man?"

"Great man," said Beetle.

"All the same Bug-huntin's a filthy business," said McTurk. "How the deuce does one begin?"

"This way," said Stalky, turning to some fags' lockers behind him. "Fags are dabs at Natural History. Here's young Braybrooke's botany-case." He flung out a tangle of decayed roots and adjusted the slide. "'Gives one no. end of a professional air, I think. Here's Clay Minor's geological hammer. Beetle can carry that. Turkey, you'd better covet a butterfly-net from somewhere."

"I'm blowed if I do," said McTurk simply, with immense feeling. "Beetle, give me the hammer."

"All right. *I'm* not proud. Chuck us down that net on top of the lockers, Stalky."

"That's all right. It's a collapsible jamboree, too. 'Beastly luxurious dogs these fags are. Built like a fishin' rod. 'Pon my sainted Sam, but we look the complete Bug-hunters! Now, listen to your Uncle Stalky! We're goin' along the cliffs after butterflies. Very few chaps come there. We're goin' to leg it, too. You'd better leave your books behind."

"Not much!" said Beetle firmly. "I'm not goin' to be done out of my fun for a lot of filthy butterflies."

"Then you'll sweat horrid. You'd better carry my Jorrocks. 'Twon't make you any hotter."

They all sweated; for Stalky led them at a smart trot west away along the cliffs under the furze-hills, crossing combe after gorzy combe. They took no heed of flying rabbits or fluttering fritillaries, and all that Turkey said of geology was utterly unquotable.

"Are we going to Clovelly?" he puffed at last, and they flung themselves down on the short, springy turf between the drone of the sea below and the light summer wind among

the inland trees. They were looking into a combe half full of old, high furze in gay bloom that ran up to a fringe of brambles and a dense wood of mixed timber and hollies. It was as though one-half the combe were filled with golden fire to the cliff's edge. The side nearest to them was open grass, but it fairly bristled with notice-boards.

"Fee-rocious old cove, this," said Stalky, reading the nearest. "'*Prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. G. M. Dabney, Col., J.P.*,' an' all the rest of it. 'Don't seem to me any chap in his senses would trespass here, does it?"

"'Got to prove damage 'fore you can prosecute for anything! 'Can't prosecute for trespass," said McTurk, whose father held many acres in Ireland. "That's all rot!"

"'Glad of that, 'cause this looks like what we wanted. Not straight across, Beetle, you blind lunatic! Anyone could spot us half-a-mile off. This way; and furl up your beastly butterfly-net."

The tunnel ended at the very edge of the cliff.

Beetle disconnected the ring, thrust the net into a pocket, shut up the handle to a two-foot stave, and slid the cane-ring round his waist. Stalky led inland to the wood, which was, perhaps, a quarter of a mile from the sea, and reached the fringe of the brambles.

"*Now* we can get straight down through the furze, and never show up at all," said the tactician. "Beetle, go ahead and explore. Snf! Snf! 'Beastly stink of fox somewhere!"

On all fours, save when he clung to his spectacles, Beetle wormed into the gorse, and presently announced between grunts of pain that he had found a very fair fox-track. This was well for Beetle, since Stalky pinched him *a tergo*. Down that tunnel they crawled. It was evidently a highway for the inhabitants of the combe; and, to their inexpressible joy, ended, at the very edge of the cliff, in a few square feet of dry turf walled and roofed with impenetrable gorse.

"By gum! There isn't a single thing to do except lie down," said Stalky, returning a knife to his pocket. "Golly! Look here!"

He parted the tough stems before him, and it was as a window opened on a far view of Lundy and the deep sea sluggishly nosing the pebbles a couple of hundred feet below. They could hear young jackdaws squawking on the ledges, the hiss and jabber of a nest of hawks somewhere out of sight; and, with great deliberation, Stalky spat on to the back of a young rabbit sunning himself far down where only a cliff-rabbit could have found room. Great grey and black gulls screamed against the jackdaws; the heavy-scented acres of bloom round them were alive with low-nesting birds, singing or silent as the shadow of the wheeling hawks passed and returned; and on the naked turf across the combe rabbits thumped and frolicked.

"Whew! What a place! Talk of natural history; this is it," said Stalky, filling him-

A man with a gun appeared on the sky-line to the east.

self a pipe. "Isn't it scrumptious? Good old sea!" He spat again approvingly, and was silent.

McTurk and Beetle had taken out their books and were lying on their stomachs, chin in hand. The sea snored and gurgled; the birds, scattered for the moment by these new animals, returned to their businesses, and the boys read on in the rich, warm, sleepy silence.

"Hullo, here's a keeper," said Stalky, shutting "Handley Cross" cautiously, and peering through the jungle. A man with a gun appeared on the sky-line to the East. "Confound him, he's going to sit down."

"He'd swear we were poachin', too," said Beetle. "What's the good of pheasants' eggs? They're always addled, too."

"'Might as well get up to the wood, *I* think," said Stalky. "'Don't want G. M. Dabney, Col., J.P., to be bothered about us so soon. Up the wuzzy and keep quiet. He may have followed us, you know."

Beetle was already far up the tunnel. They heard him gasp indescribably: there was the crash of a heavy body leaping through the furze.

"Aie! yeou little red rascal. I see yeou!" The keeper threw the gun to his shoulder, and fired both barrels in their direction. The pellets dusted the dry stems round them as a big fox darted across in front of Stalky, and ran over the cliff-edge.

They said nothing till they reached the wood, torn, dishevelled, hot, but unseen.

"'Narrow squeak," said Stalky. "I'll swear some of the pellets went through my hair."

"Did you see him?" said Beetle. "I almost put my hand on him. Wasn't he a wopper? Didn't he stink? Hullo, Turkey, what's the matter? Are you hit?"

McTurk's lean face had turned pearly white; his mouth, generally half open, was tight shut, and his eyes blazed. They had never seen him like this save once in a sad time of civil war.

"Do you know that that was just as bad as murder?" he said in a grating voice, as he brushed prickles from his head.

"Well, he didn't hit us?" said Stalky. "I think it was rather a lark. Here, where are you going?"

"I'm going up to the house, if there is one," said McTurk, pushing through the hollies. "I am going to tell this Colonel Dabney."

"Are you crazy? He'll swear it served us jolly well right. He'll report us. It'll be a public lickin'. Oh, Turkey, don't be an ass. Think of us!"

"You fool!" said McTurk, turning savagely. "D'you suppose I'm thinkin' of *us*. It's the keeper."

"He's cracked," said Beetle miserably, as they followed. Indeed, this was a new Turkey—a haughty, angular, nose-lifted Turkey—whom they accompanied through a shrubbery on to a lawn, where a white-whiskered old gentleman with a cleek was alternately putting and blaspheming vigorously.

"Are you Colonel Dabney?" McTurk began in this new creaking voice of his.

"I—I am, and —" his eyes travelled up and down the boy—"who—what the devil d'you want? Ye've been disturbing my pheasants. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye needn't laugh at it. (McTurk's not too lovely features had twisted themselves into a horrible sneer at the word pheasant.) You've been birds' nesting. You needn't hide your hat. I can see that you belong to the College. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye do! Your name and number at once, sir. Ye want to speak to me—Eh? You saw my notice-boards? Must have. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye did? Damnable, oh damnable!"

He choked with emotion. McTurk's heel tapped the lawn and he stuttered a little—two sure signs that he was losing his temper. But why should he, the offender, be angry?

"Lo-look here, sir. Do—do you shoot foxes? Because, if you don't, your keeper does. We've seen him! I do-don't care what you call us—but it's an awful thing. It's the ruin of good feelin' among neighbours. A ma-man ought to say once and for all how he stands about preservin'. It's worse than murder, because there's no legal remedy." McTurk was quoting confusedly from his father, while the old gentleman made noises in his throat.

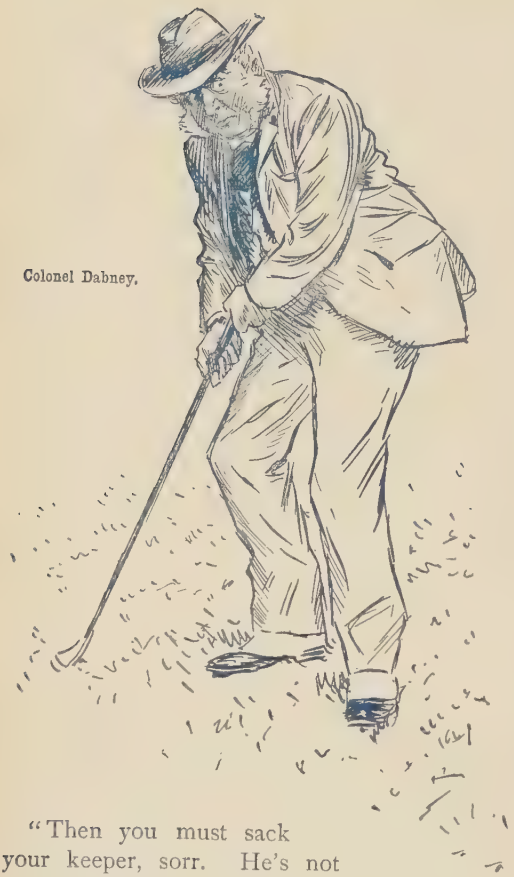
"Do you know who I am?" he gurgled at last; Stalky and Beetle quaking.

"No, sorr, nor do I care if ye belonged to the Castle itself. Answer me now, as one gentleman to another. Do ye shoot foxes or do ye not?"

And four years ago Stalky and Beetle had carefully kicked McTurk out of his Irish dialect! Assuredly he had gone mad or taken a sunstroke, and as assuredly he would be slain—once by the old gentleman and once by the Head. A public licking for the three was the least they could expect. Yet—if their eyes and ears were to be trusted—the old gentleman had collapsed. It might be a lull before the storm, but——

"I do not." He was still gurgling.

The keeper fired both barrels in their direction.



Colonel Dabney.

"Then you must sack your keeper, sorr. He's not fit to live in the same county with a God-fearin' fox. An' a vixen, too—at this time o' year!"

"Did ye come up on purpose to tell me this?"

"Of course I did, ye silly man," with a stamp of the foot. "Would you not have done as much for me if you'd seen that thing happen on my land, now?"

(Forgotten—forgotten was the College and the decency due to elders. McTurk was treading again the barren purple mountains of the rainy West coast, where in his holidays he was viceroy of four thousand naked acres, only son of a three-hundred year old house, lord of a crazy fishing-boat, and the idol of his father's shiftless tenantry. It was the landed man speaking to his equal—deep calling to deep—and the old gentleman acknowledged the cry.)

"I apologise," said he. "I apologise unreservedly—to you, and to the old sod. Now, will you be good enough to tell me your story?"

"We were in your combe," McTurk began, and he told his tale alternately as a schoolboy, and, when the iniquity of the thing overcame him, as an indignant squire; concluding: "So you see he must be in the habit of it. I—we—one never wants to accuse a neighbour's man, sorr; but I took the liberty in this case——"

"I see. Quite so. For a reason ye had. Infamous—oh, infamous!" The two had fallen into step beside each other on the lawn, and Colonel Dabney was talking as one man to another. "This comes of promoting a fisherman—a fisherman—from his lobster-pots. It's enough to ruin the reputation of an archangel. Don't attempt to deny it. It is! Your father has brought you up well. He has! I'd much like the pleasure of his acquaintance. Very much, indeed. And these young gentlemen? English they are. Don't attempt to deny it. They came up with you, too? Extraordinary! Extraordinary, now! In the present state of education I shouldn't have thought any three boys would be well enough grounded. . . . . But out of the mouths of—— No—no. Not that by any odds. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye're not! Sherry always catches me under the liver, but—beer, now? Eh? What d'you say to beer, and something to eat? It's long since I was a boy—abominable nuisances; but exceptions prove the rule. And a vixen, too!"

They were fed on the terrace by a grey-haired housekeeper. Stalky and Beetle merely ate, but McTurk with bright eyes continued a free and lofty discourse; and ever the old gentleman treated him as a brother.

"My dear man, of *course* ye can come again. Did I not say exceptions prove the rule? The lower combe? Man, dear, anywhere ye please, so long as you do not disturb my pheasants. The two are not

incompatible. Don't attempt to deny it. They're not! I'll never allow another gun, though. Come and go as ye please; I'll not see you, and ye needn't see me. Ye've been well brought up. Another glass of beer, now? I tell you a fisherman he was and a fisherman he shall be to-night again. He shall! 'Wish I could drown him. I'll convey you to the Lodge. My people are not precisely—ah—broke to boy, but they'll know *you* again."

He dismissed them with many compliments by the high Lodge-gate in the split-oak park palings and they stood still—even Stalky, who had played second, not to say a dumb, fiddle—regarding McTurk as one from another world. The two glasses of strong home-brewed had brought a melancholy upon the boy, for, slowly strolling with his hands in his pockets, he crooned:—"Oh, Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?"

Under other circumstances Stalky and Beetle would have fallen upon him, for that song was barred utterly—anathema—the sin of witchcraft. But, seeing what he had wrought, they danced round him in silence, waiting till it pleased him to touch earth.

The tea-bell rang when they were still half a mile from College. McTurk shivered and came out of dreams. The glory of his holiday estate had left him. He was a Colleger of the College, speaking English once more.

"Turkey, it was immense!" said Stalky generously. "I didn't know you had it in you. You've got us a hut for the rest of the term, where we simply *can't* be collared. Fids! Fids! Oh, Fids! I gloat! Hear me gloat!"

They spun wildly on their heels jodelling after the accepted manner of a "gloat," which is not unremotedly allied to the primitive man's song of triumph, and dropped down the hill by the path from the gasometer just in time to meet their house-master, who had spent the afternoon watching their abandoned hut in the "wuzzy."

Unluckily, all Mr. Prout's imagination leant to the darker side of life, and he looked on those young-eyed cherubims most sourly. Boys that he understood attended house-matches and could be accounted for at any moment. But he had heard McTurk openly deride cricket—even house-matches; Beetle's views on the honour of the house he knew were incendiary; and he could never tell when the soft and smiling Stalky was laughing at him. Consequently—since human nature is what it is—those boys had been doing wrong somewhere. He hoped it was nothing very serious, but . . . .

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" Stalky, still on his heels, whirled like a dancing dervish to the dining-hall.

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" Beetle spun behind him with outstretched arms.

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" McTurk's voice cracked.

Now was there or was there not a distinct flavour of beer as they shot past Mr. Prout?

He was unlucky in that his conscience as a house-master impelled him to consult his associates. Had he taken his pipe and his troubles to Little Hartopp's rooms he would, perhaps, have been saved confusion, for Hartopp believed in boys, and knew something about them. His fate led him to King, a fellow house-master, no friend of his, but a zealous hater of Stalky and Co.

"Ah-haa!" said King, rubbing his hands when the tale was told. "Curious! Now *my* house never dream of doing these things."

"But you see I've no proof, exactly."

"Proof? With the egregious Beetle! As if one wanted it! I suppose it is not impossible for the Sergeant to supply it? Foxy is considered at least a match for any evasive boy in *ours*. Of course they were smoking and drinking somewhere. That type of boy always does. They think it manly."

"But they've no following in the school. They are distinctly—er—brutal to their juniors," said Prout, who had from a distance seen Beetle return, with interest, his butterfly-net to a tearful fag.

"Ah! They consider themselves superior to ordinary delights. Self-sufficient little animals! There's something in McTurk's Hibernian sneer that would make *me* a little annoyed. And they are so careful to avoid all overt acts, too. It's sheer calculated insolence. I am strongly opposed, as you know, to interfering with another man's

house; but they need a lesson, Prout. They need a sharp lesson, if only to bring down their overweening self-conceit. Were I you, I should devote myself for a week to their little performances. Boys of that order—and I may flatter myself, but I think I know boys—don't join the Bug-hunters for love. Tell the Sergeant to keep his eye open; and, of course, in my peregrinations I may casually keep mine open, too."

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" far down the corridor.

"Disgusting!" said King. "Where do they pick up these obscene noises? One sharp lesson is what they want."

The boys did not concern themselves with lessons for the next few days. They had all Colonel Dabney's estate to play with, and they explored it with the stealth of Red Indians and the accuracy of burglars. They could enter either by the Lodge-gates on the upper road—they were careful to ingratiate themselves with the Lodge-keeper and his wife—drop down into the combe, and return along the cliffs; or they could begin at the combe, and climb up into the road.

They were careful not to cross the Colonel's path—he had served his turn, and they would not outwear their welcome—nor did they show up on the sky-line when they could move in cover. The shelter of the gorze by the cliff edge was their chosen retreat. Beetle christened it the Pleasant Isle of Aves, for the peace and the shelter of it; and here, the pipes and tobacco once cachéd in a convenient ledge an arm's length down the cliff, their position was legally unassailable.

For, observe, Colonel Dabney had not invited them to enter his house. Therefore, they did not need to ask specific leave to go visiting, and school rules were strict on that point. He had merely thrown open his grounds to them; and, since they were lawful Bug-hunters, their extended bounds ran up to his notice-boards in the combe and his Lodge-gates on the hill.

They were amazed at their own virtue.

"And even if it wasn't," said Stalky, flat on his back, staring into the blue, "even suppose we were miles out of bounds, no one could get at us through this wuzzy, unless he knew the tunnel. Isn't this better than lyin' up just behind the Coll—in a blue funk every time we had a smoke? Isn't your Uncle Stalky——?"

"No," said Beetle—he was stretched at the edge of the cliff spitting thoughtfully. "We've got to thank Turkey for this. Turkey is the Great Man. Turkey, dear, you're distressing Heffles."

"'Gloomy old ass!" said McTurk, deep in a book.

"They've got us under suspicion," said Stalky. "Hoophats *is* so suspicious somehow; and Foxy always makes every stalk he does a sort of—sort of——"

"Scalp," said Beetle. "Foxy's a regular Chingangook."

"Poor Foxy," said Stalky. "He's goin' to catch us one of these days. 'Said to me in the Gym. last night, 'I've got my eye on you, Mister Corkran. I'm only warning you for your good.' Then I said: 'Well, you jolly well take it off again, or you'll get into trouble. I'm only warnin' you for your good.' Foxy was wrath."

"Yes, but it's only fair sport for Foxy," said Beetle. "It's Hefflelinga that has the evil mind. 'Shouldn't wonder if he thought we got tight."

"I never did but once—that was in the holidays," said Stalky reflectively; "an' it made me horrid sick. 'Pon my sacred Sam, though, it's enough to drive a man to drink, havin' an animal like Hoof for housemaster."

"If we attended the matches an' yelled, 'Well hit, sir,' an' stood on one leg an' grinned every time Heffy said, 'So ho, my sons. Is it thus?' an' said, 'Yes, sir,' an' 'No, sir,' an' 'O, sir,' an' 'Please, sir,' like a lot o' filthy fa-ags, Heffy 'ud think no end of us," said McTurk with a sneer.

"Too late to begin that."

"It's all right." The Hefflelinga means well. *But* he is an ass. *And* we show him that we think he's an ass. An' *so* Heffy don't love us. 'Told me last night after prayers that he was *in loco parentis*," Beetle grunted.

"The deuce, he did!" cried Stalky. "That means he's maturin' something unusual dam' mean. 'Last time he told me that he gave me three hundred lines for dancin' the cachuca in No. 10 dormitory. *Loco parentis*,

by gum! But what's the odds as long as you're 'appy. *We're* all right."

They were, and their very rightness puzzled Prout, King, and the Sergeant. Boys with bad consciences show it. They slink out past the Fives Court in haste, and smile nervously when questioned. They return, disordered, in bare time to save a call-over. They nod and wink and giggle one to the other, scattering at the approach of a master. But Stalky and his allies had long outlived these manifestations of youth. They strolled forth unconcernedly, and returned in excellent shape after a light refreshment of strawberries and cream at the Lodge.

The Lodge-keeper had been promoted to keeper, *vice* the murderous fisherman; and his wife made much of the boys. The man, too, gave them a squirrel, which they presented to the Natural History Society; thereby checkmating little Hartopp, who wished to know what they were doing for Science. Foxy faithfully worked some deep Devon lanes behind a lonely cross-roads inn; and it was curious that Prout and King, members of Common-room seldom friendly, walked together in the same direction—that is to say, north-east. Now, Aves lay south-west.

In Aves.

"They're deep—day-vilish deep," said Stalky. "Why are they drawin' those covers?"

"Me," said Beetle sweetly. "I asked Foxy if he had ever tasted the beer there. That was enough for Foxy, and it cheered him up a little. He and Heffey were sniffin' round our old hut so long I thought they'd like a change."

"Well, it can't last for ever," said Stalky. "Heffy's bankin' up like a thunder-cloud, an' King goes rubbin' his beastly hands, an' grinnin' like a hyena. It's shockin' demoralisin' for King. He'll burst some day."

That day came a little sooner than they expected—came when the Sergeant, whose duty it was to collect defaulters, did not attend an afternoon call-over.

"'Tired of pubs, eh? He's gone up to the top of hill with his binos to spot us," said Stalky. "'Wonder he didn't think of that before. Did you see old Heffy cock his eye at us when we answered our names? Heffy's in it, too. *Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me! Come on!"

"Aves?" said Beetle.

"Of course, but I'm not smokin' *aujourd'hui. Parceque je* jolly well *pense* that we'll be followed. We'll go along the cliffs, slow, an' give Foxy lots of time to parallel us up above."

They strolled towards the swimming-baths, and presently overtook King.

"Oh, don't let *me* interrupt you," he said. "Engaged in scientific pursuits, of course? I trust you will enjoy yourselves, my young friends."

"You see!" said Stalky, when they were out of ear-shot. "He *can't* keep a secret. He's followin' to cut off our line of retreat. He'll wait at the baths till Heffy comes along. They've tried every blessed place except along the cliffs, and they think they've bottled us. 'No need to hurry."

They walked leisurely over the combes till they reached the line of notice-boards.

"Listen a shake. Foxy's up wind comin' down hill like beans. When you hear him move in the bushes, go straight across to Aves. They want to catch us *flagrante delicto*."

They dived into the gorse at right angles to the tunnel, openly crossing the grass, and lay still in Aves.

"What did I tell you?" Stalky carefully put away the pipes and tobacco. The Sergeant, out of breath, was leaning against the fence raking the furze with his binoculars, but he might as well have tried to see through a sand-bag. Anon, Prout and King appeared behind him. They conferred.

"Aha! Foxy don't like the notice-boards, and he don't like the prickles either. Now we'll cut up the tunnel and go to the Lodge. Hullo! They've sent Foxy into cover."

The Sergeant was waist-deep in crackling, swaying furze, his ears filled with the noise of his own progress. The boys reached the shelter of the wood and looked down through a belt of hollies.

"Fiendish noise!" said Stalky critically. "'Don't think Colonel Dabney will like it. I move we go into the Lodge and get something to eat. We must see the fun out."

Suddenly the keeper passed them at a trot.

"Who'm they to Combe-bottom, for Lord's sake? Master'll be crazy," he said.

"Poachers simly," Stalky replied in the broad Devon that was the boy's *langue de guerre*.

"I'll poach 'em to rights!" He dropped into the funnel-like combe, which presently began to fill with noises, notably King's voice crying: "Go on, Sergeant! Leave him alone, you, sir. He is executing *my* orders."

"Who'm yeou to give arders here, gingy whiskers? Yeou come up to the master. Come out o' that wuzzy! (This is to the Sergeant.) Yiss, I reckon us knows the boys yeou 'm after. They've tu long ears an' vuzzy bellies, an' you nippies they in yeour pockets when they'm dead. Come up to master! He'll boy yeou all you'm a mind to. Yeou other folk bide your side fence."

"Explain to the proprietor. You can explain, Sergeant," shouted King. Evidently the Sergeant had surrendered to the major force.

Beetle lay at full length on the turf behind the

"Come out o' that wuzzy!"

Lodge literally biting the earth in spasms of joy.

Stalky kicked him upright. There was nothing of levity about Stalky or McTurk save a stray muscle twitching on the cheek.

They tapped at the Lodge door, where they were always welcome.

"Come yeou right in an' set down, my little dearrs," said the woman. "They'll niver touch my man. He'll poach 'em to rights. Iss fai! Fresh berries an' cream. Us Dartymoor folk niver forgit their friends. But them Bidevor poachers, they've no hem to their garments. Sugar? My man he've digged a badger for yeou, my dearrs. 'Tis in the linhay in a box."

"Us'll take un with us when we'm finished here. I reckon yeou'm busy. We'll bide here an'—'tis washin'-day with yeou, simly," said Stalky. "*We'm* no company to make all vitty for. Never yeou mind us. Yiss. There's plenty cream."

The woman withdrew, wiping her pink hands on her apron, and left them in the parlour. There was a scuffle of feet on the gravel outside the heavily-leaded diamond panes, and then the voice of Colonel Dabney, something clearer than a bugle.

"Ye can read? You've eyes in your head? Don't attempt to deny it. Ye have!"

Beetle snatched a crotchet-work antimacassar from the shiny horsehair sofa, stuffed it into his mouth, and rolled out of sight.

"You saw my notice-boards. Your duty? Curse your impudence, sir. Your duty was to keep off my grounds. Talk of duty to *me!* Why — why — why, ye misbegotten poacher, ye'll be teaching me my A B C next! Roarin' like a bull in the bushes down there! Boys? Boys? Boys? Keep your boys at home, then! *I'm* not responsible for your boys! But I don't believe it—I don't believe a word of it. Ye've a furtive look in your eye—a furtive, sneakin', poachin' look in your eye, that 'ud ruin the reputation of an archangel! Don't attempt to deny it! Ye have! A Sergeant? More shame to you, then, an' the worst bargain Her Majesty ever made! A Sergeant, to run about the country poachin'—on your pension! Damnable! Oh, damnable! But I'll be considerate. I'll be merciful. By gad, I'll be the very essence o' humanity!

"Us Dartymoor folk niver forgit their friends."

Did ye, or did ye not, see my notice-boards? Don't attempt to deny it! Ye did! Silence, Sergeant!"

Twenty-one years in the army had left their mark on Foxy. He obeyed.

"Now. March!"

The high Lodge-gate shut with a clang. "My duty! A Sergeant to tell me my duty!" puffed Colonel Dabney. "Good Lard! more sergeants!"

"It's King! It's King!" gulped Stalky, his head on the horse-hair pillow. McTurk was eating the rag-carpet before the speckless hearth, and the sofa heaved to the emotions of Beetle. Through the thick glass the figures without showed blue, distorted, and menacing.

"I—I protest against this outrage." King

had evidently been running up hill. "The man was entirely within his duty. Let—let me give you my card."

"He's in flannels!" Stalky buried his head again.

"Unfortunately — *most* unfortunately — I have not one with me, but my name is King, sir, a house-master of the college, and you will find me prepared—fully prepared—to answer for this man's action. We've seen three——"

"*Did* ye see my notice-boards?"

"I admit we did, but under the circumstances——"

"I stand *in loco parentis*." Prout's deep voice was added to the discussion. They could hear him pant.

"F'what?" Colonel Dabney was growing more and more Irish.

"I'm responsible for the boys under my charge."

"Ye are, are ye? Then all I can say is that ye set them a very bad example—a damn bad example, if I may say so. I do not own your boys. I've not seen your boys, an' I tell you that if there was a boy grinnin' in every bush on the place *still* ye've no shadow of a right here, comin' up from the combe that way, an' frightenin' everything in it. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye did. Ye should have come to the Lodge an' seen me like Christians, instead of chasin' your boys through the length and breadth of my covers. *In loco parentis* ye are? Well, I've not forgotten *my* Latin either, an' I'll say to you: '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes*.' If the masters trespass, how can we blame the boys?"

"But if I could speak to you privately," said Prout.

"I'll have nothing private with you! Ye can be as private as ye please on the other side o' that gate an'—I wish ye a very good afternoon."

A second time the gate clanged. They waited till Colonel Dabney had returned to the house, and fell into one another's arms, crowing for breath.

"Oh, my Soul! Oh, my King! Oh, my Heffy! Oh, my Foxy! Zeal, all zeal, Mr. Simple." Stalky wiped his eyes. "Oh! Oh! Oh!—I *did* boil the exciseman! We must get out of this or we'll be late for tea."

"Ge—ge—get the badger and make little Hartopp happy. Ma—ma—make 'em all happy," sobbed McTurk, groping for the door and kicking the prostrate Beetle before him.

They found the beast in an evil-smelling box, left two half-crowns for payment, and staggered home. Only the badger grunted most marvellous like Colonel Dabney, and they dropped him twice or thrice with shrieks of helpless laughter. They were but imperfectly recovered when Foxy met them by the Fives Court with word that they were to go up to their dormitory and wait till sent for.

"Well, take this box to Mr. Hartopp's rooms, then. We've done something for the Natural History Society, at any rate," said Beetle.

"'Fraid that won't save you, young gen'elmen," Foxy answered, in an awful voice. He was sorely ruffled in his mind.

"All right, Foxibus," Stalky had reached the extreme stage of hiccups. "We—we'll never desert you, Foxy. Hounds choppin' foxes in cover is more a proof of vice, ain't it? . . . No, you're right, I'm—I'm not quite well."

"They've gone a bit too far this time," Foxy thought to himself. "Very far gone, *I'd* say, excep' there was no smell of liquor. An' yet it isn't like 'em—somehow. King and Prout they 'ad their dressin-down same as me. That's one comfort."

"Now, we *must* pull up," said Stalky, rising from the bed on which he had thrown himself. "We're injured innocence—as usual. *We* don't know what we've been sent up here for, do we?"

"No explanation. Deprived of tea. Public disgrace before the house," said McTurk, whose eyes were running over. "It's very serious."

"Well, hold on, till King loses his temper," said Beetle. "He's a libellous old rip, an' he'll be in a ravin' paddy-wack. Prout's too beastly cautious. Keep your eye on King, and, if he gives us a chance, appeal to the Head. That always makes 'em sick."

They were summoned to their house-master's study, King and Foxy supporting Prout, and Foxy had three canes under his arm. King leered triumphantly, for there

were tears, undried tears, of mirth on the boys' cheeks. Then the examination began.

Yes, they had walked along the cliffs. Yes, they had entered Colonel Dabney's grounds. Yes, they had seen the notice-boards (at this point Beetle sputtered hysterically). For what purpose had they entered Colonel Dabney's grounds? "Well, sir, there was a badger."

Here King, who loathed the Natural History Society because he did not like Hartopp, could no longer be restrained. He begged them not to add mendacity to open insolence. "But the badger was in Mr. Hartopp's rooms, sir. The Sergeant had kindly taken it up for them." That disposed of the badger, and the temporary check brought King's temper to boiling-point. They could hear his foot on the floor while Prout prepared his lumbering inquiries. They had settled into their stride now. Their eyes ceased to sparkle; their faces were blank; their hands hung beside them without a twitch. They were learning, at the expense of a fellow-countryman, the lesson of their race, which is, to put away all emotion, and entrap the alien at the proper time.

So far good. King was importing himself more freely into the trial; being vengeful where Prout was grieved. They knew the penalties of trespassing? With a fine show of irresolution, Stalky admitted that he had gathered some information vaguely bearing on this head, but he thought—— The sentence was dragged out to the uttermost. Stalky did not wish to play his trump with such an opponent. Mr. King desired no buts, nor was he interested in Stalky's evasions. They, on the other hand, might be interested in his poor views. Boys who crept, who sneaked, who lurked out of bounds, even the generous bounds of the Natural History Society, which they had falsely joined as a cloak for their misdeeds, their vices, their villainies, their immoralities—

"He'll break cover in a minute," said Stalky to himself. "Then we'll run into him before he gets away."

Such boys, scabrous boys, moral lepers—the current of his words was carrying King off his feet—evil-speakers, liars, slow-bellies—yea, incipient drunkards. . . .

He was merely working up to a peroration, and the boys knew it, but McTurk cut through the frothing sentence, the others echoing:

"I appeal to the Head, sir."

"I appeal to the Head, sir."

"I appeal to the Head, sir."

It was their unquestioned right. Drunkenness meant expulsion after a public flogging. They had been accused of it. The case was the Head's, and the Head's alone.

"Thou hast appealed unto Cæsar: unto Cæsar shalt thou go." They had heard that sentence once or twice before in their careers. "None the less," said King uneasily, "you would be better advised to abide by our decision, my young friends."

"Are we allowed to associate with the rest of the school till we see the Head, sir?" said McTurk to his house-master, disregarding King. This lifted the situation to its loftiest plane. Also it meant no work, for moral leprosy was strictly quarantined, and the Head never executed judgment till twenty-four cool hours later.

"Well—er—if you persist in your defiant attitude," said King, with a loving look at the canes under Foxy's arm. "There is no alternative."

Ten minutes later the news was over the whole school. Stalky and Co. had fallen at last—fallen by drink. They had been drinking. They had returned blind-drunk from a hut. They were even now lying hopelessly intoxicated on the dormitory floor. A few bold spirits crept up to look, and received boots about the head from the criminals.

"We've got him—got him on the Caudine toasting-fork!" said Stalky, after those hints were taken. "King'll have to prove his charges up to the giddy hilt."

"Too much ticklee, him bust," Beetle quoted from one of his books. "Didn't I say he'd go pop if we lat un laid?"

"No prep, either, O ye incipient drunkards," said McTurk, "and it's trig night, too. Hullo! Here's our dear friend, Foxy. More tortures, Foxibus?"

"I've brought you something to eat, young gentlemen," said the Sergeant from behind a crowded tea-tray. Their wars had ever been waged without malice, and a suspicion floated

A few bold spirits crept up to look, and received boots about the head from the criminals.

in Foxy's mind that boys who allowed themselves to be tracked so easily might, perhaps, hold something in reserve. Foxy had served through the Mutiny, when early and accurate information was worth much.

"I—I noticed you 'adn't 'ad anything to eat, an' I spoke to Gumbly, an' he said you wasn't exactly cut off from supplies. So I brought up this. It's your potted 'am tin, ain't it, Mr. Corkran?"

"Why, Foxibus, you're a brick," said Stalky. "I didn't think you had this much —what's the word, Beetle?"

"Bowels," Beetle replied promptly. "Thank you, Sergeant. That's young Carter's potted ham, though."

"There was a C on it. I thought it was Mr. Corkran's——. It's—it's a very serious business, young gentlemen. That's what it is. I didn't know, perhaps, but there might be something on your side which you hadn't said to Mr. King or Mr. Prout, maybe."

"There is. Heaps, Foxibus." This from Stalky through a full mouth.

"Then you see, if that was the case, it seemed to me I might represent it, quiet so to say, to the 'Ead when he asks me about it. I've got to take 'im the charges to-night, an'—it looks bad on the face of it."

"'Trocious bad, Foxy. Twenty-seven cuts in the Gym before all the school and public expulsion. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin','" quoth Beetle.

"It's nothin' to make fun of, young gentlemen. I 'ave to go to the 'Ead with the charges. An'—an' you mayn't be aware, per'aps, that I was followin' you this afternoon, havin' my suspicions."

"Did ye see the notice-boards?" croaked McTurk, in the very brogue of Colonel Dabney.

"Ye've eyes in your head. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye did!" said Beetle.

"A Sergeant! To run about poachin' on your pension! Damnable, oh damnable!" said Stalky, without pity.

"Good Lord!" said the Sergeant, sitting heavily upon a bed. "Where—where the devil *was* you? I might ha' known it was a do—somewhere."

"Oh, you clever maniac!" Stalky resumed. "We mayn't be aware you were followin' us

this afternoon, mayn't we? 'Thought you were stalkin' us, eh? Why, we led you bung into it, of course. Colonel Dabney—don't you think he's a nice man, Foxy?—Colonel Dabney's our pet particular friend. We've been goin' there for weeks and weeks. He invited us. You and your duty! Curse your duty, sir! Your duty was to keep off his covers."

"You'll never be able to hold up your head again, Foxy. The fags 'll hoot at you," said Beetle. "Think of your giddy prestige!"

The Sergeant was thinking—hard.

"Look 'ere, young gentlemen," he said earnestly. "You aren't surely ever goin' to tell, are you? Wasn't Mr. Prout and Mr. King in—in it too?"

"Foxibusculus, they *was*. They was—singular horrid. 'Caught it worse than you. We heard every word of it. *You* got off easy, considerin'. If I'd been Dabney I swear I'd ha' quodded you. I think I'll suggest it to him to-morrow."

"An' it's all goin' up to the 'Ead. Oh, Good Lord!"

"Every giddy word of it, my Chingangook," said Beetle, dancing. "Why shouldn't it? *We've* done nothing wrong. *We* ain't poachers. *We* didn't cut about blastin' the characters of poor, innocent boys—saying they were drunk."

"That I didn't," said Foxy. "I—I only said you be'aved uncommon odd when you come back with that badger. Mr. King may have taken the wrong hint from that."

"'Course he did; an' he'll jolly well shove all the blame on you when he finds out he's wrong. *We* know King, if you don't. I'm ashamed of you. You ain't fit to be a sergeant," said McTurk.

"Not with three thorough-goin' young devils like you, I ain't. I've been had. I've been ambuscaded. Horse, foot, an' guns, I've been had, an'—an' there'll be no holdin' the junior forms after this. M'rover, the 'Ead will send me with a note to Colonel Dabney to ask if what you say about bein' invited was true."

"Then you'd better go in by the Lodge-gates this time, instead of chasin' your dam' boys—oh, that's the Epistle to King—so it was. We-el, Foxy?" Stalky put his chin on his hands and regarded the victim with deep delight.

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu*! I gloat! Hear me!" said McTurk. "Foxy brought us tea when we were moral lepers. Foxy has a heart. Foxy has been in the Army, too."

"I wish I'd ha' had you in my company, young gentleman," said the Sergeant from the depths of his sorely-tried soul; "I'd ha' given you something."

"Silence at drum-head court-martial," McTurk went on. "I'm advocate for the prisoner; and, besides, this is much too good to tell all the other brutes in the Coll. They'd *never* understand. They play cricket, and say: 'Yes, sir,' and 'O, sir,' and 'No, sir.'"

"Never mind that. Go ahead," said Stalky.

"Well, Foxy's a good little chap when he does not esteem himself to be clever."

"Take not out your 'ounds on a werry windy day," Stalky struck in. "*I* don't care if you let him off."

"Nor me," said Beetle. "Heffy is my only joy—Heffy and King."

"I 'ad to do it," said the Sergeant plaintively.

"Right, O! Led away by bad companions in the execution of his duty or—or words to that effect. You're dismissed with a caution, Foxy. *We* won't tell about *you*. I swear we won't," McTurk concluded. "Bad for the discipline of the school. Horrid bad."

"Well," said the Sergeant, gathering up the tea-things, "knowin' what I know o' the young gentlemen of the College, I'm very glad to 'ear it. But what am I to tell the 'Ead?"

"Anything you jolly well please, Foxy. *We* aren't the criminals."

To say that the Head was annoyed when the Sergeant appeared after dinner with the day's crime-sheet would be putting it mildly.

"Corkran, McTurk and Co. I see. Bounds as usual. Hullo! What's this? Suspicion of drinking. Whose charge?"

"Mr. King's, sir. I caught 'em out of bounds, sir, at least that was 'ow it looked. But there's a lot be'ind, sir." The Sergeant was evidently troubled.

"Go on," said the Head. "Let us have your version."

He and the Sergeant had dealt with one

"I want your undivided attention for a few minutes."

another for some seven years; and the Head knew that Mr. King's statements depended very largely on Mr. King's temper.

"I thought they were out of bounds along the Cliffs. But it come out they wasn't, sir. I saw them go into Colonel Dabney's woods, and—Mr. King and Mr. Prout come along—and—the fact was, sir, we was mistook for poachers by Colonel Dabney's people—Mr. King, and Mr. Prout, and me. There was some words, sir, on both sides. The young gentlemen slipped 'ome somehow, and they seemed 'ighly humourous, sir. Mr. King was mistook by Colonel Dabney himself—Colonel Dabney bein' strict. Then they preferred to come straight to you, sir, on account of what—what Mr. King may 'ave said about their 'abits afterwards in Mr. Prout's study. I only said they was 'ighly humourous, laughin' an' gigglin', an' a bit above 'emselves. They've since told me, sir, in a humourous way, that they was invited by Colonel Dabney to go into 'is woods."

"I see. They didn't tell their house-master that, of course."

"They took up Mr. King on appeal just as soon as he spoke about their—'abits. 'Put in the appeal at once, sir, an' asked to be sent to the dormitory waitin' for you. I've since gathered, sir, in their humourous way, sir, that some'ow or other they've 'eard about every word Colonel Dabney said to Mr. King and Mr. Prout when he mistook 'em for poachers. I—I might ha' known when they led me on so that they 'eld the inner line of communications. It's—it's a plain do, sir, if you ask *me*; an' they're gloatin' over it in the dormitory."

The Head saw—saw even to the uttermost farthing—and his mouth twitched a little under his moustache.

"Send them to me at once, Sergeant. This case needn't wait over."

"Good evening," said he when the three appeared under escort. "I want your undivided attention for a few minutes. You've known me for five years, and I've known you for—twenty-five. I think we understand one another perfectly. I am now going to pay you a tremendous compliment (the brown one, please, Sergeant. Thanks. You needn't wait). I'm going to execute you without rhyme, Beetle, or reason. I know you went to Colonel Dabney's covers because you were invited. I'm not even going to send the Sergeant with a note to ask if your statement is true, because I am convinced that on this occasion you have adhered strictly to the truth. I know, too, that you were not drink-

ing. (You can take off that virtuous expression, McTurk, or I shall begin to fear you don't understand me.) There is not a flaw in any of your crystalline characters. And that is why I am going to perpetrate a howling injustice. Your reputations have been injured, haven't they? You have been disgraced before the house, haven't you? You have a peculiarly keen regard for the honour of your house, haven't you? Well, *now* I am going to lick you."

Six apiece was their portion upon that word.

"And this I think"—the Head replaced the cane, and flung the written charge into the waste-paper basket—"covers the situation. When you find a variation from the normal—this will be useful to you in later life—always meet him in an abnormal way. And that reminds me. There are a pile of paper-backs on that shelf. You can borrow them if you put them back. I don't think they'll take any harm from being read in the open. They smell of tobacco rather. You will go to prep. this evening as usual. Good-night," said that amazing man.

"Good-night, and thank you, sir."

"I swear I'll pray for the Head to-night," said Beetle. "Those last two cuts were just flicks on my collar. There's a 'Monte Christo' in that lower shelf. I saw it. Bags I next time we go to Aves!"

"Dearr man!" said McTurk. "No gating. No impots. No beastly questions. All settled. Hullo! what's King goin' in to him for—King and Prout?"

Whatever the nature of that interview was, it did not improve either King's or Prout's ruffled plumes, for, when they came out of the Head's house, six eyes noted that the one was red and blue with emotion, as to his nose, and the other was sweating profusely. That sight compensated them amply for the Imperial Jaw with which they were favoured by the two. It seems—and who so astonished as they?—that they had held back material facts; that they were guilty both of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* (well-known gods against whom they often offended); further, that they were malignant in their dispositions, untrustworthy in their characters, pernicious and revolutionary in their influences, abandoned to the devils of wilfulness, pride, and a most intolerable conceit. Ninthly, and lastly, they were to have a care and to be very careful.

They were careful, as only boys can be when there is a hurt to be inflicted. They waited through one suffocating week till Prout and King were their royal selves again; waited till there was a house-match—their own house, too—in which Prout was taking part; waited, further, till he had buckled on his pads in the pavilion and stood ready to go forth. King was scoring at the window, and the three sat on a bench without.

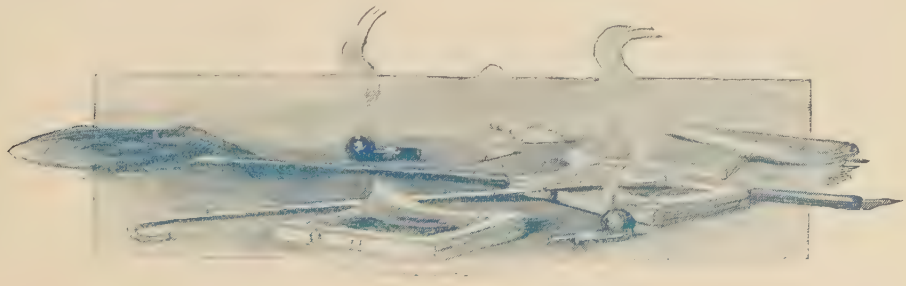
Said Stalky to Beetle: "I say, Beetle, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*"

"Don't ask me," said Beetle. "I'll have nothin' private with you. Ye can be as private as ye please the other end of the bench, and I wish ye a very good afternoon."

McTurk yawned.

"Well, ye should ha' come up to the lodge like Christians instead o' chasin' your—a-hem—boys through the length an' breadth of my covers. *I* think these house-matches are all rot. Let's go over to Colonel Dabney's an' see if he's collared any more poachers."

That afternoon there was joy in Aves.



One of the kites used by Captain Baden-Powell in his experiments.

WAR KITES.

By Captain B. Baden-Powell, Scots Guards.

Illustrated with Photographs chiefly taken at the Whitton Park Club, Hounslow.

They have said there is nothing new under the sun. But then they probably reckoned without such recent discoveries as Röntgen rays, phonographs, and wireless telegraphy, amongst others. Yet, on the other hand, it is very remarkable how people pass by good inventions and good ideas, and *won't* take to them. Kites, for instance, have been known for hundreds of years. Everyone knows of them all the world over, yet till a few years ago no one thought of putting them to any use. When I say no one, I do not mean that exactly, for Franklin and others, of course, used kites for meteorological experiments; Pocock drew a little carriage along with them, and several others suggested their use for life saving at sea. But these are the exceptions that prove the rule. They drew attention to the utility of the invention, yet went no further.

Suddenly, and only during the last three or four years, inventors have taken up this long-neglected contrivance, and now we hear of new and improved kites being experimented with by many different people in many different countries. It is, however, of my own particular improvements in this line that I am asked to write.

In 1887, that year so well remembered by all as the first Jubilee of our Queen, I was at Chatham assisting in military ballooning, a subject just then coming to the fore. It had been decided that we were to make a great show of this new addition to the British Army at a big Volunteer Review, near Dover. The balloon-waggon, with four horses, carried the balloon and its cable, while four or five large waggons, loaded with cylinders of compressed gas, were conveyed by a steam "sapper."

The great day came, but the wind blew strongly, and we became very anxious as to the success of our "show." First we hunted for a sheltered nook for the filling process, and we were lucky in finding a nice little dell surrounded by trees, for such conveniences are not always handy. Thither the tubes of hydrogen were brought, the balloon was spread out upon the grass, and the inflation began. Within an hour of the order being given everything was ready for the ascent. Everything, including the wind, who seemed determined that his realms should not be invaded by these new fangled contrivances. And despite every expedient, no satisfactory ascent could be made!

A gallant engineer officer was in the car, hanging on like grim death and being tossed

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hither and thither, one moment bumping on the ground, the next 50ft. up in the air. More cable was unwound, more gas was put in, more ballast was thrown out. But all to no good purpose. You see the reason. The wind *will* tend to blow a captive balloon downwards. It is the same idea as a bladder hung by a string from the ceiling, only upside down. When a wind blows against the bladder it drives the string out of the perpendicular, and if strong enough will make it bob against the ceiling.

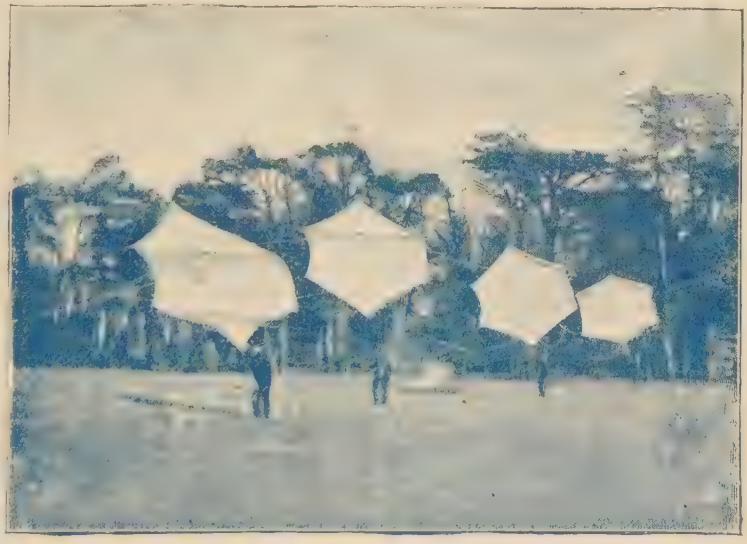
So we had reluctantly to let out the gas (worth some £15), pack up, and go home. It was very disappointing and started me thinking whether there was not *some* way of overcoming this difficulty. What other method was there of getting an observer high up in the air, where he could look over the heads of the enemy and see what they are doing? This, by the way, is recognised as a most important attainment in military operations; it gives the General just the same opportunities that you might gain by having a peep over your opponent's hand at whist.

Take a walk in one of the parks on a fine summer's day and you'll see some little white specks up in the blue sky, high above the tallest trees. These are little paper toys. Once, many years ago, I flew a toy kite, and while that kite was on the ground a grasshopper jumped on to it. Cruel little boy that I was, I thought what fun it would be to let him up—what a jump he would have to take! It can easily be supposed that the kite went up just the same notwithstanding the extra weight of this little passenger. But if it could carry up a grasshopper, why should a larger one not carry up a man? It becomes a simple rule of three sum.

So, in later years, starting on this idea, I made quite a series of experiments with kites of different sizes. These experiments, with many interruptions, extended over several years, and were conducted in many different places and under very varying conditions.

My first object was to get an idea of the capabilities of a kite for lifting weights. Naturally, the lift depends on the strength of the wind, and I soon found that the wind varies so greatly in strength, not only from hour to hour, but from moment to moment, that it is very difficult to get accurate figures to work on.

One day I had a kite of some 20 square feet up, and found that I could put stone after stone into the little bag hanging beneath it without overweighting it, until the bag was full, and when I found it weighed 6lb. I felt quite triumphant. On this basis (3lb. per 10 square feet) a kite of 500 square feet should lift a man. Thus encouraged and incited, I worked all the harder: but it was not by any means so simple as one might imagine.



Ready for the start.

[It will be observed from this photograph and those reproduced on following pages that Captain Baden-Powell employed a team of four kites for this ascent.]

I soon found that the kite is an awkward customer to deal with when you get on the wrong side of him. He can be very bad-tempered, and often refuses to do what he is

told. I had to devote a lot of time to train him in the way he should go. I had to devise new methods of construction more suitable to the huge yet portable apparatus I required.

First, the tail required consideration (for I had been brought up to believe that a kite must have a long appendage of string, with bits of paper tied along it at intervals). This tail was the bother of my life. The papers got wet and tore off. I substituted bits of stick. Then I thought it was not heavy enough, and added weights. Next I imagined it did not offer enough resistance to the wind, so put in canvas cones. And then, oh dear! the bother when that tail became entangled.

It lifts a man!

Well, one day it was blowing very hard, and the kite would *not* fly steadily. I had fixed the string to a post, and kept pulling the kite down to try various alterations; I added more and more to the tail, till finally I put a great bush on the end of it. The kite went up, then dived over, and then circled round and round, the bush sweeping wildly, alternately the ground and the sky, and nearly carried me off the face of the earth.

At last I got it down, and sorrowfully took the whole tail off, determining not to be beaten, but to add still more length and weight. But a sudden gust came and took the kite right out of my hands. Up it went, indecently tailless, and flitted about like a bat, though on the whole much steadier than it had been with the ponderous string of brushwood hanging from it. This was another step accomplished! From that day to this I have never, or hardly ever, put a tail on to a kite.

I went on improving details, but made no important step until March, 1893, when, after trying a great many unsatisfactory arrangements for steering the kite out of the wind course, I hit upon the plan of putting two "crow's feet"—that is, three strings attached to different points on the kite, and joined on to one line—on each side of the centre, and thus having two flying lines. In this way, I not only found that I could steer my kite to a remarkable extent on either side of the wind course, but in a gusty, variable wind, I could, by fastening the two lines at a distance apart, keep the kite floating perfectly steadily.

I then experimented with the weight-lifting again. After many trials, I was one day delighted to get a kite of about 100 square feet to lift a weight of 56lb. clear off the ground. I thought this marvellous at the time, but since then I have often lifted as much and more. In size I made the kites bigger and bigger, till, in May, 1894, I had a huge contrivance of bamboo and canvas, 36ft. high, with an area of about 500 square feet. To get a sailmaker to piece together the lightest canvas for the cover was easy enough, even though I had some foreboding of seeing the thing rip right up in the first strong wind.

But how to make the frame was the difficulty. To calculate out the strain would be a very nice way to begin, but what wind was I to allow for? If I made provision for a gale, my apparatus would weigh so much that no light breeze would lift it. So I began the other way. I got some light bamboos and lashed them together, and stretched the canvas on the framework. I let this up in the gentlest of winds. It rose majestically, quietly doubled up and collapsed, and sank to the ground a wreck. So I made a

stronger framework, and again let this up with two cords with a basket suspended between them.

The result was satisfactory as far as it went, but that wasn't far. I went on improving. I smashed pounds and pounds worth of bamboo. Hours and hours were devoted to lashing up new frameworks or splicing old breaks.

However, we progressed, and so well did my kite at last fly that one day, it was June 27th, 1894, we decided on putting it to the crucial test. The question, not so much with me, for I was very confident, but with the assistants and spectators was: "Will it lift a man?" The weather was not favourable. The wind came and went. A strong puff and then a lull. As it seemed so light, I was kind enough to allow my youngest and lightest brother officer to take the seat of honour in the basket, and see if it would lift him. The kite was meanwhile flying, perhaps 50ft. overhead. And then we awaited the result.

This photograph shows the arrangement of the four kites just as the ascent commences.

Suddenly the wind freshened. There was a creak of the basket, and a drag, and up it went, man and all, while we retained a hold on the cords to prevent him being carried too high. Look at the photograph on page 608. No artist could better portray the exultation of that moment. My machine had really lifted a man.

I then got into the basket; it lifted me, too. That was all, but it was enough. Well, again we persevered, and gradually, but oh! how slowly, it improved and became more tractable. As I believe is the case with most inventions, the developments seemed to progress in a series of zig-zags. Improvements go on in one direction for a bit, but gradually work back towards the original idea, but a step higher up. They then progress in another direction, but invariably return. I now found that numerous difficulties cropped up in having so big an apparatus, not the least being that it was found to be much too powerful in a strong wind. So I returned to smaller kites, and fixed several together, their number depending on the wind-force.

I had come to the conclusion that the best shape, considering lightness, convenience of folding up, power to lift, and ease of making, was one in which the frame consisted of three poles of equal length —one placed upright, the others put across at right angles at about one-sixth the length from the ends of the upright or "backbone." The shape was thus nearly hexagonal. This form, for want of a better name, I christened "Levitor."

The most convenient size was that in which

poles not more than 12ft. long could be used. This made the kite about 120 sq. ft. One day I put three such kites on a long line. They floated well all day, and I left them flying. Next day they were gone, and I heard that they had been found five miles off, none the worse for their journey.

From just lifting a man, I got to lifting him easily. Once a kite takes hold of a man, it may lift him to any height. If it was capable of lifting a man during the puffs 10ft. or 12ft. high, and in the intervals letting him down with a bump, why not 300ft. or 400ft? But what about that bump? So at first I took care that no one should ascend to a greater height than he could safely fall, however much the kite wanted to take him higher.

I tried to arrange that the lowest kite should act as a parachute on the wind dropping or the rope breaking. This I tested while a good fat sandbag was the occupant of the car. All I can say is, I'm glad it *was* a sandbag, and not a man.

Another view of the ascent. The occupant of the car just tops the trees.

I thenceforward adopted a regular parachute, but the objection to this was that it wouldn't open till it had fallen about 50ft. So that if one was up at that height, and an accident occurred, the parachute was not much use; and even such a detail as a drop of 50ft. I didn't care about. Then I arranged a framework to the parachute to keep it permanently distended.

Things were now going so well that I decided on a public exhibition, so I took the apparatus down to Ipswich to show to the *savants* of the British Association. There were many delays at starting. I had no experienced assistant. There was plenty of amateur assistance, however, only too ready and I found my chief business was going about undoing what these very willing people had thought best to do.

At last, however, we got to business. The five kites did their work well; with the parachute spread above my head, and a balloon-like car to stand in, I went up to the end of the tether, 100ft. high. Numerous trips were also made by others to this height.

Anybody can understand a kite lifting in a strong wind, but to be really useful it ought to fly also in a calm. You may say that the whole principle of a kite depends upon wind. But does not the smallest schoolboy know otherwise? If he wants his kite to go up, what does he do? He runs with it. So I got about twenty men on to one of my big kites one very calm day, and set them to run, but the difficulty was that the men got out of breath and wouldn't go for more than a few seconds, though in this time a man was actually lifted off the ground. Then I tied the rope on to the back of an old one-horse cab, and set that going, but the old horse was too lazy to get up speed.

When I got another opportunity, I fixed a kite directly on to a horse. This did very well for one kite, but that wasn't enough to lift a man, so one day we arranged about half-a-dozen kites in tandem, laid them on the ground, fixed the car in place, and

set out a rope about a 1000ft. long, and attached the far end of this to the horse. In order to get the desired space, this rope was carried over an oak fence. A groom was to ride the horse, and look out for the signals to start.

Well, all was ready, the signal given, and off went the horse. Just as the kites were going to lift, I noticed something not quite right with one of them. I shouted to stop the horse, but the groom didn't hear. I ran

Ready for the start.

forward to set the kite right if possible, but I only pulled it over, so that it turned turtle and scraped along the ground. The other kites followed suit. I yelled out to stop the horse, but he, finding something extraordinary pulling behind, became frightened and bolted!

There was a nice show! The horse tearing as hard as he could go across the field, the car dragging and bumping along the ground, the kites floundering along, continually catching in the ground and breaking their frames. But soon the car came to the fence. There was a crash and a bang, some yards of fencing were hurled to the ground, but the horse thus suddenly checked, turned a somersault and threw its rider like an arrow from a bow.

Another day I very nearly experienced a new sensation. There was a set of kites flying low. A long light line was hanging from the cable, and the greater part of this was lying entangled in the ground. I was busy trying to get it disentangled when, for some reason, the kites suddenly took it into their heads to rise. The cord rushed through my hands, the entanglement about my feet suddenly closed tightly round my ankle, up went the kites, up went my foot, down I went on my back, dragged along thus for some yards, and was just about to be lifted up a few hundred feet by my ankle, when a gallant bystander rushed up and held me while we rapidly got out a knife and cut the cord.

But now, without going further, we can connect back with the beginning of this paper. "Is there not some way of overcoming the difficulty of wind? Is there not any other way of getting an observer high up in the air than in a balloon?" Yes, certainly there is. We have an apparatus that can lift a man up several hundred feet into the air without using any gasbag. It *can* be done safely and surely, so as not to risk his life or limb. We have also seen that the man can be lifted even without wind. My entire "Kiteage," with ropes and all, only weighs a little over 100 pounds, and can be carried by two men. Then, when the order is given to ascend, I can unpack, put together, and send up the kites in about five minutes. Besides, the cost would probably not be a fiftieth part of the cost of the balloon.

An Early Experiment.

She's off!

A collapse!

Considering all these advantages, especially in the economy of the system, I hope that before long kites will be extensively used for the purposes of observation in time of war.

(Being the Strange History of Victor Colonna, Professor of Science, and His Experiments in the Lost Art or Poisoning.)

No. VI.—THE THREE CARNATIONS.

(A Complete Story.)

I.

Colonna read the item over his breakfast. He was by no means surprised, and not in the least shocked. The thing was more or less of a tonic. Colonna had known the multi-millionare slightly. Paul Chesterton belonged to the class of capitalists who usually live in palaces and die just at the psychological moment. This considerate action prevents any additional burden being added to the poor rate.

"An accident," Colonna muttered. "Perhaps so. Chesterton has loomed large as a capitalist of the mushroom order for eight years—an unusually long innings. Only yesterday it was announced that he had purchased a group of islands in the South Pacific. In that case there will probably be sufficient for the bare funeral expenses."

Colonna's languid cynicism was rudely interrupted at this point by the abrupt entrance of an individual whose features were agitated by a painful emotion. The intruder was no less than Sir Reginald Bellamy, who, as everybody knows, is one of the props and pillars of Her Majesty's administration.

"Have you heard the news?" he gasped.

"I am at present engaged dissecting it from the pills and philanthropic advertisements," said Colonna; "really, the bulkiness of our modern papers——"

"For Heaven's sake, don't jest with me, man. It's a serious matter for me. Of course you have seen the announcement of Chesterton's death."

"To be truthful, I have. But why should it impress you so painfully?"

"I came here with the express purpose of telling you. Colonna, money is absolutely no object whatever, and you must help me. The thing was bad enough before, but Chesterton's death means ruin to me, and, Heaven knows, I have worked for my position."

Colonna nodded sympathetically. Of all the statesmen in the country, none were more admired, respected and trusted than Reginald Bellamy. It is not often that an ex-Colonial makes a mark in the Commons, but Bellamy was an exception. By the time he was fifty-five people had forgotten almost that his fortune had been made in the South Pacific. Who and what his family had been, people neither knew nor cared. They respected the man now for what he was.

Of course, queer stories were told about his youth. Amongst others that he had been driven from home, and turned pirate. At forty, he had abandoned a career of vice and embarked on the prosaic paths of respectability. But nobody seriously lent an ear to these highly-coloured romances.

"Tell me what is wrong," Colonna suggested.

"I am just coming to it," said Bellamy.

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"You remember the Manu Islands annexation, of course, and how the Opposition blamed us. The inevitable revolution followed, and was suppressed. The Islands were too rich to be abandoned. Our opponents said we were wrong—England seems to be always wrong with some people. Still, there would have been an end of the matter had not the Opposition pressed for a Commission to inquire into the whole business. Strange, isn't it, that a certain class of Briton can never see their country in the right?"

"Men like Snarler, the Member for Glassboro', for example?"

"Quite so. And Snarler is animated by a personal bias against me. Well, the Commission has dragged on day after day, and nothing has come out as yet. There *is* nothing to come out. And yet, if this thing proceeds further, I am ruined, body and estate."

"Pardon me if I ask you to be a little more explicit."

"I will put it brutally if you like. You have followed this matter carefully? Very good. You have heard of a certain notorious Fred Kelly, who appears to have figured prominently in Manu Islands' politics up to twenty years ago. Kelly was a piratical rascal who got the upper hand yonder, and carried on in a manner of which the less said the better. Had our Government of that day got hold of him, Kelly would have been hanged. As it was, he paved the way for annexation, and now our opponents want to re-open the brutal Kelly days in the inquiry. They have witnesses to call who knew Kelly well—they hope to lay their hands upon Kelly yet. Now this Kelly reformed ages ago; he married an angel, Colonna, who made a new man of him. He changed his name and his life, he became rich and steadied down. He returned to England. To-day he is widely respected. If this thing goes on he is exposed—his family are disgraced. Colonna, *I am Fred Kelly!*"

Colonna stared at his companion in astonishment; a faint pink hue had crept over Bellamy's bronzed features.

"It is a fearful position, certainly," said Colonna; "and I quite see the wisdom of keeping these facts from the public, especially as you are not blameless. But how was Chesterton going to help you?"

"He was coming to England shortly to make a clean breast of the whole matter, and whitewash me if it became necessary. He was my *alter ego* in the bad old days. And he's dead."

"And you want me to help you?"

"I do. Never was man in need of help as sorely as I am. Colonna, you claim that you can do marvellous things—nobody will suspect you——"

"Suspicion would never deter me," said Colonna. "I know I am perfectly safe. But you might tell me what you require me to do."

"Yes, yes. As you are aware, the public is sick and tired of this absurd farce. Certain members of the Opposition are simply keeping it going on in the off-chance of something damaging to the Government coming out. What we want to do on Friday is to settle the question of alleged native oppression once and for all. It will be

"Have you heard the news?" he gasped.

moved as an instruction to the committee that the matter be closed, and, if carried unanimously, the thing is at an end. But it won't be carried unanimously. Snarler and Egan and Dankins will oppose the motion vehemently. If they do, we are bound to allow the Inquiry to proceed. If they re-open the Kelly group of facts——"

"You are going to set me a difficult task," Colonna smiled.

"That is why I pay you the compliment of coming here," said Bellamy. "I want you to close the mouths of these people; I want you to so work it that they shall not oppose the motion—even make them support it, if possible. Can you do it?"

It was a long time before Colonna replied. The task set him was no light one. With all the many strange and terrible poisons at his disposal, yet there remained an ingenious and novel scheme to be perfected.

"I can do what you require," he said. "In a clumsy, inartistic fashion I could do that at a moment's notice. But what is required here is tact and *finesse*, or you are certain to hear of the matter again. The thing will cost money."

"Did I not tell you before that money was no object?"

"Very good. Already a hazy idea has occurred to me. Being deeply interested in political matters, and being a frequent visitor at the House of Commons, I know all the members of the Inquiry more or less well. Is not Snarler's house in Park Lane very close to your own?"

"Next door but one."

"And the house between?"

"Is closed for the present, as Lord Branksmore and his family are abroad. It is in the hands of agents to let, if possible, till the end of the season."

Colonna's eyes lighted up. He began to see his way.

"That is especially fortunate," he exclaimed. "Now—at your expense, of course—I am going to take Branksmore House till the end of the season, for an Australian financier—a wealthy Mr. Harris in fact—whose name need not be mentioned. If the Australian finds himself subsequently detained abroad, it will not matter."

"Go on," said Bellamy. "You can't tell how you interest me."

"Until the arrival of the mythical Crœsus," said Colonna, "I shall occupy those premises. You and Snarler are on social terms, of course?"

"Oh, yes. We dine one another in the hope that some time we may have the bliss of seeing the other choke himself. A great thing is civilisation."

"That is exactly as it should be," Colonna went on rapidly. "I think I am correct in assuming that Friday's meeting of the Inquiry is at five? Very good. Money can do most things, and with yours by Tuesday night I propose to be settled in Branksmore House as a warming-pan for my friend. On Friday you will please to keep yourself open, because on that day I am going to lunch all the members of the Inquiry."

"And after that, my dear sir?"

"No, no," Colonna smiled, "for the present I am going to tell you nothing more. As I shall be more profitably engaged, will you please to see to the prosaic details for me—I mean as to Branksmore House. Your secretary will do all that and send the key to me. As for servants, I shall only require what are in the house. I shall get the luncheon sent in, waiters and all. You can go away with an easy mind."

Sir Reginald Bellamy certainly stepped into his brougham with a more benign expression than he had brought with him. Directly his visitor had departed, Colonna flung himself into a chair and gave himself up to thought. At the end of an hour he rose, and a little later left the house dressed more correctly than his wont. Presently he entered a dingy little shop in New Street, a beetle-browed establishment that looked strangely out of place there. A little, shrivelled man behind a mahogany counter waited the commands of his customer.

"I don't require much, Mr. Schreiner," said Colonna, "in bulk—that is."

Schreiner, the eminent *connoisseur* in wines, smiled.

"You could spend a great deal here," he said, "and comfortably carry the proceeds away in your pockets. Is it something rare and curious you require?"

"You have guessed it," said Colonna. "I require three bottles of Tokay. And, what is more, I require your very best. Approximately, what would the cost be?"

"The very best? I could let you have three bottles for eighty guineas. But there are grand wines at half the money."

"So I should imagine," Colonna said drily. "But it so happens that I must have the best. An old wine, I presume?"

"It was an old wine," said Schreiner, "when the House of Hanover came to the throne. I have spent many an hour looking up the pedigree of this Imperial Tokay, and I find it cannot be much less than three centuries old. Tokay is unique in the way of wine: you can open a bottle, leave the cork out for an hour or more, and in a little time it becomes rather better than it was before. The passing of centuries serves only to ripen its wonderful qualities. I believe it would be nectar after a thousand years."

Colonna completed the costly purchase, and gave instructions for the Tokay to be delivered at Branksmore House on the Thursday evening. Then at his club he partook of a frugal lunch of fruit tart and cream, with a glass of hock, and, hailing a hansom, was driven to the House of Commons.

For a Wednesday afternoon sitting the House was fairly full. Colonna flitted about the lobby for the best part of an hour, until he had succeeded in finding all the members of the Inquiry with the solitary exception of Snarler. Colonna met with no refusals for his luncheon party—he was too brilliant company to be lightly denied. There was only Snarler to be seen now, and a little later he lounged in.

The leader of the truculent triumvirate was a tall man with a restless eye and a chin denoting high courage, and high obstinacy also. With the tenacity of a bull-dog he had fastened on to his policy, and he meant to hold it to the end.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaimed in response to Colonna's invitation, "I will lunch with you on Friday with the greatest possible pleasure. We can do with a little congenial party like that, for there is sure to be an awful shindy afterwards."

"You'll make nothing of it," Colonna said.

Snarler's big face seemed to expand.

"Sha'n't we," he exclaimed. "I've got two stalwarts behind me in Egan and Dankins. The rest of our party are snobs who will do anything the Chairman tells them simply because he happens to be a noble lord."

Colonna flung himself into a chair and gave himself up to thought.

"I prophesy your endeavour will end in failure."

"Not unless you play some of your black arts upon us," Snarler laughed. "But that's all nonsense, you know. You *are* a clever chap, Colonna, but that lecture of yours was full of bunkum as I have told you before."

"I shouldn't attempt any hocus pocus with *you*," Colonna said drily. "And no politics on Friday, if you please. And now, as I am probably preventing you from obstructing

"You are a clever chap, Colonna."

some useful piece of legislation, I will take my leave."

With which parting shot Colonna went his way homeward, well satisfied with the progress of affairs as far as they had gone.

II.

Sir Reginald's business secretary had fulfilled his instructions to the letter, and on the Thursday afternoon Colonna found himself in possession of Branksmore House. Servants there were quite sufficient for the occasion, and, as to the rest, an open order to a caterer of repute sufficed.

All that Colonna did was to personally place the Imperial Tokay in a room which he had fitted up as a temporary laboratory. The bottles were uncorked, submitted to a certain simple-looking process, and then conveyed to the dining-room. When the hour of the fateful luncheon arrived, Bellamy was first to appear.

"I suppose it's all right," he said. "I'm terribly anxious."

"So anxious that coming here as the preliminary guest is an indiscretion," said Colonna. "Will you oblige me by passing through that conservatory into the garden? I chose this room for luncheon as the coolest and most pleasant in the house. No room is perfect unless there is a conservatory attached."

Sir Reginald took the broad hint, and disappeared. Presently other guests began to arrive, and, as they did so, they were conducted to the garden. It was cool and shady there, the seats were of a luxurious description, and when a waiter appeared carrying a silver tray on which stood a number of tall frosted glasses musical with the clink of ice, a feeling of gratitude to Colonna prevailed.

"Some novelty," murmured the noble chairman.

"I may say so without egotism," said Colonna. "It is adapted and composed from a recipe I picked up in South America. As a tonic and appetiser it has no equal. But do not be sad—you shall all taste for yourselves."

"Alcohol?" Snarler suggested with a flash of his nostrils. Colonna nodded, whereupon Snarler flatly refused to drink. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that Egan and Dankins followed his example.

"I'm practically a teetotaller," supplemented the leader, "and in any case I could not touch liquor to-day."

Colonna did not seem displeased. As a matter of fact he had counted upon this abstention on the part of the stalwarts.

"That is a pity," he said, "because I have something unique to offer you presently. I still hope you will modify your scruples so far as to taste the wine. It is possible to carry eccentricity too far."

"I find it, on the other hand, a capital advertisement," Snarler said with cynical frankness.

Snarler passed in the House for a wit, which was his misfortune rather than his fault. A Parliamentary humourist is not of necessity a criminal. In the laughter which followed luncheon was announced.

Beyond all question the function was a success. The combination of simplicity and good taste, perfect gastronomy absolutely free from ostentation, is an art. Colonna had been absolutely successful. Before the peaches were all rifled of their sweetness, the lion was lying down placidly with the lamb. Snarler and Bellamy were comparing notes under the amused gaze of Lord Macedon,

who was more accustomed to see them, figuratively, at each other's throats.

"'Pon my word, you're a wonderful chap, Colonna," he said. "Before we've finished, I shouldn't be surprised to hear that those two fellows have taken some shooting together."

"I should not care to precipitate a tragedy like that," Colonna smiled. "All the same, is it not a pity to spoil your sport for this afternoon? Without these battles, your sittings must be deadly dull."

"It will be deadly dull to-day," said Macedon. "By the way, didn't you say something about some wonderful wine you are going to give us?"

"I am obliged for the reminder. Positively, I had forgotten all about it. As I always look to these things personally, I'll get you to excuse me for a moment."

Colonna disappeared, only to return presently, bearing in his hand a bottle duly garlanded with patrician cobwebs. The advent of this illustrious stranger was received with decorum and respectful silence. Snarler and his two friends alone seemed unimpressed. But, then, they were avowed iconoclasts.

"Imperial Tokay," Macedon murmured; "and royal at that. Colonna, if you are curious as to your wines, never send three of your sons into the army."

A hush fell upon the gathering. Bellamy appeared to be deeply interested. He divined in some occult way that the production of the flask initialled the plot evoked by Colonna. The latter poured out the fluid into small glasses and passed them round. A delicious perfume pervaded the apartment. With a feeling of dismay which he would have found it hard to account for, Bellamy saw Snarler put his glass firmly aside.

"Oh, come," Colonna cried, "you are under no monastic vow."

"Not in the least," Snarler replied. "I don't even profess that my refusal is a matter of conscience. But I have an important task before me, and I do not touch anything intoxicating until it is over."

The other two sides of the triangle murmured approval. It was clear that none of them meant to touch the divine liquid.

"Noble self-abnegation," Macedon murmured. "There will be all the more for the rest. The wine we are now privileged to profane with our lips——"

And the noble lord drifted into a learned diatribe on the juice of the grape, under cover of which Colonna slipped round to Bellamy's side.

"Check," he whispered. "I see from your expression that you understand——"

"For Heaven's sake, don't tell me it's 'mate,'" Bellamy responded.

"The 'mate' will be mine," said Colonna. "To tell the truth, I anticipated something of this kind, and I prepared for it. Keep these people amused for a little time whilst I slip away. I have something that requires seeing to at once."

Bellamy suitably responded. He threw himself heart and soul into his appointed task. All the same, he was genuinely pleased when Colonna returned. The latter nodded meaningly.

"Let us take our cigarettes in the garden," he suggested.

A general move was made to the garden by way of the conservatory. The place was a veritable Golconda of rare and beautiful flowers, for Lord Branksmore was an enthusiastic horticulturist, and his blooms enjoyed a wide reputation. Here one or two of the Inquiry Commission lingered admiringly.

"There is a wide choice for a button-hole here," Colonna said.

"Almost a pity to pick them," said another.

"Not at all," Colonna replied. "I have a general discretion. And, to mark the occasion, I am going to decorate you all, but not till we part. The flowers shall be symbolic. Lord Macedon shall have an orchid——"

"My dear fellow," Macedon interrupted, "something a little more modest, I pray you. A buttercup or a daisy, or a pansy for thought."

"Give him a bunch of pansies, then," suggested Snarler.

"I shall give you a carnation, anyway," said Colonna. "In fact, you three must all have carnations. Strong, reliant, and yet with a reserved individuality of your own. Only the flowers should be red."

"Why red?" asked Egan.

"Is not that your colour? Yes, you shall have your red carnations if I have to call in Art to my aid. The carnations here are all cream. Presently I intend to show you a little conceit of my own. You refused a request of mine a little time ago, but I am going to have my own way yet."

Colonna laughingly declined to be any more explicit, and the matter dropped. It was wonderfully cool and pleasant there in the shade—so refreshing and placid that, as he

Colonna knocked the neck clean off at the shoulder.

presently looked at his watch, Macedon sighed regretfully.

"Four o'clock," he said, "and time for us Parliamentary Adams to be turned out of Paradise. I expect my brougham is waiting for me."

"Stop!" Colonna cried, as the conservatory was reached. "Don't forget the flowers."

He passed rapidly from plant to plant, snipping a bloom here and there, and these he dexterously arranged in the lapels of his guests, with the exception of Snarler and his lieutenants.

"Why are we to be left out in the cold?" asked the latter.

"You are not forgotten," Colonna smiled drily. "These three carnations are for you. But they are not quite ready yet. Follow me."

On the dining-room table stood an unopened bottle of the Imperial Tokay. Colonna took a dagger from the carved mantel, and striking the bottle dexterously, knocked the neck clean off at the shoulder.

"You shall not go away entirely innocent of this," he said. "Behold the wonderful virtues of this ruby liquid. I have here three cream carnations — I desire to transform them to a vivid and lasting red. I take them one by one and plunge the heads in thus—there are your red carnations. The colour will not run."

Colonna shook the red drops from the petals, and a minute later the stalwarts were all decorated with vivid emblematic crimson.

"It brings out the scent overpoweringly," said Snarler.

"It is very magnificent, imperial, as befits the blood in the veins of our host," Macedon sighed. "But to waste ambrosia like that is little short of madness."

"It has not been wasted," Colonna murmured.

As he looked up he caught Bellamy's eye and smiled. By this time the exodus was general. Bellamy lingered behind.

"Well?" he asked eagerly.

"Nothing could be better," Colonna replied. "Success is assured now, to say nothing of a little comedy I have worked out. I fancy I will come down to Westminster with you, Bellamy, and see the thing out. Then I will come and dine with you, and explain matters afterwards."

Bellamy caught eagerly at the suggestion.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I shall only be too glad of your company."

III.

The politically curious had gathered in force at Westminster Hall. Startling revelations were confidently expected; indeed, Snarler had pledged his reputation that the next sitting of the Inquiry would be productive of fateful happenings.

When Bellamy arrived there the triumvirate were already foregathered. The weight of nations appeared to weigh upon the brow of each. Bellamy bowed coldly and distantly, thereby conveying to Demos that the feud of Capulet and Montagu was present here. Colonna slipped into the gallery unobserved a few minutes later. He could see the gentlemen of the Press laughing and chatting together as if some joke hugely tickled them.

It was evident from the very first that Snarler was bent upon aggressive tactics. There were one or two witnesses to be examined before the real business of the day came on for further discussion, and all and sundry of these came in for severe handling from the astute and acidulated Snarler. A little man with a keen eye and brown face met the foe unflinchingly. He certainly made one or two damning admissions, but there are limits.

"And yet you call yourself a patriot," Snarler sneered.

"I should hardly accept you as an authority on the subject," retorted the witness, "or your two friends either. Anybody can wear the colours of the British flag, but whether they are sincere or not is quite another matter."

"I appeal to the chairman," Snarler said. "I should like to know what the witness means."

Macedon sat silent for a moment. Then he removed his eyeglass, polished it carefully, and replaced the monocle. There was a queer, repressed smile upon his face as he rose to speak.

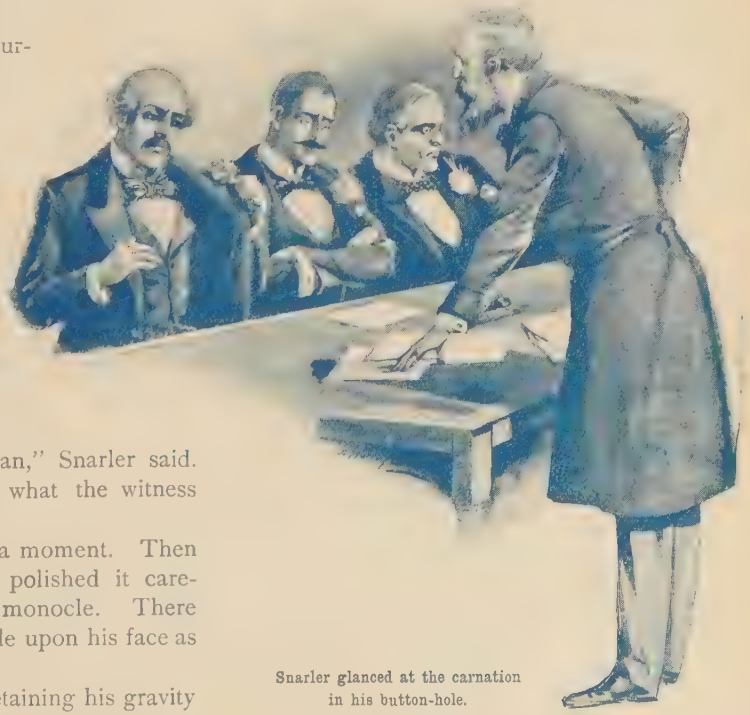
"I presume," he said, retaining his gravity with some difficulty, "that the witness refers to the flowers you three gentlemen are wearing. It is a little singular that a trio of known socialistic leanings should sport the red, white, and blue."

Snarler glanced at the carnation in his button-hole. Sure enough, it was still deep red, but Egan's flower was white, and Dankins' a royal blue. Every man present rose to the suggestion; a deep, raucous laughter filled the chamber. The Press fastened leech-like upon the striking coincidence.

Neither Egan nor Dankins said anything. They did not even smile. Their thoughts seemed to be far away in some pleasant dreamland, where politics ceased from troubling and Commissions were at rest. Even Snarler seemed to be struggling against the same soothing influence.

"Have you any further questions to ask the witness?" said the Chairman.

Snarler signified that he was quite content. Two more malevolent members stepped gallantly into the breach, but Snarler was strangely silent. Positively he had no questions to ask at all. Perhaps the strange



Snarler glanced at the carnation in his button-hole.

translation of the carnations filled his mind. The audience thrilled uneasily as the crux of the drama was reached.

"We will now discuss the motion to terminate the Inquiry at this stage," said Macedon.

Still the mutineers gave no sign. Each and all of them smiled benignly. They continued to do so even when a Government nominee rose to propose a resolution.

"I beg to move," he said glibly, "that this Committee resolve that the Instruction be made absolute. Every witness who has come before us has been remarkably, strikingly candid; no fact has been concealed. We have probed the problem to the root. We have absolutely proved nothing."

"And I beg to second that."

The Chairman challenged Snarler with his eyes. The latter rose in perfect silence.

"It seems to me, sir," he said with a benign, benevolent expression, which came as a new light to the caricaturists there. "It seems to me that the Right Honourable Baronet is right. This laughter is most unseemly. Personally, I am tired of the whole business. What we want is rest and quietness."

The listeners followed in a kind of dream. Had Snarler all these years been a rampant patriot in disguise? He smiled with the same benign expression, he nodded as if to drowsy music, then his head fell forward and he gently slumbered. Egan and Dankins appeared to be under the same peculiar spell.

"There's some magic here," Macedon said. "Snarler comes out as a Codlin, and Egan, with that appropriate white carnation, is doing the part of an educated Short. 'Pon my word I shouldn't be surprised to hear Dankins —Bellamy, those fellows touched no wine to-day?"

Not to be behindhand in amiability, Dankins when his turn came proceeded on similar lines.

"Put the motion, man," Bellamy whispered hoarsely, "put the motion. Then I'll move the adjournment without delay."

The motion was put and carried unanimously, and the adjournment followed as a matter of course. Then the excited audience filed out to discuss the extraordinary turn of affairs. Bellamy crossed to thank Colonna, but the latter had disappeared.

As Bellamy sat behind the walnuts and the wine he looked another man. Colonna had lightly parried his many professions of gratitude.

"Really, my dear fellow, the thing was quite easy," he said. "All I had to do was to render those three fellows amenable to reason. With this end in view I prepared three special glasses of the Tokay. There was just a chance that they would not touch it, and, failing that, I had another card to play. You saw how I played it. The second bottle of Tokay was, so to speak, made up for the occasion. The top had been cut off before, and the inside divided into three compartments each heavily charged with a pungent extract very like alcohol. In these the carnations were steeped.

"Being right under the noses of our friends, the fumes mounted to their brains—to all practical purposes they were intoxicated. The stuff utterly destroys all will power, and fills the victim with an amiable desire to do just what he is asked on the spur of the moment. But I had to slightly vary the strength of the poison according to the temperaments of my patients. Of course you know that alcohol never affects two men in the same way. Snarler is combative, and therefore he should have shown all the fervour of the apostate. But his dose was a little *too* strong. It turned out all right; though Egan assumed the gentle, candid spirit, Dankins was more melancholy and pessimistic than usual. But they'll live their recantation down —your modern chameleon politician can live down anything. And you are saved?"

"I am, indeed. But those flowers! That was marvellous!"

Colonna smiled gently.

"Not at all," he said. "The easiest part of the comedy. I merely charged the three tubes in the bottle with certain aniline dyes that produced the desired colours directly the flowers dried. I introduced that merely for dramatic effect. Pretty little tableau, wasn't it?"

"My dear fellow," Bellamy replied. "Nobody is in a position to appreciate it so perfectly and impressively as myself."

Lullabies of many Lands

Italian Lullaby

Over thee ever, my own delight,
[illegible] mother may [illegible]
Her joyful tears do consecrate
Altar and heart in every fate
Angels are with my little girl,
But on life's sea in tempest's whirl
Thy helpless mother, my darling may
Only tremble and only pray.

Sleep, sleep, sleep! my baby dear;
Dream of the light of some sweet star.
Sleep, sleep! and I will keep
Thoughtful vigils above thy sleep.
Oh, in the days that are to come
With unknown trial and unknown doom,
Thy little heart can ne'er love me
As thy mother loves and shall ever love thee!

JAPANESE LULLABY

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings –
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star –
Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling –
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes –
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping –
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore
As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning
Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings –
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing – see I am swinging –
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

Darkey Lullaby.

De fish in de brook hab swum under de bank,
Whar de sof green mosses am creepin';
Dey's tired of swimmin' an swimmin' aroun'—
De fish in de brook am a sleepin'.
Go home, little boy sittin' out on de log,
[illegible]
Dey's safe in a nice shady nook—

I won' sing any mo' ef yo' don'
Shall I sing 'bout de bats an' de big black crows?
Yo'se frownin', oh, wall den, I won'

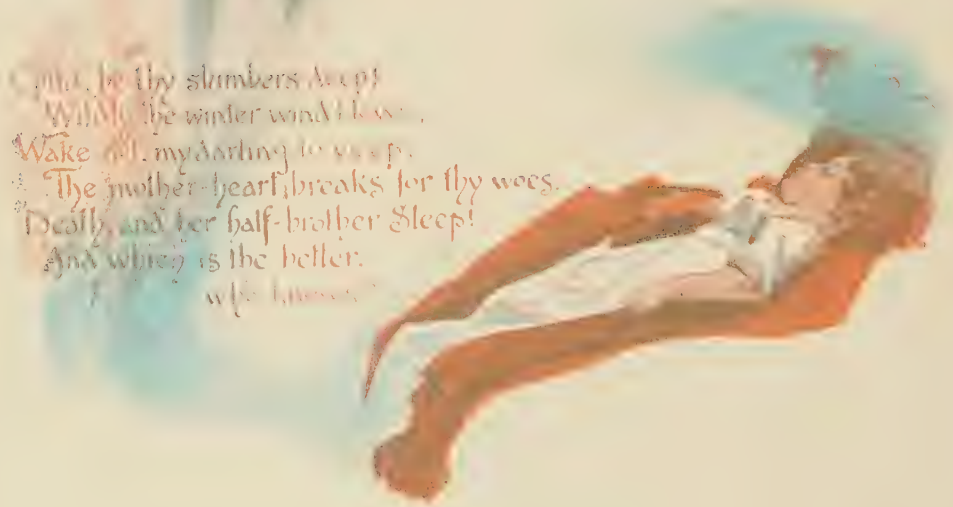
De squirrel am rappin' don' undah de tree,
In a nes' full ob akerns an' nuts,
But I tink, little boy, dat de squirrel's one eye
Pops open wen de odder one shuts
Go home, little boy, wid yo' gun and yo dog,
De squirrel am don' in 'is hole,
[illegible]
Wid de corn an' de nuts dat he stole.

Ef yo' was 'n' yo' arms yo' ud fling,
[illegible]

A Canadian Lullaby

Sleep, my darling one, sleep.
Wildly the winter wind blows;
Wake not, my darling, to weep.
Cold and fiercely it snows;
Child, be thy slumbers deep —
The deeper the better, God knows.

Dried are the tears on thy cheek,
Close shut are thy tiny hands,
Thy white lips so wistfully meek
Are mute to thy hunger's demands.
Gently my darling one, seek
Thy comfort in slumber's dream-lands



Quiet, be thy slumbers deep!
Wildly the winter wind blows,
Wake not, my darling to weep,
The mother-heart breaks for thy woes.
Death, and her half-brother Sleep!
And which is the better,
who knows?

Norse Lullaby.

The sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night;
And this is the song the storm-fairy sings,
As over the world his shield he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep."
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep.
What shall you fear when I am here?
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song I sing the best—
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep
Weary thou art anext my heart.
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

Gipsy Lullaby

Sleep, sweet! My chauvie, sleep!
The stars are out an' blinkin';
Along the cliffs the shadows creep:
What is my racklin thinkin'?
Thy father'll find the patrin true
Neross the wide, wide heather;
He'll come, he'll come! His life's in you:
He'll come, whate er the weather!
Sleep, sweet! My chauvie, sleep!

Sleep, sweet! My chauvie, sleep!
The camp's made snug and tidy:
His heart is here both true and deep,
Where'er a-diekerin' bide he
The stick is burnished o'er the fire,
The tent smiles welcome surely:
The kettle sings wi' a good thinge:
An' we a' wait sceurely.
Sleep, sweet! My chauvie, sleep!

Sleep, sweet! My chauvie, sleep!
Now steep an' dream but lightly,
I hear a whisper in the leaves!
The fire glints up more brightly
Ole dingal and the grye prick up,
The kettle 'gins a-humming:
Oh, love is sure and knows afar!—
Chee! Chee!—Thy father's coming:
Wake now, my chauvie, wake!

French Lullaby.

Dainty sweetheart, cherub rosy
Toddling with thine arms akin
Pink and white, thou fairy posy!
Fain would I thou hold in limbo
From the sun-god's ardent eye:
Come with me where strays the gloaming
'Thwart the meadows from the wildwood;—
Shyly glancing, we'll go roaming
Through the storied realms of childhood—
Lullaby, sweet, lullaby!

Hand in hand we'll tread the mazes
Of sequestered glades where shimmer
Dappled shadows on the daisies,—
Aspen phantoms growing dimmer
As the day-star climbs the sky:
Where the hours on fleet wings flying
Through the forest grewsome seeming,
Shall our hearts with rapture plying,
Charm us with the bliss of dreaming
Lullaby, sweet, lullaby!

Or within the hushed seclusion
Of thy chamber pure and holy,
Far removed from care's confusion,
In our love so meek and lowly
Shall we paradise draw nigh?
Yes, my sweetheart, there I'll hold thee
In these arms with joy supernal;—
Where the wings of sleep enfold thee
Angels chant the prayer eternal

GERMAN LULLABY

[illegible] sweet—for Mother's love caressing
[illegible] thee close and clasps thee to her heart.
Safeguarded by tender prayers of blessing,
Sheltered fondly from earth's harm and smart.

[illegible], one dares in Love's arms gently leaning,
[illegible], feel himself among the blest.
[illegible] believes he finds Life's highest meaning,
[illegible] enjoys Love's gift of peace and rest.

First, Love greets him when his mother holds him,
Giving kisses—solace for his tears.
Little reeks he, when her arms enfold him,
Of the sorrows that must come with years.

Next, when spirit fails and heart is laden,
When the way of youth is steep and dim,
Cometh Love, in guise of gentle maiden,
Given to walk Life's upward path with him.

Last, when ruthless storm-winds break the rose
And with grief the strong man's heart is [illegible]
Love, as Angel of the Dead, discloses
Radiant Way that leads to Heavenly [illegible]

The *Autonaut* propelled solely by the action of the water on the fins, travelling against the wind and waves and dragging a board after it at the rate of three miles an hour.

A BOAT THAT PROPELS ITSELF.

By Herbert C. Fyfe.

It is an axiom in mechanics that you cannot get more out of a machine than you put into it, and that some of the energy put in must be lost in friction. But the little craft of which this article is a description may be described as an exception to this rule, because she has no engines, does not go by steam, electricity, or man-power, and yet, as you sit quietly in her and do nothing, she will move of her own motion against wind and wave at a speed of from three to four miles an hour.

Curiously enough, too, the rougher the sea the faster she moves, which is of itself quite a contradiction of all the accepted conditions of navigation.

The fact is that the boat is propelled by the action of the waves; in perfectly still water she would not move at all, unless she was caused to pitch artificially. The secret of her propulsion lies in a couple of pieces of apparatus, not unlike gridirons, fixed one at the bow and one at the stern about on a level with the keel. These are what the inventor, Mr. H. Linden, of the Zoological Station at Naples, calls "feathering fins." They are strips of hardened steel with their free ends pointing in the reverse direction to the course of the boat. Each frame holds four of these. They are 20in. long and 10in. wide; they are seven-tenths of an inch thick at their union with their frames, and taper off to one-tenth of an inch at their free ends.

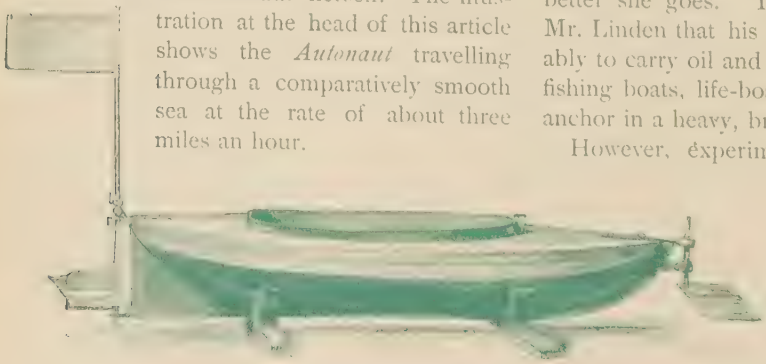
The dimensions of the *Autonaut*, as Mr. Linden has aptly named his curious craft, are: length, 13ft.; breadth, 3ft.; depth, 20in.; and weight, 400lb. The two sets of steel fins weigh about 80lb., and, from their position, act effectually as partial ballast.

So much for the boat and her propelling apparatus; but now the question arises: Why should these so-called fins propel the boat without any engines to move them? The explanation is that they are moved by the waves in one direction and rebound back of their own elasticity. Thus, when the boat is

A model *Autonaut* travelling against the wind.

rolling and pitching, every roll and pitch moves these fins, and they are as constantly returning to their original position. The consequence is, that as long as the up-and-down and sideways motion of the boat continues, they act like the fins and tail of a fish, and push and pull the boat along. Mr. Linden was, indeed, led to his discovery by closely observing the motion of fishes' fins, and especially of the dolphin's tail, in the tanks at the aquaria of the Naples Zoological Station.

A somewhat singular fact is that as the length of the boat is increased the speed increases, though exactly the same sets of fins may be used. Thus a couple of years ago the *Autonaut's* fins were fitted to a 24-foot boat at Trieste, and this boat towed two 10-foot boats, each containing two passengers, nearly four miles an hour against a strong wind, and was found to go alone faster than the *Autonaut* herself. The illustration at the head of this article shows the *Autonaut* travelling through a comparatively smooth sea at the rate of about three miles an hour.



A drawing of the *Autonaut* showing the arrangement of fins and steering flag.

But the practically inclined person will be asking: What is the use of a boat that will only go three or four miles an hour, even if it does propel itself? Well, it must be admitted that at present the *Autonaut* as a boat is, in practice, not much more than a scientific curiosity. But there is at least one very practical use to which Mr. Linden's invention can be, and indeed already has been, put.

The effect of oil on troubled waters has passed from a proverb into a regular adjunct of navigation, but there has always been one very serious drawback. It is of no use unless a vessel is going with the wind. If a vessel beating against the wind were to put oil over the side it would simply be blown to leeward of her and do her no good. Now the peculiarity of the *Autonaut* is that she will go just as well against the wind and the waves as with them; in fact, the more bumpy the waves are the better she goes. Therefore, it occurred to Mr. Linden that his boat would serve admirably to carry oil and distribute it in front of fishing boats, life-boats, and vessels riding at anchor in a heavy, broken sea.

However, experiments showed that this work could be better done by models. He, therefore, constructed some little boats 3ft. to 6ft. long carved out of solid blocks of wood, and fitted with heavy lead keels, so

that if capsized they would right themselves. He put an oil-distributing apparatus in the stern of these, and they worked with perfect success.

The photograph on this page shows one going free, and spreading the oil behind it for the boat to come through.

To prove the capabilities of the wave-motor boat, Mr. Linden tells me that many times, when the sea was rough, the efforts of several oarsmen were required to restrain the boat from shooting away from their grasp. Once the boat touches the water it seems like a living thing—it is immediately endowed with life—its simple mechanism is instantly set in motion.

A series of experiments now being conducted in the Mediterranean proves that the boats may be constructed so as to suit all circumstances. Without trouble they may be adapted to different localities in order to be able to cope with unusual and local currents. The boats are so simple, moreover, that their construction presents few difficulties. Almost anyone with a little trouble and a little mechanical skill can make for himself a model wave-motor craft.

An improved method of steering the boats with simplicity and ease has recently been devised with the help of stiff steering flags, such as will be noticed in the photographs. These flags are fastened to the fins, and the boats will follow the direction in which they are set. The direction can be changed by pulling one of two steering lines, such as are attached to the rudder of an ordinary rowing boat.

Mr. Linden, to whose kindness and courtesy we are indebted for the particulars and photographs of the *Autonaut* and its models, informs us that experiments are being made both in the North Sea and the Mediterranean with a view to perfecting his system of oil-distribution to windward of vessels; and should they prove as successful as they bid fair to do, there can be little doubt but that, whether he succeeds in making a boat suitable for practical travelling purposes or not, he will have done more towards the effectual calming of troubled waters at sea than anyone else.

In the foreground is a model *Autonaut*, self propelled, and distributing oil over the surface of the waves. The wedge-shaped oil patch is of a slightly lighter colour than the rest of the photograph.

By Max Pemberton.

Author of "Queen of the Jesters," "A Woman of Kronstadt," etc.

No. VI.—GOLDEN ASHES.

(A Complete Story.)

I.

The heavy key fell from the hand of the alchemist; he staggered against the door of the bookcase he had opened, and it shut behind him with a crash of glass and a splintering of wood.

"Who is there, who calls me?" he asked, as he held the taper high above his head and sought to peer into the shadows of the room. He was sure that someone had whispered his name; yet when he asked the question, the wind answered him; the wind and a harmony of voices floating up from the Grand Canal below his balcony.

It was a long room, the great salon of the Palazzo Balbi which Venice had given to this man, Zuane de Franza, that he, in return, might practise his arts therein and make her rich beyond the nations. A single lamp, shaded and placed upon an exquisite cabinet near the long windows, illumined the apartment at the moment when the alchemist heard a whisper of his name. He had believed himself to be alone in the room when he left his writing-table and went to the bookcase. It was nearly midnight and his servants were sleeping. Who, then, he asked himself, could have come to his house. Nevertheless, he was sure that someone had called to him from the darkness.

"Who is it, who asks for me?" he repeated, recovering himself a little, and advancing to the centre of the room.

Again there was no voice to satisfy him; only the bells of the city striking midnight in a glorious chord of silver notes, as though celestial singers heralded the new day from a hundred moonlit steeples. The alchemist counted the notes, and his heart quailed while he numbered them. Another day had begun then! How many yet were to dawn and to

Note.—It is well to state that the central idea of this story is founded upon the history of Bragadino, recorded fully in the official documents to be found in the church of Frari.

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die before Venice discovered the impostor she had harboured? He dare not ask himself that question.

"Pah!" he said, when the echoes floated away and his limbs were released from the trance which had fallen upon them, "the night is making a fool of me. There was no voice. I dreamed it as I have dreamed many a sight and sound since fortune sent me to Venice. Who could be in this house when midnight strikes? Who is there with the courage to set foot in the laboratory of Zuane de Franza? Fools all—there is not one among them——"

He turned again, with a gesture of contempt, to the bookcase for the volume he needed. The taper showed a coarse, white face, with a great height of forehead, and lips thick and sensual as those of an African. In stature short, yet with limbs that would have been no disgrace to a workman at the Arsenal, Zuane de Franza, clothed in his long black gown, with fur at the wrists and throat, was a man who would have been marked in whatever assembly he had been found. And there was no more persuasive tongue in all Venice. "I am sent from God to bring you the gift of gold," he had said to the people—and the people, and with the people, the Senate, had believed him.

He took the book from the shelf and returned to his writing-table. When he had blown out his taper and drawn the lamp closer to his paper, a smile of sensuous content in his employment took possession of him, and he forgot the voice and his own foreboding.

"Another month and it shall be the end," he muttered; "one more throw with the dice of life, and it shall be the last. As I came, so will I go. The fools that wait for me shall be left with their folly. The gold they seek shall be the saddle for my horse. My Elixir of Life shall stink in the flasks of Murano or wash the dead they carry to the coffins. Another month—a hundred thousand ducats yet from their Treasury—and the game is ended. The star of Franza will set, but it will rise again in another city, before another people, who will worship it as this people has done."

The thought was stimulating as wine upon the palate. He dipped his pen into the great gold inkstand before him and began to write quickly. When he had written ten lines, a memory of the voice he had forgotten came rushing back, and with it all his dread of the night, magnified tenfold, for a shadow fell suddenly across the paper still glistening with the unblotted ink. And it was the shadow of a man's hand!

Franza seemed to feel the grip of the hand upon his very heart.

"*Santissima*," he cried, "who is it? Who is there? Whom do you seek?"

There was no answer. The shadow vanished as it had come, swiftly, inexplicably. Yet the presence of another in the room was no longer to be doubted. The alchemist could hear a sound of breathing, even a footstep in the darkness near him. An assassin was his guest, he thought; a robber had come to his house, carried there by the wild stories that Venice told of the man who had promised her gold. No other theory was possible. And it was a theory which made good his broken courage. The terror of the unseen could bring sweat to his forehead; but of anything living he had no fear.

"Ah," he said, when he had waited a moment, and the unknown had not declared himself, "it is like that, then. You think that old Franza wears petticoats, and will pull out his purse to the first rascal who shows him the blade of a dagger. Not so, my friend, as I am going to teach you."

He stooped quickly at the words, and took a pistol, ready primed, from the drawer in the bureau at which he had been writing. The idea that he must fight for his life, with some *bravo* sent to his house to rob him, did not trouble him at all. He would shoot the fellow as he would shoot a wolf, he said.

"You are saying your prayers, rogue?" he exclaimed, stepping suddenly toward the place where he had heard the sound of breathing. "I conjure you to be quick, or, assuredly, you shall say them in purgatory. What! you would rob old Franza, the friend of Venice! A thousand devils take your impudence."

He was bold enough by this time, for his had been a life of adventure; and many a narrow plank had bridged the gulf of death for him. As he stood there in a bright circle

of light, turning to this side or to that in his quest of the robber, he might himself have been some reckless cavalier of the road driven suddenly to scheme for his very liberty.

"Come out," he cried again and again; "come out, and show yourself, rascal! You would rob old Franza, the alchemist! He is here, and waiting for you."

Until this moment the unknown, whoever he was, kept to the shadows of the room. Franza could hear him moving lightly from place to place; once he thought that he saw a masked figure standing almost at his elbow. But before he could solve the amazing mystery of the presence, the point of a sword was thrust from the shadows; and so clever was the hand which held the sword that the blade struck the lock of the pistol, and fired the powder in the pan.

"Come out!" he cried again and again.

The report which followed seemed to shake the old house to its very foundations. The lamp upon the table, struck by the slugs, was broken into twenty pieces. A great vase fell with a crash almost at the feet of the alchemist; thick, sulphurous smoke filled the room; utter darkness prevailed, and out of the darkness a strange voice spoke.

"Signor Franza," the voice said, "what sort of a host is that who takes a pistol to welcome his best friends?"

The alchemist stood spell bound. The smoking pistol had tumbled from his hand to the floor. He could perceive a pair of bright eyes shining beneath a mask; he could see the glitter of precious stones upon the vest of the unknown; he thought that he recognised the voice of him who spoke.

"A friend!" he gasped. "How comes a friend to my house when the bells are striking midnight?"

"If he should be here to warn you, signore."

"To warn me; what warning, then, do I need?"

"The warning of one who is here to tell you that to-day Venice will demand a reckoning."

The alchemist laughed scornfully.

"How, a reckoning with me signore?"

"Certainly with you who have promised her gold."

Franza began to grope his way toward his table. He sought to find a gong that he might summon his servants. But the unknown continued quickly:

"You have promised her gold, signore, and she, in return for that promise, has given you two hundred thousand ducats and this palace you live in. Beware how you provoke her! Beware the dawn, Signor Franza, for you may never see another!"

Franza answered him by striking the gong three times. The loud notes brought servants quickly to the room. But when the lamp was lighted again, they found their

master alone, with an empty pistol and a broken vase at his feet. He, in his turn, made a poor excuse to them, and dismissed them curtly.

"To-day—the reckoning is to-day," he muttered when they had left him; "well, well, let it be so. The same tongue that conquered Padua shall win victory—ay, in Venice itself, though a hundred thousand were against me."

He went to one of the long windows, and opened it to pass to his balcony. It had been a glorious day of October, and Venice slept now while a world of glittering stars watched her slumbers. Below, on the Grand Canal, the long black boat of the Signors of the Night was keeping the Vigil of the city. Franza shuddered when he saw the boat, and closed the window quickly.

"It is an omen," he said.

II.

Franza, accustomed to spend the night amidst the jars and phials of his splendid laboratory, was sleeping heavily at six o'clock on the following morning when his valet called him, and, failing to wake him at the first attempt, persisted doggedly in his endeavours.

"Excellency, wake up, I beg of you; there is a messenger from the Prince, and he will not be refused."

The alchemist opened eyes heavy with sleep, and sat up in his bed.

"Well," he said, "and what did you say, Filippo?"

"That they have sent for you to go to the palace and will not listen to me, excellency."

Franza lay down again.

"I have yet to learn that I am their beck and call, Filippo. Let them come again in an hour."

Filippo, a stolid man who always spoke that which was in his mind, blurted out his news without further parley.

"Excellency," said he, "the messenger is not alone!"

"Not alone, Filippo?"

"As I say, excellency. He is not alone."

"Then who comes with him?"

"The police, excellency."

Franza turned as pale as the sheets upon his bed when he heard the words. In an instant the scenes of the forgotten night were remembered by him. He recalled the visit of the unknown, the mystery of the warning, the omen of the black boat lying motionless beneath his windows. A vague fear of some terrible ordeal, through which he must pass presently, haunted him to the exclusion of all other thoughts. "Beware the dawn!" the strange voice had said. He repeated the words as he dressed himself quickly. Was it true, then, that the day of reckoning had come at last; the day when he must be questioned and Venice must be answered? He would not believe it.

"Come," he said at last to his valet, while he endeavoured to assume a bold and careless manner, "you tell a tale for children. Why should the police be in this house, Filippo?"

Filippo answered him bluntly. The time for sham civilities was passed, he thought.

"Excellency," he said, "you know that Fra Giovanni preached yesterday in the church of the Frari?"

"And if he did——?"

"It was to warn them against you and your work."

All the colour left the alchemist's face for the second time that morning.

"Who is this monk," he cried fiercely, "that would come between me and the work I must do in Venice?"

"He is one who has now sent the Captain of the Police to your house, excellency."

"Then let it be his affair and mine; and God help him when to-morrow comes."

He put on his long gown with sable at the neck and wrists of it, and made haste to descend to the great room below. Despite his fears and misgivings, he maintained that majestic and pompous manner which had won him the support of so many dupes, and entered his laboratory with the air of a noble. The two men, who waited for him there, rose as he entered, and bowed ceremoniously to him. One was the Captain of the Doge's guards; the other the Captain of the Police.

"Gentlemen," he said very proudly, "I am told that the Serene Prince sends for me."

The Captain of the Guard bowed.

"At once, if you please, signore," said he.

Franza waved his hand in acquiescence, and turned gaily to Pietro Falier, the Captain of the Police.

"Signor Falier," said he, "you will at least drink a cup of wine with me. There is need for haste, indeed, if a man must quit the Palazzo Balbi and know nothing of the wine of Cyprus lying in its cellars. It will not detain us a moment——"

The Captain of the Police answered him as the other had done.

"We must go at once, if you please, signore," said he.

The two stood with soldiers' figures, stiff and square, as men at the drill; the alchemist could read no message on their immobile faces. Their civility perplexed him. An impatience to learn the worst began to gnaw at his mind.

"Well," he said, "if it is your wish, signores——"

"It is the wish of Venice, excellency."

"Then Venice shall be obeyed. I am ready, sirs."

A plain black gondola carried him swiftly from his house to the Ducal Palace. By here and there the people cheered him, as was their wont. But the cries and plaudits grated on his ears. Why had the Doge sent the police to his house? Why were the honours, with which the Council of Three usually heralded his coming to the palace, lacking?

There were many in the great square of St. Mark when the gondola came up. Clowns ran from their booths to cry "Viva Zuane"; women, hungry and ragged, blessed the man who had promised bread to the children; gallants jested with him; rich dames pressed forward to see the gold maker.

He was accustomed to such homage—the homage of fools to one who had duped them; but on this morning of October, in the year 1703, he had neither eyes nor ears for it. He must defend himself before the Three; he must plead for time; he must declare himself unprepared for the last, the great experiment which should enrich the city beyond her dreams. A man of dogged courage, his spirit returned to him at the thought of combat. His eloquence had won a fortune for him in three cities; it should not lose a fortune for him in Venice.

And so he entered the palace with smiling face and ready step. That his coming had been eagerly looked for he had no doubt. He passed the guards at the Giants' staircase without challenge. Lacqueys conducted him at once to the antechamber of the terrible Council of Three. A minute later he was ushered into the famous Sala dei Capi, and the President of the Three spoke to him.

It was a strange scene: the exquisite little room with the ceiling by Paolo Veronese; the aged councillors; the guards with drawn swords at the door; the secretary at the table; the solemnity, the dignity, the meaning of it all. Franza, accustomed to such scenes, bowed to the Three, and began at once to excuse himself.

"My lords," said he, "I have come here at your bidding, unceremonious though it be."

The President of the Council silenced him with a motion of his hand.

"Zuane de Franza," said he, "a year ago you came to Venice with the story that you had discovered the long sought secret of the transmutation of metals. You brought with you water in jars which you called the *anima d'oro*, the spirit of the gold. You demanded money and a home for the purpose of your experiments. That money and that home Venice has found for you. In twelve months, you said, the waters in the jars would fructify. Yesterday the last of those months was ended. You will not be surprised, then, if to-day Venice demands the return for her hospitalities."

The alchemist heard him with a smile upon his face.

"My lord," he pleaded, "I cannot complain of your words; nevertheless, before you command me further, I would remind you that if Venice is to reap the reward of my labours she must be faithful to me, and wish that reward. Possibly it is unknown to you that yesterday, in the Church of the

"My lords," said he, "I have come here at your bidding."

Frari, the Capuchin monk, Giovanni, warned the people against me——"

"It is not unknown to us, Signor Franza. We have heard of the affair, and our officers have gone to speak to the priest you name. He has answered that, until your experiments are ended, he will promise to keep a vow of silence."

Franza shook his head slowly and pulled his long gown over his shoulders.

"That is well," he said, seeking time to think, "nevertheless, my lord——"

The President of the Three did not permit him to finish his sentence.

"Nevertheless," he exclaimed, "this is no time for excuses, signore, but fit and proper for the fulfilment of your promises. In a room below you will find the jars of water which you intrusted to our keeping a year ago. Anything else you seek shall be brought to you. But you will understand this, that Venice asks a hundred thousand golden ducats, and that you must find them for her before the sun has set to-day."

Franza cried out in amazement.

"A hundred thousand ducats, my lord! It is impossible."

"No more, no less, signore. And since the time is short already for your task, I beg of you to begin it without any further words."

He signalled to the guards at the door, and they placed themselves, one on either side of the trembling gold-maker. Franza knew not why, yet all the cunning of his tongue deserted him in that moment. He stared wildly at the motionless figures of the Three; he muttered strange words; he tried to shake the hands of the guards from his shoulders. Still gabbling incoherent excuses, he was led from the room through other galleries and other halls until at last they brought him to a narrow staircase.

"Mother of God," he cried, "you are taking me to the dungeons?"

"To the dungeons, signore, as you say. Yet you have but to pay Venice a hundred thousand golden ducats and you are free to go to your home again."

He did not answer them. They could feel his limbs trembling as they led him across the Bridge of Sighs to the terrible dungeons below the level of the water. He knew well now that he could dupe Venice no more. This was the day, then, against which the masked man, who came so mysteriously to his house, had warned him. He cursed the folly which had kept him in the city an hour after that warning had been spoken.

Down and yet down, over steps green with slime and filth; into passages where the

very air breathed pestilence; by cells whence came the groans of men who had forgotten day and night and the wondrous world of stars; down and yet down into a filthy dungeon, lighted by a blazing flambeau, they carried him. As one in a dream, he saw the horrid cell; he heard the hinges groan, and he cast himself upon the bed of straw and lay shivering there.

"A hundred thousand golden ducats—oh, God help me, it is the half of my fortune."

But none heard him. When he looked up once more, when he recovered from the paralysing trance of fear, he was alone with the burning flambeau and the two great jars of water which he had presented to Venice a year ago. Since that day, they had been locked up as sacred treasure in the Mint of the city. The people said that they contained the *anima d'oro*, the spirit of the gold.

But Franza knew better; he knew they had been filled with water from the well of his house. And here they were in his cell. Never had his own quackery seemed so pitiful to him. Venice, indeed, was a hard mistress. She would strip the very clothes from his body, he thought. Perchance, she would demand his life. He knew that he dare not die; the sweat of the terror of death stood on his brow.

He feared death, in truth; but for the time being, at any rate, there was no sign that Venice contemplated so terrible a punishment. He began to think that he might temporise with her. He would offer ten thousand—twenty thousand ducats. They would liberate him, perhaps, for such a payment, and he would fly the city. He would leave that very night; in Savoy, in France, it might be, he would find new dupes and new rewards. Thinking of these things, he took courage a little, and began to beat upon the door of his cell.

"Signores, I will give ten thousand ducats for my liberty. It is all my fortune. I swear it before Heaven."

The echo of his own voice was the response. Those tremendous walls cast back the words so that he seemed to mock himself. Without or within, there was no other sound than the drip of the water from one of the great jars—from one of those jars which Venice had carried, a year ago, with lighted candles and Host uplifted, to the cellars of the Mint. Franza looked at the jar, and a scornful laugh came to his lips. An instant later, the laugh changed to an exclamation of wonder and surprise.

"*Santissima*," he cried, "the jar overflows so that the water is above my ankles, and yet it remains full to the brim. Am I losing my eyes then? Heaven! what a thing to imagine!"

Cold to the marrow with the shock of the discovery, he snatched the flambeau from its iron stick and held it aloft to watch the water in the jar. Not a drop of it seemed to have passed out—and yet, the floor beneath him was running with water above his ankles. Again and again he stooped to touch the lapping water in the cell, or to mark the jars by which he stood.

The truth was slow to come, but when it came it was as the sentence of an awful death. They would drown him in the cell! He knew not how or whence the water came; but he could feel it striking cold and dank upon his legs. Anon, he said, it would climb higher, would touch his knees, his breast, his neck, his chin. He cried aloud with the agony of the thought and dropped the flambeau. It hissed in the rising tide of water and he stood in darkness.

"Signores, I will pay twenty thousand ducats for my liberty—I will sell my gold and silver—oh, in the name of mercy, I feel the water at my knees—pity—pity—I drown, signores!"

With darkness, a dread of death unspeakable seized upon him. He fell upon his hands and knees and crawled towards the door of the cell, cutting his knuckles as he beat upon the panel, growing hoarse with his terrible screams for help and mercy. He knew now what the justice of Venice was to those who would betray her. There, in that dark cell, with the water creeping inch by inch to his lips, he was to pay the uttermost penalty for the months of pleasure and success his roguery had earned for him.

"Signores—fifty thousand ducats for my life! I swear on the cross that I have no more. Pity, for Heaven's sake. I am dying here, signores—hear me, help me!"

He held the flambeau aloft.

He was weak and faint at this time: faint from terror and from cold, half suffocated with the foul air which the water drove up towards the roof of the cell. His lungs pained him as though a hot iron seared them. His pulse was quick and weak; the blood seemed driven to his head; he stretched out his arms as though to seek pity of the terrible walls or to drive the darkness from him. The steady drip of the water was as a knell—the tocsin of a death cruel beyond any he could have imagined.

Once he thought that the flow of it ceased; and then a delirium of joy began to possess him; but an instant later he knew that his strained ear had deceived him. Relentless, unmistakable, the tide was rising about him. He plunged his hands in it, and foul things fixed on them. He heard it lapping against the stones, and, in terror uncontrollable, he dashed himself against the unpitying walls, and fell headlong. Any death but that, he prayed. Any death but that of the foul tide and the darkness. God would not permit such cruelty.

"A hundred thousand ducats! I will pay the money! Quick, signores, light—give me light! The water is choking me! Oh, for God's sake——!"

And then, for the first time Venice listened to him.

Scarce had he spoken the words when some drain in the floor of the cell opened quickly, and the foul water ran back to the canal from which it had been pumped. The great trap of wood and iron swung upon its hinges. Guards with torches in their hands dragged him from the place to the light above. He came into the sunlight reeling as a drunken man. People said that he had the face of one who had lived a hundred years.

III.

That night, at sunset, Zuane de Franza sat alone in the laboratory of his splendid palace upon the Grand Canal.

An hour ago the messengers of the Three had carried away from his house one hundred thousand ducats in gold. He could still hear the cheers of the people in the gondolas before his door. Their cries: "Viva, Franza, who has made the gold!" were as omens to his ears. The city without, then, believed that he had fulfilled his promise to Venice. He had given her gold, the people said, in return for the palace and the servants and the ducats she had found for him during the year he had been her guest. He cursed the fools who said the thing, and shut himself in his great room. He must be alone, he thought; he must think.

He was very weak and ill at this time, and could scarce drag his weary legs up the great marble staircase of the palace. He shivered with cold, and the strong red wine he poured out for himself would not warm him. All his servants had deserted him directly they saw the boat of the Signors of the Night at the quay of his house. Even Filippo, who had been his companion in many a day of daring and of intrigue, had gone with the poltroons and the cowards who had fed upon his bounty. And he was glad of it. He must be alone, he repeated—alone at a moment when he fled Venice, when he sought a new home, and a new country, and new dupes for his cunning tongue to conquer.

It was very silent in that lonely house, and, as the shadows fell, strange shapes were conjured up of the twilight; strange figures seemed to stalk the empty rooms. Terror of the morning still haunted the broken man. He feared the things his eyes saw; when he looked at himself in a great mirror, when he saw that woeful face and the shrunken cheek and the long dank hair, all the suffering he had endured in the unspeakable cell recurred to him. He drew back from the glass with a groan and lay long upon a couch, quivering with fear and seeking to beat the phantoms from him.

Once or twice, as this paroxysm of terror returned, he thought that he heard footsteps in the house; and he would run wildly to the head of the staircase and cry out for his servant, Filippo. But his voice, cast back in moaning echoes, was his answer. He did not complain that it should be so. The night must find him wakeful. He had his work to do. He would cheat Venice yet—Venice and the cursed priest who had stirred up the people against him.

A hundred thousand ducats had been the price of his freedom. It was the half of the

fortune he had accumulated since he began to practise his arts in the city. The rest lay safe and snug in a great iron chest in his laboratory. If he could escape from Venice with that, he would still be a rich man. Other countries would be open to him. In Savoy, in France, he would find new dupes. This was his argument; but against it stood the haunting question—was Venice paid in full? Would she permit him to flee? Might not the police boat be at his doors even then?

The question sent him hurrying to his balcony. He could make out the gondolas of many who went gaily to the pleasures of the night; but he did not see the boat of the Signors of the Night; nor could he espy his own gondola. Filippo had taken it, then! He, Franza, was a prisoner in his own house. He dare not trust the wreck of his fortune to the first hired barcarolo that should chance to pass his door.

So startling was the crash that he dropped the bag he was carrying and the golden coins went rolling down the stairs.

He must hide his money, he said to himself—must hide it from Venice and the Three.

Fired with this idea, he worked at the execution of it with the energy of ten men. He had no very clear notion of a hiding-place at first; but, presently, he determined to store his gold in the cellar of the palace, beneath one of the flags of the pavement which he had removed before that day to conceal some of those things which had helped him in his *rôle* of quack and seer.

Full of the excellence of his plan, he lighted lanterns and carried them to the dismal cellar; whose walls reeked of damp, whose level was below that of the water outside. It was heavy work to remove the great square stone which concealed his rude treasure-chamber; but fear gave him strength, and his very sinews seemed to crack with his efforts. He would cheat Venice yet, he promised himself; he would be revenged on the boasting monk who had denounced him. And so he worked on, and unseen eyes—the eyes of those who laughed at his labours—watched him as he worked.

Unseen eyes watched him, yet never once did he suspect that the spies of Venice were in the house. Driven on by a miser's greed, he took the golden ducats in sacks of canvas and carried them from the iron box in his laboratory to the dank and mildewed cellar.

Once, as he worked, a curious fit of terror seized upon him. A great picture, whose cord had been rotted by age, fell on the staircase just as he was about to descend with his last bag of gold. So startling was the crash, echoing in the lonely house, that he dropped the bag he was carrying and the golden coins went rolling down the stairs. He picked them up with quivering fingers, not unwilling to linger there. For he feared the darkness of the cellar; it was like a tomb, he thought. All his courage could not bring him to face it readily.

"Pah!" he said, hesitating upon the brink of the lower steps, "what am I thinking of? I that have been feared in my own house! Let them come if they choose—let them do what they will with me. A hundred thousand ducats will pay the bill at many an inn. They shall carry me to France, and I will promise gold to the French King. I will begin again and make good the fortune I have lost. While men's greed remains, there will always be a home for Franza, the gold-maker. God's death upon him who has made me homeless here."

He stooped again to the bag and went down to the cellar quickly. When he had poured the last of the gold coins into the cavity, a mighty effort forced the stone into its place and a low cry of joy escaped him.

"To-morrow," he said, "to-morrow Filippo will come back and together—Heaven, what is that?"

The word of triumph ended in broken exclamation. He had hung a lantern upon a hook in the wall of the cellar, and it cast a poor ray of wan light on the pavement beneath which his fortune lay. That which caused him to cry out suddenly was a shadow upon this patch of light. He saw that it was the shadow of a hand. He watched the shadow with outstanding eyes, and remembered the warning of yesternight, which he had long forgotten. All his false strength left him in an instant. He sank upon his knees; his muscles relaxed; he uttered a low moan as of ultimate woe and pain.

"What is it—what do you want with me?" he asked pitifully.

Again as last night, a voice answered him out of the darkness.

"A hundred thousand ducats, in the name of Venice, signore—the hundred thousand you have just hidden beneath that stone."

Franza groaned aloud; his hands were outstretched before him; he seemed bent to the very earth by this new blow.

"Who are you that came yesterday as a friend, but to-day are an enemy?" he asked.

"Yesterday, I stood for the mercy of Venice, signore; to-day I stand for its justice."

"Is it justice that I, who have paid a hundred thousand ducats this morning, shall pay yet again?"

"A hundred thousand a day—so you promised Venice a year ago, signore. And a new day has come. Hark to the bells, they are striking twelve!"

Franza listened to the sweet music floating over the still lagoon. He shuddered as he heard the bells.

"I will pay the money," he said in a low voice—"take it, signore, it is beneath this stone."

The unknown laughed softly.

"Not so," he said. "Venice is no bandit, Signor Franza. You shall yourself lift the stone and count the money into my hand."

"But I am weak, signore—all my strength is gone. I am as a child."

"That is your misfortune, then. It is a very great misfortune indeed, signore, for if you do not pay me that which I am sent to ask here and now, you will not be alive when the clock strikes again."

Franza breathed heavily. He staggered to his feet; he turned to the place whence the voice came.

"Who are you that comes to torment me?—in God's name, speak."

A man stepped from the shadows. He was clothed from head to foot in scarlet, and wore a scarlet mask. He carried a naked sword in his hand.

"Signore," said he, "I am the executioner of Venice."

Franza drew back from the apparition step by step. He covered his eyes to shut it out; he tried to speak, but could not articulate his words. He knew that the end of his life had come; but to die there, in that cellar, to die with no prayer upon his lips, to know that his head

would roll upon that slime-dewed floor—it was a fear of death surpassing all imagination.

"I cannot die," he moaned, "I cannot die here—in this place."

"Not so," said the other, "you should have asked mercy of him who is the voice of Venice, signore."

Franza cast himself upon his knees.

"I ask it," he cried, cringing in the very dirt of the pavement. "I ask it of Giovanni, the lord of Venice."

"Whom you denounced this morning, and compelled to take a vow of silence! How shall he pardon you when he may not speak of you to anyone until another day has dawned and set? It is not to be, signore. Prepare for death, for you have not a minute of life!"

He raised his hand, and other figures emerged from the darkness. Men, dressed in red and masked as the executioner was, seized the wretched gold-maker and dragged him from the dust. A block of wood was thrown carelessly to the floor; they forced the head of their prisoner down to it; they held him by the arms in an iron grip. His terrible screams fell on ears that might not hear. He waited for the blow, waited to feel the steel cutting through his neck—yet no blow fell.

"Strike," he implored, "in the name of God, strike!"

But the sword did not fall. Those instants of delay, with the shining blade poised above him, were eternities of suffering. A thousand deaths he died, and every one was an agony surpassing the others.

"Oh!" he cried, "strike if you are not devils. I will die—I will——"

They did not answer him. One terrible cry came to his lips when the sword would not fall; he rolled from their arms unconscious; he had passed the bounds of suffering and of fear.

IV.

Early on the next day, one of the gondolas belonging to the Signors of the Night left the Palazzo Balbi at Venice to set down upon the mainland an old man clothed in rags, and thankful for the morsel of bread and the cup of wine which the Captain of the Police had given to him. When the police had set him ashore, the unwilling traveller limped with pain along the deserted shore, and as he went, he looked back often toward the blue lagoon, above which the spires and domes of Venice rose gloriously in the morning light.

"She has repaid," he said, shaking his fist at the distant city, "God knows, she has repaid."

And so Zuane de Franza, the alchemist, started on his journey towards a new home and a new country.

One of the gondolas set down upon the mainland an old man clothed in rags.

A RIDE TO THE CITY OF THE SUN.

By George Griffith.

One of the shortest journeys that you can take as regards time, if not distance, is from the Pacific coast at Mollendo, which is the southern sea-port of Peru, to Sicuani, which is the north-eastern terminus of the southern railway of Peru. A word or two of explanation is necessary just here. Mollendo is probably that "sea-port" of Arequipa which, in the historic pages of Prescott, you will find mentioned as the place at which Gonzalo, younger brother of the great Francisco Pizarro, "caused galleys to be built to secure the command of the sea."

Now, Arequipa, whose name in the old Quichua tongue of the Incas meant "the Place of Rest," is, unfortunately for the execution of this laudable project, a hundred and seventeen miles by rail from the sea-coast and seven thousand five hundred feet above it, and there is no water near it on which you could sail anything like the largest toy yacht that is accustomed to race across the Round Pond at Kensington.

The journey from Mollendo *viâ* Arequipa to Sicuani takes three days, and the travelling is not at what we should call express speed even on a line running, say, from London to the South Coast, but if one takes into consideration the fact that the train starts from the sea-shore—the sleepers are literally laid down in the sands at Mollendo—and that before the journey is ended it has climbed up zig-zags, and round hill-spurs, over bare, brown mountains which in Europe would be more than half covered with snow; that it deposits you for your first night's rest in a large and populous city which is only a thousand feet lower than the pass of the great St. Bernard, and about a thousand feet higher than the Mont Cenis tunnel; that it will put you down for your second night's rest at a forlorn little junction named Juliaca which stands on a plain between four and five times as high as Snowdon; and that one of the stations, at which you will stop for refreshment, is the highest regularly inhabited place in the world, or at any rate the highest railway station, standing as it does 14,666 feet above the surface of the Pacific, and that your journey will end in a smiling valley in the midst of which nestles an old, picturesque, and by no means over-clean Spanish town at an altitude which in Europe would be beyond the limits of conventional or at any rate convenient life—then it will be understood

— the sea-coast —

— from —

The start —

by the reader who is possessed of sufficient intelligence to get safely through this somewhat involved sentence that the journey after all isn't a very long one.

More than that, the journey not only carries you over the second highest point in the world at which a steam-engine works, and past a little, undistinguished-looking tarn in the gorge of the Vilcañota, which is the true source of the longest river in the world, but by the time that the train finally

— the summit.

— to —

— and the steps —

pulls up on the evening of the third day at Sicuani you will find in a very few hours' experience that you have travelled from the Pacific sea-board to the end of the Nineteenth Century—and that is not a bad journey for three days.

But when you are bound for the City of the Sun, as I was, and get up the next morning early, as everyone in Spanish America does whose evening's indulgence in any way bears the test of the morning's reflection, and go out to make the final arrangements for your further journeying, you will find that this three days' railway travel has done more than take you to the end of the Nineteenth Century. As a matter of fact it has taken you back through a couple of centuries into the Seventeenth.

At Sicuani the traveller exchanges a really comfortable seat in a very respectable first-class carriage for the hurricane deck of a mule, astride of which he has to ride for three days more into a land which in all its outward aspects is hardly changed, save perhaps for the worse, during three hundred years of Spanish tyranny and misrule. Here too, you will also find that every pound of freight which has been brought up in the baggage-waggons has now to become part of a cargo-mule's load.

It is in this sense that Sicuani is the connecting link between two Ages, and so far as transit is concerned this is the same thing as saying that it is the touching point between the steam engine and the mule—that is to say between the most tractable and the most intractable means of conveyance that human genius has so far discovered.

There is only one road from Sicuani to the City of the Sun, and it lies through a succession of valleys separated from each other by passes, through which the mule-track winds up the sides of gorges between whose rock-walled slopes the River Vilcañota —soon to be known as the Urubamba, then the Ucayali, and then the Amazon—gathers up its now broad waters into roaring, tumbling torrents, only to spread out again a mile or so further on amidst the pleasant meadows which form the floors of these oases in the wilderness. On either side of this string of valleys there is nothing but a vast chaos of mountains, tangled into ranges, and knots, and cross-ranges, bleak, barren, and lifeless—a mighty maze to

which only the Indians of the Sierras hold the key.

Probably the first thing that you will do the next morning, after drinking your cup of early coffee and copa of fire-water — the Castilian tongue doesn't call Peruvian brandy *aguardiente* without reason—will be to enter on the preliminaries of a swindling-match with reference to the hire of the mule that is to take you to Cuzco.

Crucero Alto—the highest railway station and regularly inhabited house in the world, 14,666ft. above sea-level.

As you come out of the Hotel Ferro-Carril—which in English we should call Railway Hotel—and turn to the right, the first thing that will strike you after you have traversed a very unkempt piece of ground will be a mixed and more or less struggling mass of mules and humanity. Close along the goods-depôt of the station is a sort of compound, a stone-paved quadrangle with a floor of entirely indescribable mud and filth, in which the arrieros or mule-train men are transferring the baggage from the waggons to the backs of their long-suffering and much-enduring animals.

The South American mule, like his North-American brother, has anything but a good character. Those who know him best like him least—and that isn't a good thing to say of anything. It is a common saying there that you may make a friend of an individual mule for ten years and do your best by him, and all that time he will be waiting for a chance to kick the life out of you, and if that chance comes on the last day of the twelfth month of the tenth year he will do it, and from what I have seen I should say that there is no libel in the statement.

But for all this there is something to be said in extenuation for him, and of this quite a casual glance over the loading-up square at Sicuani will furnish sufficient evidence, for there you will see a brute even more callous and cruel than the Peruvian mule—and that is the Peruvian arriero. You will see him roping a heavy load on to a wretched animal whose back is a mass of sores, and putting his foot against its side and hauling on the knotted, raw-hide lashing like a sailor on a rope, until you wonder how the wretched beasts can breathe, let alone carry such a burden over the fearful tracks which lie for a hundred and twelve miles before them.

Mute as his sufferings by the way are, they must still atone for many of his sins. Moreover, the mule is here an absolute essential to commerce, and as such surely deserves a little consideration. Everything that goes from Sicuani to Cuzco, from a reel of cotton to a case of champagne, has to cross that hundred and twelve miles on the back of a mule, and all the products of the interior going down to the coast for export have to do the same.

There are no wheeled vehicles, for the simple and sufficient reason that there are no roads for them to travel upon. In short, without the mule, vicious, ill-conditioned, unfriendly beast as he is, the trade between the eastern slopes of the Andes and the Pacific coast would be impossible.

As with trade, so with travel, and therefore the first thing that I had to do the morning after my arrival at Sicuani was to find an animal. It was not very long after the

Revolution, and thousands of mules and horses had been stolen by both sides and had either been killed in battle or kept by the soldiers in default of pay; hence they were scarce. Happily I was armed with a "recommendation" from the Manager of the Transport Company, and with this I secured one of the only two animals which Sicuani could just then produce. The proprietor's name was Mendoza, and should have been Barabbas. The mule was a tall, gaunt beast, with a more than usually projecting underlip, which gave him a quite indescribable expression of cynicism and world-weariness.

Our first day's journey took us to a township called Checacupe. The tracks followed the banks of the Urubamba almost constantly, and we passed from valley to valley, each one greener and more pleasant to the eye than the last, and more and more plentifully dotted with haciendas and villages. On either hand the great brown mountains towered up bare and barren, but still marked with the terraces which, in the days of the Incas, were green and golden with crops of maize and bright with variegated flowers.

It is while riding through this series of valleys that one becomes sensible of that peculiar charm of Peruvian scenery which overcomes all the difficulties and discomforts of Peruvian travel, and exercises a sort of spell which years afterwards makes you want to go back. It is the ever-present contrast between the oasis and the desert—the mountain, brown, bare, and barren, and the valley, green and fertile, and laughing in the same sunlight which makes the hills look so lifeless and forlorn.

A few miles on mule-back from Sicuani is, as I have said, the equivalent of a time-excursion through two centuries. When you take the turn in the winding road which hides the railway station from you, you are back in the seventeenth century. In the white-walled haciendas which stand on the lower slopes of the hills, embowered in a prodigal wealth of foliage, the remnant of the old proprietors, of the descendants of those of the old Conquerors who settled upon the soil, are still living in exactly the same style as their ancestors of two hundred years ago, saving only for the difference between prodigal wealth and a very great difficulty in making both ends meet.

There they live in their great rambling, white-walled houses, most of which date from the times either of the Conquerors or the Spanish Viceroys, the days when the land teemed with gold and silver, and the now forgotten system of Inca irrigation still clothed the hillsides with verdure. In those days the chain of valleys which stretches from Sicuani to Cuzco must have looked very different to what they do now, although the houses and churches are so solidly fashioned—many of them are founded on the old Inca temples and palaces, and even built out of their ruins—that they are practically the same to-day as they ever were.

Ruins of the great Temple of Viracocha, on the Plain of Cacha. Its original dimensions were 337ft. by 90ft. Several villages churches, and bridges have been built out of its ruins.

When you get into the towns, or close to some of the great haciendas, you see unmistakable signs not only of ruin and neglect,

but also of hopeless poverty, which, to some extent, makes that neglect inevitable. French and German bounty-fed beet-sugar has done for these valleys what it has done for our own West Indies, and the dwindling cane-patches are now grown chiefly for the purpose of making chacta, or cane-brandy, which is decimating the unfortunate Indians even faster than the Peruvian method of conducting a general election with Maxim guns and Mannlicher rifles.

The population of these valleys must at one time have been very considerable even under Spanish rule, for, as you follow the mule-track as it climbs up the mountain sides and round the hill-spurs, and ever and anon dips down into the next valley to rejoin the broad, shallow river, you see hacienda succeeding hacienda, and village and town following each other every two or three leagues or so; but many of the old quadrangular mansions have been turned into granaries and brandy-mills, and half the houses of the towns are empty, or only occupied by a few wretched Indian families.

It is no uncommon sight when riding through these pueblos to see a white, massive archway surmounted by the arms of some proud family of Castile, leading into a court-yard ankle-deep in rubbish and filth, and surrounded by the spacious chambers of what was once a mansion and is now only a rookery in which a score of families herd together in listless idleness and hopeless poverty.

Sometimes you will see one of the hill-spurs crowned by the ruins of an Inca palace or fortress, and on the slope below it the remains of a stately pleasure-house of one of the lordly old Conquerors—ruin looking down upon ruin, emblems of the fate which has befallen both conquerors and conquered.

The roads are perhaps the most villainous in the whole world, but here and there you come upon fragments of that wonderful paved causeway which once ran for hundreds of miles, north and south, from Cuzco through the Sierra region, and along which the gorgeous monarchs of the Land of the Four Regions were borne in their golden litters, escorted by long trains of warriors and princes, through the silent throngs of their adoring people. But this, like everything else in the interior of Peru, has fallen to ruin. The Spaniards and their Peruvian descendants, being too lazy to work quarries themselves,

The fighting face—

pulled up the stones to make the foundations of their adobe houses and churches.

The Spaniards, it is true, did build some splendid bridges for military purposes, as the suspension bridges of the Incas were too frail for cavalry. But a ford is quite good enough for the modern Peruvian, so these, too, have gone to wreck and ruin, and, as a rule, all that is left of them are two piers and two or three huge fragments of concreted masonry lying in the river bed. The Peruvian never repairs anything unless it is absolutely unavoidable, and in the whole 112 miles I can only remember crossing one stone bridge that was in a decent state of preservation.

As we rode on from bolson to bolson the mournful evidences of the vanished Inca civilisation became more and more frequent, and towards the afternoon of the second day we rode out into the broad green plain of

Cacha, on which stand the grey ruins of the great temple of Viracocha, which was one of the most splendid and famous buildings in the land.

Its walls of polished stone once inclosed a space 337ft. long and 90ft. broad, but, as usual, Spanish laziness and vandalism dragged the splendid structure to pieces for the sake of its stones. Several churches and two or three bridges, as well as nearly the whole pueblo of Cacha have been built out of them, but there still remains a huge broken wall some forty feet in height. It might perhaps be better described as a series of pillars or piers about twenty feet wide and eight feet apart.

There are twelve of these still standing,

—of the great Inca fortress.

but the whole of the triangular plain or terrace, about a mile wide, from which the pillars rise, is thickly covered with foundations and remains of buildings, which were no doubt the houses of the priests, the convents of the sacred vestals, and other splendid adjuncts to the shrine of the fair-haired, blue-eyed god. Even to this day his memory lives among the degraded descendants of his worshippers, and it is no uncommon thing for a traveller from the far-off north with fair hair and skin and blue eyes to be greeted with the words, "Tai-tai, Viracocha!"

A few leagues on from Cacha the mountains come together again, and the river gathers up its broad waters and rushes in a torrent through the narrow gorge; the rising path winds through a wilderness of ancient ruins, and in the next valley it runs round the hill-spur on which once stood the fortress-town of Quijijana. All round this little valley are cliffs pierced with rock-tombs in which thousands of the old inhabitants must have found their last resting-places. The painting on them is still visible in places, and the colours look as bright as though they had only been laid on a few months ago.

Out of this valley the road rises sharply up the mountain sides on the left hand and at the very top of the ridge skirts a strange lonely lake whose dark smooth waters must be something like 13,000ft. above sea level. It has no apparent out-let, but it has a story which makes the traveller look over it with more than common interest, for this is the Lake of Urcos, in which, as the old tradition tells us, the fugitives from Cuzco sank the great Golden Chain of the Incas. If we may believe the tradition, the chain was as thick as a man's arm and no less than a mile long.

After passing through the forlorn, disreputable village of Urcos the road dips sharply down again into the broad and pleasant valley which well deserves its musical name of Andahuaylillas, where we spent the night at the Hacienda Pocuto—an old-world mansion which I would fain stop to describe in some detail did space permit.

After Andahuaylillas, which we left soon after daybreak, the ruins of towns and fortresses became more and more numerous, for now we were fast approaching the heart of the ancient empire of the Incas, and at length, about midday, an upward turn in the road brought us to the still huge remains of the great fortress-gate of Piquillacta.

Here, as is believed, the actual domains of the first Inca began. The valley narrows to a width of about fifteen hundred feet, and is fenced in on either side by high cliffs, and from side to side runs a huge wall, nearly a thousand feet long. It is pierced by two broad gateways, faced with massive and beautifully dressed stones, cut with such precision that, although no mortar was used, they are still perfectly in position, after standing for, perhaps, eight hundred or a thousand years.

The wall was once crowned by two lofty pyramids, or watch-towers, which have been destroyed for the sake of their stones; but the mighty fortification is still some thirty feet high, and more than twenty thick. One of the gateways is choked up with brushwood and fallen stones, and the path through the other is very different to the smooth, level causeway of former days.

Inca burial tower, built of dressed stone so perfectly fitted that no mortar is needed.

As you ride through it you come upon some fragments of this, and as you look about you, you see proofs on every hand that you are now in the very heart of Inca-land. The beautiful valley which stretches out green and sunlit before you is the bolson of Oropesa, the next to that of Cuzco itself. To the left is the Lake of Muyna, once inclosed by flower-strewn terraces faced with stone. On the hill-slope above it are the thickly scattered ruins of one of the pleasure-cities of the Incas, and, now as you ride along, you scarcely see a hill-spur that is not crowned by the hoary remains of a fortress, a palace, or town.

All about you, too, are evidences of the most laborious and skilful cultivation of terraces and water-courses, now broken down, choked, and dry—pitiful remnants of the civilisation which flourished here before the blight of Spanish cruelty and Spanish sloth fell upon the land.

The bolson of Oropesa ends in the narrow pass of Angostura, which, in the old days, must have been very strongly defended, for all the heights about it are covered with the ruins of massive walls and broken towers. This is the last of the passes, and the downward pathway from it leads through the villages—or rather towns—of San Sebastian and San Jeromino, inhabited by the Ayllos, or descendants of the old Inca nobility, tall of stature and still proud of carriage, with the red flush of the Sacred Blood showing through the olive-brown of their cheeks.

Here, too, is the last ford of the river, which we cross once more for about the fortieth time, and when we have climbed the steep bank on the far side we find ourselves on a broad, level, grassy plain, once the Plain of the Oracle, on which the picked regiments of the Incas were wont to perform their war-like exercises, and where the festivals of the Sun and the Moon were once so splendidly celebrated, and across this, some couple of leagues away, we see, nestling at the foot of its guardian hills, and still looking white and stately, and beautiful in the enchantment of distance—soon to be miserably dispelled as we enter its mean and filthy streets—the capital of El Dorado that was, Cuzco, the once golden and glorious City of the Sun.

A PAINTER OF CHILDREN.

By Norman Hapgood.

Illustrated with Reproductions from the Works of Boutet de Monvel.

Even in great art the originality which suggests a new way of seeing the world is rare. It is the possession of this one quality, above all others, which makes Maurice Boutet de Monvel stand out, with a few of his contemporaries, from the army of artists, more or less slaves of tradition, following in the footsteps of their masters. It is this quality which makes the work of De Monvel appreciated wherever he is known.

Here is a man who belongs to no school, who does not exploit his tools, who speaks for the people because he picks out things to represent that are not obvious, and yet which, when seen, are of interest alike to the simple and the philosopher — to the most cultured man as to the child.

One of the most rare attainments in the history of art is the successful rendering of child life. The adult usually draws children indiscriminately, seeing them as a mass of little creatures much alike, or else noticing them for the light they throw on our lives.

Philosophers would say that our attitude towards them was subjective. We call them sweet, or pretty, or something else that describes the way they make us feel, not the way they themselves feel and think. Yet a child is an independent being, and the effect it has on us is an unimportant element in its own life.

The artists, whether poets, novelists, painters, or sculptors, who have given the life of a child from the inside, could almost be counted on one hand. These prevailing external views grow naturally out of the two facts that we cannot remember what the world was to us, and that the audience for which we speak is for the most part grown up.

In the fable the lion explains the victories of men over beasts in literature by the statement that the men write all the books.

M. Boutet de Monvel.

Perhaps Robert Louis Stevenson thought of this fable when he wrote "A Child's Garden of Verses," in which the mind of the child has at least an equal expression with the mind of his older and sophisticated observer.

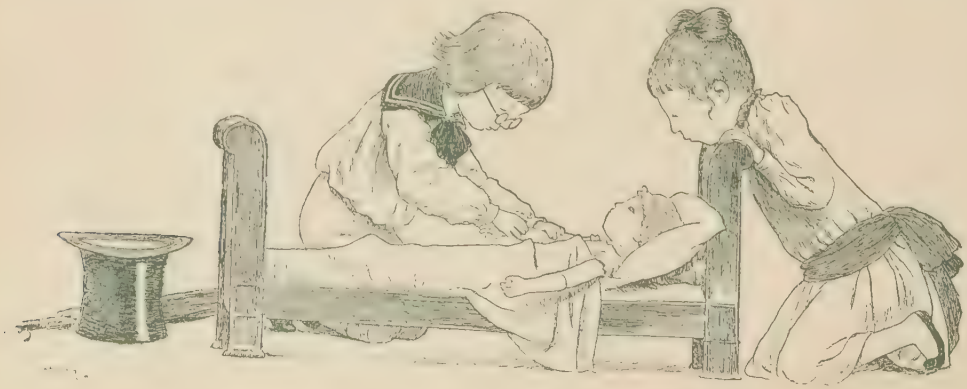
Boutet de Monvel—although he is in part a man of age and experience, the head of a household, with a place in the world which he sustains with dignity and takes to heart seriously, amusing himself with the child's ingenuousness — is also one who understands, and whose talent is peculiarly fitted to depict, the child as an independent creature with a life of its own.

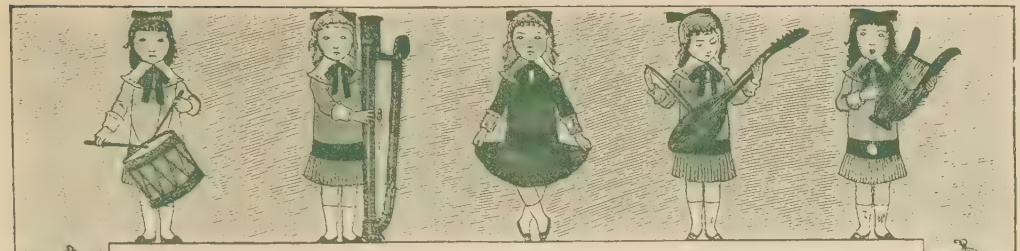
His children are genuinely childish, with no admixture of adult quality. The earlier artists gave often the physical attributes of babyhood, but they put in the baby body the soul of a man, or no soul at all. In the old religious pictures the child may show divinity, spirituality, in his face, but he does not show infantile thought. He was not treated psychologically.

So the hearty baby bodies in the pictures of Rubens have no sign of as many different natures as there are in the distinct men and women of the same paintings.

Most great dramatic artists, realising instinctively that men do not see children from the inside, have kept them out of their works. In all of Shakespeare's plays there is no child who counts for much; and in all great drama, perhaps, the one child who is famous is the Joas of Racine.

In a sense, at least, as the artist himself thinks, it was accident that led De Monvel to a field so far removed from the interests of strong artists; but, when hazard led him there, little time was needed to show him how to





fill it. If he was to draw children, he must draw them with the reality with which he had always seen their elders. He must give us not only the charm of their fragility and innocence, but, if not the revelation, at least a clear suggestion of what they feel. Whether or not chance influenced his choice of subjects, the world is the gainer.

Young persons are usually bored by the child; they meet him and pass him by, but old people notice him. The more experience a man gains and digests the simpler his interest becomes; complexities in the end appear trivial, and the elementary things most interesting and important.

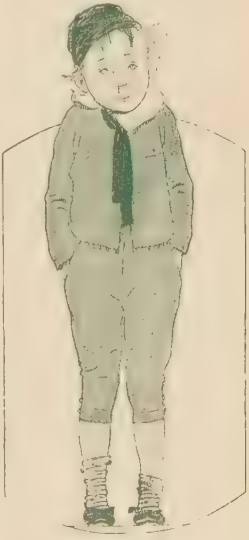
De Monvel reached the sympathetic spirit younger than most men do. He always had a marked element of sane and serious reality in him, and Nature allowed him to begin where most of us are landed when love and sorrow, suffering and change, have taught us to see the big, significant outlines. His fortune from the beginning was to have a keen, sympathetic insight, and experience taught him to depict what he saw with means as simple and choice as his vision.

A few lines, a few dots, make a face. There is no smartness of presentation; there is only a meaning, and nothing to obscure the meaning.

Boutet de Monvel, choosing without hesitation art as a career, entered the studio of Cabanel when he was a little over twenty. He joined the army after Sedan, and came out of his war experiences with a sadness which still overpowers him when speaking of them.

After some work in the less conventional studio of Julian, dissatisfied with its restrictions, he entered, in 1875, the studio of Carolus Duran. But almost immediately the need of money forced him into black-and-white illustration, the field in which he is known best, and in which his originality took such striking form.

M de Monvel's studio is crowded with portraits of children and of sketches for illustrations. He has just finished one series dealing with the little peasants of the country, and this is to be followed by another of which the street boys of Paris will form the principal feature.



The Count's Apology

By Robert Barr.

The fifteen nobles, who formed the Council of State for the Moselle Valley, stood in little groups in the Rittersaal of Winneburg's Castle, situated on a hill top in the Ender Valley, a league or so from the waters of the Moselle. The nobles spoke in low tones together, for a greater than they were present, no other than their over-lord, the Archbishop of Treves, who, in his stately robes of office, paced up and down the long room, glancing now and then through the narrow windows which gave a view down the Ender Valley.

There was a trace of impatience in his Lordship's bearing, and well there might be, for here was the Council of State in assemblage, yet their chairman was absent, and the nobles stood there helplessly, like a flock of sheep whose shepherd is missing. The chairman was no other than the Count of Winneburg himself, in whose castle they were now collected, and his lack of punctuality was thus a double discourtesy, for he was host as well as president.

Each in turn had tried to soothe the anger of the Archbishop, for all liked the Count of Winneburg, a bluff and generous-hearted giant, who would stand by his friends against all comers, was the quarrel his own or no. In truth little cared the stalwart Count of Winneburg whose quarrel it was so long as his arm got opportunity of wielding a blow in it. His Lordship of Treves had not taken this championship of the absent man with good grace, and now strode apart from the group, holding himself haughtily: muttering, perhaps prayers, perhaps something else.

When one by one the nobles had arrived at Winneburg's Castle, they were informed that its master had gone hunting that morning, saying he would return in time for the mid-day meal, but nothing had been heard of him since, although mounted messengers had been sent forth, and the great bell in the southern tower had been set ringing when the Archbishop arrived. It was the general opinion that Count Winneburg, becoming interested in the chase, had forgotten all about the meeting, for it was well known that the Count's body was better suited for athletic sports or warfare than was his mind for the consideration of questions of State, and the nobles, themselves of similar calibre, probably liked him none the less on that account.

Presently the Archbishop stopped in his walk and faced the assemblage. "My Lords," he said, "we have already waited longer than the utmost stretch of courtesy demands. The esteem in which Count Winneburg holds our deliberations is indicated by his inexcusable neglect of a duty conferred upon him by you, and voluntarily accepted by him. I shall therefore take my place in his chair, and I call upon you to seat yourselves at the Council table."

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Saying which the Archbishop strode to the vacant chair, and seated himself in it at the head of the board. The nobles looked one at the other with some dismay, for it was never their intention that the Archbishop should preside over their meeting, the object of which was rather to curb that high prelate's ambition, than to confirm still further the power he already had over them.

When a year before these Councils of State had been inaugurated, the Archbishop had opposed them, but, finding that the Emperor was inclined to defer to the wishes of his nobles, the Lord of Treves had insisted upon his right to be present during the deliberations, and this right the Emperor had conceded. He further proposed that the meeting should be held at his own castle of Cochem, as being conveniently situated midway between Coblentz and Treves, but to this the nobles had, with fervent unanimity, objected. Cochem Castle, they remembered, possessed strong walls and deep dungeons, and they had no desire to trust themselves within the lion's jaws, having little faith in his Lordship's benevolent intentions towards them.

The Emperor seemed favourable to the selection of Cochem as a convenient place of meeting, and the nobles were nonplussed, because they could not give their real reason for wishing to avoid it, and the Archbishop continued to press the claims of Cochem as being of equal advantage to all.

"It is not as though I asked them to come to Treves," said the Archbishop, "for that would entail a long journey upon those living near the Rhine, and in going to Cochem I shall myself have to travel as far as those who come from Coblentz."

The Emperor said:

"It seems a most reasonable selection, and, unless some strong objection be urged, I shall confirm the choice of Cochem."

The nobles were all struck with apprehension at these words, and knew not what to say, when suddenly, to their great delight, up spoke the stalwart Count of Winneburg.

"Your Majesty," he said, "my Castle stands but a short league from Cochem, and has a Rittersaal as large as that in the pinnacled palace owned by the Archbishop. It is equally convenient to all concerned, and every gentleman is right welcome to its hospitality. My cellars are well filled with good wine, and my larders are stocked with abundance of food. All that can be urged in favour of Cochem applies with equal truth to the Schloss Winneburg. If, therefore, the members of the Council will accept of my roof, it is theirs."

The nobles with universal enthusiasm cried:

"Yes, yes; Winneburg is the spot."

The Emperor smiled, for he well knew that his Lordship of Treves was somewhat miserly in the dispensing of his hospitality. He preferred to see his guests drink the wine of a poor vintage rather than tap the cask which contained the yield of a good year. His Majesty smiled, because he imagined his nobles thought of the replenishing of their stomachs, whereas they were concerned for the safety of their necks; but seeing them unanimous in their choice, he nominated Schloss Winneburg as the place of meeting, and so it remained.

When, therefore, the Archbishop of Treves set himself down in the ample chair, to which those present had, without a dissenting vote, elected Count Winneburg, distrust at once took hold of them, for they were ever jealous of the encroachments of their over-lord. The Archbishop glared angrily around him, but no man moved from where he stood.

"I ask you to be seated. The Council is called to order."

Baron Beilstein cleared his throat and spoke, seemingly with some hesitation, but nevertheless with a touch of obstinacy in his voice:

"May we beg a little more time for Count Winneburg? He has doubtless gone farther afield than he intended when he set out. I myself know something of the fascination of the chase, and can easily understand that it wipes out all remembrance of lesser things."

"Call you this Council a lesser thing?" demanded the Archbishop. "We have waited an hour already, and I shall not give the laggard a moment more."

"Indeed, my Lord, then I am sorry to hear it. I would not willingly be the man who sits in Winneburg's chair, should he come suddenly upon us."

"Is that a threat?" asked the Archbishop, frowning.

"It is not a threat, but rather a warning. I am a neighbour of the Count, and know him well, and whatever his virtues may be, calm patience is not one of them. If time hangs heavily, may I venture to suggest that your lordship remove the prohibition you proclaimed when the Count's servants offered us wine, and allow me to act temporarily as host, ordering the flagons to be filled, which I think will please Winneburg better when he comes, than finding another in his chair."

"This is no drunken revel, but a Council of State," said the Archbishop sternly; "and I drink no wine when the host is not here to proffer it."

"Indeed, my Lord," said Beilstein, with a shrug of the shoulders, "some of us are so thirsty that we care not who makes the offer, as long as the wine be sound."

What reply the Archbishop would have made can only be conjectured, for at that moment the door burst open and in came Count Winneburg, a head and shoulders above any man in that room, and huge in proportion.

"My Lords, my Lords," he cried, his loud voice booming to the rafters, "how can I ask you to excuse such a breach of hospitality. What! Not a single flagon of wine in the room? This makes my deep regret almost unbearable. Surely, Beilstein, you might have amended that, if only for the sake of an old and constant comrade. Truth, gentlemen, until I heard the bell of the Castle toll, I had no thought that this was the day of our meeting, and then, to my despair, I found myself an hour away, and have ridden hard to be among you."

Then, noticing there was something ominous in the air, and an unaccustomed silence to greet his words, he looked from one to the other, and his eye, travelling up the table, finally rested upon the Archbishop in his chair. Count Winneburg drew himself up, his ruddy face colouring like fire. Then before any person could reach out hand to check him, or move lip in counsel, the Count, with a fierce oath, strode to the usurper, grasped him by the shoulders, whirled his heels high above his head, and flung him like a sack of corn to the smooth floor, where the unfortunate Archbishop, huddled in a helpless heap, slid along the polished surface as if he were on ice. The fifteen nobles stood stock still, appalled at this unexpected outrage upon their over-lord. Winneburg seated himself in the chair with an emphasis that made even the solid table rattle, and bringing down his huge fist crashing on the board before him, shouted:

"Let no man occupy my chair, unless he has weight enough to remain there."

Baron Beilstein, and one or two others, hurried to the prostrate Archbishop and assisted him to his feet.

"Count Winneburg," said Beilstein, "you can expect no sympathy from us for such an act of violence in your own hall."

"I want none of your sympathy," roared the angry Count. "Bestow it on the man now in your hands who needs it. If you want the Archbishop of Treves to act as your chairman, elect him to that position and welcome. I shall have no usurpation in my Castle. While I am chairman I sit in the chair, and none other."

There was a murmur of approval at this, for one and all were deeply suspicious of the Archbishop's continued encroachments.

His Lordship of Treves once more on his feet, his lips pallid, and his face colourless, looked with undisguised hatred at his assailant. "Winneburg," he said slowly, "you shall apologise abjectly for this insult, and that in presence of the nobles of this Empire, or I will see to it that not one stone of this castle remains upon another."

"Indeed," said the Count nonchalantly, "I shall apologise to you, my lord, when you have apologised to me for taking my place. As to the castle, it is said that the devil assisted in the building of it, and it is quite likely that through friendship for you, he may preside over its destruction."

The Archbishop made no reply, but, bowing haughtily to the rest of the company, who looked glum enough, well knowing that the episode they had witnessed meant, in all probability, red war let loose down the smiling valley of the Moselle, left the Rittersaal.

"Now that the Council is duly convened in regular order," said Count Winneburg,

The Count strode to the usurper, grasped him by the shoulders, and whirled his heels high above his head.

when the others had seated themselves round his table, "what questions of state come up for discussion?"

For a moment there was no answer to this query, the delegates looking at one another speechless. But at last Baron Beilstein shrugging his shoulder, said drily:

"Indeed, my Lord Count, I think the time for talk is past, and I suggest that we all look closely to the strengthening of our walls, which are likely to be tested before long by the Lion of Treves. It was perhaps unwise, Winneburg, to have used the Archbishop so roughly, he being unaccustomed to athletic exercise; but, let the consequences be what they may, I, for one, will stand by you."

"And I; and I; and I; and I," cried the others, with the exception of the Knight of Ehrenburg, who, living as he did near the town of Coblentz, was learned in the law, and not so ready as some of his comrades to speak first and think afterwards.

"My good friends," cried their presiding officer, quite evidently deeply moved by this token of their fealty, "what I have done I have done, be it wise or the reverse, and the results must fall on my head alone. No words of mine can remove the dust of the floor from the Archbishop's cloak, so if he comes, let him come. I will give him as hearty a welcome as it is in my power to render. All I ask is fair play, and those who stand aside shall see a good fight. It is not right that a hasty act of mine should embroil the peaceful country side, so if Treves comes on I shall meet him alone here in my castle. But, nevertheless, I thank you all for your offers of help; that is all, except the Knight of Ehrenburg, whose tender of assistance, if made, has escaped my ear."

The Knight of Ehrenburg had, up to that moment, been studying the texture of the oaken table on which his flagon sat. Now he looked up and spoke slowly.

"I made no proffer of help," he said, "because none will be needed, I believe, so far as the Archbishop of Treves is concerned. The Count a moment ago said that all he wanted was fair play, but that is just what he has no right to expect from his present antagonist. The Archbishop will make no attempt on this castle; he will act much more subtly than that. The Archbishop will lay the redress of his quarrel upon the shoulders of the Emperor, and it is the oncoming of the Imperial troops you have to fear, and not an invasion from Treves. Against the forces of the Emperor we are powerless, united or divided. Indeed, his Majesty may call upon us to invest this castle, whereupon, if we refuse, we are rebels who have broken our oaths."

"What then is there left for me to do?" asked the Count, dismayed at the coil in which he had involved himself.

"Nothing," advised the Knight of Ehrenburg, "except to apologise abjectly to the Archbishop, and that not too soon, for his Lordship may refuse to accept it. But when he formally demands it, I should render it to him on his own terms, and think myself well out of an awkward position."

The Count of Winneburg rose from his seat, and lifting his clinched fist high above his head, shook it at the timbers of the roof.

"That," he cried, "will I never do, while one stone of Winneburg stands upon another."

At this, those present, always with the exception of the Knight of Ehrenburg, sprang to their feet, shooting:

"Imperial troops or no, we stand by the Count of Winneburg!"

Some one flashed forth a sword, and instantly a glitter of blades was in the air, while cheer after cheer rang to the rafters. When the uproar had somewhat subsided, the Knight of Ehrenburg said calmly:

"My castle stands nearest to the capital, and will be the first to fall, but, nevertheless, hoping to do my shouting when the war is ended, I join my forces with those of the rest of you."

And amidst this unanimity, and much emptying of flagons, the assemblage dissolved, each man with his escort taking his way to his own stronghold, perhaps to con more soberly, next day, the problem that confronted them. They were fighters all, and would not flinch when the pinch came, whatever the outcome.

Day followed day with no sign from Treves.

Winneburg employed the time in setting his house in order to be ready for whatever chanced, and just as the Count was beginning to congratulate himself that his deed was to be without consequences, there rode up to his castle gates a horseman, accompanied by two lancers, and on the newcomer's breast were emblazoned the Imperial arms. Giving voice to his horn, the gates were at once thrown open to him, and, entering, he demanded instant speech with the Count.

"My Lord, Count Winneburg," he said, when that giant had presented himself, "His Majesty the Emperor commands me to summon you to the Court at Frankfort."

"Do you take me as prisoner, then?" asked the Count.

"Nothing was said to me of arrest. I was merely commissioned to deliver to you the message of the Emperor."

"What are your orders if I refuse to go?"

A hundred armed men stood behind the Count, a thousand more were within call of the castle bell; two lances only were at the back of the messenger; but the strength of the empire was betokened by the symbol on his breast.

"My orders are to take back your answer to his Imperial Majesty," replied the messenger calmly.

The Count, though hot-headed, was no fool, and he stood for a moment pondering on the words which the Knight of Ehrenburg had spoken on taking his leave:

"Let not the crafty Archbishop embroil you with the Emperor."

This warning had been the cautious warrior's parting advice to him.

"If you will honour my humble roof," said the Count slowly, "by taking refreshment under it, I shall be glad of your company afterwards to Frankfort, in obedience to his Majesty's commands."

"That," he cried, "will I never do while one stone of Winneburg stands upon another."

The messenger bowed low, accepted the hospitality, and together they made way across the Moselle, and along the Roman road to the capital.

Within the walls of Frankfort the Count was lodged in rooms near the palace, to which his conductor guided him, and, although it was still held that he was not a prisoner, an armed man paced to and fro before his door all night. The day following his arrival, Count Winneburg was summoned to the Court, and in a large ante-room found himself one of a numerous throng, conspicuous among them all by reason of his great height and bulk.

The huge hall was hung with tapestry, and at the further end were great curtains, at each edge of which stood half-a-dozen armoured men, the detachments being under command of two gaily-uniformed officers. Occasionally the curtains were parted by menials who stood

there to perform that duty, and high nobles entered, or came out, singly and in groups. Down the sides of the hall were packed some hundreds of people, chattering together for the most part, and gazing at those who passed up and down the open space in the centre.

The Count surmised that the Emperor held his Court in whatever apartment was behind the crimson curtains. He felt the eyes of the multitude upon him, and shifted uneasily from one foot to another, cursing his ungainliness, ashamed of the tingling of the blood in his cheeks. He was out of place in this laughing, talking crowd, experiencing the sensations of an uncouth rustic suddenly thrust into the turmoil of a metropolis, resenting bitterly the supposed sneers that were flung at him. He suspected that the whispering and the giggling were directed towards himself, and burned to draw his sword and let these popinjays know for once what a man could do. As a matter of fact it was a buzz of admiration at his stature which went up when he entered, but the Count had so little of self-conceit in his soul that he never even guessed the truth.

Two nobles passing near him, he heard one of them say distinctly:

"That is the fellow who threw the Archbishop over his head," while the other, glancing at him, said:

"By the Coat, he seems capable of upsetting the three of them, and I, for one, wish more power to his muscle should he attempt it."

The Count shrank against the tapestried walls, hot with anger, wishing himself a dwarf that he might escape the gaze of so many inquiring eyes. Just as the scrutiny was becoming unbearable, his companion touched him on the elbow, and said in a low voice:

"Count Winneburg, follow me."

He held aside the tapestry at the back of the Count, and that noble, nothing loth, disappeared from view behind it.

Entering a narrow passage-way, they traversed it until they came to a closed door, at each lintel of which stood a pikeman, fronted with a shining breastplate of metal. The Count's conductor knocked gently at the closed door, then opened it, holding it so that the Count could pass in, and when he had done so, the door closed softly behind him. To his amazement, Winneburg saw before him, standing at the further end of the small room, the Emperor Rudolph, entirely alone. The Count awkwardly was about to kneel, when his liege strode forward and prevented him.

"Count Winneburg," he said, "from what I hear of you, your elbow joints are more supple than those of your knees, therefore let us be thankful that on this occasion there is no need to use

The Count awkwardly was about to kneel.

either. I see you are under the mistaken impression that the Emperor is present. Put that thought from your mind, and regard me simply as Lord Rudolph—one gentleman wishing to have some little conversation with another."

"Your Majesty——" stammered the Count.

"I have but this moment suggested that you forget that title, 'my Lord.' But, leaving aside all question of salutation, let us get to the heart of the matter, for I think we are both direct men. You are summoned to Frankfort because that high and mighty Prince of the Church, the Archbishop of Treves, has made complaint to the Emperor against you, alleging what seems to be an unpardonable indignity suffered by him at your hands."

"Your Majesty—my Lord, I mean," faltered the Count. "The indignity was of his own seeking; he sat down in my chair, where he had no right to place himself, and I—I—persuaded him to relinquish his position."

"So I am informed—that is to say, so his Majesty has been informed," replied Rudolph, a slight smile hovering round his finely chiselled lips. "We are not here to comment upon any of the Archbishop's delinquencies, but, granting, for the sake of argument, that he had encroached upon your rights, nevertheless, he was under your roof, and honestly, I fail to see that you were justified in cracking his heels against the same."

"Well, your Majesty—again I beg your Majesty's pardon——"

"Oh, no matter," said the Emperor, "call me what you like; names signify little."

"If then the Emperor," continued the Count, "found an intruder sitting on his throne, would he like it, think you?"

"His feeling, perhaps, would be one of astonishment, my Lord Count, but, speaking for the Emperor, I am certain that he would never lay hands on the usurper, or treat him like a sack of corn in a yeoman's barn."

The Count laughed heartily at this, and was relieved to find that this quitted him of the tension which the great presence had at first caused.

"Truth to tell, your Majesty, I am sorry I touched him. I should have requested him to withdraw, but my arm has always been more ready in action than my tongue, as you can readily see since I came into this room."

"Indeed, Count, your tongue does you very good service," continued the Emperor, "and I am glad to have from you an expression of regret. I hope, therefore, that you will have no hesitation in repeating that declaration to the Archbishop of Treves."

"Does your Majesty mean that I am to apologise to him?"

"Yes," answered the Emperor.

There was a moment's pause, then the Count said slowly:

"I will surrender to your Majesty my person, my sword, my castle, and my lands. I will, at your word, prostrate myself at your feet, and humbly beg pardon for any offence I have committed against you, but to tell the Archbishop I am sorry when I am not, and to cringe before him and supplicate his grace, well, your Majesty, as between man and man, I'll see him dead first."

Again the Emperor had some difficulty in preserving that rigidity of expression which he had evidently resolved to maintain.

"Have you ever met a ghost, my Lord Count?" he asked.

Winneburg crossed himself devoutly, a sudden pallor coming over his face.

"Indeed, your Majesty, I have seen strange things, and things for which there was no accounting; but it has been usually after a contest with the wine flagon, and at the time my head was none of the clearest, so I would not venture to say whether they were ghosts or no."

"Imagine, then, that in one of the corridors of your castle at midnight you met a white-robed transparent figure, through whose form your sword passed scathlessly. What would you do, my Lord?"

"Indeed, your Majesty, I would take to my heels, and bestow myself elsewhere as speedily as possible."

"Most wisely spoken, and you, who are no coward, who fear not to face willingly in combat anything natural, would, in certain circumstances, trust to swift flight for your protection. Very well, my Lord, you are now confronted with something against which your stout arm is as unavailing as it would be if an apparition stood in your path.

There is before you the spectre of subtlety. Use arm instead of brain, and you are a lost man.

"The Archbishop expects no apology. He looks for a stalwart, stubborn man, defying himself and the Empire combined. You think, perhaps, that the Imperial troops will surround your castle, and that you may stand a siege. Now the Emperor would rather have you fight with him than against him, but in truth there will be no contest. Hold to your refusal, and you will be arrested before you leave the precincts of this palace. You will be thrown into a dungeon, your castle and your lands sequestered; and I call your attention to the fact that your estate adjoins the possessions of the Archbishop at Cochem, and Heaven fend me for hinting that his Lordship casts covetous eyes over his boundary; yet, nevertheless, he will probably not refuse to accept your possessions in reparation for the insult bestowed upon him. Put it this way if you like. Would you rather pleasure me or pleasure the Archbishop of Treves?"

"There is no question as to that," answered the Count.

"Then it will please me well if you promise to apologise to his Lordship the Archbishop of Treves. That his Lordship will be equally pleased, I very much doubt."

"Will your Majesty command me in open Court to apologise?"

"I shall request you to do so. I must uphold the Feudal law."

"Then I beseech your Majesty to command me, for I am a loyal subject, and will obey."

"God give me many such," said the Emperor fervently, "and bestow upon me the wisdom to deserve them!"

He extended his hand to the Count, then touched a bell on the table beside him. The officer who had conducted Winneburg entered silently, and acted as his guide back to the thronged apartment they had left. The Count saw that the great crimson curtains were now looped up, giving a view of the noble interior of the room beyond, thronged with the great of the empire. The hall leading to it was almost deserted, and the Count, under convoy of two lancemen, being nearly as tall as their weapons, passed in to the Throne Room, and found all eyes turned upon him.

He was brought to a stand before an elevated daïs, the centre of which was occupied by a lofty throne, which at the moment, was empty. Near it, on the elevation, stood the three Archbishops of Treves, Cologne, and Mayence, on the other side the Count Palatine of the Rhine with the remaining three electors. The nobles of the realm occupied places according to their degree.

As the stalwart Count came in, a buzz of conversation swept over the hall like a breeze among the leaves of a forest. A malignant scowl darkened the countenance of the Archbishop of Treves, but the faces of Cologne and Mayence expressed a certain Christian resignation regarding the contumely that had been endured by their colleague. The Count stood stolidly where he was placed, and gazed at the vacant throne, turning his eyes neither to the right nor the left.

Suddenly there was a fanfare of trumpets, and instant silence smote the assembly. First came officers of the Imperial Guard in shining armour, then the immediate advisers and councillors of his Majesty, and last of all, the Emperor himself, a robe of great richness clasped at his throat, and trailing behind him; the crown of the empire upon his head. His face was pale and stern, and he looked what he was, a monarch, and a man. The Count rubbed his eyes, and could scarcely believe that he stood now in the presence of one who had chatted amiably with him but a few moments before.

The Emperor sat on his throne, and one of his councillors whispered for some moments to him; then the Emperor said, in a low, clear voice, that penetrated to the farthest corner of the vast apartment:

"Is the Count of Winneburg here?"

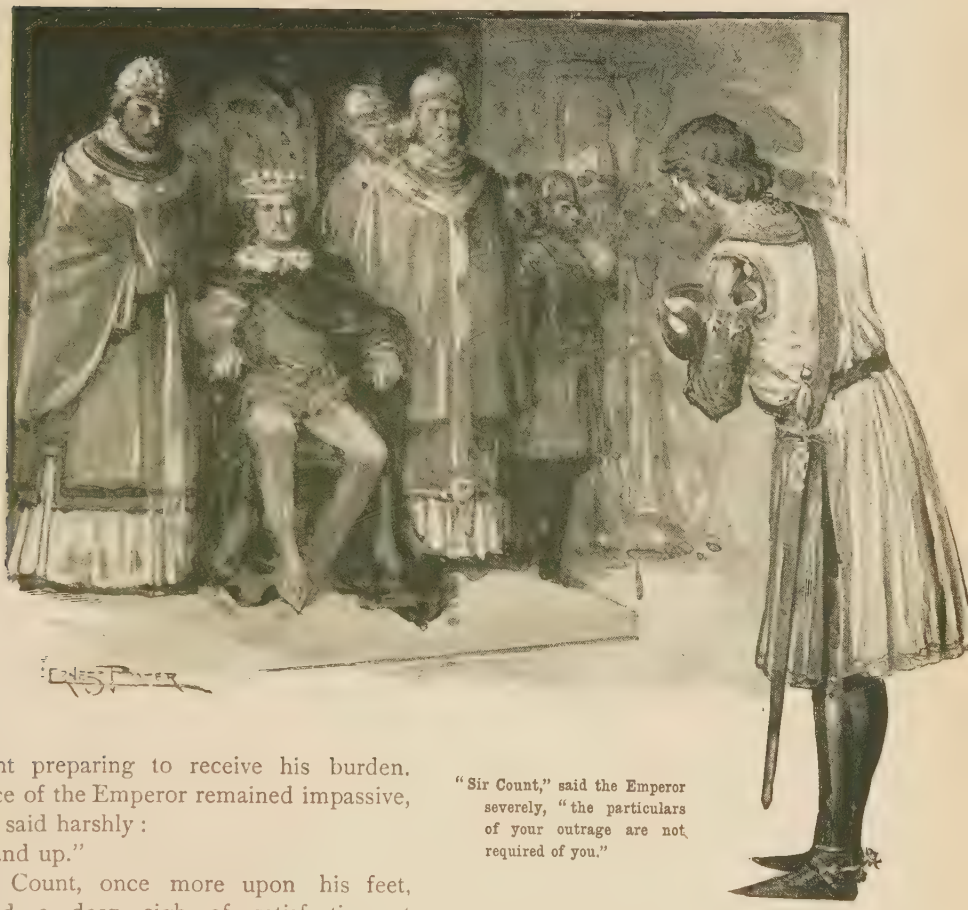
"Yes, your Majesty."

"Let him stand forward."

The Count strode two long steps to the front, and stood there, red-faced and abashed. The officer at his side whispered:

"Kneel, you fool, kneel."

And the Count got himself somewhat clumsily down upon his knees, like an



"Sir Count," said the Emperor severely, "the particulars of your outrage are not required of you."

elephant preparing to receive his burden. The face of the Emperor remained impassive, and he said harshly:

"Stand up."

The Count, once more upon his feet, breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction at finding himself again in an upright posture.

"Count of Winneburg," said the Emperor slowly, "it is alleged that upon the occasion of the last meeting of the Council of State for the Moselle valley, you, in presence of the nobles there assembled, cast a slight upon your over-lord, the Archbishop of Treves. Do you question the statement?"

The Count cleared his throat several times, which in the stillness of that vaulted room sounded like the distant booming of cannon.

"If to cast the Archbishop half the distance of this room is to cast a slight upon him, I did so, your Majesty."

There was a simultaneous ripple of laughter at this, instantly suppressed when the searching eye of the Emperor swept the room.

"Sir Count," said the Emperor severely, "the particulars of your outrage are not required of you; only your admission thereof. Hear, then, my commands. Betake yourself to your castle of Winneburg, and hold yourself there in readiness to proceed to Treves on a day appointed by his Lordship the Archbishop, an Elector of this Empire, there to humble yourself before him, and crave his pardon for the offence you have committed. Disobey at your peril."

Once or twice the Count moistened his dry lips, then he said:

"Your Majesty, I will obey any command you place upon me."

"In that case," continued the Emperor, his severity visibly relaxing, "I can promise that your over-lord will not hold this incident against you. Such, I understand, is your intention, my Lord Archbishop?" and the Emperor turned toward the Prince of Treves.

The Archbishop bowed low, and thus veiled the malignant hatred in his eyes.

"Yes, your Majesty," he replied, "providing the apology is given as publicly as was

the insult, in presence of those who were witnesses of the Count's foolishness."

"That is but a just condition," said the Emperor. "It is my pleasure that the Council be summoned to Treves to hear the Count's apology. And now, Count of Winneburg, you are at liberty to withdraw."

The Count drew his mammoth hand across his brow, and scattered to the floor the moisture that had collected there. He tried to speak, but apparently could not, then turned and walked resolutely towards the door. There was instant outcry at this, the Chamberlain of the Court standing in stupefied amazement at a breach of etiquette which exhibited any man's back to the Emperor; but a smile relaxed the Emperor's lips, and he held up his hand.

"Do not molest him," he said, as the Count disappeared. "He is unused to the artificial manners of a Court. In truth, I take it as a friendly act, for I am sure the valiant Count never turned his back upon a foe," which Imperial witticism was well received, for the sayings of an Emperor rarely lack applause.

The Count, wending his long way home by the route he had come, spent the first half of the journey in cursing the Archbishop, and the latter half in thinking over the situation. By the time he had reached his castle he had formulated a plan, and this plan he proceeded to put into execution on receiving the summons of the Archbishop to come to Treves on the first day of the following month and make his apology, the Archbishop, with characteristic penuriousness, leaving the inviting of the fifteen nobles, who formed the Council, to Winneburg, and thus his Lordship of Treves was saved the expense of sending special messengers to each. In case Winneburg neglected to summon the whole Council, the Archbishop added to his message, that he would refuse to receive the apology if any of the nobles were absent.

Winneburg sent messengers, first to Beilstein, asking him to attend at Treves on the second day of the month, and bring with him an escort of at least a thousand men. Another he asked for the third, another for the fourth, another for the fifth, and so on, resolved that before a complete quorum was present, half of the month would be gone, and with it most of the Archbishop's provender, for his Lordship, according to the laws of hospitality, was bound to entertain free of all charge to themselves the various nobles and their escorts.

On the first day of the month Winneburg entered the northern gate of Treves, accompanied by two hundred horsemen and eight hundred foot soldiers. At first the officers of the Archbishop thought that an invasion was contemplated, but Winneburg suavely explained that if a thing was worth doing at all, it was worth doing well, and he was not going to make any hole-and-corner affair of his apology. Next day Beilstein came along accompanied by five hundred cavalry, and five hundred foot soldiers.

The Chamberlain of the Archbishop was in despair at having to find quarters for so many, but he did the best he could, while the Archbishop was enraged to observe that the nobles did not assemble in greater haste, but each as he came had a plausible excuse for his delay. Some had to build bridges, sickness had broken out in another camp, while a third expedition had lost its way and wandered in the forest.

The streets of Treves each night resounded with songs of revelry, varied by the clash of swords, when a party of the newcomers fell foul of a squad of the town soldiers, and the officers on either side had much ado to keep the peace among their men. The Archbishop's wine cups were running dry, and the price of provisions had risen, the whole surrounding country being placed under contribution for provender and drink. When a week had elapsed the Archbishop relaxed his dignity and sent for Count Winneburg.

"We will not wait for the others," he said. "I have no desire to humiliate you unnecessarily. Those who are here will bear witness that you have apologised, and so I shall not insist on the presence of the laggards, but will receive your apology to-morrow at high noon in the great council chamber."

"Ah, there speaks a noble heart, ever thinking generously of those who despitefully use you, my Lord Archbishop," said Count Winneburg. "But no, no, I cannot accept such a sacrifice. The Emperor showed me

plainly the enormity of my offence. In the presence of all I insulted you, wretch that I am, and in the presence of all shall I abase myself."

"But I do not seek your abasement," protested the Archbishop, frowning.

"The more honour, then, to your benevolent nature," answered the Count, "and the more shameful would it be of me to take advantage of it. As I stood a short time since on the walls, I saw coming up the river the banners of the Knight of Ehrenburg. His castle is the furthest removed from Treves, and so the others cannot surely delay long. We will wait, my Lord Archbishop, until all are here. But I thank you just as much for your generosity as if I were craven enough to shield myself behind it."

The Knight of Ehrenburg in due time arrived, and behind him his thousand men, many of whom were compelled to sleep in the public buildings, for all the rooms in Treves were occupied. Next day the Archbishop summoned the assembled nobles and said he would hear the apology in their presence. If the others missed it, it was their own fault—they should have been in time.

"I cannot apologise," said the Count, "until all are here. It was the Emperor's order, and who am I to disobey my Emperor? We must await their coming with patience, and, indeed, Treves is a goodly town, in which all of us find ourselves fully satisfied."

"Then, my blessing on you all," said the Archbishop in a sour tone most unsuited for the benediction he was bestowing. "Return, I beg of you, instantly, to your castles. I forego the apology."

"But I insist on tendering it," cried the Count, his mournful voice giving some indication of the sorrow he felt at his offence if it went unrequited. "It is my duty, not only to you, my Lord Archbishop, but to his Majesty the Emperor."

"Then, in Heaven's name get on with it and depart. I am willing to accept it on your own terms, as I have said before."

"No, not on my own terms, but on yours. What matters a delay of a week or two? The hunting season does not begin for a fortnight, and we are all as well at Treves as at home. Besides, how could I ever face my Emperor again, knowing I had disobeyed his commands?"

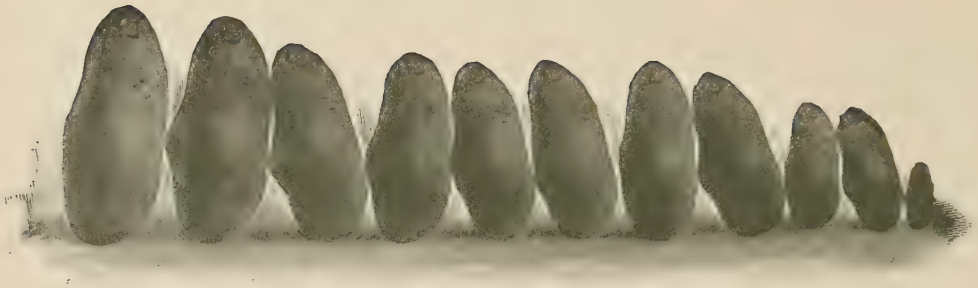
"I will make it right with the Emperor," said the Archbishop.

The Knight of Ehrenburg now spoke up, calmly, as was his custom:

"'Tis a serious matter," he said, "for a man to take another's word touching action of his Majesty the Emperor. You have clerks here with you; perhaps then you will bid them indite a document to be signed by yourself absolving my friend, the Count of Winneburg, from all necessity of apologising, so that should the Emperor take offence at his disobedience, the parchment may hold him scathless."

"I will do anything to be quit of you," muttered the Archbishop more to himself than to the others.

And so the document was written and signed. With this parchment in his saddlebags the Count and his comrades quitted the town, drinking in half flagons the health of the Archbishop, because there was not left in Treves enough wine to fill the measures to the brim.



Ireland.	Germany.	Netherlands.	Norway.	Sweden.	France.	Austria.	Canada.	Great Britain.	U.S.	Italy.
1467lb.	1300lb.	840lb.	740lb.	740lb.	700lb.	663lb.	660lb.	238lb.	200lb.	48lb.

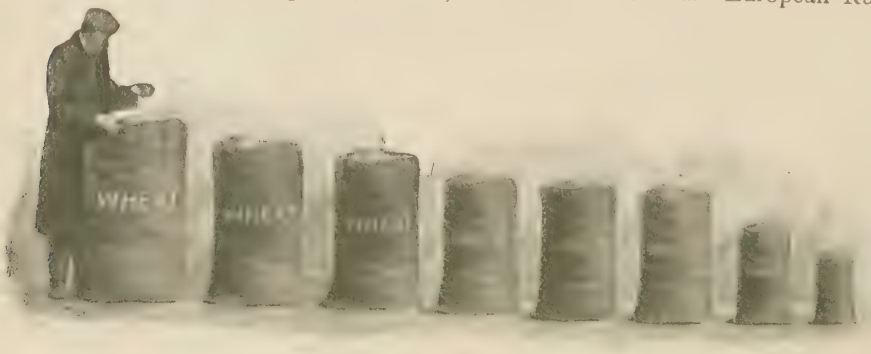
The yearly consumption of potatoes per head in different countries.

THE WORLD'S BILL OF FARE.

By George B. Waldron.

The average man, if asked what is the most important crop of the world, would unhesitatingly say, "Wheat." This is true in England, France, and the United States, but far from the case in the world as a whole. The first place must be given the potato. Ireland is not the only country of Europe which subsists largely on that vegetable. Of all the staple crops of the world, the potato takes the first place, the annual crop being more than 4000 million bushels, against 2500 million bushels of wheat, 2600 million bushels of maize, 1300 million bushels of rye, and 750 million bushels of barley. Of the total potato crop, Europe produces fully seven-eighths, which is two and one-half times as much as her wheat, and all her cereals together are but 50 per cent. more.

In the consumption of the potato, Ireland, as may be expected, stands at the head. Her average annual consumption per inhabitant is 1467 pounds, or a daily average of 4 pounds. Next comes Germany, with over 1300 pounds to each person. Her total consumption reaches 1170 million bushels, or more than a quarter of the entire consumption of the world. Then come the Netherlands, with a per capita consumption of 840 pounds; then Norway and Sweden, with 740 pounds; France, 700; Austria-Hungary, 663; and Canada, 660 pounds. At the other end of the list stands Italy, with only 48 pounds to each inhabitant. The United States requires 250 million bushels of potatoes a year, or 200 pounds for each person. This is less by 38 pounds than the average consumption in Great Britain, and about the same as that of Australia. European Russia uses



France.	Canada.	Italy.	Great Britain.	U.S.	Austria.	Russia.	Japan.
467lb.	360lb.	307lb.	250lb.	240lb.	230lb.	93lb.	22lb.

The yearly consumption of wheat per head.

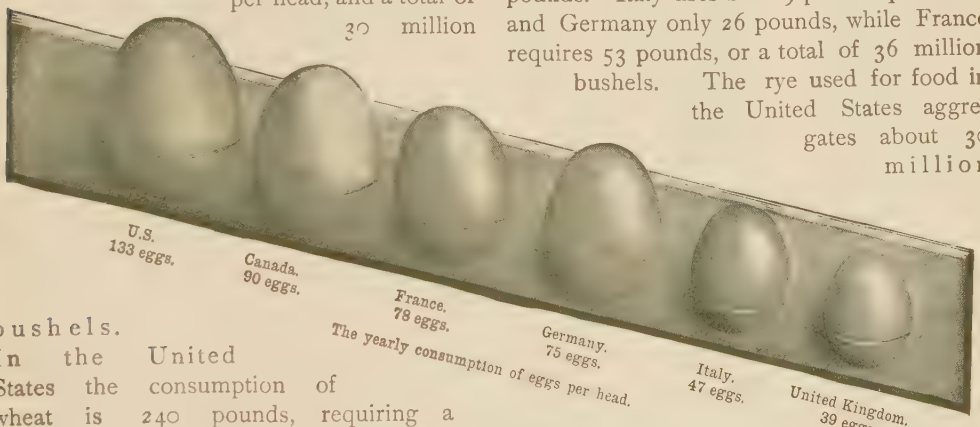
U.S. 147lb. | United Kingdom. 100lb. | France. 77lb. | Germany. 64lb. | Russia. 50lb. | Italy. 24lb.

The yearly consumption of meat per head.

850 million bushels, or 481 pounds per head.

In the consumption of wheat, France heads the list, requiring 300 million bushels a year, or 467 pounds to each inhabitant. Next comes Canada, with 360 pounds per head, and a total of 30 million bushels. In the United States the consumption of wheat is 240 pounds, requiring a total of 300 million bushels. Italy requires 307 pounds per head, or a total of 160 million bushels. Germany, Russia, Great Britain, and Hungary each use about the same total, 165 million bushels; but Great Britain's per capita consumption is 250 pounds, against 93 pounds for Russia, 180 pounds for Germany, and 230 pounds for Austria-Hungary. At the other end of the list is Japan, with but 16 millions total, making a consumption of 22 pounds to each inhabitant.

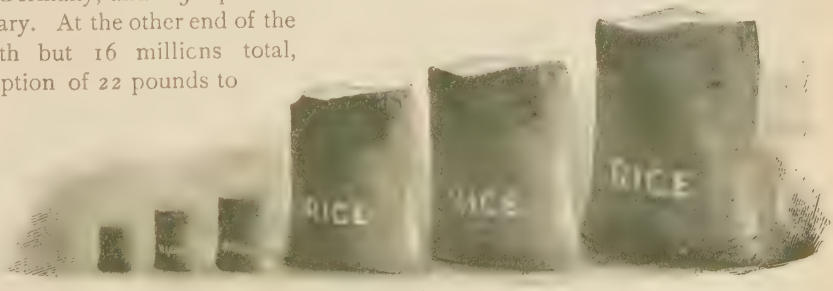
Where these countries lack in the consumption of wheat, however, the deficit is, as a rule, made up in other grains. Rye is the grain most in use in Russia, where 580 million bushels are consumed each year, or an average of 307 pounds to each inhabitant. At the head of the list of European countries stands Denmark, with 320 pounds; then Sweden, 314 pounds, and Norway, 224 pounds. Italy uses but 29 pounds per head, and Germany only 26 pounds, while France requires 53 pounds, or a total of 36 million bushels. The rye used for food in the United States aggregates about 30 million bushels, or 22 pounds to each inhabitant.



U.S. 133 eggs. | Canada. 90 eggs. | France. 78 eggs. | Germany. 75 eggs. | Italy. 47 eggs. | United Kingdom. 39 eggs.

The yearly consumption of eggs per head.

The use of oats for human food is also, as a rule, largest where wheat is least common. Norway, for example, stands near the head of the list, with 112 pounds to each person. Germany uses 97 pounds; the

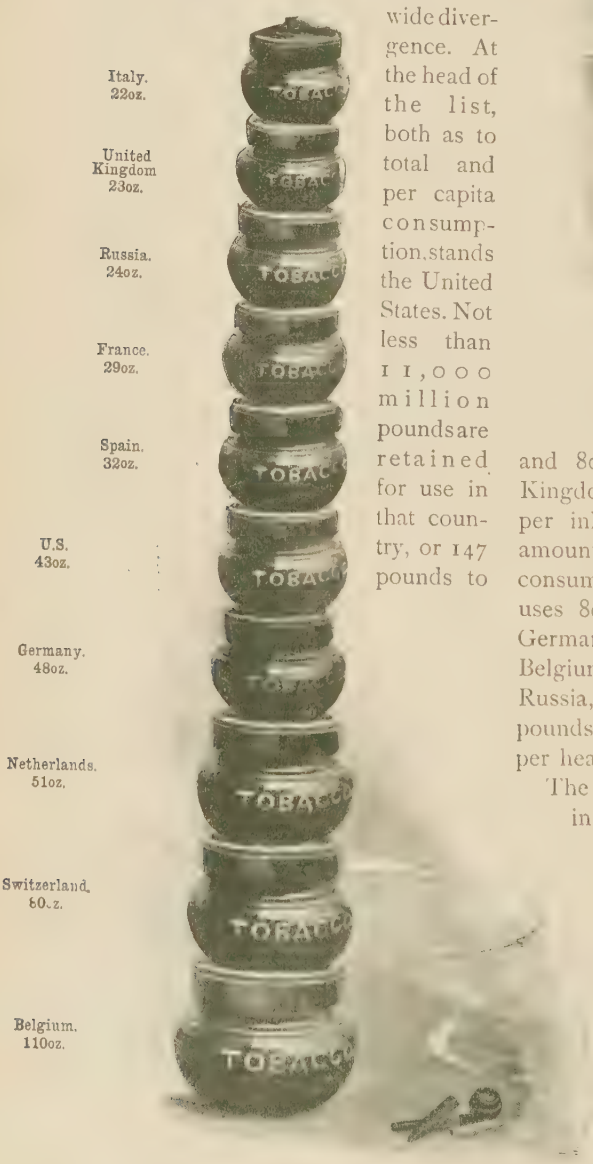


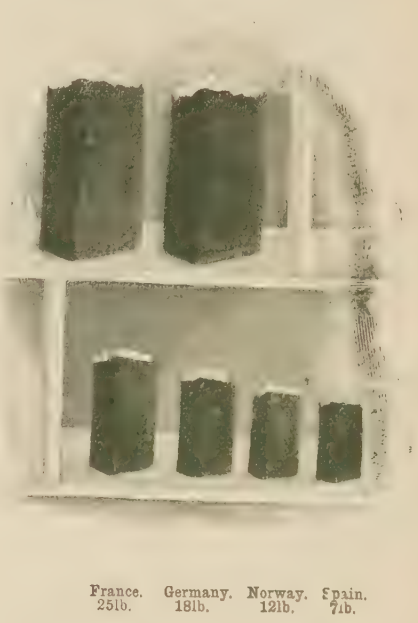
U.S. 4lb. | Gt. Britain. 9lb. | Italy. 14lb. | India. 200lb. | Japan. 300lb. | Bombay Province. 547lb.

The yearly consumption of rice per head.

Netherlands and Sweden, both 96; Russia, 90; Belgium, 74; Spain, 55; Italy, 46; and Austria-Hungary, 45 pounds. In spite of the large use of oats as a food in Scotland, the average of the United Kingdom is but 12 pounds. In the United States it is estimated that 180 million bushels are used for food, or 77 pounds per head. Canada uses 51 pounds.

It is in the use of meats that the various nations show a wide divergence. At the head of the list, both as to total and per capita consumption, stands the United States. Not less than 11,000 million pounds are retained for use in that country, or 147 pounds to each person. Of this, in round numbers, 5000 million pounds are beef, 4000 pork,





The yearly consumption of sugar per head.

and 800 mutton. Next stands the United Kingdom, with an average of 100 pounds per inhabitant, but only a fraction of this amount goes to the Irish, since their average consumption is but 56 pounds. Norway uses 80 pounds; France, 77; Spain, 70; Germany, 64; Sweden and Switzerland, 62; Belgium, 61; Austria-Hungary, 60; and Russia, Portugal, and the Netherlands, 50 pounds. Italy uses but 24 pounds of meat per head.

The United States also stands at the head in the use of eggs, fully 10,000 million being required in the course of a year, or 133 eggs to each person. Next stands Canada, with 90 eggs to each person. Denmark uses 80 eggs; France 78, and Germany 75 eggs. The United Kingdom requires but 39 eggs to each person, and Italy but 47 eggs.

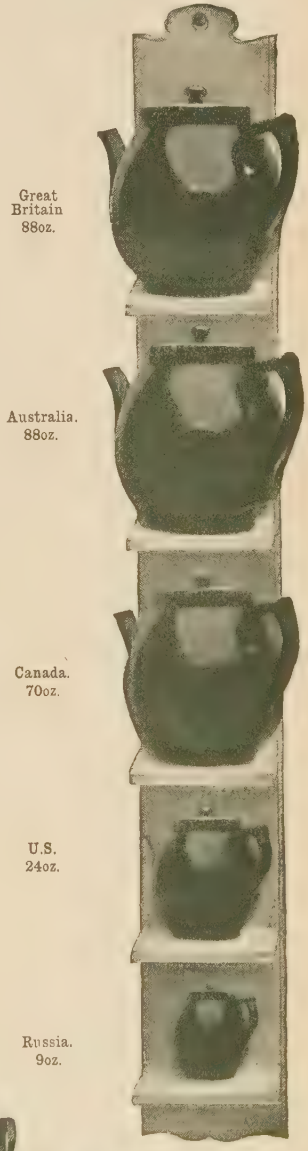
In the use of rice there is a wide divergence. Great Britain takes 350 million pounds or 9 pounds to each person, whilst the United

States requires but 300 million pounds, which is only four pounds per capita; Spain uses 5 pounds, and Italy 14. But Japan requires no less than 300 pounds, and the average of all India is 200 pounds. The Province of Bombay alone uses 10,000 million pounds, or 547 pounds to each inhabitant.

A statement commonly made is that the United States takes the lead in the use of sugar. This, however, is not the case. The palm must be given to Great Britain, which requires 3000 million pounds per annum, or 80 pounds to each inhabitant. In the United States, 5500 million pounds are used, but the consumption per head is 7 pounds less than in Great Britain, or 73 pounds. France uses 960 million pounds, or 25 pounds to each person. Germany, which has made such remarkable strides in producing beet sugar for our own and other nations, retains but little of it comparatively for her own consumption. The total is 950 million pounds, or only 18 pounds to each person. Austria-Hungary uses 15 pounds; Sweden, 20; Norway, 12, and Spain, only 7 pounds.

Tobacco is another native of the New World which has come into general use. Here the United States stands at the head in the total consumption, using 200 million pounds during the year, but this is only 43 ounces to each person—much less than the consumption of Belgium, for example, which stands at 110 ounces, or Switzerland, where 80 ounces are used. The Netherlands use 51 ounces to each person, while Germany, noted for its use of this "weed," requires 48 ounces. Russia uses 24 ounces; France, 29; Italy, 22; Spain, 32; whilst the United Kingdom stands very nearly at the bottom of the list with 23 ounces.

In the use of beverages the various nations show an equally marked divergence. Take, for example, the matter of tea. In this, Great Britain and her dependencies in Australia lead the world, requiring no fewer than 88 ounces to each inhabitant, which is a total in Great Britain of 230 million pounds, and in Australia of 22 million pounds. Canada uses somewhat less, the average being 70 ounces to each person. The United States requires 110 million pounds of tea, which is 24 ounces per head. Russia, however, uses only



The yearly consumption of tea per head.

The yearly consumption of coffee per head.

United Kingdom. 30 gals. | Germany. 27 gals. | Denmark. 24 gals. | U.S. 15 gals. | Switzerland. 14 gals. | Netherlands. 8 gals. | France. 6 gals. | Canada. 4 gals. | Italy. 1 gal. | Spain. 1 pint.

The yearly consumption of beer per head.

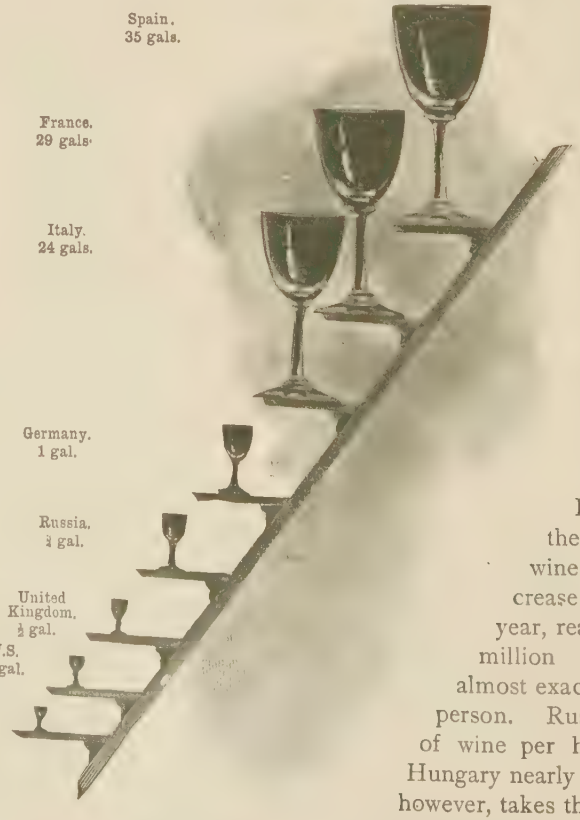
60 million pounds, or 9 ounces to each person.

In the use of coffee the Netherlands stand at the head, using no fewer than 370 ounces to each person. Denmark consumes 247 ounces, and Belgium 176 ounces. Next comes the United States, with 155 ounces, which requires a total of 725 million pounds during the year. At the other end is Russia, whose people consume 30 million pounds during the year, or 3 ounces to each person. Spain uses but 9 ounces, and Great Britain only 11 ounces, Germany requires 78 ounces, or a total of 245 million pounds; Switzerland, 112 ounces; France, 53; Austria-Hungary, 32; and Italy, 17 ounces.

Perhaps the widest divergence of all is to be found in the use of the stronger drinks. Take beer, for example. In this the United Kingdom takes the lead, with no fewer than 1200 million gallons per year, or 30 gallons to each inhabitant. Germany uses 1400 million gallons, or 27 gallons per head; and then comes Denmark, with 24 gallons to each person In the United States 1050 million gallons are used each year, which gives an average of 15 gallons to each person. Switzerland uses 14 gallons per head; France, 6 gallons. Sweden and Norway, 7; the Netherlands, 8; and Canada, 4 gallons.

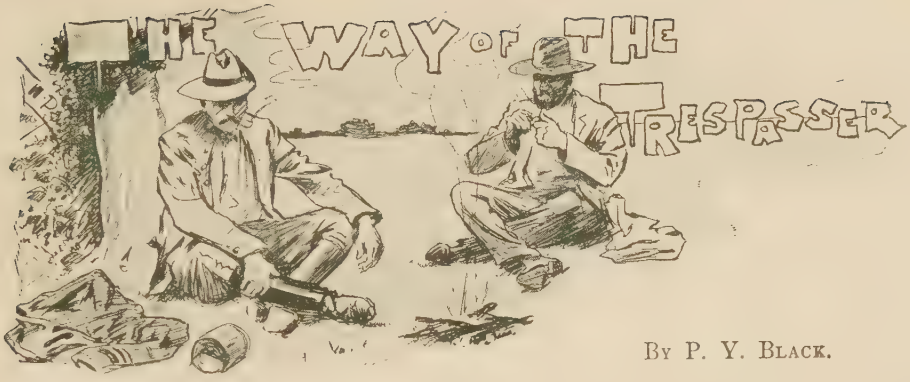
Such wine-drinking countries as Spain, Italy and Greece use very little beer. Italy requires less than a gallon, Greece about 2 quarts, and Spain is satisfied with little over a pint.

In wine consumption, however, Spain takes the lead, with 35 gallons to each person. Then comes France, with 29 gallons; and Italy, 24 gallons. These countries are in marked contrast with beer-drinking Germany, which uses but little over a gallon of wine per inhabitant, and the United Kingdom, which requires less than 2 quarts.



The yearly consumption of wine per head.

In the United States the consumption of wine has largely increased during the last year, reaching a total of 38 million gallons, which is almost exactly 2 quarts to each person. Russia uses ¾ gallon of wine per head, and Austria-Hungary nearly 3 gallons. Canada, however, takes the lowest place, with less than 1 pint to each person.



By P. Y. Black.

An Episode on a Boer Farm, Showing how Two Travellers in the Transvaal Suffered the Loss of their Supper.

There are moments and occasions when utter strangers greet with effusive heartiness and a brotherly leaping of the heart. I do not know that the apparition of my wealthiest friend could have more lightened my spirit and more quickly have dressed my face in smiles than did the presence on the roadside of that wandering ex-trooper of the Bechuanaland Border Police. He reclined, with an assured ease, and a possession of confidence, which, on that lonely veldt, fifty miles from an inn in a stranger-peopled country, rejoiced me as with the nearness of a home. A dwarfed tree afforded him shade; a nearly dried-up pan was not far off; his blanket was thrown beside him, and a billy of a convenient size reposed between the extended military breeches.

Doubtless an extra sincerity was afforded to my cordial greeting by the dainty vapours which arose from that billy, as I drew near. A hot mouthful prevented him from doing more in the way of invitation than waving me to a seat on the boulder-peppered turf. It was enough, my knife was handy, and I forked from the pot by its aid a tenderly stewed bird's wing. The meat dispatched, the trooper pushed the billy towards me, and, in the absence of spoons, I drank from it a fair share of the soup, which he promptly finished. It was then my good fortune to contribute to the repast the last cupful of coffee in my possession. At the pan I cleaned the billy and filled it with fresh water, while the trooper placed some more fuel upon the smouldering fire.

"I fear," said I, "that I have no sugar."

"This is a beast of a country," said the trooper. "I haven't had any sugar in my coffee for three days. Come to think, I haven't had much coffee either. Well, there is always tobacco somehow. I am economising on native."

"I have yet a pipe or two of bird's eye," I was glad to say, and with that we fraternised.

It was early in the day when we slung our blankets about our shoulders and stepped out cheerfully along the lonely trek, for to each some companionship was that morning the most needful thing. For nearly a week my way had been entirely one of solitude, so that my own voice had sounded startlingly in my ears if I had called out to raise a chance bird in the path. So, it appeared, had been the fortune of the stranger, and it was now a mutual delight to keep step and chatter.

He was readily catalogued — a prodigal and an exile, one of the South African army who had left his past, perhaps his name, in England, despairingly seeking a new repute.

"It is unnecessary," he remarked, when we had exchanged names, "to ask if you are for the Rand."

"It is the loadstone," I said. "Everybody is drawing there, and for my purposes, which are pretty vague, Johannesburg is perhaps the most promising place in South Africa."

That stretch of road on the Bechuana side of the Transvaal—if we may flatter it by calling it "road"—is terribly monotonous, through unwooded veldt, sinking to dried-up

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brooks, rising to dusty summits, wearily interminable. We met, I remember, in over twenty miles, not a living creature—nor Boer, nor Kaffir.

We were fortunate in having cold coffee and plenty of tobacco, and it was not until we began to feel hungry that, in the proper fashion of the road, we cast about for a method of providing supper. We had not between us, it is to be remembered, a sixpence, so we began to reconnoitre the surrounding veldt with a yearning for the sight of a farmstead.

It neared sundown, when we found what we sought, a mile and more from the trail, a house of comforting proportions wrapped in an outer cloak of woods. An oblique path led down to it, and this we took, to levy wallaber's tribute upon the farmer. The sun sank rapidly as we approached, and it was dusk when we halted to consult by a large pond, a little distance from the house. By this the trooper sat him down and grinned at me.

"My dress," he said, "is obnoxious to the Boer, who has shot at such a uniform before, and may again. You go alone and do your best. It does not matter if he doesn't speak English. He's pretty sure to understand you."

I left him scraping crumbs from his pockets to feed the ducks in the pond, and went on to the house. Rising ground soon hid him from my sight. Following the path, I was met by a small barefooted boy, on whom I lavished my smiles. The suspicious little rascal did not pause to return them, but turned and ran swiftly to the house door.

My disgust was further marked, when, ten yards from the threshold, I was confronted by an enormously big Boer with a beard cut shovelwise, who bore a rifle with a very long barrel, and informed me in a shout that I was a "verdamter Uitlander." He told me other things, probably equally discomposing, but that was all I understood, and between his legs peeped out the towhead of the youngster who had given the alarm—a face stretched in the most delightfully malicious grin I ever beheld.

I, however, was spurred by the thought of going supperless, and advanced a step with a salute. Up went the gun to the Boer's hip, and his abuse poured faster. I ventured to speak; the gun went up to his shoulder. I retreated, and I heard the door slam behind me.

The trooper was awaiting me with greater anxiety to haste away than I imagined his lounge by the quiet pond would have excited. He received my news very calmly.

"It's a pity the beast wouldn't give us some coffee, at least," he said, "but come on."

Very sulkily I followed him through the trees, past a rude barn, where lay exposed some pumpkins and other vegetables on a stone floor, and into the shadows of the quickly falling night. When some distance away, the trooper turned to me and chuckled comfortably. He patted the blanket roll round his shoulders and smiled. Then I noticed the roll was swelled in the centre, like a constrictor's stomach when it has gulped a hearty meal.

"Oh, man!" said the trooper, "these ducks were too fat—I annexed the fattest. I have frequently noticed in an unfriendly land that Providence never fails to send supper to the deserving."

"But," I said, rather alarmed, "we'll go to tronk (gaol) for a certainty if we do this sort of thing. Besides, it's——"

"You talk like a recruit," said the trooper. "Kindly recollect that the Boers hate Englishmen; therefore, the Transvaal is an unfriendly country; therefore, foraging—*foraging*, please—is permissible, justifiable, according to the code, and in every way eminently praiseworthy."

"But——"

"But a pumpkin would, as you were going to say, improve the stew greatly. It is an excellent suggestion you make, and I have still some pepper and salt."

"You want me to st——"

"Sh! No, my dear fellow. Just slip back to that barn, now it's dark enough, and *levy* it."

I looked at the plump duck, and my nostrils fancied grateful smells. I thought of the uncivil Boer, and I went.

"I will go on to that spruit we saw from the road," the trooper said, "and get things ready and build a fire. Bring the biggest."

It was dark and silent, moonless and still. I gained the barn, selected a pumpkin, slipped

off with it cuddled in my arms, and stepped out again almost on top of the tow-headed boy. My gaze upon him was momentary, and I fled. He also. There was no explanation possible, and I ran without a word, clinging to my pumpkin, my supper. The child, as he darted to the house, uttered a yell which aroused the farm, even to the distant ducks, whom I heard quacking on the pond's banks, with, I imagined, a note of revengeful delight.

It was now quite dark, and I stumbled as I plunged along the rough road to the bed of the stream, where the trooper was to await me. Behind me came a great scrambling of feet and a blether of voices. I distinguished the farmer's easily. It had a baying note to it which was particularly menacing. I knew little of his language, but I was aware that he was calling on me to stop, and probably saw me with the clearness of night vision a Boer shares with the savage.

Suddenly there was a pause in the rush behind, and a cessation of his yells. In a moment I heard the crack of his gun—it sounded horridly near—and a bullet zipped over my head. I left the path then and sought the shadows of the bush, where a few trees and big rocks might render my safety more probable. Over the uneven ground I dashed, panting, and heard the shouts renewed behind me, but they seemed to keep to the road. Soon they faded away but I did not slacken speed, and all the time I stuck obstinately to the big fat pumpkin. There was within me a contest between fear and hunger. If there were a sinking of the heart, there was still as powerful a sinking of the stomach. When I halted at last, listening between pants, the monster vegetable was still mine, and supper yet probable.

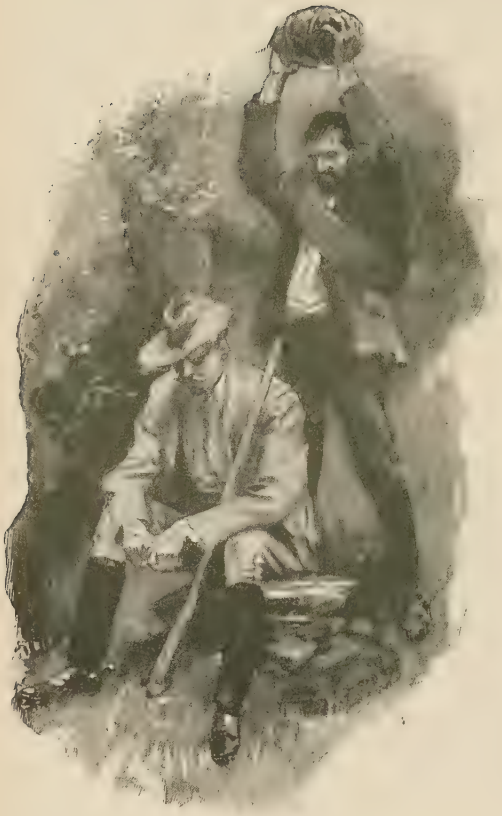
Over the uneven ground I dashed, panting.

But I was lost. In daylight the unaccustomed traveller may easily, does frequently, get lost by leaving the track to examine the bush; in the darkness of a moonless night it would be madness in ordinary cases to step off the road. At last I found the thin and trickling stream, which in that dry season represented the river of other months, and I followed it down with pain and difficulty, now stepping in a pool, now cracking my ankles against the boulders.

An hour brought me to the ford, but there I was confused. The faint light of the moon, just peeping above the rim of the veldt, allowed me to see dimly that the road at the drift broadened out to a great width. I comprehended that the waggons, passing in the wet season, had each sought, according to the driver's judgment, the safest place to cross. In such manner are South African roads first made.

I stood at one side of the road; the other was possibly half a mile off. Whereabouts then, in that maze of ruts and blackness, should I seek the trooper, and of more consequence to me, make the acquaintance of the duck.

While I hesitated, the sound of voices struck my ears once more, not far from me. I could not mistake who it was; the words, "verdamter Uitlander," again came too distinctly across the trek. I slunk back, up stream, not willing to stand another shot. Crawling into a little kloof in the bank I lay still—considering the raid on pond and barn—like a hare—perhaps a fox would be the better



I raised the great pumpkin at arm's height, and dashed it on his head.

word—and at last I heard the voices and scrambling steps of the hunters returning. It alarmed me afresh, however, not to distinguish, amidst the sounds, the rolling curses of the farmer.

I waited awhile, and heard nothing, and then the thought of that trooper, snuggling in a cosy, hidden nook somewhere near, preparing the duck for supper, overpowered me and I rose and set out to find him, bearing my hard-won pumpkin with me.

The moon passed behind clouds, and it became pitch dark. For a long time I pottered about, afraid to call out, for I knew something of a Boer's shrewdness and tenacity, and I felt more than uncertain that the farmer was dodging about, waiting a chance at me, and the fact that his voice had been absent from those of the party returning made me suspicious and nervous.

I had accidents. I fell into a pool, and I bruised my knee badly. It grew bitterly cold for that land, and the dew fell heavily, and, above all, I began to grow weak and sick from hunger, after that twenty mile tramp. I began to shake and shiver, but I held on to the pumpkin.

Then came the culmination of all my woes. It began to grow darker, with a very heaviness of black, an almost tangible darkness. My feet had hitherto engaged all my attention, but I now looked up. The moon was high in the sky, but there was but little of it visible. A black shadow was stealing across it, was almost completely over it. It was in process of eclipse. Then I gave up hope of finding the trooper, of finding the trek even, in the well of blackness which was near at hand (for I was now seeking the trooper off the road); and I sought, it being now near midnight, a place to rest in and unroll my blanket.

I stumbled along towards a solitary tree, which I thought might keep off some of the dew, and by the last flicker of moonlight I saw a man seated beneath it. He had his back to me, and was sitting on a stone, and I would have sworn I saw the sides of a shovel-shaped beard sticking out above his shoulders. Something rested between his knees. My conjectures jumped to a certainty; it was the farmer's gun.

I was almost upon him. I was too hungry and tired and weak to run. I stepped to him stealthily with almost hysterical despair, and raised the great pumpkin at arm's height, and dashed it on his head with all the strength my muscles and my desperation could muster between them. He seemed to groan and fall forward, and I turned and staggered away, wondering dizzily if the blow of a pumpkin could be fatal.

Utter, horrible blackness set in, and the eclipse was complete, when I dropped at last, unable to move a step further. All that night I shivered from cold and dozed from weariness, but before break of day the cold grew so great that I had to move on or shiver to death. Somehow I staggered to the trek, though I did not know in what direction I was going, and stumbled along it, afraid to remain still for a moment. I felt pretty sure, however, I was on a road, and I followed it, in

dumb consciousness that it would lead me somewhere, if only back whence I started in Bechuanaland.

At last I came through the blackness to a bank, and assumed a stream. Die or not die, I could not ford it then, and utterly collapsed on the brink. I soon fell in a stupor, from which I roused at the first cold dawn. The water lay at my feet, still and currentless. It seemed broad as I lifted my eyes—it seemed familiar; I partly choked a yell, for it was the farmer's duckpond! At the cry, a figure on the other bank—a shivering, miserable, prone wretch—sat up and groaned. It was the trooper, and in his right hand he held the duck by the neck. But, at the sight of me, he dropped the duck and came running, and threw his arms about me.

"By jove, old man," he spluttered, "I am awfully glad to see you. I saw you running, and heard that blessed beast shooting. It is rare for these fellows to miss, and I made sure you were dead, so I was going to eat the duck myself! How did you get here?"

"I don't know," I murmured in bewilderment. "I've been walking all night, dodging Boers, looking for you and the duck, and at last thought—or, at least, hoped—I was on the road forward."

"My case," he said weakly. "I nearly ran into the farmer looking for you and a pumpkin—did you come away without a pumpkin?—then I sat down under a tree with a club I picked up to bash the Boer with if he came bothering me, and just as the moon was finally eclipsed, the tree or something fell on me and I didn't know anything more until I woke up here. I believe I thought I was somewhere near Johannesburg. I am horribly stiff and cold, and my neck's broken, I think, by that tree that fell. Did you get that pumpkin?"

I looked at him, conscience stricken.

"I lost the bally thing," I chattered, for I shivered cruelly.

"Th—then," said the trooper, chattering as badly, "we—we'll broil the duck. Wait till I get it, and we'll clear out of this neighbourhood. It's t—too warm for us here."

In one sense it was, but, in another, I felt I would never be warm again.

Before the trooper could move I clutched him and dragged him back; and we sank down in some long grass. From the house came the towheaded boy, and the conscienceless rascal was as bright and cheerful as if he had not been the source of all our woes. He had some corn in his hands for, apparently, the ducks, but that boy's eyes missed nothing. He saw the dead bird on the bank; he picked it up and ran with it, yelling, back to the house.

The trooper and I caught at each other's hands like lost children and fled together, hungry and heartbroken.

The sun was well up when we lessened our pace, and listened for the sound of the big

"This is a beast of a country," said the trooper.

Boer's pursuing voice, but it did not come, and we sank, exhausted.

"This *is* a beast of a country," reiterated the trooper. "England might hardly be so safe for me, but anyhow English people are more hospitable."

No. 1.—A study in heads.

A MAGIC MIRROR.

By Norman Paton.

You have, no doubt, in the course of your peregrinations been confronted more than once by those funny mirrors, convex or concave, which represent long, thin giants in the form of short, squat dwarfs, and dwarfs in the form of slender lamp-posts; mirrors which take your breath away as you catch sight of your reflection, and which, if you happen to smile, cause such a distortion of your features that you laugh again at sight of yourself.

Even a starving man cannot repress a pathetic attempt at mirth when, as he gazes longingly into the cheap cook-shop window, he sees himself, as represented in the mirrors on the wall, "before," and "after," dining; in the one mirror his gauntness exaggerated beyond all possibilities, and in the other, his thin frame swelled to a breadth limited only by the size of the looking-glass.

Probably, however, it has not occurred to you that every mirror in which you look, more or less distorts your appearance. The perfect looking-glass has never yet been made—I have it, indeed, on the authority of one of the largest mirror manufacturers in London, Messrs. Ide and Co., that the perfect looking-glass probably never will be made. A looking-glass, to be perfection, must be level—absolutely level all over its surface, for an irregularity of one-thousandth part of an inch will cause distortion.

No. 2.—A five-fold reflection.

This lamentable fact becomes especially

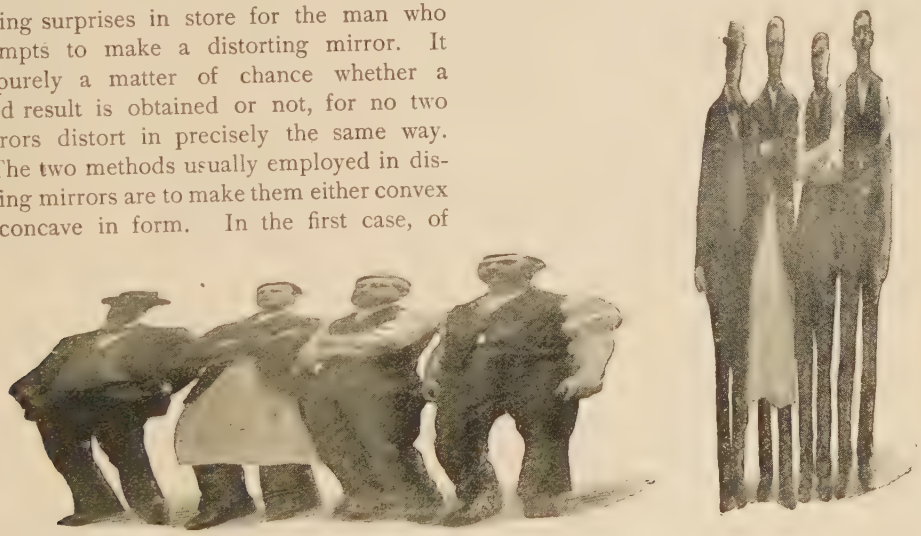
evident in the case of large mirrors, such as are hung on drawing-room or ball-room walls. If you look carefully you will invariably find some part of the reflection out of focus. Lines are curved or twisted, while the reflected walls often slope in all directions. It is this fact that has caused enterprising glass manufacturers to turn their attention towards making purposely-distorting mirrors.

In view of the fact that distortion is so often apparent in a mirror, one would have imagined that to make a funny, distorting glass would be a simple matter. In reality, however, this is not the case. Nothing is more fickle than a mirror's reflection when that mirror is not level. There are never-ending surprises in store for the man who attempts to make a distorting mirror. It is purely a matter of chance whether a good result is obtained or not, for no two mirrors distort in precisely the same way.

The two methods usually employed in distorting mirrors are to make them either convex or concave in form. In the first case, of course, a broad reflection, and in the second a long reflection is obtained. The result, whether sharp or clear, funny or otherwise, depends on the depth of the curves.

When I asked the manager of Messrs. Ide and Co., the well-known glass makers of Ratcliff, East London, to make me a distorting mirror for the purposes of this article, which should beat all previous records in the funniness of its reflections, he replied that it would be a difficult matter, and that many experiments would be necessary. He could make me two ordinary distorting mirrors, one which would give a broad, and the other an elongated reflection, easily enough, for he turns out a large number every year for the purpose of adorning the walls of restaurants, and for exhibiting in various kinds of shows. But to make a large distorting mirror, which would give hundreds of funny reflections on its surface, was a different matter.

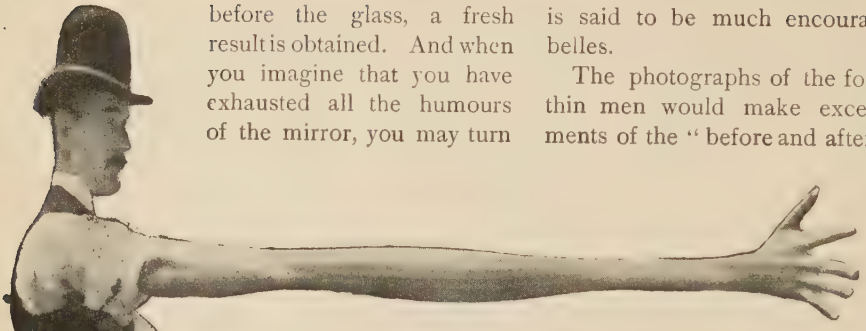
However, after making a number of mirrors experimentally with various depths of curves, he finally succeeded in producing what is undoubtedly the largest and funniest distorting mirror in the world. To give the reader an idea of the difficulties of the work, it may be mentioned that some hundreds of pounds were spent before a sufficiently curious mirror was manufactured. Some of its weird effects have been successfully photographed, and illustrate these pages. But that mirror must be seen to be appreciated.



No. 3.—The long and the short of it.

It measures about ten feet in height and five feet in breadth. It is made up with a series of convex and concave curves, with an occasional straight piece between. The result is that when you look upon this glass, part of your body is reflected on a straight piece of the mirror, part on a concave, and part again on a convex, so that your figure is distorted beyond all knowledge, and in the most ludicrous manner.

You may look at this wonderful mirror a hundred times, and every time with a different effect. With every fresh position you take up



No. 4.—A useful arm.

before the glass, a fresh result is obtained. And when you imagine that you have exhausted all the humours of the mirror, you may turn it upside down, and obtain another practically unlimited set of different effects.

The photographs will show some of the curious results to be obtained from gazing on this mirror. Take, for example, the head-piece of this article. This may be described as a "Study in heads"—a very remarkable study. The forehead of the gentleman who figures first and last in the group presents curiously different aspects. In the first case it will be observed that the forehead is unusually large, and should contain plenty of brains. In the second, however, the forehead is dwarfed out of all proportion to the nose.

In the second photograph of this same gentleman the reflection has played another curious trick with his head. It shows three heads in all, one more or less correctly placed on the man's shoulders, but two others, joined together, floating above. This remarkable effect can be obtained only on one spot on the surface of the mirror.

The figures next to the floating head are also noteworthy, especially the thoughtful eyes in the centre looking out over the great blurred nose.

The next photograph (No. 2) is the result of carefully arranging a set of mirrors so that one head shall be reflected five times. The young lady in the photograph is thus able to see how she looks from several points of view—a knowledge which she might otherwise have gone through life without gaining. The art of arranging mirrors so that reflection is reduplicated many times is said to be much encouraged by society belles.

The photographs of the four fat and four thin men would make excellent advertisements of the "before and after dining" class, for it is obvious that there is no deception, and that the men in each group are identical. The first of these freak reflections is obtained on a convex, and the second on a concave, portion of the mirror.

Photograph No. 4 shows how the mirror reflects an arm, when held horizontally. The owner of the arm has some reason for being proud of the photograph, and may be pardoned for showing it to all his friends. No. 5 is another interesting example of the elongated class of reflection, while No. 6 shows what the mirror is capable of doing in the way of supplying contrasts.

No. 7, in which the reflection of the camera was caught as well as that of the dignified object photographed, is a study in legs and hands. In this reflection, nothing is in focus, as it were; every line and curve is distorted.

No. 8 shows a curiously dwarfed

No. 5.

No. 6.

Contrasts.

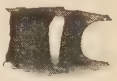
No. 7.—A dignified object.

figure, with an odd pair of feet and the most remarkable straw hat ever designed. The last photograph, however, is the gem of the collection — the long-nosed cyclist, with a proportionately long cap, worn, apparently, for protection. This photograph is of particular value, owing to the fact that the cyclist has destroyed the plate. He is not proud of this portrait. The reflection was obtained on precisely the same portion of the mirror's surface as that which produced the long arm illustrated on the preceding page.

It is interesting to note that distorting mirrors which give such reflections as those recorded in this article are becoming rapidly popular, not only as advertising mediums, but as articles of furniture. Many large country houses boast freak mirrors, for hosts and hostesses have discovered that they are capable of affording unlimited amusement on days that are dull. One might easily spend an hour before a distorting mirror without tiring for a moment of the never ending variety of reflections that are to be obtained.

The difficulties that surrounded the work of taking the photographs which illustrate this article cannot be over-estimated. Never has our photographer had such a trying task. As everyone who has experimented can understand, it is difficult enough to take a photograph in an ordinary mirror. In a distorting mirror the difficulties are increased a hundred-fold.

In the first place the photographer can seldom obtain a clear view of his subject. There is the original of the reflection to be taken into consideration, and the original, of course, blocks the view. And when the person whose reflection is to be photographed has been carefully placed on one side, the unfortunate photographer finds that he and his camera—distorted, and hardly recognisable — now appear on the surface of the mirror. And when this matter has been put to rights, there still remains the difficulty of focussing the lens so as to obtain the clearest result.



No. 8.—A freak reflection.

This is the climax of all the difficulties. The slightest alteration of the position of the lens or camera upsets all previous calculations, while the slightest movement on the part of the person to be photographed, even to the twitching of a finger, casts an entirely new and different reflection.

Photography, under these conditions, is scarcely a pleasure, although, of course, as in the case of everything else, there are compensations. When once, for instance, you have recorded a reflection on your plate, you have in your possession a unique photograph, such as in all probability has never been taken before.

And then, moreover, there is a certain delight in taking photographs of your friends and enemies—especially of your enemies—which show their forms distorted, hideous, grotesquely caricatured, and in such ridiculous poses that that they are more likely than not to imperatively demand the instant destruction of the plate.

No. 9.—The long-nosed cyclist.

A MIGHTY MAN OF WAR.

By John Le Breton.

Old men and maidens, mothers young and old, children of all sizes, from the lusty-limbed youngster full of the irrepressible independence of youth and perfect health, down to the helpless infant whose world was bounded by its mother's arms—all were gathered together upon the green at Aibre to see their men—their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts—march away to war, and to hear Monsieur le Maire, who was so learned a man, and who spoke so beautifully, bid them farewell, and wish them a glorious victory and a speedy return.

"All the world knew," he said, "that the Emperor had declared war against the Prussians, whom it was necessary to punish, and that already the grand army was on its way to Berlin. It was an honour for the men, who had been called out to proceed to their depôts, to be allowed to participate in this holy and glorious war, and he congratulated the lads of his dear native place on this opportunity for bringing fame to Aibre. In a time of peace one man was no better than another, but when war came, then the bravest and best had their chance. If only he were a younger man he would have volunteered for the front, but as it was his heart went with the brave lads of Aibre, as did the hearts of every man, woman, and child they left behind them. Farewell; good fortune, and a happy promenade to Berlin!"

The reservists gave a loud cheer in response to this encouraging speech, and a sturdy blue-eyed English lad, who was standing with his hands in his pockets exactly in front of the Maire, joined in with a hearty British hurrah; but among the women there were no happy faces, and they did not congratulate the men, but clung to them, and wept and sorrowed. They knew nothing of the glory of war; they did not understand the grandeur of the hero whose hosts carve their path to victory at the cost of thousands of lives; they pictured a battefield whereon lay dying those whom they loved. If all the rest of the world fought, and killed, and died, it would not have been half so terrible to the women of Aibre as the parting with their few dear ones.

Little Denise Lefleur, who lived with her widowed mother at the farmhouse just by the cross lanes, had no brother or cousin to weep over, yet she, too, was crying and sobbing as though her heart would break. Close by, Pierre Marton was being embraced by his father and mother and his two sisters, but every now and then he would look across at Denise with a gaze that seemed to cling to

Note.—At the time of the recent Jameson raid a Boer boy of twelve had such an adventure as this, excepting that this youthful warrior killed the poor fellow he shot at.

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her, and at last he tore himself away from his family, and came over and held out his hand; and Denise took and held it for just a moment and then dropped it again, while Pierre turned away and bit his lips, and pretended that he was the gayest of the gay, although his eyes were smarting and his heart ached.

Through the crowd came John Franklin, the English boy, elbowing his way toward Denise, who was a great friend of his—and he had made many friends in Aibre since he had come to live there with his French cousins at their grand old house of Aibrecourt. His good-tempered face, with its firm, almost obstinate, mouth, had a puzzled expression on it when he saw how wildly Denise was sobbing, and he touched her arm gently, and said:

"I wouldn't cry if I were you! I know what it is—you're crying because the others do. You haven't got a brother going to the front, and if you had, what would be the good of crying? Look what a chance he'd have! I wish I were going!"

"It's so sad!" sobbed Denise.

"What, just to shoot a few dirty Germans? Wait till I get a chance at them, I'll be jolly enough, I can tell you!"

Poor Denise smiled faintly through her tears.

"Ah! that's right!" said John, comfortingly, "now don't cry again. I'll look after you!"

The last farewells were said, and the women wept anew, and the boys and girls cheered as the reservists marched off to Hericourt, where the railway station was, and from whence they would be sent to their depôts. The villagers dispersed sadly to their homes, and John walked home with Denise and gave her advice on the rearing of chickens—a subject about which he knew little, and she a great deal.

But though Denise had ceased to weep she heard little of what John said, she only looked far away to where the purple mountains rose against the blue sky, and answered him—Yes and yes, and yes. Hericourt was a long way off to her, and Germany was a life's journey, away beyond the mountains, and almost beyond the reach of her thoughts, outside her little world of Aibre by an unknown distance, and Pierre was going there, going every minute further and further away from her, and it seemed that every step he took jarred upon her heart until her pain and her loneliness were unendurable. There were many friends left to her, she had her mother, and John was talking to her, yet she seemed to have been left alone in the great world.

"I think it's dreadful waste to let the hens get broody," said the boy, "I should kill them as soon as they leave off laying! That's what you should do, Denise!"

"Ah, yes."

"Because you can put the eggs into an incubator. I'll make one for you, and you'll save a lot by it. Shall I make you one?"

"Yes, *mon ami*."

"You know I'd do anything for you, Denise! I say, I'm awfully glad you're not my sister. Do you know why?"

"But yes, certainly."

His face turned a furious red, and even his ears burned with the blush, and without a word he put his hand on the girl's shoulder, and tried to bend her head down and kiss her. She stooped forward and offered her lips, but in his excitement he made a wild dash and knocked his forehead against hers; then he ran away as fast as he could, and when he got across the fields he sat down on a fence, and wondered how it was that Denise had managed to guess his secret so quickly.

"A girl when she's in love takes it very coolly, but it's different with us fellows," he thought, and began idealising Denise into the most beautiful saint possible, and as the picture grew so did his love for it, and his love was pure and honest, and simple like himself, and true and fervent. And he sat there until supper time worshipping the saint he had created.

When twilight had come to cool the day, and the first star showed without fire or sparkle in the blue, faintly like a yellow primrose, John strolled shamefacedly down to the little farm where Denise lived. He could not stay away from her, yet, after his bold declaration, he was almost afraid to meet her. She was always so kind and gentle and sweet. . . . He did not quite know why he waited at the gate, anxious, yet reluctant, to go into the orchard.

At last he crept quietly in, and saw Denise sitting on the bent trunk of an apple tree, her face turned away from him. She was gazing away into the mists that enshrouded the mountains, and wondering whether Pierre was looking at that same faint star that she had just seen. She knew that people a long way off saw the same sun and moon, and it seemed to her that this star was a bond between her and her lover.

Through the stillness came the lowing of cattle, and now and again the fowls would break out into a chorus of cackles as one pushed another off the roost, and there was a stir and a struggle to regain the perch; and then again came a hush and a pitiful sense of loneliness. The shadows had fallen upon the land, and were deepening into a great gloom, and in her desolation Denise yearned for comfort. She folded her hands together, and, looking up at the primrose star that now shone with a brilliant light in the sky of night, she prayed to the Holy Mother to protect Pierre and bring him safe home again—and soon.

She burst into tears, while the boy stood awkwardly by.

John came slowly over the dewy grass, and, halting beside the girl, he touched her gently to attract her attention.

"Pierre!" she cried, springing to her feet, and then, seeing that it was not Pierre, she burst into tears, while the boy stood awkwardly by.

"Did I frighten you?" he asked remorsefully. "I'm so sorry! Do stop crying, Denise. Do—for me!"

She tried to stop, but the stifled sobs were too strong for her, and she cried until she could cry no longer. John put his arm round her waist and waited, his spirits improving every minute, until his heart rose to the stars above.

"This is jolly, this is," he whispered, "this is how we'll sit of an evening when we're married, Denise!"

She smiled at him kindly, while the tears were yet in her eyes. "It is not I whom you will marry, *cher ami*," she said, "your wife will be a grand lady!"

"You are a lady, Denise," he said stoutly. "I should like to see a better! Of course I'm going to marry you."

"Ah, no! I am too old."

"O, Denise! Why, I'm nearly fifteen, and you're only nineteen, that's only four years difference, and that's nothing. Husbands aren't always older than their wives; sometimes it's the other way about—I know heaps of cases. Why, my aunt Anne is nine years older than uncle Rob, and she's as ugly as anything. I've heard mother say that it's lucky for aunt that she was an heiress, but I'm glad you're not one, Denise. We don't want any money; we'll just keep poultry, and in four or five years time we can marry, can't we, Denise?"

"In four or five years much may happen," she sighed.

"O, I shan't change, if that is what you mean. Shall I tell your mother, Denise, or will you?"

She laughed right out, but stopped quickly as the boy drew away from her. She understood that his feelings were hurt, and took his hands in hers.

"Say nothing yet, *chéri*," she said, "wait until you are a man, and can go to battle," she added with a sigh. And then she kissed him, and told him that he had been a true friend to her that evening, and that now he must go home and she must go indoors; and, although he still felt injured, he bade her good-night cordially, and walked slowly home, going through the gate instead of over it as usual, and pondering over those words—

"Wait until you're a man, and can go to battle."

Surely he was as good a man as any Frenchman, and a better one than any German, and he found it in his heart to wish that the whole German army would come charging down the village street, so that he could annihilate it, and be kissed afterward by Denise as he lay dying, whilst the people of Aibre hailed him as their saviour. That night he dreamed of nothing but slaying great bearded Germans, and of carving his way through thousands of men to the side of Denise.

Summer ripened into autumn, and autumn chilled into winter, and with winter came great sorrow. Everywhere the Germans were victorious, everywhere they bore back the heroic but badly-led Frenchmen, until almost the whole of France was dominated by the foe. At first the people of Aibre refused to believe that defeat had tarnished the glorious arms of their country, but soon the news was proven to be only too true, and, as blow after blow fell dully upon the hearts numbed with sorrow, they drove out energy, hope, and courage.

John Franklin, because he was a boy, felt each piece of bad news as sharply as its predecessor; every defeat stung him afresh, and he would flush hotly and long to do battle with the invader. The Frenchmen were his friends, the friends of Denise, he knew them, he liked their simple good temper and happy ways, and the disgrace hurt him as much as it did anyone in Aibre, perhaps more.

News from those who had gallantly marched away from the village was rare now, and some of it sad enough; Henri Pimenez and Gustave Doppé had died upon the slopes of Sedan, François Sadre was also dead, and three others from the village were prisoners of war upon German soil; others not so fortunate were wounded, maimed, or wrecked in health. As for Pierre, there had been no news from him for two months or more, and Denise grew whiter and thinner daily.

"If I were a soldier, Denise," John used to say, "I wouldn't run away! I'd be killed first!"

"Thank the good God that you have not to fight, *mon ami*," she answered; "it's so wicked to take life! Think what sorrow it brings to those who are left. See how sad Madame Doppé is, and how old the Père Sadre has grown! Oh! it is wicked, this war!"

"All the more reason to kill those Germans. I'd like to shoot the lot! Wouldn't it be lovely to have a mitrailleuse in the street here, and when they come marching along, as the Maire says they will some day, just turn the handle, and—piff! they are dead!"

"And each one would leave behind some aching hearts to grieve!"

"What? Denise! You'd be sorry if we killed those pigs of Germans? Why, I'm almost ashamed of you!"

"Ah! you speak like a boy; you do not understand."

"You're very fond of reminding me that I'm a boy. Perhaps some day you'll find that I'm as good as a man, and then you'll think more of me."

She stroked his brown, curly hair, but did not speak.

"O, yes, you will, Denise," he went on defiantly; "we'll see." And then he took himself off, and planned ambushes and built a fort at the bottom of the orchard, where he mounted an old fowling-piece, which he polished up and cared for with fond pride; and he would mount guard, and challenge Denise and her mother whenever they came through the orchard to the gate, and would

watch everyone passing down the lane as long as there was light to see.

When the New Year came sadly in, the Maire told John that the Germans were marching on Belfort, and at last they would be defeated, for General Bourbaki had a splendid army, which would swallow them up. And soon foraging parties of Frenchmen came into the village for meat and vegetables and wood, especially wood, for it was bitterly cold, and many of the poor fellows were obliged to sleep on the open ground.

On January 9th, General Werder, who commanded the Germans, took up a position around Hericourt and along to Champey. He had only about 40,000 men, whilst Bourbaki had 133,000, and yet for three days the French tried to drive him away, and failed. Not that they did not strive gallantly; they were almost starving; many were frost-bitten and ill from exposure; yet they climbed toward the German positions bravely, facing the death-hails unswervingly, knowing that they could never reach the invaders in sufficient numbers to move them. The firing could be heard at Aibre, and every hour or so the news came in that the Germans were not yet defeated.

It was again the incompetence of the leaders, for Bourbaki would make no flank movement despite his numerical superiority, but merely marched men up to certain death, as though this would in time bring him to victory. In the end it brought ruin, Bourbaki shot himself, and his gallant men were either taken prisoners on their own soil, or interned in Switzerland, thankful even for defeat, since it brought them food and shelter.

On the 15th, 16th, and 17th January, while the fighting continued, the thermometer stood at 25deg. below zero, and exhausted men fell down in hundreds to sleep, and never woke again. On the 18th came the thaw, and with it a thick fog, and parties of flying French soldiers passed through Aibre, flinging away their weapons and accoutrements, limping, coughing, bleeding, and staggering men, who were once soldiers full of hope and courage.

The villagers pitied and helped the poor wretches, often depriving themselves of food in order to do so. As for John, only the well known uniforms convinced him that these were indeed the soldiers of France. "Why had they not died facing the enemy," he cried, "and firing as they fell upon their country's foe?"

They streamed through Aibre incessantly, hardly daring to halt, for they said that the dreaded Uhlans would soon be scouring the country and would take them prisoners, or cut them down; and so they limped away through the fog, and many fell by the way and died of cold and hunger; but after a while the stream stopped, the Uhlans had dammed it, and no more fugitives passed through Aibre.

Early on the morning of the 19th, when the fog still hung over the muddy roads, John stole out of Aibrecourt carrying a Chassepôt he had picked up and with his pockets full of cartridges which had also been thrown away by a fugitive. On his head was a smart hussar busby, and a hussar coat hung loosely over his short, sturdy body. A belt in which he had been obliged to cut an extra hole before he could buckle it, supported a sword bayonet which almost touched the ground, and with head erect he marched toward Le Vernois, passing every moment ghastly signs of the great disaster along the high road.

The Germans had not yet been seen in Le Vernois, and the inhabitants looked stupidly at John when he told them that he was going to help to reconquer their country for them since their soldiers were no good. His words roused none of them, with the exception of one old woman who spat upon him and told him that he was an English pig, and worse than the Germans. The boy's feelings were hurt, but he only said that if she hadn't been a lady he would have shot her dead—perfectly; and then his temper getting the better of him, he picked up a stone and threw it at her, and then ran on and was lost in the fog.

From Le Vernois to Champey the high road was a mere country lane, and here and there were low stone walls, and when John reached one of these he rested upon it, for the rifle was heavy and the roads were tiring. After he had been there for about five minutes he fancied he could hear the muffled sound

He levelled the rifle, and fired.

of horses' hoofs coming from the lane that led from Champey, and, slipping off the wall, he stood behind it and rested his rifle on the top as he had done in his orchard fort, so that it pointed down the lane.

"Thump! Thud! Thump!" the noise came nearer, and the fog was lifting a bit. John's heart throbbed with excitement as he waited there, holding his finger against the trigger of the Chassepôt. The Germans would come from Champey, and it might be some of them. If only Denise were looking on to see him fight his first battle! Because, if he were killed at once, she might never hear of it—

and at the thought his heart thumped so hard that his hand trembled. However, the rifle was steady on the wall, and he waited until a tall form on horseback loomed through the fog, followed by two indistinct ones. How many more there were, he did not see. His breath seemed to flutter in his throat and nearly choke him, but he levelled the rifle, and fired.

There was a tremendous report, and the butt knocked against his cheek and sent him over. In a moment he was on his feet again, and heard the horses galloping away back to Champey, and he knew that he had repulsed the Uhlans. Drawing his bayonet, he walked into the road, and, seeing there a fallen man, rushed at him prepared to do battle. The man made no attempt at defence, but held out his hands, and John strode up to him with his head in the air and his sword-bayonet ready for cut seven, to find that his bullet had smashed both the Uhlan's wrists. The other Uhlans, fearing an ambush, had fled to carry back the news, and the wounded man's horse had clattered off with them.

When the tall Uhlan saw his foe he looked shamefaced, and, rising, he attempted to run off, but John was too quick for him, and gave him a cut with his bayonet which, fortunately for the German, was not effective. Maimed as he was, the man saw that he was at the lad's mercy, and when John made signs for him to march to Le Vernois he was perforce obliged to obey, his captor following with the bayonet ready.

The people in Le Vernois woke from their apathy when they saw the prisoner, and the old woman who had spat upon John now came and hugged him, and called him her little cabbage, and afterward she went and spat upon the stalwart Uhlan, and called him a German pig.

But John would not wait, not even to be made a hero. He was anxious to take his prize to Denise, and so he gave the order to march, and again the big Uhlan tramped through the mud, followed by the lad, until the two and a half miles between Le Vernois and Aibre were covered. It was quite light when they tramped into the village, and at once the news spread that the English boy had taken a German prisoner. Some of the villagers a little way off heard that he had captured a regiment, and the Maire was told that he had shot the Crown Prince.

Still, when they saw the bearded giant, wounded and helpless, they pressed about John with praises of his valour; but he was anxious to give Denise the proof of his manhood, and would not wait, so they cheered him as he marched away to the farmhouse where Denise lived. John pointed out the mud fort to the German as they passed, and told him in dumb show that he could not hope to escape; and then, marching up to the house, he flung open the door and walked in, sending in his captive first.

"He belongs to me, Denise! I shot him, and took him prisoner!" he said simply and proudly. The German held out his wounded wrists all shattered and bleeding. He read pity in the girl's kind eyes at once.

"Poor man!" was all Denise said, but it made John feel that life was not worth living. No praise for him, no horror at the danger he had run, no thankful joy for his safe and glorious return; but the German—the enemy—was pitied! He gulped down what was nearly a big sob, and watched Denise get warm water and bandages and bind up the wounded wrists, and lift a cup of hot coffee to the Uhlan's lips—and wondered if it was not all a dream.

It was half-an-hour at least before he could trust himself to speak, and then he said:

"I wouldn't put myself out so much if I were you, Denise. He's not your friend."

"But he is wounded, poor man."

"I suppose you wouldn't have cared if I'd been wounded!" he said sulkily.

"But, yes! How I would have grieved, *petit ami*. But you should not have gone to fight. It is terrible!"

"Anyhow, I'm man enough to capture a German all by myself, and I made hundreds—thousands, I believe—run away!"

"Ah! it is all very sad," she sighed.

John was thoroughly disgusted with her, and went down the village determined that she was no fit wife for him, and that he would never see her again; and there he was met by his cousins, who wept over him and embraced him, and exclaimed in tones of wonderment and horror that one never knew

what the boy would do next. From them John learned that the Germans shot all those who fired upon their men, and yet were not soldiers, and as the Germans came down that day and remained for some weeks, he was kept out of the way, and was obliged to let his fort go to ruins, and Denise he never saw. His prisoner had been sent away, he heard, and the German Commander had not asked for the boy who shot him. The villagers kept silence, and, perhaps, the Uhlan did not care to describe his captor.

Ten weeks later, when the company left by the Germans marched away, John decided that he would go and make it up with Denise. He found her standing at the orchard gate, looking white and frightened, and watching down the road. She smiled a little when she saw him, but never took her eyes off the bend in the lane for more than a moment.

"I don't mind what you said about the Uhlan," he observed. "You couldn't help it, could you, Denise?"

"Ah, yes!" she said.

"You could help it? You could help it, Denise?"

"No, no, *mon ami*. I did not hear you."

"Well, can't you listen to me, Denise? There are no Germans coming along there; it is all right. I haven't seen you for weeks. Have you missed me, Denise?"

"Ah, no!"

"Haven't you?" he cried indignantly.

"What is it?" she asked, turning her face to him for a moment.

"I said, haven't you missed me?"

"Oh, yes, *petit ami*, very much. Why did you not come and see me?"

"Well, I was angry with you, and that's the truth. I thought you'd never do for my wife, but it's all right now. You will. I can't love anyone else, so you'll marry me, won't you, Denise?"

"Yes, yes!" she answered; and then, with a rapturous cry of "Pierre!" she left him, and ran down the road as fast as she could. John stared after her, astonished at her behaviour at such a momentous time, and then he saw that she was going to meet a man who had just turned the corner of the lane, and who was hobbling feebly towards them with the aid of a stick.

In a minute Denise had reached the man's side, and he had opened his arms, and they were embracing. He was not like the Pierre who left Aibre, he was a bearded and haggard invalid, clad in a ragged uniform; but Denise had known him at once.

John looked at them steadily, not a sign of his outraged affection and injured pride showing upon his stubborn, handsome little face. Presently, he turned away, rubbed his knuckles into his eyes for a second, and then, putting his hands into his overcoat pockets, he walked solemnly back to Aibrecourt, whistling the "Marseillaise" very fitfully and brokenly as he went.

He walked solemnly back, whistling the "Marseillaise."

A set-piece composed by the Thaliveil village club in the Artistic Gymnastic Competition at Schaffhausen.

MONSTER MUSCULAR DISPLAYS.

By Mary Fermor and Mrs. J. E. Whitby.

During the last week of July, 1897, the quaint, old streets of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, were gay with flags, wreathes, and joyful faces to welcome the backbone of the nation, the strength and sinew of their brave race, in the persons of some five or six thousand muscular, stalwart specimens of young manhood—members of the United Federal Swiss Gymnastic Clubs—who, together with their foreign affiliated branches from many parts of Germany, from France, from Italy, and a flourishing contingent even from Pittsburg, U.S.A., had assembled for their monster tournament; this being the fifty-first festival held by the Association. This tournament takes place every three years, in alternation with the festivals of the National Swiss Shooting and Singing Societies respectively.

The festival opened with an impressive procession which passed under triumphal arches amid a rain of flowers scattered by fair hands from the thronged windows and festooned balconies above. Each club was preceded by its own flowing banner, and marched to the strains of its own band, while in front of all waved the historic flag of the Association—The Federal *Turner-fahne*—which is received as a precious deposit for the time by the town chosen for the festival, and which had been solemnly handed over by the president of the Lugano Club, who had been its custodian since the year 1894. The march-past of guests and gymnasts took three-quarters of an hour.

One of the most prominent figures in the procession was the veteran athlete, Herr Konsul Wildberger, hale and hearty still in spite of his eighty-seven years, who had been chosen honorary president of the committee.

He had presided at a festival in 1847, when Schaffhausen welcomed for the second time the promising child of athleticism which has grown to such magnificent manhood. On that occasion only 250 gymnasts took part in the festival, so it is little wonder that the aged president should wax eloquent over the advance from hundreds to twice the number of thousands as he did in his speech at the banquet.

During the sixty years of its existence the United Federal Club has grown from some twenty-four members, who had a sparse audience of something under a hundred to watch their prowess, to the number of two hundred and forty-nine Swiss and fifty-four foreign affiliated clubs, who went through their programme before thousands of enthusiastic spectators whose cheers made the mountain echoes resound and even rose above the roar of the mighty Falls of the Rhine.

The executive committee provided sleeping accommodation for 6000 men. The ground upon which the exercises took place has, at its narrowest point, a breadth of 160 yards, at its widest 216 yards, and a length of 325 yards. Here the competitions in marching, free extension and club exercises, long jumps, high jumps, and pole jumping, feats on the parallel and horizontal bars, vaulting, horse exercise, wrestling, weight-putting and throwing, climbing, rope exercise and fencing followed in rapid succession.

Some of these exercises are obligatory, others are optional. Among the former are marching, free exercises, jumping, and certain parallel and horizontal bar exercises in the *Kunstturnen* or higher gymnastics. Swimming contests also form part of the programme.

The Swiss gymnasts have a speciality, somewhat akin to our wrestling, called *Schwingen* or *Hosenlupf*, which is almost unknown in England. The men put on, over their ordinary garments, a special kind of trousers called *Schwinghosen*, which are very short, and are supported by very strong cords round the waist and legs. Each one seizes his opponent with one hand at the back, and the other gripping the leg of the trousers, and tries to throw him. The greatest achievement is for a man to throw his antagonist over his own (the thrower's) head.

Probably the most striking feature of the festival was formed by the combined extension exercises, some aspects of which are given in our illustrations. The men were first marshalled in order, and their march past took

Gymnastic drill at Schaffhausen Nearly 4000 men are taking part in this display.

thirty-seven minutes, during which time their massed bands played continuously. The squads broke into lines, distances were measured exactly, the leaders took their places, and at the word of command the 3800 bodies moved as one man; 7600 arms were swung together in rhythmic precision to the music, without any previous combined rehearsal having been held.

In contrast to these gigantic numbers, it may be interesting to note that the largest body of gymnasts ever seen together in Britain has not exceeded four hundred!

Each club is responsible for the training of its own members, and it speaks volumes for the excellence of the divisional drill that such perfection of unanimous effort and simultaneous action could be attained, more especially when the fact is considered that in such a vast space the word of command was inaudible to the majority, who had to take their cue from the music, and be sharp to use their eyes as well as their ears and limbs.

At the prize distribution, one hundred and twenty out of the two hundred competing clubs received laurel wreaths, and eighty had similar tokens of oak leaves, which, as in the Olympian games of old, are the only rewards acknowledged by the United Federal Club. These are proudly hung by the successful clubs on the banner pole or attached to its floating streamers. Other prizes were awarded by individuals, towns, or smaller organisations.

Besides having to satisfy the stern eye and cold-blooded standard of the judges and committee men, the competitors at Schaffhausen had to run the gauntlet of the critical, and doubtless admiring, gaze of "The Court of Beauty"—thirty-four *Ehrendamen*, chosen as the prettiest daughters of the leading families, who, like the ladies of feudal times, gloried in the display of manly vigour, though now in a bloodless strife, and who, by imitation, that sincerest form of flattery, have since united in the formation of a ladies' gymnastic club.

Another noteworthy feature of the programme was the excellent drill of the "Senior Brigade," consisting of about one hundred men over fifty years of age: some with bald heads, others grey and care-worn, but all going through their exercises with unabated zeal. Even if their breath came with a little more difficulty than of yore, their will was good and their arms were still strong; years of training had kept them active and vigorous despite increasing weight and ruthlessly advancing age.

Artistic Gymnastics at the National Swiss Gymnastic Society at Schaffhausen.

Before dispersing, the entire number of men sang the Swiss National Hymn, a truly impressive scene.

The spirit of fellowship and common brotherhood is fostered by their system, which affords far less scope for individual display than is found in breaking records and winning championships. It is the honour of the club, of the canton, of the nation, not the glorifi-

Gymnastic drill at Schaffhausen.

cation of the one man, that is the motive power of these colossal gatherings.

In days gone by, especially in Germany, gymnastic clubs were regarded with grave suspicion, and were even forbidden by law for some time, as being mere pretexts for fermenting sedition and promulgating revolutionary theories. In the present day, however, all political animus is kept out of the matter. Each club possesses its own band and choral society. Music and muscular exercises seem always to have gone together, and the playing of patriotic airs was one of the political offences which brought the clubs into disfavour in the earlier half of the century.

As Switzerland owes her first organised attempts at physical culture to the pupils of Friedrich Jahn, the patriot who roused the youth of Germany from the down-trodden stupor which followed the Napoleonic conquests; so France is indebted to her Swiss neighbours; and last year "L'Union des Sociétés de Gymnastique de France" sent a large bronze medal to be competed for at Schaffhausen. Three young Swiss gymnasts who were engaged in business in Alsace, were the pioneers of athleticism west of the Rhine. Since then the "Debatable Land" has become German territory, but France has cultivated the seed sown thirty-seven years ago, and has one thousand clubs of her own, including those connected with schools and colleges, and has held festivals during the last ten years at Paris, Bordeaux, Limoges, Nancy, Toulouse, Lyons, and Perigueux.

The German gymnastic display is, however, the largest in all the Continental countries. This year the festival of the German associated clubs was held in Hamburg. The magnates of the stately merchant city lavished their wealth and opened their doors to competitors from the four quarters of the empire.

The tournament was under the august presidency of the Burgermaster, Dr. Mönckeberg, and Count Von Waldersee. The Senate placed at the disposal of the committee an open space in a central position, with an area of sixty acres; and a building for the use of the spectators capable of holding 5830 persons, together with an adjoining restaurant, were also purchased for the occasion.

The whole of Saturday, 16th of July, crowded trains were pouring forth their living freight at the four principal stations of Hamburg and those of Altona, till the city contained something over 27,000 gymnasts. The kingdom of Saxony alone sent 4000.

It spoke well for the patient courtesy of the Reception Committee who waited through the long hours to receive their guests, and for the marvellous organisation which enabled each man, provided with a *festkarte* (ticket), to go straight to the quarters assigned to him in the city or its environs.

On Sunday the festival began with a monster procession. Seven gorgeous allegorical cars, representing Germania, The Rhineland, Athleticism, Hammonia (Hamburg), Trade and Commerce, Arts and Crafts, and the Athlete's Rest (where a stalwart gymnast was enjoying the double delight of making love and drinking beer in a forest tavern), all decked with the richness and artistic skill for which German pageants are famous, added to the brilliancy of the spectacle.

The fourth division included twenty carriages containing guests and members of the various committees, and each banner was in charge of a mounted cavalier dressed in the picturesque costume of mediæval times. With these exceptions, the long line of nearly 30,000 men, with their diverse national or club badges, wound through the thronged streets on foot, and the march past took two hours and a quarter.

Each day the ground was occupied by competitions from 6 a.m. till 7 p.m., allowing a break of an hour and half in the middle of the day. Great combined displays were, of course, a marked feature of the festival. 4300 boys from the Hamburg and Altona schools, for instance, were massed on one day; 3000 members of the junior gymnastic clubs, including boys of the age of six, assembled on another; 1000 men and girls mustered for free exercises, and smaller bands of female gymnasts acquitted themselves with distinction in musical drill, staff, and club exercises.

But the crowning point of all must surely have been the combined staff exercises, in which 8000 men took part! The conductor, Herr Siepelt, took up his place on the roof of the Grand Stand, and from his elevated position directed the operations. Signals were also given for the various figures and evolutions by the waving of flags and simultaneous sounding of electric bells in four parts of the ground.

Another view of the Schaffhausen display.

The evenings of the festival week are enlivened by banquets, smoking concerts, games, dances, and excursions by land and water to see the sights of the neigbourhood.

We, in the United Kingdom, are sadly behind the times so far as National Gymnastic Competitions are concerned. Nothing has ever been done in this country to compare with the gigantic gatherings in Switzerland and Germany; in fact, as we have already mentioned, no more than 400 British Gymnasts have ever been gathered together at one time.

However, many hundreds of Gymnastic Clubs are already in existence throughout

The Hamburg gymnastic display, showing more than 8000 men at manual drill.

Forming a wall: first position.

From a Photograph by Chas. Knight, Aldershot.

the British Isles, and it would not really be a difficult matter to make arrangements for a combined display. Certainly such an exhibition would be very popular, and would undoubtedly prove of the greatest service in arousing enthusiasm and in fostering that keen spirit of rivalry which tends to increase the skill shown in these athletic contests.

In connection with the two photographs, representing two interesting phases in a military gymnastic display, which are reproduced at the top and bottom of this page, it will be interesting to note that a military gymnasium has recently been established at Aldershot for the training of the officers and men quartered there; and in each garrison town there is now a superintendent of gymnastics and, under him, a staff of instructors, the whole corps having been specially trained at Aldershot under the charge of the Inspector of Gymnasiums.

The Aldershot Gymnasium is splendidly fitted out, and is certainly one of the finest and most up-to-date to be found in the country.

It is now compulsory for all young officers, not already qualified, and all recruits, to go through a gymnastic course on joining their regiments, and at the same time regular courses of instruction for drilled soldiers are held.

Forming a wall: second position.

From a Photograph by Chas. Knight, Aldershot.

By Baroness Emmuska Orczy.

I.

"Must I sign this?" asked the poor wretch, as Count Blöwitz pointed to pen, ink, and paper, and bade him sit down, and write.

"It is absolutely imperative that you should," replied the banker. "Do you suppose," he added drily, "that I intend to pay you a million francs without any acknowledgment for the money?"

"You have the plans," retorted the other doggedly.

"Quite so," said Count Blöwitz sardonically, "but, as I have already explained to you, I do not buy plans of fortifications for my own private use; and, suppose in after years, when I offer them for sale, I should be accused of having stolen them?"

"You would denounce me?" said the traitor, in a trembling voice.

"Not unless I were compelled to do so. After all," added the banker, after a slight pause, "it is not too late yet. There are your plans, sign *nothing*, take them back—and go."

The wretched man hesitated; every conflicting passion was imprinted upon his haggard countenance. With hungering eyes, he watched Count Blöwitz, who, with one hand, was idly toying with a pile of bank notes that lay upon his desk, and with the other held out a bundle of papers—the plans of the fortifications of Odessa, which the traitor had offered him for sale.

"I will sign," the Russian said at last, and with feverish hands wrote his name, one of the noblest in the empire, at the foot of the receipt that consummated his dishonour.

A contemptuous smile lurked round the corner of Count Blöwitz' mouth as he proceeded, slowly and deliberately, to count out the money, which he then tossed on the table.

The Russian picked up the notes one by one; his hand was trembling violently but his hesitation had ceased, his lips were tightly set; evidently he was satisfied, and thought the crisp bits of paper sufficient compensation for the infamy.

"One word more before you leave," said Count Blöwitz, after he had examined the plans and receipt, and locked them up in his bureau; "in the ordinary course of events, I shall probably still meet you in St. Petersburg society. As I have pledged my word to you that no indiscretion on my part shall ever betray you, and it might arouse suspicion that my well-known friendship towards you should so suddenly cease, I am quite willing to shake hands with you when we meet, and even exchange a few words, whenever my abstaining from so doing is likely to create

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comment. At the same time, I need not remind you that all intercourse with other members of my family must immediately cease; my niece shall herself explain to her friends and acquaintances, that her mind had not been fully made up when she became engaged to you, and that her marriage therefore, has been broken off by mutual consent. You understand?"

The young man who had listened to the early part of the banker's speech, with head bent, almost annihilated with shame, now looked up, and an absolutely touching glance of appeal, so yearning was it, came into his dark eyes.

"You will not tell her—all?" he said, in tones so pleading, so heart-broken, that the older man stared at him in some astonishment.

"I shall be compelled to tell her all," he said, "for I am sorry to say she is very much in love with you, and I know that nothing would make her give you up—save knowledge of the truth."

"It was because I was too poor to marry her that I did—this," said the young man, in a voice almost broken with despair.

"You did not imagine, I presume," said Count Blöwitz haughtily, "that, after all that has passed between us, I could ever allow you to approach my niece with a view to marriage?"

"But you—yourself——" gasped the unfortunate young man.

"My dear Constantin, that is altogether a different matter," rejoined the banker calmly. "To commence with, though my banking house is established in Russia, and I have carried on business at St. Petersburg for thirty years, I am not a Russian. My wife was a Russian, my niece and nephew are Russian, but I am an Austrian, and as such owe no allegiance to this country. I shall offer these plans for sale to the Austrian Government; they will, no doubt, give me a fair price for them. I have your receipt to prove that I was not the thief. A man offers me wares to sell, I buy them from him—at his own figure—with a view to selling them again at a profit; there is no disgrace in that, it is merely a matter of speculation; and I repeat again, these plans are of Odessa, and I am no Russian."

"You pushed me to it," retorted the young man doggedly. "Was it not you who first in my hearing spoke of the large sum that could be obtained for correct traceries of the plans of Odessa? you afterwards who, to goad me to the deed, spoke of Maria's love of luxury, and probable marriage with a man wealthier than I? you who encouraged me to know her, to love her, acquiesced in our engagement, then threatened to break it off unless my position was very much improved? Then, when my soul was prepared for the poison, was it not you, again, who told me of these speculations your cursed banking-house made in traitors' deeds?

"Aye, Count Blöwitz, yours was the coward's part; you wished to run no risk, only reap the reward; you throw me a million, and will probably pocket three times that amount, while with a bland smile you show me the door, call me a vile traitor, unworthy to become a member of your family, and still style yourself the noble and wealthy Count Blöwitz, the head of the great banking-house whom everybody delights to call friend. No! it shall not be! traffic with my honour and your own, if you will, but let there be loyalty among thieves—you shall swear to hold your cursed tongue before Maria, or, by Heaven, I will kill you."

The banker had at first listened to the young man's raving speech as he would to the wanderings of a lunatic, but now the Russian's eyes glared with so fierce, so deadly a hatred, that Count Blöwitz, realising his own probable danger, rose in order to ring for a valet that would rid him of this ranting maniac, who now stood before him with hands tightly clenched and knees bent ready for a spring. There was a moment's pause and the banker's hand was already on the bell pull, but whether the fright had been too great, or whether the young Russian's hands had really grasped his throat, it were impossible to say, for the next instant he staggered back, his hands tried vainly to grasp something for support, he gave one short gasp and fell forward on his face.

The traitor looked round him in bewilderment. What did it mean? What had happened? He knelt down by the side of the banker, whose eyes, still turned

upwards, wore that last agonised look of terror, the heart was still, the mouth convulsed, as if in a final fruitless endeavour to shriek for help. Was Count Blöwitz dead? Had fate removed the only witness to the treacherous deed? But then—those plans—that receipt—they were still in that bureau—and the key, there it was, grasped tightly in the dead man's hand—one effort—it dropped out—no one was coming—the house was still—five minutes more.

An icy perspiration stood on his forehead; his knees were trembling so that he could hardly rise from the position in which he still was. The banker had not stirred; only a more ashen look had spread over his features. The young man closed his eyes; he could not bear to look at them. Then he picked up the key.

"For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?" said a frightened voice, a girl's, close at his elbow.

The young man shuddered. He did not move; he knew it was too late. The key dropped from his hand on to the floor.

"My uncle!—what has happened? Constantin, why don't you speak?"

She had fallen on her knees by the side of the dead man, and, taking his head in her arms, turned to the young man.

"Call Antoine at once. He must run for a doctor. But, for Heaven's sake, tell me what has happened?"

With a superhuman effort, Constantin roused himself, and mechanically began telling her how her uncle had been chatting pleasantly; that suddenly he had got up, not feeling well, and—had fallen forward; Constantin thought he was dead.

Two or three lacqueys had now come in. One of them sent for a doctor, and M. Antoine, the valet, with the help of another, was lifting his master from the floor, to carry him to his room.

Maria Alexandrowna had sunk broken-hearted into a chair, while Constantin still stood there transfixed, his eyes riveted on the floor, where that key—that fatal key—was still lying.

He stooped forward to pick it up, but Maria Alexandrowna saw it, too, for she said:

"Give me that key, Constantin; it is that of my dear uncle's desk. All his private papers are in there, and nobody must touch *them* till my brother Stefan comes home from Okhotsk. He is my uncle's nearest male relative, and he will dispose of them as he thinks best."

Mechanically, and as if in a dream, the young man gave her the key, and she took it from him, little guessing what terrible secrets concerning the man she loved were thus placed in her keeping.

II.

When the official organs confirmed the news that had been current as a rumour for some considerable time, namely, that Prince Constantin Lubomirski had been appointed Chancellor of the Russian Empire, nobody was in the least astonished. He was one of those men born to rule, and his rapid advancement in the last two years, from an

Then he picked up the key.

Under-Secretary in the War Department to the absolute leadership of the empire, was but a natural outcome of his indomitable will and powerful, unscrupulous mind.

He might, however, in spite of both those stern qualities, have remained in subordinate positions all his life, but for his sudden accession to wealth, the origin of which was not absolutely known, but which came to him about a couple of years ago, and which enabled him to throw himself body and soul into the vortex of political life. From that hour his attainment of the highest position in Russia became but a question of time, and now his rapidly approaching marriage with Maria Alexandrowna Barteniew, and his appointment to the Chancellorship, added the long expected finishing touch to his brilliant career.

Maria Barteniew, the handsomest girl in St. Petersburg, had, it was said, been in love with him for over two years, in fact, long before his sudden accession to wealth and pre-eminence, but the death of her uncle and guardian, the rich banker, Count Blöwitz, under exceptionally sad circumstances, had plunged her into mourning, and delayed her marriage for some time. But now all preparations were completed, and the wedding, which was the talk of St. Petersburg society, was to take place in the spring.

Aye! it had been a brilliant, a glorious time, that followed those fearful weeks of suspense and intermittent remorse, before the fatal plunge was taken, and Constantin Lubomirski became a traitor. But fate had fought his battle for him. The only witness to his crime was dead, and the papers were locked up, hidden away in a desk that no one —Maria Alexandrowna had said it—had the right to touch.

No one—except Stefan Barteniew, who was so far away, in Okhotsk in Eastern Siberia, and surely Prince Lubomirski, with his new wealth, and rapidly growing influence, could find it no hard matter to keep him there. And Stefan, who was secretary to the governor of Okhotsk, though he begged for and was entitled to leave of absence, found month after month elapse, and his petitions put aside, and worse than all, his letters to his sister at home unanswered; it seemed as if some powerful agency were at work to keep the young man an exile from his country.

The newly-appointed Chancellor sat in his sumptuously furnished study, pondering over these things. At last his ambition was satisfied; he had risen so high that not one unfulfilled wish was left to him now, and Maria Alexandrowna, the beautiful girl for whose sake he had risked so much, and sinned so deeply, was in less than six weeks to become his wife.

And then, with Stefan still away — who knows?—he might even persuade her to let him open that desk, to destroy those papers —that terrible receipt—and then he would be free from this ceaseless, racking torture that night and day haunted him as a spectre, the spectre of his treachery, of his lost honour, the dread of discovery that any moment through chance, or a young girl's curiosity, might hurl him from his exalted position to the worst degradations a country can impose on its citizens.

"Will your Excellency receive Lord Ellaby?"

The valet's official voice broke upon Constantin's meditations, and he rose to greet Her Britannic Majesty's ambassador, as his lordship, apparently too excited to remember any formalities, rushed into the room at the heels of the lacquey.

"Your Excellency," he said, "a terrible blunder has been committed by your infernal bloodhounds in Siberia. But I can tell you my government will put up with *nothing* of that character, and, if any of you dare to harm one hair of that boy's head, I warn you that it may lead to most disastrous consequences."

Prince Lubomirski was aghast at the usually so impassive Englishman's demeanour; moreover, he had not the slightest idea of what the ambassador was talking about.

"Would it not be better, your Excellency," he said with a slightly sarcastic smile, "if you were to tell me the facts of the case!"

"H'm, certainly, certainly," said Lord Ellaby, suddenly recollecting the unseemliness of his conduct, "I venture to hope your Excellency knows nothing of this confounded business. Perhaps this letter will explain; it

comes from my son, sir, at present detained in one of your infernal prisons."

Prince Lubomirski took the letter from the irate ambassador; it ran as follows:—

DEAR OLD DAD,—When you receive this, I shall no doubt be under arrest, for I am going to throw myself wilfully into the jaws of the bear, knowing full well that you can easily get me out of the scrape. As you know, I sailed round to Okhotsk in the *Arethusa*, intending to ask Barteniew to join me in some big game shooting; I thought, of course, he would have no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence for a month or so, and was perfectly aghast when he told me that not only would he be quite unable to accompany me, but that he had been the subject of most mysterious conspiracies from headquarters, and had not been allowed to leave his post now for two years.

He was looking terribly anxious and worried, moreover the climate was beginning to tell on his lungs; to make a long story short the *Arethusa* is as fast a yacht as was ever built on the Clyde, and I persuaded him to take French leave on her, see his friends at home, and find out what games his enemies, if he has any, are up to.

Briefly, then, we are going to make a bolt of it—Stefan and I—having previously exchanged our respective identities, namely, he will wear my clothes and use my passports and papers, while I don his uniform and become Stefan Barteniew for the time being. If we are suspected and stopped on our way, I shall allow myself to be meekly led back to Okhotsk, leaving it to you, my dear old Dad, to get me home again; while Barteniew, in the guise of the Hon. Winter Ellaby, will proceed on his way, get on board the *Arethusa*, and remit you this letter as soon as he arrives in St. Petersburg.

So on receiving this, please take the necessary steps at once to get me out of the hole, for I am sure these beastly Russians won't treat me any too well when they find out their mistake.—Ever your affectionate son, WINTER S. ELLABY.

The letter dropped from Prince Lubomirski's hand. During the few moments that it had taken him to read it, he had fully realised its deadly import. Stefan Barteniew was in St. Petersburg at this moment, that was absolutely clear from the fact that Lord Ellaby had received this letter. Perhaps at this very moment he was with his sister; she was giving him the key; his hands were on the fatal papers——

"I trust Prince Lubomirski," said the English ambassador, interrupting the Chancellor's protracted reflections, "that your government does not intend to pursue this matter any further. Whatever grievance you may have against young Barteniew I have

Prince Lubomirski took the letter from the irate ambassador.

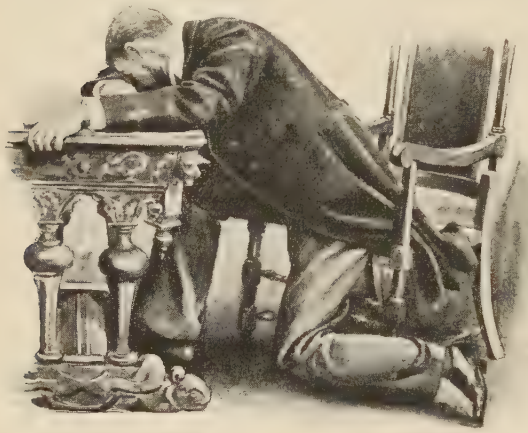
nothing to do with. My boy has helped him to get out of your clutches, as any Englishman who had the chance would. I am willing privately to indemnify Russia to what extent she may choose to impose. I should not even mind my son sitting in a Christian prison for a week or so, by way of punishment for his escapade; he has no cause to blush for what he has done, and——"

"Pray, your Excellency, say no more," said the Chancellor, who mastered himself with a mighty effort; "the whole thing evidently originated from a mistake made by Stefan Barteniew, whose conscience could not have been quite clear, or he never would have taken fright so easily. No doubt there was some good reason why he was refused leave of absence, and your son has acted very foolishly in persuading him to defy his superiors. Nevertheless, I shall immediately wire to Okhotsk, and your Excellency may rest assured that no harm shall come to Mr. Winter Ellaby, who seems a most chivalrous and plucky young man."

Her Britannic Majesty's ambassador, fully satisfied, thereupon tendered a graceful

apology for his son's hot-headed escapade, and his own anxiety, that had made him almost forget himself, and took his leave five minutes after, leaving Constantin Lubomirski almost broken down with the strain of the last half-hour.

The blow had been hard, all the more terrible as it was so wholly unexpected. Fate



He buried his head in his arms.

that had been so persistently his ally, had suddenly turned against him.

Surely something could yet be done to avert the terrible catastrophe. The Russian police were so prompt, and he, Constantin, so powerful. But no! no! it was too late, Stefan was with his sister even now, and a vision rose before the proud man's eyes of the lad sitting at the desk, with his sister close to his elbow. "Maria, look at these," he was saying, "careful plans of the citadel of Odessa! How came they in our uncle's bureau? Sold to him, no doubt, by some traitor. Here is the receipt for one million francs, and signed Constantin Lubomirski."

Oh! the horrible vision, it would not be chased away. The subsequent exposure, the terrible disgrace, and, worst of all, the vision of a young girl's eyes rose before him—a girl's eyes wherein he had been wont to see the light of true confiding love, now distorted by a look of loathing and contempt for that vile abject thing that had been her lover.

"Pity, Maria, pity! I was poor then. It was for your sake, and I have suffered so. Pity! Pity!"

And Prince Lubomirski with a loud groan fell forward on his desk, and he lay there for awhile in merciful oblivion of his crime and its punishment.

III.

How long Constantin Lubomirski remained in this state of unconsciousness he did not know, but when he awoke the evening was drawing in. He roused himself wearily; then, as the events of the past came back to him, he buried his head in his arms. At first he seemed powerless to think; the situation seemed so absolutely hopeless that his eyes, as if unconsciously, fixed themselves on the panoply of rare and costly arms, swords, guns, and revolvers that adorned his wall.

To die—to rest! Oh! he felt so weary of this pomp, this glory earned at such a bitter price. He took a dainty revolver in his hand, so light and fragile, and thought how one moment's determination would put him beyond all strife, all remorse. Then the fair vision of Maria rose before him once more, and of the boy Stefan, who would then inevitably know all; perhaps proclaim it to all who chose to hear that Prince Lubomirski was a traitor, and died to avoid discovery. No, no; that should not be. He had fought so long, so valiantly, surely something could be done; all was not yet lost.

Stefan was in St. Petersburg, true; but, harassed by anxiety, and almost a fugitive, he probably had not yet had the time or inclination to trouble with the dead man's papers. If so, all would be well. Then Constantin resolved that he himself would tell Maria Alexandrowna all, throw himself on her mercy, beg from her those compromising papers, then trust to her boundless, long-enduring love for him, to obtain her forgiveness in exchange for his confession.

Calling to his valet for his hat and stick, he sallied forth into the street, and rapidly found his way to the little house on the banks of the Neva, where his fate would be decided.

It lay quiet and still in the moonlight, and Constantin hardly dared to touch the bell and ask if Mademoiselle was alone. The lacquey who opened the door told him that Maria Alexandrowna had not gone to bed, although her duenna had done so for some time. She was expecting a gentleman, no doubt she meant his Excellency, and if his Excellency would step inside he would find Maria Alexandrowna in the boudoir.

All was safe then so far; Constantin questioned the lacquey closely as to what visitors his mistress had received during the day, and no one apparently had called who could possibly have been Stefan.

Constantin found the young girl sitting alone in semi-darkness, save for a small lamp with a soft pink shade, which stood in one of the window recesses.

She jumped up, pleased, if somewhat astonished at the unusual lateness of his visit, and he took her hand gently in his, and drawing her near him on the sofa, he watched for awhile her sweet profile outlined against the pink lamp, and thought what a difficult task he had set himself. How could he talk of such evil to an angel so pure and good?

"Maria Alexandrowna," he said at last, with an effort, "I wish to speak to you upon a very serious matter to-night; will you listen to me for a moment?"

"Yes, Constantin," she said abstractedly, but he could see that her mind was far away; she seemed anxious, very restless; her eyes wandered to the lamp at the window, and she bent her head once or twice as if listening.

"Maria," he continued, "you have often assured me that your love for me is very great, and playfully asked me to put it to the test. I am going to put that love to a very severe test to-night."

She looked up at him, and in her clear blue eyes he saw such a depth of love that he hesitated no longer, and rapidly in short, jerky sentences, he began to tell her all that had happened.

The young girl's eyes at first opened in wonder and softened with pity at the sad tale, gradually dilated with horror, then, as the conviction slowly arose in her that what he was telling her was a confession of a crime so fearful, so degrading, so low that the most abject moujik would shun its perpetration as he would the pestilence, she drew herself away from him.

"Why do you tell me this now?" said Maria Alexandrowna at last. "Why not rather have never sought me out, or left me to know nothing?"

Why, indeed? Aye! there was yet the most difficult part to tell. How was he to ask this pure, innocent girl to become his accomplice and help him to escape from the punishment that was even now at his door? Constantin's throat was parched, his face was ashy pale. But nerve himself to the task he must, and, rising from his seat, he was about to approach her, when his ear caught the sound of a soft footstep outside, and a discreet knock at the door.

Maria Alexandrowna heard it, too, for a startled look came into her face, and, putting a finger to her lips, she somewhat lowered the lamp and pointed towards a dark corner of the room.

Constantin understood the gesture and retired into the shadow. Scarcely had he done so when the door opened and a young man came in. His face and manner and general appearance were so like Maria's that Constantin knew at once that it was her brother Stefan.

Stefan Barteniew was evidently expected, for Maria had shown no surprise at his entrance. Constantin heard her ask him anxious questions, and Stefan began telling her of the dangers he had passed and his fortunate escape, thanks to the devotion of his young English friend.

Once Maria Alexandrowna turned her head towards the dark corner of the room; that was when Stefan told her that some unknown, powerful foe must have been at work to keep him wilfully so far away from home. Her eyes, as she searched the gloom, wore, Constantin thought, almost a look of hatred then.

"I must not stay in Russia, Maria darling," Stefan added, "and have just come to see you and collect some papers and money, as it will be obviously wiser for me to remain abroad until I know that I am safe. I shall leave for England to-night, and half hope that you may delay your marriage and join me there for a little while. Perhaps even

you could start with me now; you would have two hours in which to pack some things."

"I should like to go with you, Stefan," Maria said gently, "and we will leave Anoushka to shut up and take care of the house. Two hours is more than I want to pack my immediate requirements."

"I will wait for you here, and while you are gone I can look through my uncle's private papers that you told me had never been touched since his death, and which might be of importance. Have you the key of the bureau?"

"Yes, here it is," said Maria Alexandrowna, taking the chain from her neck, and handing the key to Stefan. Then she crossed the room and once more found herself face to face with Constantin.

In his eyes dilated with horror, in his hand pointing with trembling finger towards Stefan now engaged in opening the bureau drawer, she read in one instant the sequel to the terrible story he had been telling her. The proof, in some shape or form, of his guilt lay in the drawer of that bureau, on which her brother Stefan's hand was even now resting.

"Maria, my darling, can you give me a little more light? I can't see what I am doing."

She walked across the floor and mechanically took the lamp from its stand, and holding it with both hands, she stood behind her brother, who sat with his back turned towards Constantin, and was busying himself with the bundles of papers that lay in the drawer.

Not a sound save the rustle of paper was heard for two or three minutes, whilst Maria Alexandrowna stood as if turned to stone, her eyes, dilated with terror, seeming to try and read through the wrappers before her brother opened them. So far, he had only come across a number of private memoranda of more or less value, which he classified and put on one side. Suddenly Constantin Lubomirski guessed by something in Maria Alexandrowna's expression of face that the fatal papers were under Stefan's hand. He made a sudden, unconscious movement forward, whilst a half-smothered exclamation escaped his lips. Stefan Barteniew, startled, threw all the papers back into the drawer, and, jumping up, turned towards Constantin, whom he vaguely discerned in the gloom.

"Who goes there?" he said, springing forward and ready to jump at the intruder.

Maria Alexandrowna was still standing lamp in hand, her eyes fixed on the drawer, where all the papers lay in a tangled mass; one minute's hesitation, and, before her brother or Constantin had time to see what she was doing, she had thrown the lamp violently down, and it fell crashing on to the bureau, wrapping all the papers scattered therein in a sea of flames.

Constantin, with the instinct of self-preservation and forgetting all, save Maria's danger, tore down the curtains from the window and threw them on the flaming desk, quickly smothering the fire. When all danger was passed and the curtains removed, the papers in the desk were but a heap of ashes.

"I thank you, Monsieur," said Stefan Barteniew, "for the coolness with which you helped to preserve all our lives, and my sister's property, though I fear that many valuable papers have been destroyed. May I not have the pleasure of knowing your name?"

"My name is Constantin Lubomirski," he said.

"The Imperial Chancellor and my sister's *fiancé*," said Stefan cordially, stepping forward and offering Constantin his hand.

"His Excellency is no longer my *fiancé*, Stefan," said Maria Alexandrowna, taking hold of her brother's hand, and thus preventing Constantin from grasping it. "When you came, I was just telling him that I was too young to know my own mind when I became engaged to him, and I have asked him to set me free. Prince Lubomirski has so many great interests to occupy his life; all Russia looks to him for guidance and future glory; I will watch his brilliant career with eager interest, but love, such as a wife should feel for her husband, I have none to give. . . ."

She seemed calm and impassive, there was not the slightest tremor in her voice, but a stern, irrevocable determination. Constantin Lubomirski threw a last look at the girl who had so deeply loved, so nobly saved him, and, bowing his head before her, he passed out of her life for ever.

PADEREWSKI AT HOME

From Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

By W. Adlington.

I do not wish to write of Paderewski as the great musician, for that will be written on the everlasting scroll of Fame; but I wish to tell of a visit that I paid to his home in Poland, and of his kind heart.

The world may give him all that the world has to give, all glory, all honour; the world may place him upon the highest pedestal, and the magic of his music may bring him wealth untold, and yet I think that he will always be the simple, noble-hearted Paderewski whom the Polish peasants love, who thinks always of the good of others, who is the kindest of the kind.

Paderewski has made his home on a great estate in Poland, and here, when at leisure, he loves to live, working incessantly, entertaining his friends, managing his property, and performing a thousand kind deeds for the benefit of the simple-minded peasants who are his neighbours and his tenants. To Paderewski music is life, but I believe that it is one of his greatest ambitions to raise up Poland from the slough of poverty in which she lies, and to lead her sons into the way of prosperity.

It was my good fortune a short while ago to receive an invitation from the Master to share his holiday with him in Poland: and the few words of the invitation gave me more delight than I can well describe.

I joined him at his Swiss residence overlooking the blue waters of the lake of Geneva; and for two days and nights we travelled through the Tyrol, past Salzburg, Vienna, and thence to Cracow, the capital of Poland. The trials of this long journey, undertaken during the hottest weather of the year, vanished entirely with Paderewski as a companion—he is the best of all companions. He can speak fluently in six languages, he has seen much of the world and of all the greatest men of the world, he seems to know and to understand everyone and everything. He talks on all subjects, and he interests you in them all, but especially in those which touch upon his own plans for the future—those plans that are always for the good of his fellow men.

He is the best and wittiest conversationalist I have ever known. His fund of anecdotes is inexhaustible; his powers of mimicry are little short of marvellous. Paderewski might have been the greatest of actors.

At Tarnow we changed on to a little noisy local train, and a few hours' travelling in a

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Note.—The author of this article, in his position as Paderewski's trusted agent and constant adviser, has had especial opportunities of studying the wonderful personality of the great pianist. We may add that this is the first occasion upon which any account of Paderewski's life in his Polish home has ever been published.—Ed. P. M.

south-easterly direction brought us to our journey's end. Here little groups of people waited anxiously for the home-coming of the Master, and on every side friendly greetings were showered upon him. Outside the station a carriage drawn by two magnificent

Paderewski's home in Poland.

chestnuts was in waiting—Paderewski loves horses as he loves children and dogs—and we drove rapidly away to Kosna.

On the way my companion pointed out the various places of interest, telling me of all the improvements he intended to make in the future. We paused for a moment on the bridge that spans the clear river Biala, and shortly afterwards we drove through the park gates, catching a glimpse of the great house half hidden by trees, and then the carriage drew up on the broad terrace before the open hall doors.

The house was built about sixty years ago, and, although it has no pretensions to architectural beauty, it is roomy and comfortable, and furnished in exquisite taste. There are two detached wings, one of which contains offices and domestic quarters, while the other is reserved for visitors when the main building is occupied.

Sloping lawns lead down in front of the house to an ornamental lake, well stocked with carp, while at the back a pine forest stretches away almost as far as the eye can reach. Three-fifths of the vast estate of Kosna consists of forests of pine, Scotch firs, and oak, in which the musician loves to roam under the great trees, drawing inspiration from the wild music of the wind as it whistles and sighs overhead.

Around the house is a newly laid out park of some 200 acres, some parts of which have been so recently planted that many years must pass before they satisfy the eyes of their owner. Paderewski himself took the keenest interest in the laying out of this park, as, indeed, he does in every detail of the management of his property. Ask his tenants who knows most about the home farm on the estate! Paderewski would have been a great farmer, as he would have been great in any other walk in life, had he not been the first pianist in the world!

Kosna is very beautiful, but few who have not visited the country would credit the charms of this far-away Poland. All around are well-wooded hills and fertile valleys, watered with clear, swiftly-flowing streams. To the south-east, in the far distance, rise the great peaks of the Carpathian Mountains. Paderewski loves nothing better than to drive through this lovely scenery, to visit the tenants, and the neighbouring peasants, and to supervise the management of his estate. Day after day during my visit I found him in conversation with his people. Since the great fall in the price of wheat, they, too, have felt the result of the agricultural depression from which other countries are suffering, and Paderewski has many plans in progress with which he hopes to assist them to a better condition of life.

I had not been with him for two days before it was very clearly borne in upon me how great was the love and confidence he inspired in the hearts of all those among whom he lives. The second day of my visit was an occasion dear to all in Poland, as in Russia, and elsewhere—the day of the festival of the harvest. The signal for the time of rejoicing is when the last sheaf of corn falls beneath the sickle.

The festival was celebrated at Kosna with

all the pomp and rejoicings due to the occasion. Towards evening the tenants on the estate, and everyone in the neighbourhood for miles around, assembled themselves in groups on the terrace before the house. At their head, a band played national airs and mazurkas, while behind came all the young girls, dressed in white, and carrying in their hands great bouquets, elaborate affairs, consisting of the heads of corn, flowers, and fruit, cleverly arranged in stands.

Then Paderewski came out on to the terrace, to receive their congratulations on the safe ingathering of the crops; and everyone cheered and the band played louder than ever. The girls approached, and presented their bouquets, and to all he had a kind word to say. A procession was formed, the band in front, followed by the girls in their white dresses, and the tenants and peasants with their wives and children. Everyone seized Paderewski's hand and smothered it with kisses, and there were tears in the eyes of many an old peasant as he bent over those white hands that mean so much to the world.

Paderewski at the piano.

From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Speeches were now made by the elders, to which gracious replies were returned, and little gifts were distributed; while later in the evening a great banquet and high revelry was held in one of the large buildings. Afterwards there was dancing, while the band played lustily, and the village vocalists sang impromptu verses in praise of the Master.

The dancing of the Polish girls is decidedly primitive, and equally decidedly picturesque and enjoyable. You may be standing against a wall, watching the scene, when suddenly a girl will float up to you, will kiss your hand, and will whirl you away into the dance before you have time to protest—which, by the way, would not be at all correct, and might cause serious offence. The band played lively national dances, and many times I saw Paderewski carried off in this sudden manner. But he never hesitated a moment when his hand was kissed, and I could see that the spell of the music had fastened itself upon him as firmly as it had upon everyone else in the merry company. The festivities came to an end by the young men lifting Paderewski to their shoulders and carrying him around the house, preceded by the band.

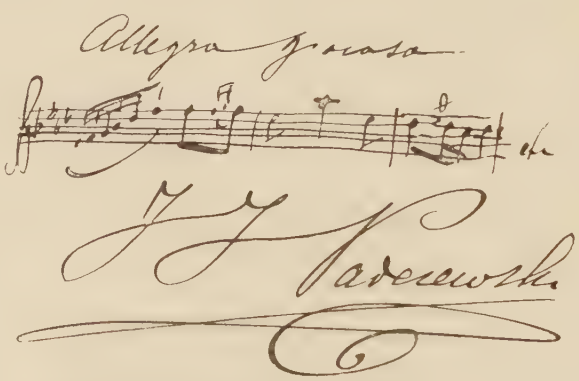
Paderewski is almost always working, but on occasions he allows himself to take a real holiday, and then all thoughts of music are banished from his mind. These short respites at Kosna are very necessary; no one but a musician would credit the enormous strain that falls upon him when fulfilling his engagements. Few people could endure the mere physical work that Paderewski's piano playing entails, and when to this is added the great mental strain, the ceaseless brain work, and, to crown all, the cares and worries of long railway journeys, it is not to be wondered at that his soul craves for rest.

When Paderewski takes a real holiday, he is buoyant and full of spirits, occupying himself with thoughts of kind deeds for the good of others. But he cannot live long without his art. When he is not actually fulfilling engagements, he is composing, or preparing for future engagements. Sometimes he will sit down at his piano in the early hours of the morning, and work steadily on, taking no food or rest, until the hour for

late dinner arrives. At the end of such a day as this he will rise from the piano, pale, haggard, his brain afire, and wild with excitement. Afterwards Nature demands her price, and hours must pass before his nerves will be soothed and he will be able to sleep.

During these hours Paderewski plays billiards and smokes Russian cigarettes of a peculiarly delicate flavour. This fine game of skill has the most extraordinary effect upon his excitable nature. He becomes absorbed in the strokes, and then the over-taxed nerves are soothed to their normal state, and when he retires for the night he sleeps as soundly as a child. He does not care for other amusements with the exception of an occasional game of chess.

Paderewski works in a charming room, adorned with countless mementoes of the triumphs he has won. Laurel wreaths and addresses, and silver presentations hang from the walls, conspicuous among many others from equally exalted quarters, being a gift from the Queen of Italy. He plays nearly always on an Erard piano, only occasionally, by way of a change, using any other instrument. In one corner of the room is a high desk, and Paderewski will stand before this for hours at a time when engaged in composing some new work. He composes his music as though he were telling a story, and it is all in his brain before he puts pen to paper: when once completed he seldom makes any alterations in the score.



A specially written "theme" from one of Paderewski's compositions.

Then he sits down to play what he has written, and those who are there to hear, wish that the music might run on for ever.

I mentioned before the River Biala, which we crossed on our way to Kosna from the railway station. Paderewski owns some forty miles of this river: a beautiful clear stream, of immense volume in the rainy season, running at least 8ft. higher than in the summer. He intends to stock it thoroughly with fish, and thus give quite a new employment to his tenants. Already many hands have been at work, under Paderewski's supervision, erecting fish-hatcheries, and generally preparing for the newcomers. The first instalment arrived during the last spring, when some thirty thousand young trout were turned out to sport in the river. If the experiment proves successful, other fish will be introduced to the Biala.

The stocking of this river is but one of a hundred similar schemes that Paderewski is always devising. Quite recently, for instance, the idea occurred to him to teach the peasants how to cultivate vineyards with profit. These Austrian-Poles among whom he lives, are very backward in many ways, one generation following closely in the footsteps of the last, and never seeming to make any progress, as their vineyards demonstrate. The vines are allowed to grow as they will, and no trouble is taken to improve the small, wild, tasteless fruit they bring forth. However, Paderewski intends to change all this.

Quite recently he sent to France for an expert to choose situations, and to lay out really fine vineyards on his property. From these he will be able to supply plants to the peasants and the tenants on his estate, all of whom own a portion of ground round their houses. The work has been pushed rapidly forward, and the vineyard scheme has already proved an immense success by giving employment to many hands.

In the great forest which surrounds the house some forty hands are employed. The woods are well stocked with wild boar, deer, and other game. There is excellent sport to be had, and this all who stay at Kosna are at full liberty to enjoy; but Paderewski himself

never shoots or hunts. His fortune lies in those beautiful, sensitive hands of his—and more than his fortune, for all the world would mourn if any accident should befall them. He recognises that it is a duty he owes to his fellow-men to take every precaution for the safety of his hands, and, therefore, he indulges in no sport; although now that he has stocked the rivers at Kosna, he looks forward to some good fishing.

Paderewski enjoys spending some of his leisure time on the home farm at Kosna. He has recently imported some sheep from the Queen's Balmoral estate, and some magnificent pedigree cattle—the Scotch polled, the Highland, and the Hereford breeds.

The influence of this kind-hearted landlord spreads far beyond the confines of his own property—in one sense, indeed, it spreads throughout the world. From miles around the people come to him with their troubles and sorrows, and he hears them all patiently, giving the best of advice. Often deputations assemble on the broad terrace with some grievance that only the Master can right, and he comes out from the house, leaving his music or his work, and makes them a long speech, and sends them away happy.

Near Kosna is a small town of some 2000 inhabitants, and here are many evidences of Paderewski's kindly actions. Some time ago he bought a large house, and converted it into a club for the benefit of the young men of the place. There is an abundance of journals and literature and games of all kinds supplied by the patron, while refreshments may be bought, the profits from which are handed over to the poor and needy.

Paderewski's head is as clear as his heart is kind. He possesses a marvellous memory, so vast and comprehensive that he is able to perform (to take the most familiar instance) a practically unlimited repertoire of the compositions of ancient and modern masters without any reference to the book.

It goes without saying that he is extremely wealthy; but so fine an art is worthy of the best that this world can give. His fee for twenty minutes at the piano is usually 500 guineas. In one visit of five months to America he returned the richer by more than £30,000.

He is an excellent business man, although his methods are those of the artiste. Paderewski rarely writes a letter: never, when he can find any other way to express his opinions, or when he can ask someone to write for him. A letter is his last resource. He dispatches, as might be expected from this statement, a phenomenal number of telegrams in the course of the year, and the post-offices of Europe have cause to be thankful for this whim.

Paderewski has two great ambitions in life. By the time these lines are in print one probably will have entered upon the initial stage of its fulfilment, for before Christmas, all being well, his first opera will have been produced at Dresden. He wishes to leave behind more than a memory of his God-sent gift of interpreting music: it is his ambition to be ranked among the greatest composers of the world: and all great men have great ambitions. But even stronger than the desire of the artist is that other ambition, that never faltering resolve to do every kind deed that lies in his power for the good of his fellows.

And this is the key-note of the life of Ignace Jan Paderewski.

Snapshots at Kosna.

The centre photograph shows Paderewski's sister and his favourite St. Bernard.

A Christmas Make-Believe

By

Annie Hamilton Donnell.

"I'm so turrible afraid he's goin' to keep Christmas ag'in!" Biggs, in the privacy of his kitchen, communed aloud as usual. His serious, long countenance was lengthened and solemnised yet more.

"It looks like it. Things are a-p'intin'. What'd he say to me this very mornin' ever was—says he to me, 'Biggs, see't there's plenty o' raisins on hand an' all the seasonin's—' what'd he say that to me for? Don't that mean Christmas preparations? Answer that, if you can, Timothy Biggs!"

Timothy Biggs merely groaned. It was unanswerable. Mister Philup was goin' to have Christmas festivities again this year. The raisins settled it—*an'* the seasonin's.

"This'll make the third one. I did hope he was gettin' over it! You needn't tell me Mister Philup ain't the gettin'-over kind, Timothy Biggs—I reckon I know that *as* well as you do! But there's such a thing as the softening of time. He's had most three years to come round in."

For a time there was a cessation of the low, monotonous voice, and only the imperative tick of the kitchen clock and occasional sharp little explosions on the range broke the silence. Then a bell rang with an impatient twang.

"There he goes ag'in!—third time *this* evenin'. More raisins an' spices!"

Biggs hurried through the spacious, lighted halls to his master's library. On the way his rough, unhandsome face softened pleasantly. It always softened on the way to that lonely room.

"Sit down, Biggs. What are you standing up for when there's a chair at your heels?"

Philip Lattimer spoke sharply with short, nervous jerks in his voice. His refined, pale face was set in unbroken gloom.

"Well, Mister Philup?"

Biggs had been sitting on the edge of a chair five minutes, waiting, before he spoke. Philip Lattimer woke out of a reverie at the sound of his voice.

"Zounds, man, you here? How long in the name of common sense have you been tilting on that chair?"

"Sence you rung for me, Mister Philup—no longer nor no shorter," Biggs said cheerfully. He was used to this.

"Oh, did I ring?—Yes, yes, it was about the turkey. Now I remember."

The cheer faded out of poor Biggs' face and left it lustreless.

"I merely wanted to say that I will attend to that part—the turkey. You are to see to all the rest, you understand. I shall have everything as it was last year—everything. Now go."

And Biggs, on the way back to the kitchen, groaned intermittently and as one without hope.

There were two days left before Christmas Day. Biggs spent them in the kitchen among vegetables and spicy aromas. Rapidly the shelves of his neat little pantry filled up from end to end. But there was no pleasant elation on his face—there was no spice of anticipation among his other spices.

Once Philip Lattimer visited the kitchen

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during those two days—only once. Then it was to say tersely:

"Remember the little pies, Biggs—three of them, graduated."

"Oh, lordy, Timothy Biggs, he ain't forgot *that!*" groaned Biggs under his breath when his master was gone. "I vow I *did* reckon on his gettin' over them three little gradooated pies by this time! I reckoned on it last year—but, lordy, *this!*"

He set to work on the little pies. He made three of them, on plates of graduated sizes. They came out of the oven brown and flaky, as little children like them.

"Philly's—Comfort's—*an'* the Little Un's," he told them off, as he placed them away on a shelf. How many times he had made those little pies!

The big grand dining-room was set in prim order—it was only opened on Christmas Day now. The chairs were rubbed to a new polish and the beautiful shining floor as well. All the curtains were shaken and the pictures dusted. Biggs tried to whistle as he worked. Mister Philup's library was next door to the dining-room, and Mr. Philup could hear everything. He heard Biggs' plaintive whistle and a faint shade of appreciation lightened the gloom of his bitter face for a moment.

"That whistle comes hard—the poor beggar!" he murmured.

On the afternoon preceding Christmas Day, Philip Lattimer put by his books and went out among the holidaying crowds in the streets. They jostled him and peered—some of them—into his solemn face, curiously. Their faces were not solemn. Now and then he met a grandfather coming from the station with a following of eager-faced, staring little country children, or a big son with his old father and mother. Now and then he met a poor woman out for the last few accessories for her dinner to-morrow. And children—children were everywhere. They hurt him most.

"There are only two things to do, and then I can get out of it," he muttered.

There were the flowers to select for the table, and the turkey to see about; then, thank goodness, he could go home—away from the mothers and the little children. What kind of preparation were they for to-morrow's ordeal?

The flowers were soon chosen and ordered to be sent up. Then Philip Lattimer turned wearily toward a large poulterer's and butcher's shop combined—the very centre and pivot of all the cheery bustle and confusion.

A little group of shabby children had halted in front of the one he selected. Their shrill, high voices assailed his ear insistently, as he paused a minute outside.

A little group of shabby children had halted in front of the one he selected.

"Now you choose, Patsy. Which one'll you take? *I* choose that orr-ful big 'un."

"So do I, too—huh, you s'pose I'm goin' to choose a little 'un, Minervy Bemis?"

Minervy was evidently the commander-in-chief. She had marshalled her little forces in shipshape order, in a straight row facing the line of dangling turkeys. All the small, lean faces were thrown back to command a good view.

"Now you, S'lome—quick, choose! We ain't goin' to stan' here all day. We've got to go home and cook it. Hurry up!"

"The big 'un," cried S'lome glibly.

"The big 'un!—the big 'un!" shouted all the little sharp voices.

"I want them wuth o' meat," she piped.

"Then it's the big 'un, o' course. It takes everybody to make a majority. Now, you can all poke him. I'll begin, then Patsy, then S'lome, down to Jemimy—Patsy, you boost *him*."

One by one in a grave procession they tiptoed up and prodded the great plump body of the largest turkey in a line, with little forefingers. Patsy "boosted" the turkey.

"There!" sighed the commander-in-chief with evident relief, "*that's* done. I'm goin' in now. Patsy, you keep 'em behavin'—S'lome, don't you pinch nobody."

Minervy and Philip Lattimer went in together. Philip Lattimer was oddly resentful towards the brisk, little figure. That chit of a child going to buy the finest turkey of them all! She was wizened and shabby—very shabby. The whole little tribe out there was very shabby. Didn't look as if the lot of 'em together ever ate a whole drumstick in their lives! And here was their Governor-General marching in here to buy a costly turkey—the turkey Philip Lattimer wanted.

The proprietor hastened forward, rubbing his palms together. "Ah, Mr. Lattimer, glad to see you, sir. Ah—what can I do for you to-day?"

"Wait on the child first," Philip Lattimer said briefly, standing back for the little shabby figure to advance.

Minervy felt about nervously in the pocket of her dress and produced a few pennies. She held them out in her little open hand.

"I want them wuth o' meat," she piped importantly, "the kind that's cheap with bone an' gristle in, you know. If—if you could put in quite a hunk," she added rather wistfully.

When the bundle was ready she trudged away with it contentedly. In utter amazement Philip Lattimer followed her to the door.

"I've got him in here," announced the commander-in-chief to her little troop outside. "Now we'll go along home and cook him. Come on—" But suddenly her eyes flashed indignantly. S'lome was looking up at the great bird on the line wistfully.

"S'lome Bemis, *ain't* you ashamed? Didn't I say 'twouldn't be no fair to look afterwards? I'm dis'pointed in you, yes I am! What's the good o' makin' b'lieve if you ain't fair?"

Minervy's shrill voice was tremulous with growing wrath. S'lome, admonished and ashamed, caught up the baby and hid her face behind his mop of soft hair. "*I* didn't look, Minervy," cried Patsy, pinching S'lome's arm viciously. "I never."

"Nor me neither," trilled little Grissel, turning her back resolutely to the display of turkeys. "Me neid," piped Jemimy.

Ah!—Philip Lattimer turned back into the market slowly. Now he understood the little tableau. The shabby children were making believe. A make-believe Christmas—well, what was his Christmas to be but that? He smiled bitterly.

"I'll send it right up, sir, right up," the proprietor was saying blandly in his ear. He heard him distantly as if he were far off in another world, or in a dream—"It's a fine

bird, Mr. Lattimer, the biggest one in the street. You're in luck to find it here as late as this. Only came in this morn——"

"Do you know anything about that child?" interrupted Philip Lattimer's crisp tones.

"Child—child, sir?" questioned the man in perplexity.

"Yes, yes, the child who bought the turk—the lump of meat a few minutes ago."

"Oh—ah—yes, that little beggar. No, I don't know. Hi, Jim, ever see that little scrub that was in here jest now buyin' scrap meat?"

Jim laughed easily.

"See her every mornin' *an'* night. Lives 'longsider me. Ma's died an' there's a whole crowd o' young uns. Father's a cleaner at the yards—he's in the horspital. Got pretty nigh cleaned out!"

The proprietor turned to his customer with a wave of his hand. "There you have it, sir—whole story," he smiled.

"Yes, yes—the whole story," repeated Philip Lattimer absently. Already his interest in the little episode had waned.

That evening a curious whim seized him to go out into the kitchen and watch Biggs dress the turkey. He had been pacing restlessly up and down—up and down, till he could bear the monotony no longer. And certainly he could not bear to sit still.

Biggs was whistling gloomily over his work. The great turkey reared its plump side from the dripping-pan on the table. To Philip Lattimer's suddenly awakened imagination the dents of little prodding fingers were visible in it. Minervy's—Patsy's—S'lome's—the baby's—he saw them all. Biggs' great hand rested for a minute on the bird's side as he plied a needle backwards and forwards across the breast, and new dents appeared. The new ones and the old were much alike, but Philip Lattimer refused to see the resemblance. He had remembered suddenly the whole strange little scene of the afternoon. It built itself anew out of the flickering shadows of the gloomy kitchen and rehearsed itself before him, uninvited. He was watching the row of uplifted, lean, eager little faces again, choosing the "big 'un" among the dangling, uncomely turkeys.

"*I* choose the big 'un," the commander-in-chief was shrilling in his ears.

"The big 'un! the big 'un!" all the shrill voices were crying. Then he saw them stretching up on tiptoe to touch the big 'un's fat sides—there were the little dents they made now.

And last of all in the little drama of shadows he saw the look of keen resentment on Minervy's face and heard her cry indignantly: "What's the good o' makin' b'lieve if you ain't fair?" That was when the child—Salome—had looked back wistfully at the big 'un dangling still above his head. Poor little Lot's wife! Her faith had not been equal to the cruel strain upon it. Making believe a Christmas.

"Biggs," Philip Lattimer said abruptly.

"That's me, Mister Philup."

"Did you ever make believe anything in your life?"

"No, I never."

"Then of course you never made believe a Christmas?"

Biggs looked round quickly. The lamplight on his face showed the hints of a slow, serious smile. "*I* never, Mister Philup. There's them that has," he said gently.

Philip Lattimer smiled gravely, too. "Yes, yes, Biggs, there's them that has. There are men and little children, and who knows how many more? It's hard work making believe, Biggs."

"Yes, Mister Philup."

Biggs's voice quavered with something that beginning like a sob ended in a queer, uncanny whistle. In whistles Biggs found vent for all his warm emotions.

In the stillness that followed, Philip Lattimer slipped away to his room, and his books and haunting memories.

Three years—three years it had been, since he had brooded there alone—shutting himself out of human fellowship and the softening influences of it. It had been three years since he and a light heart parted ways.

To-night the heaviness weighed upon him more than ever. He could not stifle it in books, as sometimes it would not be stifled. After awhile he gave up the attempt and loosed the bars of restraint and let his grief have its own way. Why not? Why not?

Biggs crept along the hall on his way to bed, and stopped at his master's room at

usual to see if all was well. The door stood a little ajar and he peered in.

"Oh, lordy—Oh, lordy," he cried inwardly, with a tug at his heart strings, "he's at it ag'in! He's got the pictur's all out, an' that's the sign. He's at it ag'in—Lord, Lord, ain't there no end?"

Biggs was on his knees and might have been praying. The tears were rolling down his creased, brown cheeks. Through the opening a chink of light escaped and made a bar across his face. Within he saw Philip Lattimer sitting with bowed head before a little row of pictures on the table. He had set them up before him with great care—hers first, then Philly's, then Comfort's, and then the little one's. The sweet still faces regarded him serenely—there was no grief, no heartbreak in them as there was in his. Now and again he put out his hand and smoothed one of the faces—hers oftenest. The room was perfectly still except for the terrible, dry sobs in the man's throat.

Biggs went back to the kitchen and waited.

"O Lord!—O Lord!" moaned poor Biggs in his stricken heart. He crouched there in the dark hall with the bar of light athwart his homely working features—grieving his master's grief. It was all the grief he had ever known, but it broke his heart.

"Lord, Lord, couldn't you a'took 'em one at a time—one at a time? He might a' got over it then. Look at him in there touchin' the faces—now he's touchin' the Little 'Un's. Look at the Little 'Un smiling back! An' *She's* a-smilin', too—they're all a-smilin' but him. He's makin' them awful sounds in his throat—O Lord, I do' know but it'll kill Mister Philup! If I could jest cry for him——"

Biggs was crying for him now. He let his big ungainly body slide noiselessly to the floor and curl up in abandonment of sorrow. But he made no sound. Inside the quiet room the faces in a row smiled on happily, and Philip Lattimer sat on before them hour after hour. He lived over all the tragedy of his life, scene by scene. Once, with one of his sudden whims, he drew the pictures into the playing of the tragedy. When she had died, he put out his hand and turned her sweet face gently downward on the table. Then Comfort's—Comfort had come next—and then Philly's picture and the Little One's. He had had the Little One the longest—but she went, too.

Afterwards he put all the pictures back again in their row.

It was late into Christmas morning when he went to bed. Biggs went a minute or two before—he had just time.

Christmas Day was clear, and brisk, and sun-flooded. There was joy and thanksgiving in a thousand thousand homes, and in the others—God pity the others!

In Philip Lattimer's home there was a "make-believe" Christmas.

Biggs worked steadily and faithfully, whistling all the while. He arranged the beautiful table with neat precision. He let in the sunshine upon all the dainty glass and silver till they dazzled his reddened eyes and hurt them. The flowers came and were arranged as Mister Philup liked them—roses at *her* plate and little Comfort's, and gay, bright flowers at the Little 'Un's and Philly's. At last everything was ready.

"But *he* ain't," muttered Biggs. "He's gone out—I see him goin' a spell ago. He was stridin' right along, with his shoulders dreadful high an' square. He never done *that* before."

Biggs went back to the kitchen and waited. An hour past the time appointed he heard his master coming in, and—lordy, lordy, if there warn't somebody with him! There was—hark—little voices! *Little* voices.

Biggs stole out into the hall and listened with a startled face. A subdued chorus of excited little voices reached him, and one above the others was saying admonishingly: "Step easy, all o' you; don't you see there's flowers in the carpet? Step round 'em if you can, like I do. They won't smash, but it don't seem right to step on 'em. There, while the kind man's gone upstairs, you all listen to me—I'm goin' to talk."

The high imperative little voice "carried" easily to Biggs' astonished ears. He heard every one of the slow words, with pauses, for emphasis between them.

"Listen!—If there's butter—to your—bread—don't none o' you—look—surprised! Spread it on—kind of—indiff'rent—if you can. If there's turkey——"

"Turkey!" shrieked all the other little voices.

"Sh! he'll hear you. If—there's—turkey, eat it slow as if you'd always eat it since you was born. That's all."

"But we ain't *ever* eat it, Minervy Bemis!"

"Well, what if you ain't ever? Can't you make b'lieve?"

The small feet shuffled about noisily. Then the motherly little voice began again:

"When it's come time, you go ahead, Patsy—then you, S'lome, then Grissel. *I'm* goin' clear behind where I can look at the rest o' you every minute. I'll take the baby—Sh! the kind man's comin' back."

Then Biggs heard Mister Philup's steps. They came rapidly down the stairs and joined the little shuffling steps below. All the steps were turning towards the dining-room—"O Lord, Lord!"

"Biggs!" called Philip Lattimer's voice steadily, "Biggs, Biggs, where are you, you rascal? Why don't you serve dinner? Stir up, man!"

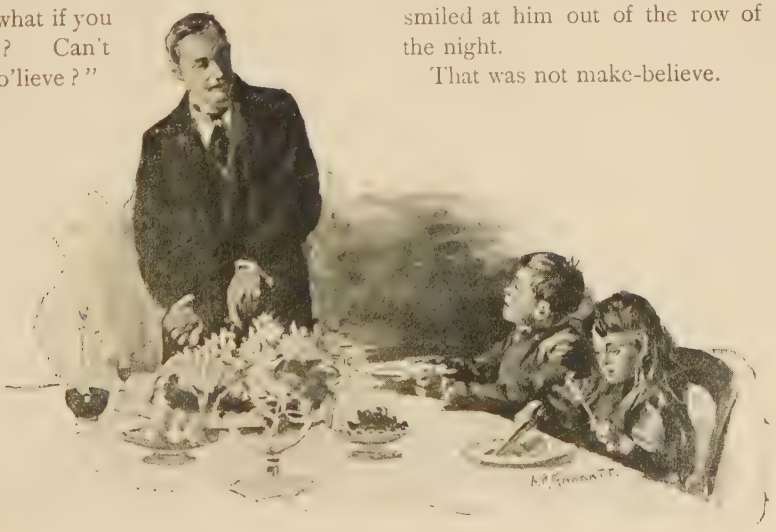
Biggs hurried back into his kitchen with a radiant face. The wonder in it was drowned in joy.

"Timothy Biggs," he cried exultantly, "do you hear, he's comin' round!"

In the great brilliant dining-room the strange Christmas dinner began and proceeded slowly. Philip Lattimer sat at the head of the table, with the stamp of indelible pain upon his face, but he filled and re-filled all the little plates with a steady hand and smiled down, now and then, on the little rank and file of beaming faces.

The other faces that looked up at him out of the moist, sweet flowers and shone dimly in the shimmer of sun-lit silver and glass were smiling too, serenely, as they had smiled at him out of the row of pictures in the night.

That was not make-believe.



That was not make-believe.

A home in a railway-carriage —

— in a tree-trunk —

— up a tree —

Photos by Truswell, Sawbridgeworth; Underwood & Underwood; and Smyth, Skegness.

— in a boat.

HUMOUR IN HOUSE-BUILDING.

By Marcus Tindal.

When the King of Siam visited this country a short time ago stories were told at his Court of a wonderful submarine house which his Majesty had constructed in his native land.

This house, if report spoke truly, is the only one of its kind in existence. It is submarine, and consists of a glass, conservatory-like palace, which, when required, is let down under the water. Attached to the sides by strong chains are boats and buoys, while air-tubes fill the interior with fresh, invigorating air.

On hot, summer days, when his subjects are baking under

the sun, the King of Siam may retire to his submarine glasshouse, and, surrounded by every Oriental luxury, give himself up to uninterrupted quietness and peace.

Other strangely designed or strangely situated houses are to be found. An American building, formerly erected in the popular seaside resort of Jersey, gives an idea of the possibilities which lie before the unconventional architect. This house is in the shape of an elephant, and is adorned with a splendid howdah. The erection is as large as an ordinary house, and there is room in the interior for every kind of arrangement which the proprietors may care to make. Such a building as this—erected, say, in Park Lane, with the front steps running up the elephant's trunk, the back steps down the tail, the drawing-room in the neck, and the cellars in the legs—would cause no little sensation.

A portion of the circular hall in Mr. W. J. S. Barber Starkey's circular shooting lodge.

Many people live in trees. In the backwoods of Canada there is an old hunter's home consisting of a hollowed tree trunk, in the interior of which he sleeps in safety and comfort. Our snap-shot shows the woodsman at supper. Another strange tree-trunk home is to be found in the neighbourhood of Taunton, Somerset. Here an old gentleman—to say nothing of his dog—passes his nights, and when it is cold he stretches a worn blanket across the opening of his home, and builds up a fire with the help of a few logs and sticks.

Between Tain, N.B., and Fearn lies a moor which has become the home of an old hermit, who has built a dwelling-place for himself in a tree, of which a photograph is appended. Doubts are naturally entertained as to the tree-dweller's sanity, but as yet he has proved himself quite harmless.

Perhaps the most singular habitations in the world are those of the Guarani tree-dwellers, who inhabit the forests along the Orinoco River, South America. During a great part of the year the country is flooded by overflowing rivers, and the natives build their mud huts high up in the tops of palm-trees, which afford an abundant supply of food. The huts are erected on scaffoldings, fastened from tree to tree. The floors are plastered with mud, on which fires are burnt for cooking the food and keeping away the mosquitoes.

Those who desire an unconventional home, but yet are not venturesome enough to live on the top of a tree, might adopt the plan of an old Hertfordshire resident, and live in a railway carriage. This home, as will be seen by our photograph on page 714, is not one to be lightly despised, and its owner looks supremely happy as he sits basking in the sun before his "third-class" door. The bare wooden sides of the old railway carriage are

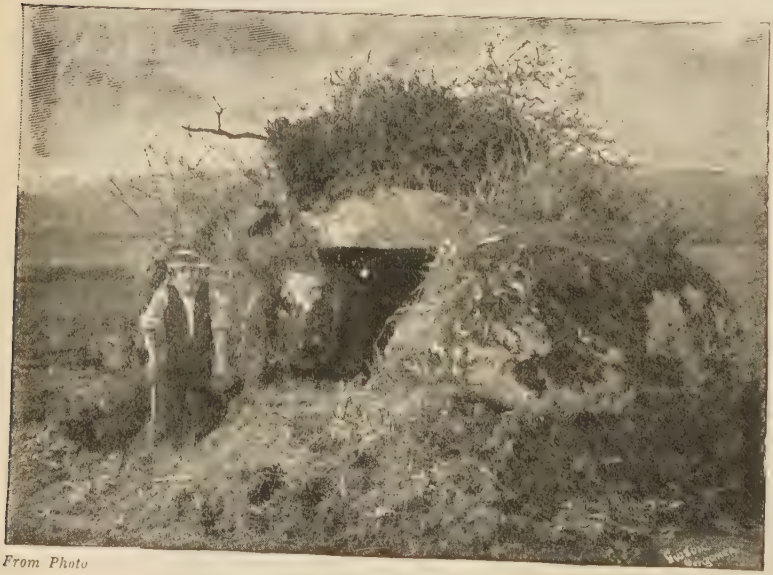
From Photo *by Valentine, Dundee.*

A house built in the rock, Bridgenorth.

hidden in summer beneath a mass of creepers and roses.

An equally effective home may be made from an old boat. At the little village of Gibraltar Point, near Skegness, there is such a home as this, which has been occupied for thirty years by Mr. and Mrs. Perrin.

Of a similar nature is another derelict of the sea, called Panama House, which has been erected on the beach at Whitley, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. It consists of a complete section of a Norwegian vessel which was wrecked off the Northumbrian coast. The place is much resorted to by trippers from Newcastle, and in the season it is no unusual matter for the proprietor to provide tea and girdle-cakes for five hundred to seven hundred people in an afternoon. At night the berths are occupied by the owner and his family.



From Photo *by Gibson, Penzance.*

Ancient British cave dwelling near Penzance.

The most ideally unconventional house, however, is a shooting lodge in the Highlands, built by Mr. W. J. S. Barber Starkey. This house, rejoicing in the name of "Knockshannoch," is circular in form, and is thus able to boast the peculiarity of possessing no

From Photo *by F. Frith & Co.*

An inhabited cave, Downderry, Cornwall.

passages. It is situated in Glen Isla, in Forfarshire, on a sandy knoll surrounded by birch trees, and from the windows beautiful views of the River Isla and Mount Blair are obtained.

The plan of Mr. Barber Starkey's shooting lodge is unique. It consists of two portions, the larger measuring 240ft. in circumference, and the smaller, the servants' department, about 165ft. The height to the cupola is 80ft. The coach-house and stables are contained in one circular building, while the entrance lodge, the laundry, and dog kennels are all in the same form.

In the centre of the house is a circular hall, into which the various rooms open, while the upstairs rooms are entered by a circular gallery. On such occasions as concerts 250 people can be seated in comfort in the hall and gallery.

The lighting and ventilation of this unique house are perfect. In summer, being protected from the sun by the surrounding rooms, the hall is delightfully cool, while in winter, being surrounded by the fires, a warm temperature is always obtained. The light coming from the roof, the electric light is dispensed with even on the dullest days.

Mr. Barber Starkey points out several advantages to be gained by a circular house. In the first place no space is wasted in passages. There are no joints in the roof where dampness can enter, and there is no lodgment for the Highland snowstorm,

From Photo *by F Frith & Co.*

An Italian shanty in the Tyrol.

while a round building offers little resistance to the wind. As there are no angles, the sun is always shining in one or more of the rooms.

As secure as "Knockshannoch" against the winds and the rains, and as warm within, is a house built in a rock to be seen at Bridgenorth, a town which, by-the-way, is unrivalled in picturesqueness, and which contains the

Finland Home.

queerest conglomeration of quaint houses imaginable. The walls of this curious house consist chiefly of immense rocks, beyond which is a hollow, cave-like interior.

Inhabited cave-dwellings of ancient British times are to be found in many parts of Cornwall. They are frequently appropriated by gipsies and tramps, such as may be noticed in our illustration, while occasionally some poor man will convert one of them into a temporary habitation. The Cave, Downderry, Cornwall, portrayed on page 717, is another typical cave dwelling. This is inhabited by three old Irishwomen, who lost all their possessions at the time of the Great Blizzard. They have lived in their cave, off and on, for forty years, earning a living by gathering limpets.

Many curious examples of hovel homes are to be found. Italian peasants in the Tyrol build shanties, consisting of the stems of pine trees laid crosswise, roughly roofed over with bark. The "Tkale," or Cheese Houses of Finland, are little better, although constructed with more idea of keeping out the cold. The Laps in North Sweden construct huts consisting of planks of wood piled up in the shape of a cone. In Lapland many of the native hovels are merely clods of earth, piled into a half sphere. In Hawaii the huts are often thirty feet in height, and are made of dried grass.

In the depths of the American forests, covered often with snow, are the Indians' wigwam homes. In Florida, and other places, are huts of grass. In Mexico the native women may be seen sitting outside their conical mud huts, baking Tortillas—unleavened bread, like the Australian "dampers," baked on stone. Millions of Chinamen live in the house-boats shown in photograph No. 5 on page 719. And, finally, our last illustration portrays one of the most curiously situated houses in the world—an erection of roughly hewn tree trunks, standing on the very brink of a raging Norwegian waterfall.

Lapland Home.

From Photographs by Underwood & Underwood, Stereoscopic View Publishers, London and New York.

1. Hawaian House. 2. Mexican Hut *(Photo by Underwood and Underwood).*
3. Samoan House. 4. New Guinea Chieftain's House.
5. Chinese House-Boats—the homes of millions of Chinamen *(Photo by Underwood and Underwood).*
6. Houses over Norwegian Waterfall *(Photo by London Stereoscopic Company).*

THE RETIREMENT OF SIGNOR LAMBERT

By Conan Doyle.

Sir William Sparter was a man who had raised himself in the course of a quarter of a century from earning four-and-twenty shillings a week as a fitter in Portsmouth Dockyard to being the owner of a yard and a fleet of his own. The little house in Lake Road, Landport, where he, an obscure mechanic, had first conceived the idea of the boilers which are associated with his name, is still pointed out to the curious. But now, at the age of fifty, he owned a mansion in Leinster Gardens, a country house at Taplow, and a shooting in Argyleshire, with the best stable, the choicest cellars, and the prettiest wife in town.

As untiring and inflexible as one of his own engines, his life had been directed to the one purpose of attaining the very best which the world had to give. Square-headed and round-shouldered, with massive, clean-shaven face and slow deep-set eyes, he was the very embodiment of persistency and strength. Never once from the beginning of his career had public failure of any sort tarnished its brilliancy.

And yet he had failed in one thing, and that the most important of all. He had never succeeded in gaining the affection of his wife. She was the daughter of a surgeon and the belle of a northern town when he married her. Even then he was rich and powerful, which made her overlook the twenty years which divided them. But he had come on a long way since then. His great Brazilian contract, his conversion into a company, his baronetcy—all these had been since his marriage. Only in the one thing he had never progressed. He could frighten his wife, he could dominate her, he could make her admire his strength and respect his consistency, he could mould her to his will in every other direction, but, do what he would, he could not make her love him.

But it was not for want of trying. With the unrelaxing patience which made him great in business, he had striven, year in and year out, to win her affection. But the very qualities which had helped him in his public life made him unendurable in private. He was tactless, unsympathetic, overbearing, almost brutal sometimes, and utterly unable to think out those small attentions in word and deed which women value far more than the larger material benefits. The hundred pound cheque tossed across a breakfast table is a much smaller thing to a woman than the five-shilling charm which represents some thought and some trouble upon the part of the giver.

Sparter failed to understand this. With his mind full of the affairs of his firm, he had little time for the delicacies of life, and he endeavoured to atone by periodical munificence. At the end of five years he found that he had lost rather than gained in the lady's affections. Then at this unwonted sense of failure the evil side of the man's nature began to stir, and he

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became dangerous. But he was more dangerous still when a letter of his wife came, through the treachery of a servant, into his hands, and he realised that if she was cold to him she had passion enough for another. His firm, his ironclads, his patents, everything was dropped, and he turned his huge energies to the undoing of the man who had wronged him.

He had been cold and silent during dinner that evening, and she had wondered vaguely what had occurred to change him. He had said nothing while they sat together over their coffee in the drawing-room. Once or twice she had glanced at him in surprise, and had found those deep-set grey eyes fixed upon her with an expression which was new to her. Her mind had been full of someone else, but gradually her husband's silence and the inscrutable expression of his face forced themselves upon her attention.

"You don't seem yourself, to-night, William. What is the matter?" she asked. "I hope there has been nothing to trouble you."

He was still silent, and leant back in his armchair watching her beautiful face, which had turned pale with the sense of some impending catastrophe.

"Can I do anything for you, William?"

"Yes, you can write a letter."

"What is the letter?"

"I will tell you presently."

The last murmur died away in the house, and they heard the discreet step of Peterson, the butler, and the snick of the lock as he made all secure for the night. Sir William Sparter sat listening for a little. Then he rose.

"Come into my study," said he.

The room was dark, but he switched on the green-shaded electric lamp which stood upon the writing-table.

"Sit here at the table," said he. He closed the door and seated himself beside her. "I only wanted to tell you, Jacky, that I know all about Lambert and the Warburton Street studio."

She gasped and shivered, flinching away from him with her hands out as if she feared a blow.

"Yes, I know everything," said he, and his quiet tone carried such conviction with it that she could not question what he said. She made no reply, but sat with her eyes fixed upon his grave, impassive face. A clock ticked loudly upon the mantelpiece, but everything else was silent in the house. She had never noticed that ticking before, but now it was like the hammering of a nail into her head. He rose and put a sheet of paper before her. Then he drew one from his own pocket and flattened it out upon the corner of the table.

"I have a rough draft here of the letter which I wish you to copy," said he. "I will read it to you if you like. 'My own dearest Cecil,—I will be at No. 29 at half-past six, and I particularly wish you to come before you go down to the Opera. Don't fail me, for I have the very strongest reasons for wishing to see you. Ever yours, Jacqueline.' Take up a pen, and copy that letter."

"William, you are plotting some revenge. Oh, Willie, if I have wronged you, I am so sorry——"

"Copy that letter!"

"But what is it that you wish to do? Why should you desire him to come at that hour?"

"Copy that letter!"

"How can you be so harsh to me, William. You know very well——"

"Copy that letter!"

"I begin to hate you, William. I believe that it is a fiend, not a man, that I have married."

"Copy that letter!"

Gradually the inflexible will and the unfaltering purpose began to prevail over the creature of nerves and moods. Reluctantly, mutinously, she took the pen in her hand.

"You wouldn't harm him, William!"

"Copy the letter!"

"Will you promise to forgive me, if I do?"

"Copy it!"

She looked at him with the intention of defying him, but those masterful, grey eyes dominated her. She was like a half-hypnotised creature, resentful, and yet obedient.

"There, will that satisfy you?"

He took the note from her and placed it in an envelope.

"Now address it to him!"

She wrote "Cecil Lambert, Esq., 133B, Half Moon Street, W.," in a straggling agitated hand. Her husband very deliberately blotted it and placed it carefully in his pocket-book.

"I hope that you are satisfied now," said she with weak petulance.

"Quite," said he gravely. "You can go to your room. Mrs. McKay has my orders to sleep with you, and to see that you write no letters."

"Mrs. McKay! Do you expose me to the humiliation of being watched by my own servants!"

"Go to your room."

"If you imagine that I am going to be under the orders of the housekeeper——"

"Go to your room."

"Oh, William, who would have thought in the old days that you could ever have treated me like this. If my mother had ever dreamed——"

He took her by the arm, and led her to the door.

"Go to your room!" said he, and she passed out into the darkened hall. He closed the door and returned to the writing-table. Out of a drawer he took two things which he had purchased that day, the one a paper and the other a book. The former was a recent number of the "Musical Record," and it contained a biography and picture of the famous Signor Lambert, whose wonderful tenor voice had been the delight of the public and the despair of his rivals. The picture was that of a good-natured, self-satisfied creature, young and handsome, with a full eye, a curling moustache, and a bull neck. The biography explained that he was only in his twenty-seventh year, that his career had been one continued triumph, that he was devoted to his art, and that his voice was worth to him, at a very moderate computation, some twenty thousand pounds a year. All this Sir William Sparter read very carefully, with his great brows drawn down, and a furrow like a gash between them, as his way was when his attention was concentrated. Then he folded the paper up again, and he opened the book.

There were numerous coloured illustrations, to which he paid particular attention.

It was a curious work for such a man to select for his reading—a technical treatise upon the organs of speech and voice-production. There were numerous coloured illustrations, to which he paid particular attention. Most of them were of the internal anatomy of the larynx, with the silvery vocal cords shining from under the pink aretenoid cartilages. Far into the night Sir William Sparter, with those great virile eyebrows still bunched together, pored over these irrelevant pictures, and read and re-read the text in which they were explained.

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Dr. Manifold Ormonde, the famous throat specialist, of Cavendish Square, was surprised next morning when his butler brought the card of Sir William Sparter into his consulting room. He had met him at dinner at the table of Lord Marvin a few nights before, and

it had struck him at the time that he had seldom seen a man who looked such a type of rude, physical health. So he thought again, as the square, thick-set figure of the shipbuilder was ushered in to him.

"Glad to meet you again, Sir William," said the specialist. "I hope there is nothing wrong with your health."

"Nothing, thank you."

"Or with Lady Sparter's?"

"She is quite well."

He sat down in the chair which the Doctor had indicated, and he ran his eyes slowly and deliberately round the room. Dr. Ormonde watched him with some curiosity, for he had the air of a man who looks for something which he had expected to see.

"No, I didn't come about my health," said he at last. "I came for information."

"Whatever I can give you is entirely at your disposal."

"I have been studying the throat a little of late. I read McIntyre's book about it. I suppose that is all right."

"An elementary treatise, but accurate as far as it goes."

"I had an idea that you would be likely to have a model or something of the kind."

For answer the Doctor unclasped the lid of a yellow, shining box upon his consulting-room table, and turned it back upon the hinge. Within was a very complete model of the human vocal organs.

"You are right, you see," said he.

Sir William Sparter stood up, and bent over the model.

"It's a neat little bit of work," said he, looking at it with the critical eyes of an engineer. "This is the glottis, is it not? And here is the epiglottis."

"Precisely. And here are the cords."

"What would happen if you cut them?"

"Cut what?"

"These things—the vocal cords."

"But you could not cut them. They are out of the reach of all accident."

"But if such a thing did happen?"

"There is no such case upon record, but, of course, the person would become dumb—for the time, at any rate."

"You have a large practice among singers, have you not?"

"The largest in London."

"I suppose you agree with what this man McIntyre says, that a fine voice depends partly upon the cords."

"The volume of sound would depend upon the lung capacity, but the clearness of the note would correspond with the complete control which the singer exercised over the cords."

"Any roughness or notching of the cords would ruin the voice?"

"For singing purposes, undoubtedly—but your researches seem to be taking a very curious direction."

"Yes," said Sir William, as he picked up his hat, and laid a fee upon the corner of the table. "They *are* a little out of the common, are they not?"

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Warburton Street is one of the network of thoroughfares which connect Chelsea with Kensington, and it is chiefly remarkable for a number of studios, in which it is rumoured that other arts besides that of painting are occasionally cultivated. The possession of

He ran his eyes slowly and deliberately round the room.

a comfortable room, easily accessible and at a moderate rent, may be useful to other people besides artists amid the publicity of London. At any rate, Signor Cecil Lambert, the famous tenor, owned such an apartment, and his neat little dark green brougham might have been seen several times a week waiting at the head of the long passage which led down to the chambers in question.

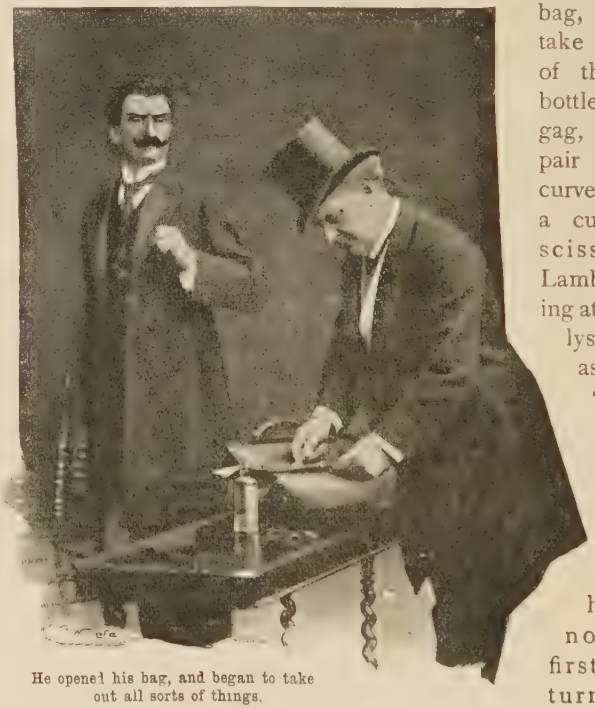
When Sir William Sparter, muffled in his overcoat, and carrying a small black leather bag in his hand, turned the corner he saw the lamps of the carriage against the kerb, and knew that the man whom he had come to see was already at the place of assignation. He passed the empty brougham, and walked up the tile-paved passage with the yellow gas lamp shining at the far end of it.

The door was open, and led into a large empty hall, laid down with cocoa-nut matting and stained with many footmarks. The place was a rabbit warren by daylight, but now, when the working hours were over, it was deserted. A housekeeper in the basement was the only permanent resident. Sir William paused, but everything was silent and everything was dark, save for one door which was outlined in thin yellow slashes. He pushed it open and entered. Then he locked it upon the inside and put the key in his pocket.

It was a large room, scantily furnished, and lit by a single oil lamp upon a centre table. A gaunt easel kept up appearances in a corner, and three studies of antique figures hung upon unpapered walls. For the rest a couple of comfortable chairs, a cupboard, and a settee made up the whole of the furniture. There was no carpet, but the windows were discreetly draped. On one of the chairs at the further side of the table a man had been sitting, who had sprung to his feet with an exclamation of joy, which had changed into one of surprise, and culminated in an oath.

"What the devil do you mean by locking that door? Unlock it again, sir, this instant!"

Sir William did not even answer him. He took off his overcoat and laid it over the back of a chair. Then he advanced to the table, opened his bag, and began to take out all sorts of things—a green bottle, a dentist's gag, an inhaler, a pair of forceps, a curved bistoury, and a curious pair of scissors. Signor Lambert stood staring at him in a paralysis of rage and astonishment.



He opened his bag, and began to take out all sorts of things.

"You infernal scoundrel; who are you, and what do you want?"

Sir William had emptied his bag, and now for the first time he turned his eyes upon the singer. He was a taller man than himself, but far slighter and weaker. The engineer, though short, was exceedingly powerful, with muscles which had been toughened by hard, physical work. His broad shoulders, arching chest, and great gnarled hands gave him the outline of a gorilla. Lambert shrunk away from him, frightened by his sinister figure and by his cold, inexorable eyes.

"Have you come to rob me?" he gasped.

"I have come to speak to you. My name is Sparter."

Lambert tried to retain his grasp upon the

"You're choking me! It's chloroform."

self-possession which was rapidly slipping away from him.

"Sparter!" said he, with an attempt at jauntiness. "Sir William Sparter, I presume? I have had the pleasure of meeting Lady Sparter, and I have heard her mention you. May I ask the object of this visit?" He buttoned up his coat with twitching fingers, and tried to look fierce over his high collar.

"I've come," said Sparter, jerking some fluid from the green bottle into the inhaler, "to treat your voice."

"To treat my voice?"

"Precisely."

"You are a madman! What do you mean?"

"Kindly lie back upon the settee."

"You are raving! I see it all. You wish to bully me. You have some motive in this. You imagine that there are relations between Lady Sparter and me. I do assure you that your wife——"

"My wife has nothing to do with the matter either now or hereafter. Her name does not appear at all. My motives are musical—purely musical, you understand. I don't like your voice. It wants treatment. Lie back upon the settee!"

"Sir William, I give you my word of honour——"

"Lie back!"

"You're choking me! It's chloroform! Help, help, help! You brute! Let me go! Let me go, I say! Oh, please! Lemme—Lemme—Lem—!" His head had fallen back, and he muttered into the inhaler. Sir William pulled up the table which held the lamp and the instruments.

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It was some minutes after the gentleman with the overcoat and the bag had emerged that the coachman outside heard a voice shouting, and shouting very hoarsely and angrily, within the building. Presently came the sounds of unsteady steps, and his master, crimson with rage, stumbled out into the yellow circle thrown by the carriage lamps.

"You, Holden!" he cried, "you leave my service to-night. Did you not hear me calling? Why did you not come?"

The man looked at him in bewilderment, and shuddered at the colour of his shirt-front.

"Yes, sir, I heard someone calling," he answered, "but it wasn't you, sir. *It was a voice that I had never heard before.*"

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"Considerable disappointment was caused at the Opera last week," said one of the best informed of our musical critics, "by the fact that Signor Cecil Lambert was unable to appear in the various *rôles* which had been announced. On Tuesday night it was only at the very last instant that the management learned of the grave indisposition which had overtaken him, and had it not been for the presence of Jean Caravatti, who had understudied the part, the piece must have been abandoned. Since then we regret to hear that Signor Lambert's seizure was even more severe than was originally thought, and that it consists of an acute form of laryngitis, spreading to the vocal cords, and involving changes which may permanently affect the quality of his voice. All lovers of music will hope that these reports may prove to be pessimistic, and that we may soon be charmed once more by the finest tenor which we have heard for many a year upon the London operatic stage."

By Cleveland Moffett.

In 1878, when Professor John Milne, then occupying the chair of geology and mining at the University of Tokio, was journeying over Japan describing its active volcanoes, he came to innocent old Bandaisan, about a hundred miles north of the capital, and for some time was in doubt whether to include her in his list or not.

So far as he could learn, there was not a better behaved mountain than she in the whole empire; she never smoked, she never shook, and there were no traditions of her having been in eruption even at the most distant period. She simply rose out of her lonely valley, and went on, century after century, holding up the sky and troubling no one.

She rose to the height of about a mile, and was calm and grand. But peasants in the valley told of hot springs coming out from the base that brought poor people thither in numbers for their healing virtues, and when the Professor saw these springs he knew that he must look further, for where there is hot water there may be steam, and when steam gets into the bowels of a mountain many things may happen not provided for by the word "extinct."

So he pressed up the mountain's sides, beautiful with verdure, and underneath the mosses and trailing vines he came upon scoriaceous lava, which is another sign.

Then he went right to the top, up the steepest slope, and found as fair a spread of vegetation as the eye could rest upon; and presently two deer came bounding from the undergrowth as if to show him that there was no danger. Nevertheless, he found a crater underneath, a genuine volcanic crater, and without more searching, he classed Bandaisan among the active volcanoes of Japan.

Then see what Bandaisan did. On July 15, 1888, ten years later, with no warning and for no reason that anyone can find out who does not know the secrets under the earth, she blew her beautiful green head off, and sent sixteen hundred million cubic yards of rock and earth—that is Professor Sekya's estimate—to arrange themselves in the valley beneath as best they might. There is little use trying to think of sixteen hundred million cubic yards of rock and earth; it is better to do some figuring, and this shows:

(1) That if the mass blown away by Bandaisan at this time had been in nicely

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hewn fragments, each the size of a 'bus, there would have been a train of these long enough to go five times round the earth.

(2) That if these fragments had been of the size of cannon balls, one foot in diameter, they would have paved a road half a mile wide from Paris to Constantinople.

(3) That if these fragments had been blown into great shells as large as the largest ship afloat, with a displacement of, say, 15,000 tons each, they would, if floated end to end, have bridged the Atlantic from London to the Cape.

Within three days of this startling justification of his conclusions as to Bandaisan, Professor Milne was at the scene of the disaster, and was the first person to make thorough and accurate observations of what had taken place. It is to him that I am indebted for the facts about this eruption used in the present article, and also for photographs taken on the spot by his friend, Professor W. K. Burton.

Now, this is what had happened. A river of "moya" or agglomerate, not lava, but a mixture of mud and stone, had poured down the valley at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour, and within twenty minutes had spread itself to a depth of one hundred feet over a region from twelve to fifteen miles long and from five to seven miles wide. When a river of mud travels down a valley at this rate, nearly a mile in a minute, a river as deep as a church, it is needless to say that Death rides on the wave for a quick garnering.

That valley would have taken in the greater part of New York City, which is long and narrow, and had New York City been there at this time, some two million mortals would have sent their last breaths bubbling up through mud. As it was, only 401 persons lost their lives, because only 401 persons were there to lose them. The same reasoning is true of houses and buildings: whatever was in the valley was destroyed; and for miles beyond, in all directions, villages were wrecked by the air-blast, trees were stripped bare of their foliage as if by a forest fire, and the crops standing in the fields were flattened on the ground like threads for the loom.

A photograph showing the strange appearance of the inner walls of the volcano after its head was blown off.

This and the pictures following on pages 729, 730, 731, and 733 are from photographs by W. K. Burton.

Near Bandaisan is Lake Inawashiro, and from this point Professor Milne and his party, on the morning after their arrival, set out for the ruins. They started at daybreak and explored until after dark, walking over a waste of steaming, slippery *débris*. They slid down banks of mud, not knowing what they should find at the bottom nor how they could get out again, they climbed over boulders like small cathedrals; they viewed the rebellious mountain from many points, and saw that its head was indeed missing, only a jagged neck showing here and there when the steam lifted.

And they saw with amazement how the face of things was changed, everything bare and brown where carpets of green had been; houses gone, people gone, the valley buried in mud, and here, where dry land was, a new lake forming. This lake was caused by the sudden damming up of a mountain stream, and was destined to go on growing for two whole years, so that to-day it rivals Inawashiro, and has actually caused the peasants in its vicinity to abandon farming and devote themselves to fishing. It is supposed that the fish which now abound in this lake originated in the inflowing mountain streams.

There was one phenomenon observed by these first explorers which gave rise to much controversy. They found the plain, beyond the mud-swept valley, covered with conical holes several feet in diameter, that looked like small volcanoes. And some insisted that there had been minor eruptions here at the time of the big one, but their reasonings were presently overthrown by the discovery that at the bottom of each one of these holes, buried 6ft. or 8ft. under the ground, were boulders from Bandaisan which had embedded themselves thus in falling.

When it is considered that these boulders were of considerable mass, some weighing four or five tons, and that they had been hurled eight or ten miles from the summit, the velocity with which they must have struck the earth is seen to have been enormous.

In our talk about Bandaisan, I naturally asked Professor Milne what were the causes of such an appalling catastrophe as this, and in explaining these causes he pointed out that there are two kinds of eruptions to be noted in the history of a volcano—those which build it up very slowly, and those which destroy it very swiftly, as if Nature amused herself by piling up these great masses through the ages simply to see how quickly she could tear them down.

The eruptions that build up mountains, I understood, are periodical wellings over of molten lava, comparatively harmless. The others are violent explosions, occurring irregularly and bringing widespread destruction. It is easy to see how each streaming-over of the lava makes the mountain grow, just as an icicle grows or a stalactite; each fresh outgush hardens as it pours, and forms a fresh shell of lava for other shells to form on.

And, finally, when a certain height is reached —one, two, three miles—we may suppose that the impelling force beneath is no longer equal to the task of lifting this great column, and the crater crusts over at the top; and so generations pass, and men with their short lives and shorter memories say that the volcano is dead. They said that of Vesuvius.

But the fires are there at the core, so much latent energy ready to be stirred; and if something stirs them, it is like rousing a thunderbolt. The fact that the natural vent above is blocked with the coolings of centuries only makes the discharge the more terrible when it comes, just as hard rammed bullets make the powder more effective.

I asked what was the cause that usually determined one of these explosions, that roused the volcano's latent energy, and I learned that in most cases it is the very same cause that makes a boiler burst—the sudden and excessive generation of steam when the hot part of the volcano comes in contact with water.

This contact may be due to various causes, as, for instance, the readjustment of strata or materials beneath, so that a lake or water-course is turned into the crater. It may even be due to an irruption of the sea, as at Krakatoa in 1883, when the Indian Ocean and the China Sea struggled with the fires of the earth for two days and two nights. I shall come to that presently.

"Then does molten lava never come out in one of these violent explosions?" I asked.

"Sometimes it does; sometimes it does not. It did in 1783, when Asama, another Japanese volcano, blew its head off, and the lava track may still be seen along the face of the mountain like a huge black serpent. But in cases like that the lava does not well out, but is driven out by the steam, just as the rocks are driven out."

"And when no lava comes out, where does the mud river get the liquid to make it flow?"

"Partly from the steam, partly from the water it absorbs from springs and streams in its course. The mud river from Asama, for

instance, lapped up two ordinary rivers as it went, so that no sign of them appeared thereafter."

"Is it likely, Professor, that there are a number of volcanoes in the world at present that are now quiet, and have been quiet for a long time, but will one day or another blow their heads off?"

"It is almost certain that there are."

"Some in Europe?"

"Many in Europe."

"Some in the British Isles?"

"Very probably, although there is no telling when they will do it. Scotland has at least a dozen basal wrecks of volcanoes, mostly in the western Highlands, regarded as extinct, but Bandaisan has shown us what 'extinct' volcanoes will do. An 'extinct' volcano is very much like an old rusty gun—it may be loaded."

View into the smoking mouth of Asama.

It was across the chasm shown in the picture that Professor Milne's party stretched a rope tackle in their attempt to measure the depth of the crater.

Next we talked about the explosion of Asama, the great one of 1783, which Landgrelle, a distinguished authority, regards as one of the most frightful eruptions in the history of volcanoes. There is special reason for referring to this mountain, since its ragged shoulders, from which the head was blown at this time, were the scene a few years since of an interesting and rather hazardous experiment attempted by Professor Milne and a party of friends.

Asama rises to a height of over 8000ft., and in its great paroxysm it sent down, so the records say, a river of mud from five to ten miles broad, that overwhelmed forty-two villages.

"In some places," continue the records, "the mud was so hot that it did not stop boiling for 24 days. . . . In the Tonezawa River immense masses of lava remained red hot even in the river itself. . . . In Kurogano a stone 120ft. by 264ft., one among many, fell into a river, and formed an island. Two rivers were sucked up into the mud torrent, and their places taken by dry land, and the noise of the explosion was like a thousand thunders. The lakes were poisoned, and fish sickened, the rivers were full of dead dogs, deer, and monkeys, with hair singed from their bodies."

The crater of this volcano, as it stands to-day, measures a mile and a quarter in circumference, and never ceases to belch forth pungent, strangling vapours of hydrochloric acid and sulphurous anhydride, to breathe which is to die. The depth of the crater has been a subject of endless discussion among the foreign residents of Tokio, some putting it at 1000ft., others at 8000ft., and it was

to settle this controversy that the experiment just referred to was undertaken.

A party set out one day, headed by Professor Milne, with no less an object than to sound Asama's crater. They took with them elaborate chemical and physical appliances, a great quantity of rope, and a number of coolies to haul it. When they reached the edge of the crater, keeping carefully to the windward of the vapours, with extreme difficulty, a rope was stretched across the crater, a distance of about 500 yards.

The enormous cavern which was dug out at the summit of Bandaisan by the explosion.

Then a pulley was run out on this fixed line with another rope that could be lowered straight down (a thick wire was tried first, but it kinked and broke), and at the end of the vertical rope was made fast what the explorers called their "chemical and physical laboratory," that is, special thermometers, bits of metal and other substances that would fuse at various temperatures, pieces of red and blue litmus paper, etc.

Finally, when all was ready, the coolies were told to lower away, and the rope began to go down in the very thick of the vapour clouds, while all waited expectantly. Everything went well until a depth of 735ft. was reached, and then the experiment came to an abrupt and disconcerting end by the burning up of thermometers, rope, and everything. And this is the only attempt that has ever been made to penetrate the mysteries of Asama's crater.

Coming now to the explosion of Krakatoa, let me note that although we have here what is admittedly the most formidable volcanic convulsion of modern times, perhaps the most formidable in history, yet the place of its occurrence was quite insignificant.

Krakatoa on those memorable days in 1883, the 26th and 27th August, was a poor neglected little island in the Strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. No one lived there, no ships touched there, and in the presence of forty-nine towering volcanic mountains on the neighbouring island of Java, some of them 12,000ft. high, and most of them in chronic disturbance, no scientist had ever paused to observe the peculiar situation of Krakatoa, with its one humble peak, measuring scarcely 3000ft.

Had he given much heed, he would have made some important discoveries, notably that this humble peak was not the real volcano at all, but only a tooth in the ragged jaw of its vast crater, a crater that was largely submerged, and included not only the island of Krakatoa, but several other islands in the Strait of Sunda.

And he would have seen that here, at some time in the dim past, had stood a great mountain that may have joined Java and Sumatra, and that certainly had a girth of twenty-five miles at its base, and a summit towering with the best of them. That was the real volcano Krakatoa, after the work of its building up with lava layers had been completed, and before the phase of its self-destruction had begun.

On the steaming slopes of Bandaisan after the explosion.

At the bottom of the picture is shown part of the new lake formed by the damming up of a mountain stream.

Then, in the pride of her strength, Krakatoa proceeded to tear herself to pieces; she blew her head off, she blew her shoulders off, she scattered her body far and wide, and finally left herself only a "basal wreck," in the words of Darwin, to rest upon, and that half under water.

All this the scientist would have discovered, and also that, broken and disfigured though she was, Krakatoa still stood at the intersection of two great lines of volcanic energy, and therefore marked the most dangerous volcanic focus on the surface of the earth. She was a power to be reckoned with, she was not insignificant.

But all this came as after-knowledge, and the giant force imprisoned in that unheeded crater was allowed to rend asunder its fetters with a quaking of the earth and a blazing of the heavens before any suspicion of its presence went abroad. For nearly 200 years Krakatoa had done nothing; then on Sunday morning, May 20th, 1883, she began to rouse herself, merely a matter of steam and falling ashes, with a roaring heard plainly in Batavia a hundred miles away.

Then followed three months of menacing prelude, as if she wished to give the world fair warning. On the 24th of June a second crater opened. Soon after this a third crater opened. And now Nature's grand three-ringed show was ready for the final pageant with features such as these:

The low-lying walls of the craters had at last given way in many places, and there were white hot chasms below the level of the sea sending up to the waves their hissing challenge. Then thousands of tons of water

surged downward, and the fight began—Neptune and Prometheus.

This was Sunday afternoon, August 26th, and for the first few hours the fires of the earth made short work of the sea, driving it back in splendid explosions that came every ten or twelve minutes. Each explosion sent up black columns, miles in height, steam and smoke and ash and pumice, all the scum and *débris* on the surface of the molten lake, and drove back the sea in great waves.

Soon the darkness of night settled over Java and Sumatra and over vessels sailing in those waters, and through the darkness at intervals was seen the glory at Krakatoa, a terrifying glory. "From a distance of forty miles," says an eye-witness on a ship, "it looked like an immense wall, with bursts of forked lightning darting through it and blazing serpents playing over it." These bursts of brilliancy were the regular uncoverings of the angry fires.

As the hours passed, the sea gained an advantage through fresh breaks in the crater walls that offered new points of attack. The explosions became more and more frequent until about midnight they sounded to the people of Batavia and Buitengong like one continuous roar, the noise making it impossible for the inhabitants of these places to sleep. It was generally believed that a heavy cannonading was going on in the immediate vicinity, though why no one could imagine; at any rate the concussion shattered stone walls, upset lamps, and tore gas-brackets from their fixings. And yet Batavia is as far from Krakatoa as London is from Portsmouth.

And all through that Sunday night electricity did wonderful things in the heavens, and sailors saw balls of fire resting on the mastheads of their ships and at the extremities of the yardarms, and in some cases lightning struck the mainmasts.

The climax came the next morning at about ten o'clock, according to the best calculations. For some hours the explosions had been more violent, though at longer intervals; the sea had made the fire retreat, but the fire had checked the enemy's farther passage with walls and floors of hardened lava. When these blew up, it was like blowing up the eternal foundations. And the hardest shock was yet to come.

Did the earth open in one gigantic fissure, and call the sea down for a final desperate encounter, or was there a sudden subsidence of strata to fill in the hollows left by what had been ejected? Not even the wisest scientist can say, but there came an explosion so loud, so violent, and with such far-reaching effects, that it made what had gone before seem as child's play in comparison, and made all other explosions known to the earth in historic times dwindle into insignificance. This one explosion at ten o'clock on that Monday morning, August 27th, 1883, and the others that led up to it, will keep a halo of terror about Krakatoa as long as the name endures.

To begin with, this explosion set in motion air waves that travelled round the earth four times one way and three times the other; that is, they disturbed every self-recording barometer on the globe no fewer than seven times. There is no possible doubt on this point; the records from scores of meteorological stations prove it absolutely. At Berlin, for instance, the record of wave-disturbance on this day, for the four waves going in one direction which came alternately with the others, was as follows:

First wave	12 hours,	34	minutes.
Third wave...	49 „	37	„
Fifth wave	86 „	14	„
Seventh wave	122 „	37	„

And at Mauritius the corresponding record was:—

First wave	8 hours,	17	minutes.
Third wave...	42 „	50	„
Fifth wave	77 „	25	„
Seventh wave	112 „	10	„

By a comparison of many similar records, it is established that these air waves from Krakatoa travelled round the earth once in about thirty-six hours, or at the rate of 700 miles an hour, which is somewhat slower than sound waves travel. For it must not be supposed that these air waves produced sound; their periods of vibration were too long for that; in other words, their sounds were too low for our range of hearing.

A curious fact drawn from these barogram records is this: that the air waves which

The enormous boulder on the right of the picture is a specimen of many, as large as houses or churches, which were tumbled for miles in all directions.

went round the earth in the direction of the earth's rotation, that is, from west to east, travelled about twenty-eight miles an hour faster than the waves which went in the opposite direction. It was also found that the waves which travelled north and south along the meridian of Krakatoa, and so passed through the North and South Poles, moved more slowly than the other waves.

Besides these inaudible air waves, there were others of shorter vibration that came within the range of hearing. These waves carried the sounds of the last terrible explosions over distances far beyond anything known in human experience of sound transmission. The sounds were heard at Singapore, 522 miles distant, so distinctly that two steamers were sent out to look for a vessel in distress. And that identical thing happened simultaneously at Macassar, 969 miles distant.

This last was as if people in Rome had been frightened by a noise in London. But still this is nothing. From Favoy, Burmah, 1478 miles distant, they sent out the police launch in alarm; and Staff Commander Coghlan, R.N., writes from Perth, West Australia, 1902 miles distant: "This coast has been visited (August 27th) by sounds like the firing of guns inland."

And Mr. Skinner, of Alice Springs, South Australia, 2233 miles distant, writes: "Two distinct reports similar to the discharge of a rifle were heard on the morning of the 27th, and similar sounds were heard at a sheep camp nine miles west of the station, and also at Undoolga, 25 miles east." At Diego, Garcia, an island in the Indian Ocean, 2375 miles distant, the people heard sounds from the east so distinctly that they thought it must be a ship in distress.

And finally, Mr. James Wallis, chief of police in the island of Rodriguez, which is almost across the Indian Ocean, 3080 miles from Krakatoa, writes: "Several times during

the night of the 26th-27th reports were heard coming from the east, like the distant roar of heavy guns." This is as if a noise in Baghdad had been heard in London.

Summing up the results of many reports like the above, it stands as certain that the Krakatoa explosion was heard over a sound zone covering one-thirteenth of the earth's entire surface; also, that the sounds were carried much farther toward the west than toward the east, owing, probably, to the fact that a strong wind was blowing at the time.

Coming next to the sea waves sent from Krakatoa, the damage done by them was enormous. Two lighthouses in the Straits of Sunda were destroyed, all the towns and villages on the shores of Java and Sumatra bordering the Strait were destroyed, all the boats and vessels on the same shores were destroyed, and 36,380 lives were lost.

The tidal wave which started at ten o'clock was the one which wrought the worst destruction. Its average height when it struck the shores of Java and Sumatra is estimated at 50ft., but in many places it is known to have been much higher than that. At Telok Betong, for instance, in Sumatra, its crest came within 6ft. of the top of the hill on which the Residence stands, and that was 80ft. above the sea level. At Katimbang, nineteen miles from Krakatoa, the wave was 80ft. high.

At Merak, on the Java coast, where there is a funnel-shaped bay that may have heaped the water up, the wave reached a height of 135ft. And a man-of-war, the *Berouw*, lying off the Sumatra shore, was carried a mile and three-quarters inland up a valley and left in a forest 30ft. above sea level.

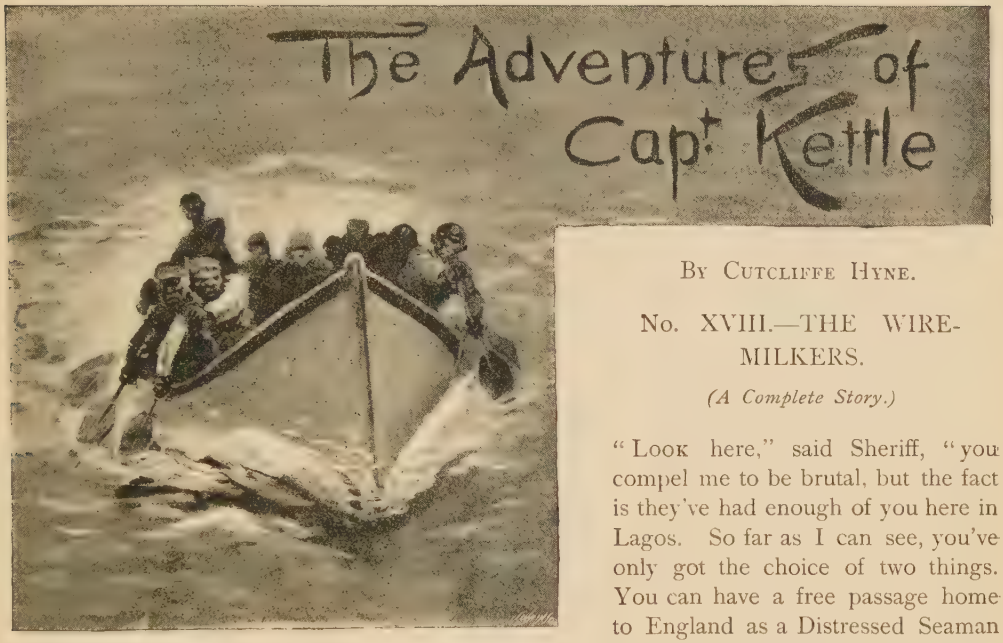
These sea waves travelled across the Indian Ocean in all directions, and were recorded by tide gauges at Colombo, Ceylon, 1760 miles distant; at Bombay, 2700 miles distant, and at Cape Horn, about 5000 miles distant. That is, they washed the southern coasts of Asia and the eastern coasts of Africa. Their average rate of transmission was about 350 miles an hour; their average height, as shown by the gauges, was from 6in. to 18in.

Coming now to other effects of this great explosion, it is established on the evidence of many officers of ships and dwellers on islands, that on this day a large part of the Indian Ocean was showered in lava dust and lava mud to a depth of several inches. This applies to an area of, perhaps, half a million square miles, but in the immediate vicinity of Krakatoa, say within a hundred miles, the sea was so thick with fallen lava dust and *débris* that vessels pushed through it with great difficulty, as if they were passing through a field of broken ice.

As for the Strait of Sunda it was rendered quite impassable with mud and pumice, which is as if Channel steamers were blocked on their way to the Continent, because the Straits of Dover were covered with mud a foot or more deep. Where this enormous quantity of mud and ashes and lava dust came from will be understood when it is known that the mass of matter blown out of Krakatoa into the air would have formed a solid cube a mile and a quarter in each dimension—that is four or five times more than Bandaisan threw out.

A great quantity of the finer dust projected into the air remained in suspension there for over a year, and by a refraction of light caused the red and purple sunsets, the blue moons, and the copper suns that were seen all over the world from September, 1883, to the close of 1884, and that caused so much discussion and alarm. No wonder it took many months for this dust to settle, since it was almost microscopic in its fineness, and had to float down slowly from an estimated height of seventeen miles.

As to the form of Krakatoa itself, what a transformation was wrought here when the great battle was over, and a truce declared—perhaps only a temporary one—between fire and water! The whole northern portion of the island, much the greater portion of it, with an area of nearly six square miles and an average height above sea level of 700ft., was now submerged, and remains so to this day, under 150 fathoms of water. Two new islands had thrust up their heads, and the whole configuration of the channel was altered. All of which confirms one in the opinion that when this old earth begins to fire off her heavy artillery—that is, when she blows the heads off her mountains—it makes human battles and explosions in powder and dynamite factories and the like look rather small.



By Cutcliffe Hyne.

No. XVIII.—THE WIRE-MILKERS.

(A Complete Story.)

"Look here," said Sheriff, "you compel me to be brutal, but the fact is they've had enough of you here in Lagos. So far as I can see, you've only got the choice of two things. You can have a free passage home to England as a Distressed Seaman by the next steamer, and you know what that means, or else, if you don't like that, you can do the sensible thing, and step into the billet I offer you."

"By James!" said Kettle, "who's going to turn me out of Lagos; tell me that, sir?"

"Don't get wrathful with me. I'm only telling you what you'll find out to be the square truth if you stay on long enough. The authorities here will be equal to handling you if you try to buck against them."

"But, sir, they have no right to touch me. This isn't French territory, or German, or any of those clamped-down places. The town's as English as Liverpool, and I'm a respectable man."

"The trouble of it is," said Sheriff drily, "they say you are not. There are a limited number of white men here in Lagos—perhaps two hundred all told—and their businesses and sources of income are all more or less visible to the naked eye. Yours aren't. In the language of the—er—well—the police court, you've no visible means of subsistence, and yet you always turn out neat, and spruce, and tidy; you've always got tobacco; and apparently you must have meals now and again, though I can't say you've got particularly fat on them."

"I've never been a rich man, sir. It would surprise a gentleman who's been wealthy like you, Mr. Sheriff, to see the way I can make half-a-crown spin out. You were a steamboat owner till you had that misfortune the other day. You can't understand how a sailor can economise."

"It surprises me to see how you've made nothing at all spin out," said Sheriff, "and as for the Lagos authorities I was speaking about, it's done more; it's made them suspicious. Hang it, man, be reasonable, you must see they are bound to be suspicious."

Captain Kettle's brown face grew darker in tint, and he spoke with visible shame. "I've come by a living, sir, honest, but I couldn't bear it to be told aloud here to all the world how it was done. I may be down, Mr. Sheriff, but I have my pride still."

Sheriff spread his hands helplessly. "That's no kind of answer," he said. "They won't let you continue to stay here in Lagos on an explanation like that. Come now, Kettle, be sensible; put yourself in the authorities' place. They've got a town to administer—a big

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town—that not thirty years ago was the most murderous, fanatical, rowdy dwelling of slave traders on the West Coast of Africa.

"To-day, by dint of careful shepherding, they've reduced it to a city of quiet respectability, with a smaller crime-rate than Birmingham; and, in fact, made into a model town suitable for a story book.

"Now there's nothing that can stir up niggers into ructions against a white man's government better than a white man, as has been proved tons of times already, and here are you already on the carpet quite equal to the job. I don't say you are up to mischief, nor does the Government, but you must see for yourself that they'd be fools if they didn't play for safety and ship you off out of harm's way.

"Very well, then. Now, are you going to be the Distressed Seaman, and be jeered at all the run home as you cadge round for your 'bacca money, or are you going to do the sensible thing, and step into this billet I've put in your way?"

"You corner me."

"I'm glad to hear it, and let me tell you it hasn't been for want of trying. Man, if I hadn't liked you, I would not have taken all this trouble to put a soft thing in your way."

"I believe you want service out of me in return, sir," said Kettle stiffly.

Sheriff laughed. "You ain't the handiest man in the world to get on with, and if I hadn't been an easy tempered chap I should have bidden you go to the deuce long enough ago. Of course, I want something out of you. A man who has just lost a fortune, and who is down on his luck like I am, can't afford to go in for pure philanthropy without any possible return. But, at the same time, I'm finding you a job at fifty pound a month with a fortnight's wages paid in advance, and I think you might be decently grateful. By your own telling, you never earned so much as four sovereigns a week before."

"The wages were quite to my taste from the beginning, sir: don't think me ungrateful there. But what I didn't like was going to sea without knowing beforehand what I was expected to do. I didn't like it at first, and I refused the job then; and if I take it now, being, as you say, cornered, you're not to understand that it's grown any the tastier to me."

"We shouldn't pay a skipper a big figure like that," said Sheriff drily, "if we didn't want something a bit more than the ordinary from him. You may take it you are getting fifteen pounds a month as standard pay, and the extra thirty-five for condescending to sail with sealed orders. But what I told you at first I repeat now: I've got a partner standing in with me over this business, and as he insists on the whole thing being kept absolutely dark till we're away at sea, I've no choice but to observe the conditions of partnership."

Some thirty minutes later, Mr. Sheriff got out of his 'rickshaw on the Marina and went into an office and inquired for Mr. White. One of the coloured clerks replied with languor that Mr. White was upstairs; upon which Sheriff, mopping himself with a handkerchief, went up briskly.

White, a gorgeously handsome young Hebrew, read success from his face at once. "I can see you've hooked your man," said he. "That's good business; we couldn't have got another as good anywhere. Have a cocktail?"

"Don't mind if I do. It's been tough work persuading him. He's such a suspicious, conscientious little beggar. Shout for your boy to bring the cocktail, and when we're alone, I'll tell you about it."

"I'll fix up your drink myself, old man. Where's the swizzle-stick? Oh, here, behind the Angostura bottle. And there's a fresh lime for you—got a basket of them in this morning. Now you yarn whilst I play barmaid."

Mr. Sheriff tucked his feet on the arms of a long-chair, and picked up a fan. He sketched in the account of his embassage with humourous phrase.

The Hebrew had been liberal with his cocktails. He said himself that he made them so beautifully that no one could resist a second; and so, with a sigh of gusto, Sheriff gulped down number two and put the glass on the floor. "No," he said; "no more. They're heavenly, I'll grant, but no more. We shall want very clear heads for what's in front of us, and I'm not going to fuddle mine for a commencement. I can tell you we

have been very nearly wrecked already. It was only by the skin of my teeth I managed to collar Master Kettle. I only got him because I happened to know something about him."

"Did you threaten to get him into trouble over it? What's he done?"

"Oh, nothing of that sort. But the man's got the pride of an emperor, and it came to my knowledge he'd been making a living out of fishing in the lagoon, and I worked on that. Look out of that window; it's a bit glary with the sun full on, but do you see those rows of stakes the nets are made fast on? Well, one of those belongs to Captain Owen Kettle, and he works there after dark like a native, and dressed as one. You know he's been so long living naked up in the bush that his hide's nearly black, and he can speak all the nigger dialects. But I guessed he'd never own up that he'd come so low as to compete with nigger fishermen, and I fixed things so that he thought he'd have to tell white Lagos what was his trade, or clear out of the Colony one-time. It was quite a neat bit of diplomacy."

"You have got a tongue in you," said White.

"When a man's as broke as I am, and as desperate, he does his best in talk to get what he wants. But look here, Mr. White, now we've got Kettle, I want to be off and see the thing over and finished as soon as possible. It's the first time I've been hard enough pushed to meddle with this kind of racket, and I can't say I find it so savoury that I'm keen on lingering over it."

The Jew shrugged his shoulders. "We are going for money," he said. "Money is always hard to get, my boy, but it's nice, very nice, when you have it."

Keen though Sheriff was to get this venture put to the trial, brimming with energy though he might be, it was quite out of the question that a start could be made at once. A small steamer they had already secured on charter, but she had to be manned, coaled, and provisioned, and all these things are not carried out so quickly in Lagos as they would be in Liverpool, even though there was a Kettle in command to do the driving. And, moreover, there were cablegrams to be sent, in tedious cypher, to London and elsewhere, to make the arrangements on which the success of the scheme would depend.

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

The Jew was the prime mover in all this cabling. He had abundance of money in his pocket, and he spent it lavishly, and he practically lived in the neighbourhood of the telegraph office. He was as affable as could be; he drank cocktails and champagne with the telegraph staff whenever they were offered; but over the nature of his business he was as close as an oyster.

A breath of suspicion against the scheme would wreck it in an instant, and, as there was money to be made by carrying it through, the easy, lively, boisterous Mr. White was probably just then as cautious a man as there was in Africa.

But preparations were finished at last, and one morning, when the tide served, the little steamer cast off from her wharf below the Marina, and steered for the pass at the further side of the lagoon.

The bar was easy, and let her through

with scarcely so much as a bit of spray to moisten the dry deck planks, and Sheriff pointed to the masts of a branch-boat which had struck the sand a week before, and had beaten her bottom out and sunk in ten minutes, and from these he drew good omens about this venture, and at the same time prettily complimented Kettle on his navigation.

But Kettle refused to be drawn into friendliness. He coldly commented that luck and not skill was at the bottom of these matters, and that, if the bar had shifted, he himself could have put this steamer on the ground as handily as the other man had piled up the branch-boat. He refused to come below and have a drink, saying that his place was on the bridge, till he learned from observation that either of the two mates was a man to be trusted. And, finally, he inquired, with acid formality, as to whether his employers wished the steamer brought to an anchor in the roads, or whether they would condescend to give him a course to steer.

Sheriff bade him curtly enough to "keep her going to the s'uth'ard," and then drew away his partner into the stifling little chart-house. "Now," he said, "you see how it is. Our little admiral up there is standing on his temper, and if he doesn't hear the plan of campaign, he's quite equal to making himself nasty."

"I don't mind telling him some, but I'm hanged if I'm going to tell him all. There are too many in the secret already, what with you and the two in London; and as I keep on telling you, if one whiff of a suspicion gets abroad, the whole thing's busted, and a trap will be set that you and I will be caught in for a certainty."

"Poof! We're at sea now, and no one can gossip beyond the walls of the ship. Besides Kettle is far too staunch to talk. He's the sort of man who can be as mum as the grave when he chooses. But if you persist in refusing to trust him, well, I tell you that the thought of what he may be up to makes me frightened."

"Now look here, my boy," said White, "you force me to remind you that I'm senior partner here, and to repeat that what I say on this matter's going to be done. I flatly refuse to trust this Kettle with the whole yarn. We've hired him at an exorbitant fee—bought him body and soul, in fact, as I've no doubt he very well understands—and to my mind he's engaged to do exactly as he's told, without asking questions. But as you seem set on it, I'll meet you here; he may be told a bit. Fetch him down."

But as Kettle refused to come below, on the chilly plea of business, the partners went out under the awnings of the upper bridge, where the handsome White, with boisterous, open-hearted friendliness, did his best to hustle the little sailor into quick good humour.

"Don't blame me, skipper, or Sheriff here either, for the matter of that, for making all this mystery. We're just a couple of paid agents, and the bigger men at the back insisted that we should keep our mouths shut till the right time. There's nothing wrong with this caution, I'm sure you'll be the first to say. You see they couldn't tell from that distance what sort of man we should be able to pick up at Lagos. I guess they never so much as dreamed that we'd have the luck to persuade a chap like you to join."

"You are very polite, sir," said Kettle formally.

"Not a bit of it. I'm not the sort of boy to chuck civility away on an incompetent man. Now look here, Captain. We're on for making a big pile in a very short time, and you can stand in to finger your share if you'll only take your whack of the work."

"There's no man living more capable of hard work than me, sir, and no man keener to make a competence. I've got a wife that I'd like to see a lot better off than I've ever been able to make her so far."

"I'm sure Mrs. Kettle deserves affluence, and please the pigs she shall have it."

"But it isn't every sovereign that might be put in her way," said the sailor meaningly, "that Mrs. Kettle would care to use."

"I guess I find every sovereign that comes to my fingers contains twenty useful shillings."

"I will take your word for it, sir. Mrs. Kettle prefers to know that the few she handles are cleanly come by."

Mr. White gritted his handsome teeth, and shrugged his shoulders, and made as if he

was about to go down off the bridge. But Sheriff stopped him. "We'd better have it out," Sheriff suggested; "as well now as later."

"Put it in your own words, then. I don't seem able to get started. You," he added significantly, "know as well as I do what to say."

"Very well. Now, look here, Kettle. This mystery game has gone on long enough, and you've got to be put on the ground floor, like the rest of us. Did you ever dabble in stocks?"

"No, sir."

"But you know what they are?"

"I've heard the minister I sit under ashore give his opinion from the pulpit on the Stock Exchange, and those who do business there. The minister of our chapel, sir, is a man I always agree with."

This was sufficiently unpromising, but Sheriff went doggedly on. "I see your way of looking at it: the whole crowd of stock operators are a gang of thieves that no decent man would care to touch?"

"That's much my notion."

"And they are quite unworthy of protection?"

"They can rob one another to their heart's content for all I care."

Sheriff smiled grimly. "That's what I wanted to hear you say, Captain. This cruise we are on now is not exactly a pleasure trip."

"I guessed that, of course, from the pay that was offered."

"What we are after is this: the Cape to England telegraph cable stops at several places on the road, and we want to get hold of one of the stations and work it for our own purposes for an hour or so. If we can do that, our partners in London will bring off a speculation in South African shares that will set the whole lot of us up for life."

"And who pays the piper? I mean where will the money for your profit come from?"

White was quicker than Sheriff to grasp the situation. "From inside the four walls of the Stock Exchange. S'elp me, Captain,

"I use what words I choose," said Kettle truculently.

you needn't pity them. There are lots of men there, my friends too, who would have played the game themselves if they had been sharp enough to think of it. We have to be pretty keen in the speculation business if we want to make money out of it."

Captain Kettle buttoned his coat, and stepped to the further end of the bridge with an elaborate show of disgust. "You are on the Stock Exchange yourself, sir?"

"Er—connected with it, Captain."

"I can quite understand our minister's opinion of stock gamblers now. Perhaps some day you may hear it for yourself. He's a great man for visiting gaols and carrying comfort to the afflicted."

"By gad!" said White, "you insolent

little blackguard, you dare to speak to me like that."

"I use what words I choose," said Kettle truculently. "I'd have said the same to your late King Solomon if I hadn't liked his ways; but if I was pocketing his pay, I should have carried out his orders all the same." He

"By gad, I'll murder him like I would a rat."

bent down to the voice hatch, and gave a bearing to the black quartermaster in the wheel-house below, and the little steamer, which had by this time left behind her the vessels transhipping cargo in the roads, canted off on a new course to the Southward.

"Hullo," said Sheriff, "what's that mean? Where are you off to now?"

Kettle mentioned the name of a lonely island standing by itself in the Atlantic.

Both Sheriff and the Jew were visibly startled. Mr. Sheriff mopped at a very damp forehead with his pocket handkerchief. "Have you heard anything, then?" he asked, "or did you just guess?"

"I heard nothing before, or I should not have signed on for this trip, sir. But having come so far, I am going to earn out my pay. What's done will not be on my conscience. The ship-master is blameless in these matters; it's the owner who drives him that earns his punishment in the hereafter; and that's sound theology."

"But how did you guess, man, how did you know where we were bound?"

"A ship-master knows cable stations as well as he knows owners' and agents' offices ashore. Any fool who had been told your game would have put his finger on that island at once. That's the loneliest place where the cable goes ashore all up and down this coast, and it isn't British, and what more could you want?"

With these meagre assurances, Messieurs Sheriff and White had to be content, as no other were forthcoming. Captain Kettle refused to be drawn into further talk upon the subject, and the pair went below to the stuffy little cabin more than a trifle disconsolate. "Well, here's the man you talked so big about," said White bitterly. "As soon as we get out at sea, he shows himself in his true colours. But if he sells us when it comes to the point, and there's a chance of my getting nabbed, by gad, I'll murder him like I would a rat."

"If he offers a scrimmage," said Sheriff, "you take my tip, and clear out. He's a regular glutton for a fight; I know he's armed; and he could shoot the buttons off your coat at twenty yards. No, Mr. White; make the best or the worst of Captain Kettle, as you choose, but don't come to fisticuffs with him, or as sure as you are living now, you'll finish out on the under side then. And mind, I'm not talking by guess work. I know."

"I shall not stick at much if this show's spoiled. Why, the money was as good as in our pockets, if he hadn't cut up awkward."

"Don't throw up the sponge till someone else does it for you. Look here, I know this man, Kettle, a lot better than you do. He wants the pay very badly. And when it comes to sticking up the cable station, you'll see

him do the work of any ten like us. I tell you, he's a regular demon when it comes to a scuffle."

It was in this attitude, then, that the three principal members of the little steamer's complement voyaged down over those warm tropical seas which lay between Lagos and the isle of their hopes and fears. Two of them kept together, and perfected the detail of their plans for use in every contingency; but the other kept himself icily apart, and for an occupation, when the business of the ship did not require his eye, wrapped himself up in the labour of literary production. He even refused to partake of meals at the same table with his employers.

The island first appeared to them as a huddle of mountains sprouting out of the sea, which grew green as they came more near, and which finally showed great masses of foliage growing to the crown of the splintered heights, with a surf frilling the bays and capes at their foot. There was a town in the hug of one of these bays, and towards it the little steamer rolled as though she had been an ordinary legitimate trader. She brought up to an anchor in the jaws of the bay, half-way between the lighthouse and a rectangular white building on the further beach, and after due delay, a negro doctor, pulled up by a surf boat full of other negroes, came off and gave her pratique.

The rectangular white building, standing in the sea breeze by itself away from the town beyond, was the cable station, but for the present they faced it with their backs. Kettle had seen it before; the other two acted as though it were the last thing to trouble their minds. There was no going ashore for any of them yet; indeed, the less they advertised their personal identity, the more chance there was of their getting off untraced afterwards.

Night fell with such suddenness that one could almost have imagined the sun was permanently extinguished. Round the rim of the bay lights began to kindle, and presently (when the wind came off the land) strains of music floated out to them.

"Some saint's day," Sheriff commented.

"St. Agatha's," said Kettle with a sigh.

"Hullo, Kettle, I thought you were a straight-laced chapel goer. What have you to do with saints and their days?"

"I was told that one once, sir, and I can't help remembering it. You see the date is February 5th, and that's my eldest youngster's birthday."

Sheriff swore. "I wish you'd drop that sort of sentimental bosh, skipper; especially now. I want to get this business over first, and then, when I go back with plenty in my pocket, I can begin to think of family pleasures and cares again. Come now, have you thought out what we can do with the steamer after we've finished our job here?"

"Run up with the Coast and sink her, and then go ashore in the surf-boat at some place where the cable doesn't call, and leave that as soon as possible for somewhere else."

"It will be a big loss to scuttle her."

"It will be a big saving of necks," said Kettle drily. "Why, sir, you've been a steamer-owner in your time, and you must know how we're fixed. You've given up your papers here, and you're known. You can't go into another port in the whole wide world without papers, and as for forging a new set, why that's a thing that hasn't been done this thirty years outside a story-book."

Mr. White came up to hear. "I don't see that," he said.

"You fellows don't understand everything in Jerusalem," said Kettle, with cheerful insult, and walked away. Captain Kettle regarded Sheriff as a gull, and pitied him accordingly; but White he recognised as principal knave, and disliked him accordingly.

But when the start was made for the raid, some hour and a half before the dawn, Kettle was not backward in fulfilling his paid-for task. Himself he saw a surf-boat lowered into the water and manned by black Krooboy paddlers; himself he saw his two employers down on the thwarts, and then followed them; and himself he sat beside the headman, who straddled in the stern sheets at the steering oar, and gave him minute directions.

The boat was avoiding the bay altogether. She was making for the strip of sand in front of the cable station, and except when she was shouldered up on the back of a roller, the goal was out of sight all the time.

"There's a rare swell running, and it's a

mighty bad beach to-night," Kettle commented. "I hope you gentlemen can swim, for the odds are you'll have to do it inside the next ten minutes."

"If we are spilt getting ashore," said White, "how do you say we'll get off again?"

"The Lord knows," said Kettle.

"Well, you're a cheerful companion, anyway."

"I wasn't paid for a yacht skippering job and asked to say nice things which weren't true. But if you don't fancy the prospect, go back and try a trade that's less risky. You mayn't like honest work, but it strikes me this kind of contract's out your weight anyway."

The Jew looked as if he would like to let loose his tongue, and perhaps handle a weapon, but his motto was "business first," and he could not afford to have an open fraças with Kettle then. So he swallowed his resentment, and said "Get on," and clung dizzily on to his thwart.

As each roller passed under her, the surf-boat swooped higher and higher, and the labouring paddles seemed to give her less and less momentum. The headman strained at the steering oar. The Krooboys had hard work to keep their perches on the gunwale.

At last the headman shouted, and the paddles ceased. They were waiting for a smooth. Roller after roller swept under her, and the boat rode them dizzily, but kept her place just beyond the outer edge of the surf. From over his shoulder, the headman watched the charging seas with animal intentness. Then with a sudden shriek he gave the word, and the paddles stabbed the water into spray. The heavy boat rushed forward again, and a great towering sea rushed after her. It reared her up, stern uppermost, and passed, leaving her half swamped by its foaming passage; and then came another sea, and the boat broached to and spilt. The Krooboys jumped like black frogs from either gunwale, and Kettle jumped also, and made his way easily to the sand, being used to this experience. But Sheriff was pulled on to the beach with difficulty, and the Jew was hauled there in a state verging on the unconscious. He looked at the fearsome surf, and shuddered openly. "How shall we get off again?" he gasped.

"More swimming," said Kettle tersely. "And perhaps not manage it at all. You'd better give up the game, and go off decently to-morrow morning from the Custom House wharf."

But Mr. White, whatever might be the list of his failings, was certainly possessed of dogged pluck, and as he had got that far with his enterprise, did not intend to desert it. He got rid of the sea water that was within him, and resolutely led the way to the cable station, which loomed square and solid through the dusk. Sheriff followed, and Captain Kettle, with his hands in his pockets, brought up the rear. The Krooboys, according to their orders, stayed on the beach, brought in the boat, collected her furniture, and got all ready for relaunching.

White seemed to know the way as if he had been there before. He went up to the building, entered through an open door, and strode quietly in his rubber-soled shoes along a dark passage. At the end was a room in partial darkness, and a man who watched a spot of light which darted hither and back, and between whiles wrote upon paper. To him White went up, and clapped a cold revolver muzzle against the nape of his neck.

"Now," he said, "I want the loan of your instrument for about an hour. If you resist, you'll be shot. The noise of the shot will bring out the other men on the station, and they'll be killed also. There are plenty of us here, and we are well armed, and we intend to have our own way. If you are not anything short of a fool, you'll go and sit on that chair, and keep quiet till you're given leave to talk."

"I don't think I'll argue it with you," said the operator coolly. He got up and sat where he was told, and Kettle, according to arrangement, stood guard over him. "I suppose you malefactors know," he added, "that there are certain pains and penalties attached to this sort of amusement, and that you are bound to get caught quite soon, whether you shoot me or let me go?"

Nobody answered him. White had seated himself at the instrument table, and was tapping out messages like a man well accustomed to the work.

"Of course with those black mask things

over your faces," added the operator, "I couldn't recognise you again, even if I was put in the box; but, my good chaps, your steamer's known, there's no getting over that. Much better clear out before any mischief's done, and own up you've made a mistake."

White turned on the man with a sudden fury. "If you don't keep your silly mouth shut, I'll have you throttled," he threatened, and after that the only noise that broke the silence was the *tap—taptap—taptaping* of the telegraph instrument.

Only two men in that darkened room knew what message was being dispatched, and these were White and the dispossessed operator. The one worked with cool, steady industry, and the other listened with strained intentness. Sheriff was outside the door keeping guard on the rest of the house. But Kettle, from his station behind the operator's chair, listened with a strange disquietude. He had been told that the object of the raid was to arrange a stock exchange robbery, and to this he had tacitly agreed. According to his narrow creed (as gathered from the South Shields chapel) none but rogues and thieves dealt in stocks and shares, and if these chose to rob one another, an honest man might well look on non-interferent. But what guarantee had he that this robbery was not planned to draw plunder from the outside public as well? The pledged word of Mr. White. And that was worth? He smiled disdainfully when he thought of the slenderness of its value.

Tap—taptap—tap—tap—taptap, said the tantalising instrument, going steadily on with its hidden speech.

The stifling heat of the room seemed to get more oppressive. The mystery of the thing beat against Kettle's brain.

Of course he could not read the deposed operator's thoughts, though he could see easily that the man was reading the messages which White was so glibly sending off. But it was clear that the man's agitation was growing; growing, too, out of all proportion to the coolness he had shown when his room was first invaded. At last an exclamation was forced from him, almost as it seemed involuntarily. "Oh, you ghastly scoundrel," he murmured, and on that Kettle spoke. He could not stand the mystery any longer.

"Tell me," he said, "exactly what message that man's sending."

"But I forbid you to do any such thing," said White, and reached for his revolver. But before his fingers touched it, he looked up and saw Kettle's weapon covering him.

"You put that down," came the crisp order, and White obeyed it nervously enough.

"And now go and stand in the middle of the room till I give you leave to shift."

White did this also. He grasped the fact that Captain Kettle was not in a mood to be trifled with.

"Now, Mr. Telegraph Clerk, as you understand this tack-hammer language, and as I could see you've been following all the message that's been sent, just tell me the whole lot of it, please, as near as you can remember."

"He called up London first, and gave what sounded like a registered address, and sent the word 'coruscate.' That's probably code; anyway I don't know what it meant. Then he called the Cape, and sent a message to the Governor. He hadn't got to the end, and there was no signature, but it was evidently intended to make them believe that it was sent from the Colonial Office at home."

"Well," said Kettle, "what was the message?"

"Good Lord, man, he's directing the Governor to declare war with the Transvaal. You know there's been trouble with them lately, and they'll believe that it comes from the right place. If this is some stock-jobbing plant—"

"It is."

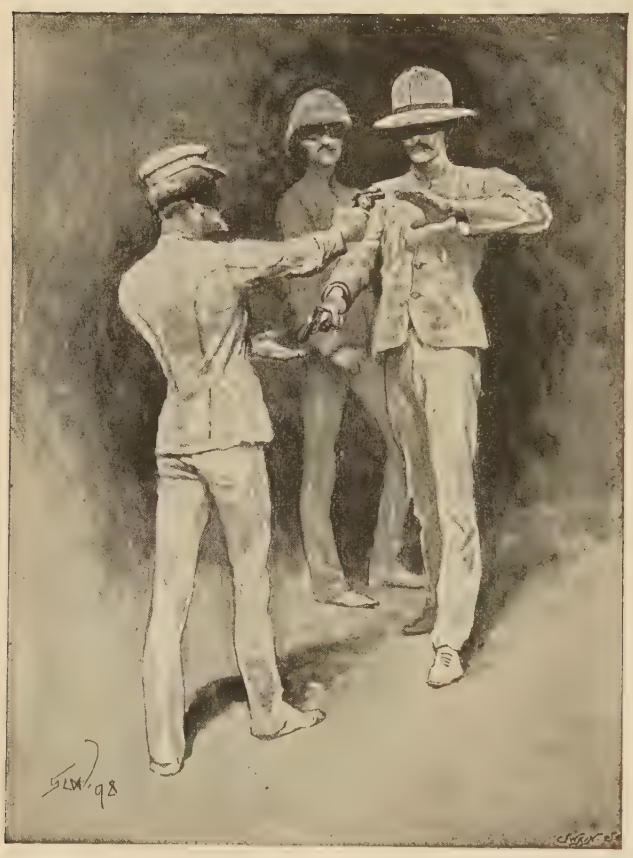
"Then, by heavens, it'll be carried through unless you let me stop it at once. The thing's plausible enough—"

But here White recovered from his temporary scare, and cut in with a fine show of authority. "S'help me, Kettle, you're making a pretty mess of things. You make me knock off in the middle of a message, and they'll not know what's up at the other end if I don't go on. Look at that mirror."

"I see the spot of light winking about."

"That's the operator at the next station calling me."

"But is it true what this gentleman's been telling me?"



Sheriff obeyed the order promptly.

"I suppose it is, more or less. But what of that? What did you lose your temper for like this? You knew quite well what we came here for."

"I knew you came to steal money from stockbrokers. I knew nothing about going to try and run my country in for a war."

"Poof, that's nothing. The war would not hurt you and me. Besides, it must go on now. I've cabled my partner in London to be a bear in Kaffirs for all he's worth. We must smash all the instruments here so they can't contradict the news, and then be off."

"Your partner can be a bear or any other kind of beast, in any sort of niggers he chooses, but I'm not going to let you run England into a war at any price."

"Pah, my good man, what does this matter to you? What's England ever done for you?"

"I live there," said Kettle, "when I'm at home, and as I've lived everywhere else in the world, I'm naturally a bit more fond of the old shop than if I'd never gone away from her beach. No, Mr. White, England's never done anything special for me that I could, so to speak, put my finger on, but—ah! would you!"

White, in desperation, had made a grab at the revolver lying on the instrument table, but with a quick rush Kettle possessed himself of it, and Mr. White found himself again looking down the muzzle of Captain Kettle's weapon.

But a moment later the aim was changed. Sheriff, hearing the whispered talk, had come in through the doorway to see what it was about, and promptly found himself favoured in his turn.

"Shift your pistol to muzzle end, and bring it here."

Sheriff obeyed the order promptly. He had seen enough of Captain Kettle's usefulness as a marksman not to dispute his wishes.

"Did you know that we came here to stir up a war between our folks at home and the Transvaal?"

"I suppose so."

"And smash up the telegraph instruments afterwards, so that it could not be contradicted till it was well under way?"

"That would have been necessary."

"And you remember what you told me on that steamboat? Oh! you liar!" said Kettle, and Sheriff winced.

"I'm so beastly hard up," he said.

Captain Kettle might have commented on his own poverty, but he did not do this. Instead, he said: "Now we'll go back to the ship, and of course you'll have to scuttle just as if you'd brought off your game here successfully. Run England in for a bloody war, would you, just for some filthy money? By James, no. Come, march. And you, Mr. Telegraph Clerk, get under way with

that deaf and dumb alphabet of yours, and ring up the Cape, and tell them what's been sent is all a joke, and there's to be no war at all."

"I'll do that, you may lay your heart on it," said the operator. "But hadn't you better stay? If you go off with those two wolves, it might be dangerous."

"Thank you, kindly, sir," said Kettle; "but I'm a man that's been accustomed to look after myself all the world over, and I'm not likely to get hurt now. Those two may be wolves, as you say, but I'm not altogether a simple little lamb myself."

"I shall be a bit uneasy for you. You're a good soul whoever you may be, and I'd like to do something for you if I could."

"Then, sir," said Kettle, "just keep quiet here, and don't send for any of those little Portuguese soldiers with guns to see us off."

"I'll see to that," said the operator. "We'll just shake hands if you don't mind before you go. There's more man to the cubic inch about you than in any other fellow I've come across for a long time. I've no club at home now, or I'd ask you to look me up. But I daresay we shall meet again some time. So long."

"Good-bye, sir," said Kettle, and shook the operator by the hand. Then he turned, and drove the other two raiders before him out of the house, and down to the beach, and, with the Krooboys, applied himself to launching the surf-boat through the breakers.

"Run the old shop into a war, would you?" he soliloquised to two very limp, unconscious figures, as the Krooboys got the surf-boat afloat after the third upset. "It's queer what some men will do for money." And then, a minute later, he muttered to himself: "By James, look at that dawn coming up behind the island there; yellow as a lemon. Now, that is fine. I can make a bit of poetry out of that."

But Captain Owen Kettle had little enough time for literary production during the three days that immediately followed. With the consciousness of the raid always in their minds, Messieurs Sheriff and White saw in imagination pursuers coming upon them from every part of the horizon, and when the African Coast rose up into view, with his own hands the Jew went below and opened a sea cock.

The steamer was half-swamped before Kettle came to know what had been done, and then it was too late to reverse it. So all hands had to take to the boats, and get to dry land as best they could.

Sheriff and the Jew, with visions of Justice still in chase, were far too scared to report themselves just then at the abodes of white men. Moreover, the sinking of the steamer had ruined them financially, and as no other course seemed available, they set their faces towards the interior and journeyed off into that vague Africa, where so many others have been absorbed. And there, for anything I know, they may be wandering yet, scare still driving them.

But Captain Kettle wore a clear and exhilarated conscience. He made up his mind to revisit the English home from which he had been divorced so wearily long, even if he had to travel as that charitable object, a distressed seaman. And as he set off along the beach for the nearest place where steamers called, he wrote down on paper fragments of verse, which some day will be marvelled over in print.

"Good-bye, sir," said Kettle.

Life's Little Worries

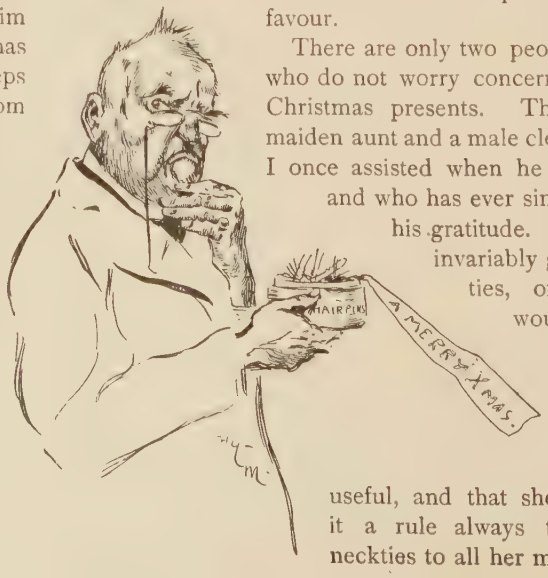
by W. L. Alden.

Illustrations by H. Mayer.

Christmas—Insurance—Keeping Accounts.

CHILDREN undoubtedly enjoy Christmas. The next day sometimes has its miseries, owing to the internal remorse which follows injudicious indulgence in sweets and walnuts, but the worries of Christmas which afflict grown-up people are unknown to children.

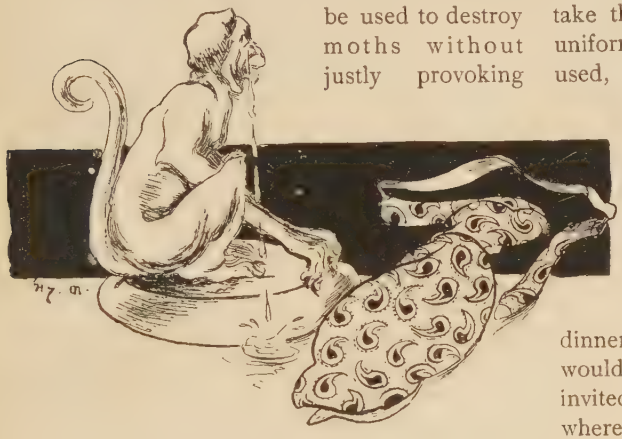
A man may not object to the expense which the giving of Christmas presents involves, but he cannot escape the worry of selecting them. I have, let us say, a rich uncle, who dislikes tobacco and abhors golf. He expects me to give him something on Christmas Day, and thereby keeps me awake at night from the first to the twenty-fifth of December with anxiety lest I should give him the wrong thing. If I give him a walking-stick, or an inkstand, or anything that is useful, the chances are that at least four of his other ten nephews will happen to give him the same thing, and he will be irritated rather than pleased with my present.



If, on the other hand, I strive to be original, and give him something which I am sure no other person will give him—say a box of hairpins, or a harpoon, or a pair of dental forceps, he will decide either that I am an impertinent scoundrel or that I am a hopeless imbecile. Whatever I give him he is sure to be dissatisfied, and the net result will be that I am out of pocket and out of his favour.

There are only two people whom I know who do not worry concerning the choice of Christmas presents. These two are my maiden aunt and a male clerical cousin, whom I once assisted when he was in difficulties, and who has ever since longed to show his gratitude. The maiden aunt invariably gives me six neckties, of a pattern that would bring tears to the eyes of a brass monkey. She often remarks that neckties are always useful, and that she, therefore, makes it a rule always to give Christmas neckties to all her male relations.

My clerical friend invariably sends me a box of cigars, and as he never smokes, and knows nothing whatever of tobacco, the cigars that he sends me, believing them in the innocence of his heart to be all that I could desire, could not be used to destroy moths without justly provoking



the interference of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

With the exception of these two estimable but misguided people, I do not know a single man or woman who does not suffer from the terrible necessity of selecting Christmas presents for his friends and relatives. If a man is married he can always give his wife money and let her select her own present, but this method of avoiding the difficulty cannot be practised with one's friends. The very man who sneers at a present costing ten shillings, would indignantly return a five-pound note if you were to send it to him and beg him to buy his own Christmas present.

* * * * *

Now all the trouble of selecting Christmas presents could be avoided if we had a Christmas Present Agency. Such an agency should do all the work of selecting and sending presents. About the first of December in each year I could send to the agency the names and addresses of my friends, and the amount of money that I desired to spend in presents for each one of them. The agency would select these presents and send them with appropriate messages, and the result would be that I should have no trouble whatever.

Of course, such an agency would have to be managed by very intelligent people, but such people are to be found, and the experience they would soon gain in the selection of presents would enable them to transact one's Christmas business far better than any one, whether man or woman, could transact it alone. The same agency could also undertake the sending of Christmas cards. One uniform pattern of card would probably be used, and the back of it might be occupied with tradesmen's advertisements, which would bring a handsome return to the agency.

I am not quite sure that the sphere of the agency could be made to comprehend the giving of Christmas dinners without a host, or the supplying of substitutes to attend such dinners, but if it could, an invaluable work would be done. I could in such case, if invited to eat a Christmas dinner at a house where all dinners are bad, direct the agency to send a young man of superb digestive powers in my place; or if my wife told me that I must invite the MacSmitherses to dinner, I could request the agency to dine

them at the Holborn Restaurant on Christmas Day, and to send the bill to me. When we have a well-conducted Christmas Agency,

Christmas will be to us as joyful a day as it is to our children. All the worries of Christmas will vanish, and we shall actually be able to look forward to the day with pleasure instead of apprehension.

* * * * *

The introduction of the Christmas tree has added to the worries of Christmas. As every one knows, or ought to know, the Christmas tree came from Germany. Time was when the British child invariably hung up a large stocking, borrowed from the child's mother or sister, and it was the duty of the parents to

fill this stocking with presents. Many of us can still remember the delight of waking up before daylight on Christmas morning and trying to explore the contents of the stocking in total darkness.

It was always full of mysterious things which it was impossible to identify by the sense of touch alone; and it was a curious sensation to bite something that felt like "toffy," and that turned out to be scented soap. These delights vanished with the advent of the German Christmas tree, which was hung with lighted candles, and with presents which invariably seemed cheap and disappointing in the glitter of the light.

The careful and intelligent man knows that the Christmas tree is horribly dangerous, for the reason that it may take fire at any moment, and burn not only itself, but the children and the house. Hence he suffers acutely from worry from the moment that the Christmas tree is lighted until the last candle has been blown out. He constantly warns his wife not to set her dress on fire, and constantly scolds the children for pressing too close to the burning tree, while at intervals his wife informs him that he is spoiling all the pleasure of the day, which would undoubtedly be true if any one took any real pleasure in the Christmas tree.

As a matter-of-fact nobody enjoys the Christmas tree. The children never receive the presents which they prefer, and invariably insist that the distribution has been grossly unfair. The wife is worn out by the effort to keep the peace between the children, and to induce them to refrain from looting the tree within the first few minutes after the candles are lighted.

Of course the father of the family who has a bucket of water ready to throw over the first child that bursts into flames, and who accidently upsets the contents of the bucket into his shoe, enjoys nothing except the language which he uses the moment the last child has left the room. The apples of Sodom, which are generally understood to have been in reality railway sandwiches, were satisfactory in comparison with the Christmas tree, and the only reason that the modern child tolerates it is that he is ignorant of the delights of the Christmas stocking.

* * * * *

It is said by scientific writers that the Christmas stocking went out of favour because it was, in the estimation of liberally-minded parents, too small to contain all that they wished to give to their children. This may have been true fifty years ago, but it is certainly true no longer. Since the introduction of lawn tennis, cycling, and other athletic sports of which our grandmothers were ignorant, the capacity of the stocking has enormously increased. If anyone doubts this assertion he has only to take a trip on the Ripley Road on a pleasant but rather windy Sunday, and then to compare his observations with a stocking of the date of,

say, 1840, which he can find by application to the curator of the British Museum.

But let us, for the sake of argument, admit that the ordinary size thread stocking is too small to contain a tennis racquet, a cricket bat, and a Canadian canoe. The parent who wishes to make presents of a bulky character has only to use a golf stocking of the size usually worn by a majority of the male members of any South of England club. Such a stocking is capable of unlimited stretching, and could, without doubt, be made to hold a ton of kitchen cobbles, or an equal quantity in bulk of anything else. There is absolutely no ground for the pretext that the modern stocking lacks carrying capacity. The bare fact that thirty years ago people used to put their money in stockings shows how small, in comparison with the modern stocking, the stocking of our grandmothers must have been. Any attempt to fill the modern stocking with gold would be insane, except on the part of a Rothschild.

Let us, then, return to the Christmas stocking. Children who knew not its delights, can hardly be said to have lived. We have exchanged the joy of the Christmas stocking for the worry of the Christmas tree, and yet we talk of the progress that we have made.

* * * * *

In former years, the waits contributed their share to the worries of Christmas, but latterly they have become discouraged by the competition of the monsters who sing hymns in the streets every day in the year. These wretches are so vastly superior to the waits in their method of blackmailing, that the singing of the waits seems positively soothing in comparison with the howlers of hymns.

Formerly, when the waits arrived in front of a house, and began their lugubrious moanings, the man of the house hastened to bribe them to leave him in peace; but now, when he hears the waits, he simply says: "Thank Heaven! they are merely waits, and not hymn-singers!" and thereupon he endures the affliction with serenity and fortitude. The waits, finding that the number of people capable of being blackmailed by them is steadily diminishing, are rapidly abandoning their nefarious trade, and in a few more years the waits will be as extinct as that more pleasing and tolerable animal, the cave-bear.

Still there are waits, chiefly under twelve years of age, who visit suburban householders during the fortnight before Christmas. Being young, however, they are usually timid, and can be driven away by threats of letting loose the dog. In case the householder has no dog, a small mechanical syren, operated with a pair of bellows, can be made to produce excellent results. The unearthly yell of this instrument not only drowns the voices of the waits, but it seldom fails to frighten them to the verge of lunacy.

A man living in Upper Tooting provided himself with a syren last year, and the very first time he brought it to bear on a company of juvenile waits, he not only frightened them entirely out of the street, but he also had the joy of observing that two of the worst offenders ran in their fright directly in the path of a heavy furniture van, and were so badly injured that they spent the entire Christmas holidays in the hospital. Righteous retribution like this cannot, of course, be ordinarily expected, but if the householder can do no more than frighten the waits into epileptic fits he will have abundant cause for gratitude.

* * * * *

Christmas dinner is, of course, inevitable. The only thing to be done in connection with it is to bear it as bravely as possible. Statistics prove that the Christmas dinner is less deadly than it formerly was. This is probably due to the spread of life insurance. All the leading life insurance companies make it a condition in their policies that insured persons shall not touch plum pudding in any form under penalty of forfeiture of policy. This has led to the banishment of plum pudding from many Christmas tables, and to a corresponding decrease of sudden deaths which in former years invariably took place between the twenty-fifth of December and the following New Year's day.

Nevertheless the Christmas dinner, even without the plum pudding, is a dangerous affair. It still sweeps away its quota of victims whose digestive powers have been overtaxed both by the dinner itself, and the speeches which too often accompany it. And, as in former days, it is never the rich man

with hungry heirs who perishes at Christmas, but always those persons whose death is of no real benefit to their kind. When one thinks of the good that a Christmas dinner might do were the Choosers of the Slain to exhibit any sort of discretion, it does seem hard that the majority of the victims should be those who have no money to leave to deserving relatives. I should like to see some satisfactory defence of the custom of Christmas dinners. Why, because Christmas is an important religious anniversary, should I be compelled either to dine with my second cousin and his objectionable children, or ask him and his entire household to dine with me? I can understand that fasting has its proper place in connection with certain religious anniversaries, but I never yet met any clergyman who could or would explain why dining and Christmas should go together?

The worry of Christmas dinners consists not merely in the fact that they involve the eating of unaccustomed food at objectionable hours, and thus infallibly outrage the digestion, but chiefly in the horrible geniality of the guests. Every one who attends a Christmas dinner feels under obligation to be genial, and if there is a more depressing spectacle than an honest man striving to be genial, I do not know what it is.

I have several friends of assorted sexes who, except at Christmas time, are pleasant and entertaining. But when I undergo a Christmas dinner with them they invariably become genial, and to speak with perfect frankness, intolerable. The men clap me on the shoulder regardless of the rheumatism—that is to say, regardless of my feelings, and remark: "Well, old man! Here we are at Christmas once more!" The women, instead of conducting themselves as sedate matrons should, revive the airs and graces that became them twenty years ago, and expect me to put aside my twenty last years, and to meet them on an equality of youth. Every one pretends that he or she is in high spirits, and full of intense enjoyment of the blessed Christmas season, whereas we all know that we are terribly bored by it, and shall be devoutly thankful when it is over.

If we could be permitted to be our natural selves, Christmas dinner would be shorn of half its worry, but of course that is impossible. The man who should sit down at a Christmas dinner with the remark: "Well! thank Heaven Christmas comes but once a year!" would be regarded as a combined brute and atheist.

Inexorable custom demands that we should be genial at Christmas, regardless of conscience and consequences. Even I am genial at the Christmas dinner table, and my youngest daughter has been known to exclaim: "I can bear anything except to see papa genial."

* * * *

Speaking of life insurance it may be said that there is little to choose between being insured and not being insured. If you have taken out an insurance policy on your life, every year that you live makes the possibility of winning anything at the game more and more remote. If you insure your life when you are twenty-five, and live to be fifty, you will have paid the company much more than the company can ever be called upon to pay your representatives. The knowledge of this fact cannot fail to worry you. If you add together all the annual premiums that you have paid, the conviction is forced upon you that had you put that money at interest you would now have a nice little property.

On the other hand, if you are not insured you are constantly informed by your friends that you have made an irreparable mistake. Your wife may not openly reproach you for failing to insure your life, for such a reproach would be hardly delicate, but she will never fail to read to you every mention that the newspaper may make of the death of a man who was insured, and to remark: "How fortunate it is that the poor widow has that life insurance money on which to live."

Having tried both methods, I am able to say from my own experience that the worry of paying an annual life insurance premium, and the worry of never having taken out a policy, very nearly balance one another. I was insured for fifteen years in a company that became bankrupt, owing to the cashier's fondness for the turf. Since then I have made no attempt to be insured, and I cannot see that life is any more difficult to bear without an insurance policy than it was with one.

I was in hopes when I first became insured that I could rid myself of insurance touts merely by informing them that I had taken out a policy, and hence did not need another. But I was deceived. The more a man is insured, the more the insurance agents insist that he should be still further insured. I was told the story of a New York millionaire who had insured his life for ten million dollars, and his example was held up to me as one which it was the duty of every man to follow. You cannot rid yourself of the insurance

agent by insuring yourself. The only thing that will rid you of him is a forty-four calibre bullet well placed.

* * * * *

I WONDER who was the misanthropist who first introduced the custom of writing down one's daily expenses. He deserves to be held in eternal infamy by every man or woman who sighs to lead an unruffled life. The practice of "keeping accounts," as it is called, is taught to us when we are children, and we are so thoroughly imbued with a sense of the supreme duty of keeping an account of every penny that we spend, that we cling to the practice long after we have discovered that it does not do us a particle of good, and that it simply adds needless worry to the misfortune of having spent too much money. In every way it is utterly unsatisfactory.

The effort to remember our daily expenses is exhaustive both to the brain and the patience. If to this effort we add the universally futile one of making our list of expenses consistent with the money that may remain in our pockets at the end of the day—a process commonly known as balancing—we are deliberately inviting mental exhaustion and paralysis. No man, and especially no woman, can ever remember every item of the day's expenses. After hours spent in the effort to remember, we yield to the temptation to make our accounts balance by setting down some such fictitious outlay as "charity" or "missions." This, of course, is little better than forgery.

It is, moreover, a compound of lying and hypocrisy, but even the best of us fall into this depth of crime rather than risk insanity by prolonged efforts to remember what became of a missing sixpence. If the practice of keeping accounts diminished one's expenses there would be something to be said in defence of it, but it notoriously does nothing of the kind. Indeed, how could it?

How is it possible, when you have spent seven-and-sixpence in extravagant purchases to reduce the sum to seven shillings merely by writing down the items in a book?

It may be said that when we read the list of expenses, and note how many shillings and sixpences we have spent unwisely, we may take warning and avoid such expenses in future, but in point of fact, we do not set down expenses of which we are ashamed. We either ignore them, or we give them a false name. It may safely be said that no man ever saved a penny by keeping accounts, although thousands of men have been drawn irresistibly into the varieties of lying, hypocrisy, and forgery, which the practice so easily induces.

This very evening there will be probably three hundred thousand men and women in Greater London who will sit down with their account books, and worry themselves for hours with their utterly useless accounts. We pity the superstitions of the heathen, but there is not a pagan living who is a prey to a more stupid superstition than are those of us who fancy that by writing down our daily expenses we can charm money into our pockets.

To set down expenses is a waste of time, and a weariness to both brain and body. To set down our receipts is even worse, as it is certain to increase our income-tax, inasmuch as we cannot honestly believe our incomes to be several hundred pounds smaller than they really are, when we have the indisputable record of the account-book before us. I am convinced that the practice of keeping accounts, of which I was guilty for the first fifteen years of my married life, cost me hundreds of pounds. What it also cost in the loss of patience, the wear and tear of conscience, and the consumption of the grey tissue of the brain, it would be difficult to calculate.

THE MISTLETOE.

MISTLETOE did oft excuse
The amorous youths of years ago;
Brocaded belle and ruffled beau,
In sight of giggling Sams and Sues,
Would struggle 'neath the lamp's full glow,
Because a kiss (they called it so)
Was lawful if one did but use
The Mistletoe.

But now the times are changed, altho'
We men and women still amuse
The gods who watch us here below.
We still have hearts to win and lose,
And kisses still are lawful dues
'Twixt man and maid for weal or woe.
But now, a kiss (we call it so)
Is something only two should know . . .

* * * *

My dear, your grandmamma had views
Which would, I fear, receive a blow
If she, to-night, could see us choose
A dim stair, where we need not use
The Mistletoe.

J. J. Bell.

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